

An Ode to Prince Edward Island.

I know a little Island set within a silvery sea,
Where the dreamy shadows linger, and the breezes
wander free ;
Where throughout the golden Summer birds in concert
sing their lay,
And the air seems always scented with the perfumed
breaths of May.

Where on hillsides clad with clover flocks of sheep
and lambs are seen,
And lowing herds that wander through pastures
broad and green ;
Where the dew in morning glistens on the grass and
fragrant flowers,
And butterflies flit gaily through blossom-laden bowers.

Where at night the moonlight softly falls on fields of
waving corn,
And fire-flies light their tapers which they flash till
early morn ;
Where the shady birch and maple guard some gently
winding stream,
Where cattle come at noon-tide to quench their thirst
and dream.

Where the zephyrs from the ocean bring the healthful
scent of brine,
That so shyly intermingles with the perfume of the
thyme ;
Where the milkmaid's song sounds sweetly as she sings
at close of day,
While the plow-boy from his furrow whistles back her
simple lay.

Where a people noble-hearted, kind and loving spend
their days,
Serving God and helping mankind in a multitude of
ways ;
Where the traveller e'er finds welcome, where he
rests from care and toil,
In this spot of Eden beauty known as fair Prince
Edward Isle.

T. R. GORMAN.