

*If words could thank you for your generous aid  
 These lips should bankrupt be to see you paid,  
 And oh! believe as long as life endures  
 The best affections of my heart are yours.  
 And now one last Farewell,—a few months more (To the audience.)  
 And we depart your loved Canadian shore,  
 Never again to hear your plaudits rise,  
 Nor watch the ready laughter in your eyes  
 Gleam out responsive to our author's wit,  
 However poorly we interpret it,  
 Nor see with artist pride your tears o'erflow,  
 In homage to our simulated woe.  
 Yet scenes like these can never wholly fade  
 Into oblivion's melancholy shade,  
 And oft at home when Christmas fire-logs burn  
 Our pensive thoughts instinctively will turn  
 To this fair city with her crown of towers  
 And all the joys and friends that once were ours,  
 And oft 'till yearning Fancy fondly fill  
 This hall with guests, and conjure up at will  
 Each dear familiar face, each kindly word  
 Of praise, that e'er our player souls hath stirred,  
 Till 'neath the melting spell of memory  
 Our love flows back towards you like a sea ;—  
 For know—whatever way our fortunes turn—  
 Upon the altars of our hearts shall burn  
 Those votive fires no fuel need renew,  
 Our prayers for blessings on your land and you.*

*5th April, 1878.*

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