

The smallest Province of the Maritime.
Up on the beach the Fairies' Raft was cast,
And on Canadian land stuck hard and fast.

After their arrival the emigrants went to spy out
the land :—

At length they reached a log hut in a clearing,
The habitation of a pioneer,
And broke off when they were the house a-nearing,
That through the settler's window they might peer
To see the inside of the habitation,
And learn some traits and habits of the nation.

They saw a strong-built mother boiling porridge,
All in a chamber somewhat bare but neat
(The goodman with his gun had gone to forage,
While the goodwife kept home alive and neat),
And, helping her, six barefoot little Spartans,
All clad in homespun grey instead of tartans.

Then one of the most grizzled, shrewd, and wise
Old elfmen said: "Lads! look you here, and find out
The worth of health, strength, will and enterprise,
For in such life as this you will see lined out
The elements of a strong, healthy State—
This is a nation destinad to be great."

While there was much to excite their wonder and
admiration in Prince Edward Island :—

"They, above all things, missed the hawthorne hedges,
And cottages with ivy-trellised gables,
And rows of beehives resting on the ledges.
And neat gates leading to the fields and stables—
And grieved the unæsthetical pretenses
That farmers plead for building zigzag fences."

In the course of their search they at length came
upon a spot to their liking :—

It was, in truth, a quiet, shady place,
A nook apart from traffic's toil and moil;
Nor fair nor market, but unbroken face
Of lush green pastures on a fertile soil,