

GABRIEL WEST.

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;