

"Like the Hesperides of old
Trees of life with fruits of gold."

Poetry finds but little place in this great land of peace and plenty, and we have not the slightest wish to impress its advantages upon the idler, who delights to swelter in the heat of a southern sun, and subsist upon the products of a light soil. To the thrifty peasantry of Northern Europe and the enterprising natives and settlers of Eastern America, the cold of the North Western winter possesses no terrors. These colds are so tempered by the dryness and purity of the atmosphere, that they are far from as uncomfortable as the much less extremes of cold in countries of the Atlantic seaboard, where there is a more humid atmosphere. In the Eastern provinces or states, outdoor labor is almost at a standstill in a temperature of 10° below zero, while in the North West such a state of the thermometer would cause scarcely any annoyance, and certainly no interruption of out-door work. At 10° above zero the eastern laborer muffles up for out-door work, while in the North West it is not unfrequent to see men in such a temperature working out doors in their shirt sleeves. Then these dry, bracing frosts do not engender diseases of the lungs, but on the contrary, they in many cases give a new lease of life to the consumptive.

These many colds are the greatest of agricultural blessings, as they completely stop the work of vegetation, and in the spring leave a soil rested and ready for the necessary rapid growth, which the long days and short nights of this latitude provide. The objection of climate is therefore one only to be entertained by the idler or the romantic dreamer.

The world grows wiser as it grows older, and sages with sylvan longings, who talked and wrote of the beauties of lands, where eternal summer only wearied nature, and made her languid, are now looked upon by the hard-headed and practical generations of the nineteenth century as dreamers, whose poetic metaphors may be very beautiful, and furnish rich food for the imagination, but whose logic is sadly at fault, and whose ideal fancies are fast sinking beneath the horizon of practicability, comfort and true enjoyment. Industry is one all-important element of human happiness, and it finds a congenial home in the bracing frosts and healthful