

## GABRIEL WEST.

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FROM that drear region where the cold Chaleur  
Washes New Brunswick's icy, northern shore;  
To southward, where the sparkling waters lie,  
Of broad, deep Fundy, mirroring back the sky:  
Bright streams unsung, unstoried though they be,  
Water a land that's fertile, brave, and free;  
That sees, unenvying, the wealth possessed  
By her proud, boasting neighbor of the West;  
And greeteth, as with kindly sister's hand,  
The western county of Acadia's land.  
Her mighty forests, where, in wintry day,  
Muster her stalwart sons in strong array;  
(A man is famous in such scenes as these,  
As he doth lift his axe upon the trees;)  
Her hills that brighten in the smile of morn,  
Her rich, low vales, where wave tall grass and corn;  
Her summer sunsets, and her spring-tide days;  
Her woodland birds, that warble sweet, wild lays;  
Her mossy brooks, her rivers fair and wide,  
That roll their ample waves to ocean's tide;