

Prince Edward Island

Thou'rt loved alike of sun and sea,
Of shadow'y night and glowing noon ;
The smiling stars are kind to thee,
Thou'rt robed in beauty by the moon.

Blow winds of east—blow winds of west,
No matter what the wind may be ;
Thou'rt lulled all tenderly to rest
Beloved of sun—beloved of sea,

Calm twilight waters mirror back
The mystic trees that guard thy shore,
And, speaks of gold from nature's sack,
The fire-flies flutter o'er and o'er.

Peace waits beside thy woodland trails,
And joy beside thy forest streams.
Some wizardry of thine unveils
The Road—the Golden Road of Dreams.

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.