

Dat man, he was kind to me  
 An' to you an' baby, too,  
 When you were seek and so poor  
 You don' know what to do—  
 An' every day for mor' a month  
 He come an' make you well,  
 An' he give money, but you don' know—  
 Pierre he never tell.

An' he say to me: "Cheer up, Pierre,  
 De spring he soon be here,  
 Dis snow an' ice dey go away—  
 So don' you never fear.  
 Your wife an' chil' dey bot' get well  
 In 'bout a week or so."  
 An' you bot' get well, jus' as he say;  
 I wonder how he know?

An' when I say in few months' time:  
 "What have I to pay?"  
 Why, he look at me an' laugh an' laugh,  
 An' den I turn away—  
 An' lak a fool I bow my head  
 An' not a word could speak,  
 I almos' cry jus' lak a chil'  
 An' feel so very weak.

But I shake his hand an' den he say  
 Somet'ing kind to me;  
 Mon Dieu! de tears come to my eyes  
 So bad I could not see;  
 An' I jus' say: "Merci, my frien',  
 For what you done to me."

'Bout an hour ago dey tol' me  
 How he died in Mon-real,  
 How de peoples say dey lose deir frien'—  
 Peoples big an' small;  
 How dey honor him, not because he rich,  
 But for being kind,  
 An' dey all say in Canada  
 He de bes' man you can find.

Marie, if some one ask for me  
 You tol' him what I said,  
 An' say I go to Mon-real—  
 My frien' is dead.

—N. Y. Sun.