

AN ADDRESS TO P. E. ISLAND.

BY A NATIVE.

INTRODUCTION.

Tho' other Lands, my native Isle,
May seem more fair than Thee,
And other skies more brightly smile,
Than those which now I see ;
Yet, never can their charms impart
Such smiles as shall beguile,
From Thee the homage of this heart,
My own—my native Isle !
For I have wandered far from Thee,
In days already flown,
And vainly hoped some clime to see,
More genial than my own ;
But never yet, my native Isle,
Could foreign lands from me,
Exact more than a parting smile,
Or wean this heart from Thee—
Whereas, whene'er a time-drew nigh,
In which from Thee I've parted,
I've felt the big tear fill mine eye,
And left Thee—*broken hearted !*