

He never had wealth ; if he had it would be thus :
He'd give it to others in want ;
And were he as rich as the famous king Cræsus
By the end of the year he'd be scant.

He had but one coat, for if e'er he had two on,
And met a poor sinner with none ;
Tho' a cold winter day, and that coat a new one,
He'd clothe the poor shivering one.

A long time ago, when these townships were forests,
With only a house here and there,
He preached to the poor, the lonely encouraged
With sweet songs of Zion and prayer.

He never paid a visit you did not wish longer,
The children would ask him to stay ;
There ne'er was a woodsman but swung the axe stronger
For seeing Joe Little that day.

But years passed away, and with them the forests,
The people no longer were poor ;
Fair churches were built, and villages flourished,
And preachers flocked in by the score.

Till Uncle Joe thought he was needed no longer ;
And oft as he pondered it o'er,
He heard from the east a voice calling him yonder,
To preach God's own word to the poor.

So he girded the armor, tho' aged and hoary,
And bravely went forth to the fight ;
And "he died at his post" in the work of his glory
And entered the kingdom of light.