

Toronto's Welcome Home.

NO PEN or pencil can portray
The joy our city feels to-day.
'Mid flags and banners, streamers gay,
Choice words and apt quotations,
Shakespearean and Byronic lore,
And mottoes we have seen before,
From house and arch and busy store,
In happiest variations.

One here invites the veteran ranks
From marches to fantastic pranks ;
Another says, "Accept our thanks,"
You've earned it of the nation ;
Another, with extended hand,
Cries "Bully Boys," ye noble band
Of brave defenders of our land,
Welcome with acclamation.

The sharpened wit of butcher boys
Apt figures from their trade employs,
And wit adds spice to all our joys :
It tones our exultation,
And makes us of our city feel
Most justly proud, except where Riel
Is hung in effigy ;—Ah, weel,
He needs commiseration.