

THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. III

JULY, 1901

NO. 5

The Sons I Sent.

THE spirit of the Northland,
The genius of our soil,
The Mentor that hath quickened
Our dreaming and our toil;
Told by the tongues of mortals
The fervour of the land;
Spake to the wondering peoples
Her declamation grand:--

Ye thought that I had forgotten;
Ye thought I was weaned away
In the pride of a new ambition
The stress of a modern day;

That here on my plains of plenty
Self-centered and sure I stood,
And held as a worn-out garment
The codes of our common blood.

But, cradled among the snowdrifts
And crooned by the polar gales
I nurtured my sons in silence,
I nourished my firstling males;

I reared them so calm, so slowly,
Ye thought that their blood ran cold,
That the stamp of their West-bound footprints
Was cast in an alien mould,