

### THE PIONEERS OF PICTOU

Our sires—brave hearts that crossed estranging seas,  
And broke the hush of the primeval wood,  
Who lit their candles in the solitude,  
And met the saffron morn upon their knees—  
What though their homes were void of luxuries,  
Learning ne'er begged, nor altars smokeless stood,  
Nor Cheer nor Friendship lacked the joys their rude,  
Kind, log-heaped hearths could give,—It is to these  
I bare my head! They wrought without the aid  
Invention brings, ere smoke of Industry  
Hung o'er these hills and vales; with care they made  
This place a garden of the mind; and we,  
Cradled in comfort, now bid Mem'ry hold  
The fragrance of their lives in jars of gold.

*Alexander L. Fraser.*