

## A RETROSPECT.

By C. W. C.

**F**AIR P. E. Isle, so dear to me,  
It cheers my heart once more to see  
Thy red sand-cliffs and banks :  
Land where my loved ones lived and died,  
Where all their wants were satisfied,  
To me of all lands first it ranks !

So once again my heart was filled  
With rapture as my eyes beheld  
Those scenes of childhood's years.  
The pond, the brook, and dear old mill,  
And school, the steep and crooked hill,  
The theatre of hopes and fears.

And what a week of solid fun  
I spent quite near to Alberton—  
In dear old Cascumpec.  
The drive to North Cape was enchanting,  
Although the Frenchman's talk was ranting;  
Still that you might "expec."

I could not pass by Kensington  
Without first calling upon one,—  
And one, most truly manly.  
Soon pretty Margate came to view,  
O'er Clifton's hills we fairly flew  
To rest awhile at Stanley.

Old Cavendish is always dear—  
My mother's birthplace, and a tear  
I shed to her sweet memory.  
How beautiful the sandhills be