

Then little Maybell pushed back the curls ;
Her tears fell on the floor ;
"Oh, I did not want the other girls
To know we were so poor."

"You shall not want any more," I said ;
"Come from this belfry blessed,
And you shall paint the skies overhead,
I'll give you food and rest.

"Poor child; no more on the Ocean wide,
Thy father's pathway lies,
Ah; how strangely o'er Time's sea we glide;
Fortunes change, love ne'er dies.

"See, this well filled purse a palace brings,
'Tis all for you and mother;
And beyond these shores the King of kings
Shall feed thy little brother."

In the belfry high I stand once more,
Just where the dinner fell;
But the happiest child on Toronto's shore
Is my little Maybell.
