

## A SONG OF EXILE.

BY PASTOR FELIX.

YE hills of home ! ye bonnie native woods  
Of my own land ! are ye yet musical  
As when I loved beneath your shade to dwell ?  
Are your soft seats haunted by singing broods ?  
Does the woodpecker wake your solitudes  
With his loud-tapping bill,—the golden-wing'd,  
And the familiar ? Are the lyres still string'd  
Of your sweet-breathing pines, whose interludes,  
Between the whispering leaves, so drew mine ear ?  
Or comes to you the bluebird's carol still ?  
Does Robin April's evening silence fill  
With the old cheery sound, so sweet to hear ?  
So many friends are gone, it soothes my pain  
To think how yet thy singing birds remain.



REV. A. J. LOCKHART.

(Pastor Felix.)

O Land of fragrant hills, and living streams !  
O Land of swelling waters ! unto thee  
I turn my eyes,—thou fair abode of dreams,  
Thou blossom-country, girdled by the sea !  
Again thy linnet sings his song to me ;  
Again the white-throat warbles ; and once more  
I tread the chambers of the sun, made free  
From care, initiate to the mystery  
Of rushing tides up every sounding shore.

O Land ! my Land ! to thee the Spring returns ;  
The Summer hastens on a thousand wings  
Of thy rejoicing birds ; and my heart yearns  
For all thy balmy, gentle ministerings.  
O sweet Acadian Land ! my Fathers' Land !  
The land of the arbutus and the pine ;  
Haunt of the robin,—oriole-haunted strand,—  
Can I forget that thou art *mine*, ay, *mine* !  
Love, lost—estranged—and yet, it checks despair,  
To think thy smiling vales, thy singing birds are there.

I see thee when the dandelion blows ;  
In buttercups and daisies thou art fair ;  
I greet thee in the wild brier and wild rose ;  
I see thee when the sunset skies are fair :  
Thou sendest message-swallow—courier-bee :  
Say,—Have the birds come back to Acadie ?