

The truest mother she hath ever been.
Then Annie Conolly, of more than beauteous fame,
Who some years since to Ontario came.
Near wild Niagara, with assiduous thought,
She her knowledge in Loretto sought,
And now resides within those stately walls,
And from her friends with grace receives their calls.
Divinely gifted, with exceeding grace,
Whilst great beauty beams from form and face,
And whilst her form and features I extol,
They unsurpass the beauty of her soul;
Then to her tender mercies I commend,
With sincere pleasure, thee, my warmest friend.
Then Annie Wallace, who here did once sojourn,
With Nanna and Leslie, and may yet return,
And with her graceful presence again adorn
This house: her absence the guests do greatly mourn.
Fair Beatrice Fairbairn, a most beauteous maid,
From Bowmanville, hath several visits paid,
And brought her sister, Katie, to restore
Her health to her, as 'twas in days of yore;
These two fair girls repeated visits made,
Each time they came for several weeks had staid,
They at length, to their peaceful home return,
When Cupid's arrow in many hearts did burn.
Fair Edith, too, from Woodstock's balmy air,
Of the hospitalities of this house doth share.