

If the celebrated Pliny could say his books were sovereign consolers of sorrow, cannot the Icelander also declare that, when mountain waves lash the shores, he can find pleasure in the pursuit of those studies that mend the heart and enlighten the mind? Ah yes! fondness for books will create an artificial summer in the depths of the most gloomy season.

The sunny Italy may boast of the beautiful tints that flush her skies; but, after all, her effeminate inhabitants may be destitute of that happiness enjoyed by those who live where winter reigns uncontrolled, most of the year.

The benevolence of Deity is seen in the *contentedness* felt by those who live in the higher latitudes, where, as a writer said of countries north of the Alps: Nature seems to have acted the part of a step-mother.

What a contrast between the condition of the Icelanders, and that of their forefathers! They were the worshippers of the god Wodin. And what were his attributes? He was styled the Father of Carnage! His greatest favorites were such as destroyed most of their fellow-creatures in the field of battle.

But the Prince of Peace has broken the sceptre of the Father of Carnage.

The benign influence of his Gospel is seen in all the departments of government. Observe its effects as seen in the difference between the feelings of Lodbrock, a Northman king, and Skald, and those evinced by one who was so successful of late, in settling our border difficulties.

Such is the influence of Christianity, where the Northmen found those who heard the Great Spirit in the thunder.

A word in praise of the Scandinavians. Like the Patriarch, they went in search of a region, they knew not where. We praise them for their courage, we applaud them for their zeal, we respect them for their motives; for they were anxious to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge. They reached the wished for land,

"Where now the Western sun  
O'er fields and floods, o'er every living soul,  
Diffuseth glad repose."

The Scandinavians have opened to the view a broad region, where smiling hope invites successive generations from the old world.

Such men as a Cæsar, or a Tamerlane, conquer but to devastate countries. Discoverers add new regions of fertility and beauty to those already known. And are not the hardy adventurers ploughing the briny wave, more attractive than the troops of Alexander marching to conquer the world, with plumes waving in the gentle breeze, with arms glittering in the sunbeams? Who can tell the benefits the former confer on mankind?

"To count them all, demands a thousand tongues,  
A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs."