

I 'm hearin' de bell w'en I go on de well
 For water de cattle on barn close by,
 But I only ketch sight of hees cheval blanc
 An' hees coonskin coat wit' de capuchon
 An' de storm tak' heem off, jus' de sam' he fly.

Mus' be le Bon Dieu dat is help him t'noo,
 Ole Docteur Fiset an' hees horse 'Faubourg',
 'Twas somet'ing for splain-me, wall I don't care,
 But somehow or 'noder he's gettin' dere,
 An' save de life Hormidas Couture.

But it 's sam' alway; lak' dat ev'ry day,
 He never was spare hesef' pour nous autres,
 He don't mak' moche monee, Docteur Fiset,
 An' offen de only t'ing he was get
 Is de prayer of poor man, an' wan bag of oat.

Wall! Docteur Fiset of Saint Anicet,
 He is not dead yet! an' I 'm purty sure,
 If you're passin' dat place about ten year more
 You will see heem go roun' lak' he go before,
 Wit' de ole cariole an' hees horse 'Faubourg'!

Drummond aimait les enfants. Il les a peints souvent avec bonheur. Non pas les enfants sophistiqués des riches, mais les joyeux galopins de la campagne, les bons petits drôles, tout barbouillés, qui courent nu-pieds dans la poussière du chemin, et poussent vigoureux et sains comme la fleur des champs.

Et comme si l'aube et le couchant de la vie se mélaient pour lui dans la même inspiration, il les a presque toujours associés à des vieillards, les bons grands-pères.

De cette association de l'avenir qui croit et du passé qui peu à peu s'efface, il a tiré quelques-uns de ses meilleurs poèmes.

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
 How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'père,
 Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day,
 Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
 W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?
 Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you folle de plough
 Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow,
 Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall
 So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all —
 an' you're only five an' a half dis fall,
 Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
 Never min' I s'pose it 'll be all right,
 Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
 Fas' asleep in a minute or so —
 An' he 'll stay lak' dat till de rooster crow,
 Leetle Bateese!

Dem walke us up righ away toute suite
 Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
 Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane
 Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
 I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
 Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
 Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
 If he grow lak' dat till he's twenty year
 I bet he 'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr,

An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
 Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
 Won't beev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
 On de long portage, any size canoe,
 Dere 's not many t'ing dat boy won't do
 For he 's got double-joint on hees body too,
 Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget
 We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,
 So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare
 An' do w'at you lak' wit' your ole gran'père,
 For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere—
 Leetle Bateese!

Le personnage le plus important de la paroisse canadienne est le curé; il est souvent à la fois, le pasteur des âmes, l'arbitre des différends temporels, l'aviseur légal (comme l'on dit ici), et même, le médecin et le Président du cercle agricole.

Son dévouement est à la hauteur de la tâche, et, la plupart du temps, il remplit ses multiples fonctions à la satisfaction générale.

Drummond ne pouvait donc l'oublier :

LE CURE DE CALUMET

Dere's no 'voyageur on de reever never ronne hees canoe d'ecorce
 T'roo de roar an' de rush of de rapide w'ere it jomp lak' a beeg w'ite
 [horse,

Dere's no hunter man on de prairie never wear w'at you call rakquette
 Can beat leetle Fader O'Hara, le Curé de Calumette.

Hees fader is full-blooded Irish, an' hees moder is pure Canayenne,
 Not often dat stock go togedder, but she's fine combination, ma frien'.
 For de Irish he's full of de devil, an' de French dey got savoir faire,
 Dat's mak' it de very good balance, an' tak' you mos' ev'ry w'ere.

But dere's wan t'ing de Cure won't stan' it; mak' forme on de Irlandais,
 An' of course on de French we say not'ing, cas de parish she's all
 [Canayenne
 Den you see on account of de moder, he can't spik hesef' very much,
 So de ole joke she's all out of fashion, an' wan of dem t'ing we don't
 [touch.

Well! wan of dat kin' is de Cure, but w'en he 're comin' our place
 De peep' on de parish all w'isper, "How young he was look on hees face,
 Too bad if de wedder she keel heem de first tam he got leetle wet
 An' de bishop might sen' beeger Curé, for it's purty tough place,
 [Calumette."

Ha! ha! how I wish I was dere, me, w'en he go on de mission call
 On de shaintee camp way up de reever, drivin' hees own cariole,
 An' he meet blaggar' feller been drinkin' jus' enough mak' heem ack
 [lak' fou,

Joe Vadeboncoeur, dey was call heem, an' he's purty beeg feller, too!

Mebbe Joe he don't know it's de Cure, so he's hollerin' "Get out de way,
 Il you don't geev' me whole of de roads de, sapree! you go off on de
 [sleigh,"

But de Curé he never say not'ing, jus' poule on de line leetle bit,
 An' w'en Joe try for kip heem his promise, hees nose it get badly hit.

Maudit! he was strong leetle Curé an' he go for Jo-seph on masse
 An' w'en he is mak' it de finish, poor Joe isn't feel it first class,
 So nex' tam de Cure hees goin' for visit de shaintee encore
 Of course he mak' beeges' mission nevec see on dat place before.

An' he know more, I'm sure, dan de lawyer, an' dere's many poor
 [habitant
 Is glad for see Fader O'Hara, an' ax w'at he t'ink of de law