

No treacherous steel assails their stems of pride,  
To God they bow, but stoop to none beside,  
And 'neath the shelter of these ancient groves,  
The Cariboo with fearless footstep roves,  
Or the gay Moose in jocund gambol springs,  
Cropping the foliage Nature round him flings.  
No gallant sails o'er ocean's bosom sweep,  
No keel divides the billows of the deep  
That fling o'er rock and shoal their dizzy spray,  
Or, softly murmuring, seek some lonely bay.

But see, where breaking through the leafy wood,  
The Micmac bends beside the tranquil flood,  
Launches his light canoe from off the strand,  
And plies his paddle with a dexterous hand ;  
Or, as his bark along the water glides,  
With slender spear his simple meal provides ;  
Or mark his agile figure, as he leaps  
From crag to crag, and still his footing keeps,  
For fast before him flies the desp'rate Deer,  
For life is sweet, and death she knows is near.  
No hound or horse assist him in the chase,  
His hardy limbs are equal to the race,  
For, since he left, unswathed, his mother's back  
They've been familiar with each sylvan track ;  
They've borne him daily, as they bear him now,  
Swift through the wood, and o'er the mountain's brow—  
But mark—his bow is bent, his arrow flies,  
And at his feet the bleeding victim dies.

While o'er the fallen tenant of the wild  
A moment stands the forest's dusky child