

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## LITTLE MAYBELL.

The morning dawned with its trembling light,  
Upon Toronto's sea,  
And musical birds, like Angels bright,  
Hallowed the shore for me.

I wandered long, and the time flew fast,  
Great ships went dancing by,  
The full-orbed Sun in glory at last  
Stood in the central Sky.

While I mused 'neath the arch of its blaze,  
I heard the school-bell chime;  
I stood in the light of other days,  
When childhood's ways were mine.

I turned, and lo! on the slope near by,  
Shadowed by grand old trees,  
Was Toronto's school-house rising high,  
And childhood in the breeze.

And right in their midst I soon made way,  
Little Maybell to find;  
For they said she was sweet as the May,  
And always good and kind.