

But it isn't alway summer on de contree, an' de Docteur  
 He could tole you many story of de storm dat he's been in ;  
 How hees coonskin coat come handy, w'en de win' blow off de  
 reever,  
 For if she's sam' ole reever, she's not alway sam' ole win.'

An' de mountain dat's so quiet, w'en de w'ite cloud go a sailin'  
 All about her on de summer w'ere de sheep is feedin' high,  
 You should see her on December, w'en the snow is pilin' roun' her,  
 An' all de win' of winter come tearin' t'roo de sky.

Oh ! le bon Dieu help de Docteur ! w'en de message come to call  
 heem  
 From hees warm bed on de night-tam for visit some poor man  
 Lyin' sick across de hill side, on noder side de reever,  
 An' he hear the mountain roarin' lak de beeg Shaw-in-i-gan.

Ah ! well he knew de warning ! but he can't stay till de morning,  
 So he's hitchin' up hees leetle horse, an' put heem on burleau,  
 Den w'en he's feex de buffalo, an' wissle to hees pony,  
 Away t'roo storm an' hurricane de contree Docteur go.

Oh ! de small Canadian pony ! dat's de horse can walk de snow-  
 dreef !  
 Dat's de horse can fin' de road, too, w'ere he's never been before !  
 Kip your heart up, leetle feller, for dere's many mile before you,  
 An' it's purty hard job tellin' w'en you see your stable door.

Yass, de Docteur he can tole you, if he have de tam for talkin',  
 All about de bird was singin' before de summer lef',  
 For he's got dem on hees bureau, an' he's doin' it hese'f, too,  
 An' de las' tam I was dere, me, I see dem all mese'f.

But about de way he travel t'roo de stormy night of winter,  
 W'en de rain come on de spring tam, an' de bridge is wash  
 away,  
 All de hard work, all de danger, dat was often hang aroun' heem,  
 Dat's de tam our contree Docteur don't have very moche to say.

For it's purty ole ole story, an' he alway have it wit' heem,  
 Ever since he come among us on de parish Saint Mathieu,  
 An' I s'pose he's feelin', mebbe, jus' de sam' as noder feller,  
 So he rader do hees talkin' about somet'ing dat was new.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, M.D.,  
 Author of "The Habitant," etc.