

An' well he know it, de habitant
Who is it ketch heem, w'en
He's drivin' along from St. Laurent—
For it's easier bargain den—
'Cos if de habitant only sole
De whole of hees load dat way—
Of course he's savin' de market toll
An' not'ing at all to pay.

Dey call her ole maid, but I can't tell—me—
De chil'ren she has got :
No fader, no moder, dat's way dey be—
You never see such a lot—
An' if you ax how she fin' de clothes
An' food for de young wan dere—
She say, " Wit' de help of God, I s'pose
An' de leetle shop down stair."

Comin' an' goin' mos' all de tam,
Helpin' dem all along,
Jus' lak' de ole sheep watch de lamb
Till dey are beeg an' strong.
Not'ing lak' dat I be seein' yet,
An' it's hard to beat for sure,
So dat's de reason dey call Josette
Leetle Sister of de poor.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND,
Jan. 16th, 1905.

W. H. Drummond