

cold hopeless days of winter and the boisterous winds of March!

A writer has said that cold shrivels up the little wings of dreams. I have always disliked winter. It seems indeed a time when dreams and hopes and sweet thoughts were impeded in their flight, and had to bury themselves deep in the heart to keep warm. Leaden skies and chilly fogs, snow, sleet, and rain weigh down not only the atmosphere, but prove often a check to the spirit and a burden to the thoughts; and it is truer still when the surroundings are gloomy, and every effort of will and mind must be exerted to throw off the sad influences.