

The lofty Andes, hear the jub'lant sound,  
And from its tow ring peaks, the notes rebound,  
But, in Mount Royal's holy favored shrine,  
It rings from hill, and dale, with marv'lous chime,  
And in ten thousand rapturous notes awake,  
Sweet choristers of grove, and silvery lake.

Such perless guests, to view with mortal eyes,  
Has ne'er been dreamt of, 'neath Canadian skies,  
Then from the depth of each young soul to-day,  
Ten thousand welcomes, at your feet we lay.  
Our garlands fair, of every dye and hue,  
Before your regal throue, we gaily strew.

And in the name of our most gracious Queen,  
Our brightest gems do now adorn the scene ;  
The Rose and Thistle, Shamrock, Maple here  
We'll twine around you with a love sincere.  
A home of bliss to you may e'er be given,  
In this fair land 'neath smile of gracious Heaven.

And loyal subjects round you day by day,  
With homage meet to cheer your royal sway ;  
To courtly hails we know you bade adieu,  
To Queen Victoria, loved mother, too ;  
Ah ! may such sacrifice bring favors grand,  
While loving subjects bless your scepter'd hand ;  
Long may your royal path be strewn with flowers,  
Your praises ring from hall and lofty tow'rs ;  
Your happy reign in golden numbers shine  
Throughout this favored land for endless time !

The Marquis of Lorne in reply said :—

I will speak in English, because I consider the young ladies and the misses the most formidable critics in the world. I thank you for the very beautiful reception you have given us to-day. I have heard very much of this great convent ; I have often heard Lord Dufferin speak of the charming reception you had prepared for him ; he never forgot the kindness you showed him and the zeal manifested in your reception ; but as much as he has praised everything here, the reality has far exceed any expectation I could have formed from anything His Lordship said. We were prepared for much kindness, but like many other things we have seen in Canada, the reality far exceeds what we ever dreamt of seeing. We were prepared to find the land covered with snow and found that summer had hardly left it, and I never expected to find anywhere a more beautiful parterre than that which I now see before me. It reflects the greatest honor upon those who have cultivated the beautiful garden, from which these flowers were culled. I hope the happiness I see in so many faces before me will never suffer by any transmutation, that it may ever reign in your Canadian Homes, which I am confident you will grace and adorn. We may trespass still further on your indulgence by repeating our visit on some future occasion.

After this presentation the hall resounded with vocal music from the choir of fresh young voices, which drew forth favorable comments on every side. Miss Brotherson then advanced and read the following address, in a clear, sweet voice :—

*To His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, Knight of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle, Knight of the Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, &c., &c., &c.*

AND

*To Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, &c, &c, &c.*

Throughout our fair Canadian land,  
There rises up an Anthem grand,  
In which as with one single voice,  
A loyal people all rejoice,  
The lowly and the high in place,  
The sons of every creed and race.

From stern Newfoundland's coast, dark, steep,  
To where Pacific's waters sweep :  
From cabin poor and home of pride  
That welcome's heard on every side,  
While joy-Bells peal and cannons roar,  
And bonfires blaze from shore to shore.

Gladly each youthful voice we raise,  
In this grand song of joy and praise.  
With loyal hearts your presence greet,  
Our sweetest flowers strew 'neath your feet,  
With fervent prayers and vows sincere  
Breathed softly in your kindly ear.

My Lord, already is thy name  
Known unto Canada and fame,  
On thee do honor, genius smile,  
Hope of the great house of Argyll,  
Winning all hearts by gracious mien,  
Fit envoy of our Empress Queen

Oh, Royal Lady ! can words tell,  
The thoughts that in our bosoms swell,  
On greeting in this humble scene  
The daughter of our much-loved Queen,  
Receiving in our convent walls  
The Pearl of royal Windsor's halls.

All hail ! in England's heart enshrined,  
In ours e'en now, with love entwined,  
True gifted child of science, art—  
In all their triumphs taking part ;  
Yet rich in charms of womanhood,  
Gracious and lovely, noble—good.

Mid records of our convent old  
Will be inscribed in lites of gold,  
Illustrious guests, this happy day,  
And ever will our young hearts pray  
That peace and bliss, and sunshine clear  
Surround your rule and sojourn here.

The finest musical performance of the evening, one which demonstrated beyond doubt the excellent musical tuition given at this convent, was the music on the harps by the Misses McGarvey, Stubbs, Hayden, Mullarky, A. Royal, J. Boucher, G. Cusson. The music consisted of selections from Scottish airs, "Auld Lang Syne," "The Blue Bells of Scotland," and others. As "The Campbells are coming," was rendered, Her Royal Highness cast a smiling glance at His Excellency, who enjoyed the musical allusion immensely. An address by Miss De La Naudiere, delivered in a graceful manner, in admirably modulated tones followed, the Misses Selby, McElhone, Sweeny, Ste. Marie and Daly. The two youngest of the group, little cherubs arrayed in pink and white, each read a few verses of welcome as follows :

BY MISS M'ELHONE.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY :

In fairy tales, we have been told,  
Of princes grand, of wealth untold ;  
And in our convent circles here,  
Your names we've learned to revere,  
But Fancy in her wildest flight,  
Could ne'er soar to such a height,  
Nor think such joy would e'er be ours  
To call for you sweet fragrant flowers.  
The rose and thistle, from our hand,  
Would reach a viceroy, noble, grand ;  
A princess royal by his side  
All hearts would hail, with noble pride,  
The daughter our much-loved Queen  
To grace in person this fair scene.

BY MISS E. SWEENEY.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY :

Ah, little children that we are,  
Your royal name reached us afar,  
And in our merry, childish glee  
How we did wish your face to see,

And promise, in our artless way,  
How good we'd be and what we'd say,  
No scene more gala meet's your view,  
With flowers of every clime and hue.

Deign, then, our bouquet to receive,  
And in its language sweet believe ;  
In every tongue flowers have a spell,  
The heart's fond wishes best can tell.