

Long winter ev'nings and a cheerful fire
 With useful books and all you can desire
 Makes careful reading now a choice employ,
 And spreads a feast of intellectual joy.
 Perusing history's entertaining page
 Which stretches back through many a distant age,
 From tribes and families you nations trace
 And note the onward progress of our race ;
 You mark improvement where it first began
 And trace it through the history of man.
 How very interesting 'tis to know
 What happened in our country long ago,
 How our forefather's lived in former days,
 Their dress, their manners, and their simple ways ;
 The cruel customs and the barbarous laws,
 Their dark conceptions of a Ruling cause ;
 Their superstitions, and the fearful crimes
 Which stained their altars in the Druid times.
 Contrast the wigwam and the clay-built cell
 With the proud hall where their descendants
 dwell,
 See how their works of art would now compare
 With works of science at the World's Fair,
 Where yon transparent palace shines so bright,
 Rearing its chrysal form of lucid light,
 Fair as the silver moon's unclouded beam
 Like some celestial temple in a dream ;
 Where peaceful nations mingle from afar,
 Who never met before except in war ;
 In friendly greetings grasp the proffer'd hand,
 Like brothers meeting in a distant land ;