

And may the storms that rush o'er rock and wave
In their free passage never meet a slave.

* * * * *

Who has not marked with an admiring eye,
As storms and clouds obscured the arching sky,
The hostile elements their warfare cease
Assuming lovely forms and moods of peace?
No longer harass'd by unsparing foes,
Thus has Acadia found a sweet repose :
War, and its scenes of hardship and of strife,
The ambush'd savage, and the bloody knife—
The siege,—repulse,—the rescue and surprise,
The mothers' shriek,—the maidens' piercing cries ;
The manly struggle, and the midnight fray,
With all their horrors, where, Oh ! where are they ?
Go seek the records of a fearful age
In dark Tradition's stores, or History's page,
Of scenes like these you now shall find no trace
On fair Acadia's calm and smiling face.

O'er the stout hearts that death and danger braved,
The flag of Britain soon victorious waved,
And races hostile once, now freely blend
In happy union, each the others friend ;
Striving as nobly for the general good
As once their fathers strove in fields of blood.
Here England's sons, by fortune led to roam,
Now find a peaceful and a happy home ;
The Scotchman rears his dwelling by some stream,
So like to that which blends with boyhood's dream,
That present joys with old world thoughts combined