

Summer Songs.

BY MAUD TISDALE.

A letter came to me one day a year or two ago, from an Ontario country place, asking me how the writer should begin literary work. It was a bright little letter—full of girlish confidences; and I answered it with whatever of advice my own experience had given me.

Other letters came, giving me glimpses of the home life—with father and uncles to tease and love and make happy this seventeen year old girl; glimpses too, of the free country life she lived.

Then for many months there was silence.

One early spring day, of the present year, a pretty young girl was ushered into my study. I rose to greet her, and discovered in her my little friend of two years before.

"How is the writing coming on?" I asked presently.

"I haven't been doing any work lately," she confessed, "But I've been scribbling verses. I have copied some into this book—if you care to look at them when you have time," she said shyly.

We finished our chat and she went away.

One day, a week or two later, I picked up the little yellow covered exercise book, and opened it, with expectation of finding only the usual immature, sentimental verse of a young girl. My eyes opened widely with the first few irregular lines. I read on amusedly, interestedly.

It hardly seemed possible that such bright dialect verse could come from the pen of this pretty young girl. "Why," I said surprisedly, "if this little maid will only cultivate her gift, Lake Simcoe's eastern shore will give Canada its Whitcomb Riley." I think our readers will agree with me.—EDITOR.

Up at the Landin'.

FIRST o' July—up at the landin';
Glorious, eh? an' grand in
Summer time. An' the river,—
Say, don't it count tho'?

Where the lunge splash an' quiver
Big dimples like inter the water,—
Till I almost ha' thought
Twas Bess a-pokin' fun at me;
An' under a pink bonnet, I sorter
See her face all beamin' an' smilin',
A-talkin' to another feller, not dreamin' o' me,—
An' my blood a-bilin'.

Picnic day,—up at the landin';
Glorious, eh? an' grand, an'
Bess was there lookin' jest sweet;
Her pink bonnet bobbin',
Her yeller head noddin',
Her white dress a-flutterin', an' she a-dancin'. An'
Say, it was Heaven jest watchin' her feet,
As she tripp'd to the tune o' the old fiddler's air;
But somehow or nuther I seem'd a-dreamin',
Jest catch'd sight o' Bess' face beamin',
An' a feller twistin' curls in her yeller hair.
An' say, weren't she a-smilin',—
Gosh! an' my blood was bilin'.

Picnic day,—up at the landin';
Glorious, eh? an' grand, an'
The sun gone down,
An' I a-rowin' Bess on the river.
I weren't a-speakin' tho', not that I wasn't willin';
So onct I stol'd a glance at her
An' I sorter saw a quiver
Round them sweet lips o' hers
A puckered-like fer trillin';
Gosh! I couldn't hold in no longer,
But jest blurt'd out all my heart's bilin'.
An' when I dared to look agin, shinin' through tears,
Was Bess' blue eyes
With love a-smilin'.

First o' July,—up at the landin';
Glorious, eh? an' grand in
Summer time. An' the river,
Say, don't it count tho'
With Bess at my side! Her yeller hair flowin',
And I scarce a-rowin',—jest let the boat glide.
The sun had gone a-wooin'
The clouds a-down the river,
And the moon was kinder sneakin'
To see what we was doin',—
But I guess it didn't see much.—Jest a miss
In a boat on the river
With me,—an' a kiss!

"Skitters!"

SUMMER'S cum all right—skitters' here agin,
Don't you hear 'em singin'—
Above your head, right in a bunch?
Why, the air is ringin'!
I'd like to sweep 'em down;—yet, no,
I love the skitter;
You see my wife was Flossy Brown,
An' orct,—one bit her.

Two years ago Sunday, coming along the water,
The skitters singin';
I first met ole Brown's darter,
Her hat a-swingin',
Curly hair an' big black eyes.
Pretty? well I guess!
Thought she'd make a mash on me
In her Sunday best.

How it happened?—Well—can't exactly mind,
But she was saucy,
A-tipped her nose, an' blinked her eye;
Then it bit Flossy—
Right on her lips too—ruby red,
Poor Flossy Brown!
It raised a lump, an' then I said,—that I
Could send it down.



MISS MAUD TISDALE.

'Oh, how,' sez she, an' a 'wisht' sez I,
'A whisper, pretty Flossy';
So she bent her head, and she laughed so sweet.
Oh, she was awful saucy!
But she puckered her lips, she shoox them curls,—
An'—er—what? kiss her?
Well, say,—look here,—if you want ter know,
Just ask that skitter!

Homesick.

JUST feel sorter queer to-night;
You don't believe it?
A blamed cow-bell, too, t'was caused it,
A tinkle-tinkle;
An' some pink clovers,—
The first I seen since I left home—
Made my eyes twinkle;
Not tha' I grieve it.

'Twas in the woods; it first felt queer—
I mean the lump
That jest riz up an' felt like to choke me.
Big blubberin' idgit!
I herd them bells a-far-off ringin';
Made me think o' the kid at home,—an' Nan,
An' kinder fidgit.
Say, I'm a chump!

What's she doin' now, I wonder?
The kid's in bed;
Blest ef she haven't got out her needles
A knittin', knittin'
For her ole man;
An' she's thinkin'—'bout me now—and then the kid—
Her thoughts fittin'—

Why the last star's out!
Well my prayer's said.

Shadows.

MY river has caught of the sunset to-night,
As slowly it wends to the sea,
Rich crimson and old, soft purple and grey,
That fades, as I watch, into shadows. Ah me!
Shadows,—shadows,—no light is left,
Only shadows and river and me.

Sadly the river flows, sadder am I,
Saddest the shadows to see;
By their darkness they torture my grief-stricken soul,
And reflect back its sorrows. Ah me!
Shadows,—shadows,—no light is left,
Only shadows and river and me.

Syringa.

PEACE, pale syringa, with your star-like eyes,
Peace, flower of death;
Along the evening breeze is floating sweet
The perfume of your breath.

Pale, cold syringa, with your shroud-like leaves
That chill the soul,
For every leaf-like fluttering in the breeze
Reckons a toll.

Your perfume brought the sorrow back to-night,
The heart-break and the pain,
I dreamed the wound might heal, but now I know
'Twill evermore remain.

Pale, cold syringa-blossom—yet how sweet;
I touch my lips to you;
The tears are starting now that failed before.
If she but knew!

We made a wreath of your white wax-like leaves
To lay upon her breast;
The flowers she ever
loved in life should pay
Their honour to her rest.

Peace, pale syringa, with
your star-like eyes,
Peace, flower of love;
You brought the pain
again, but it will cease
In heaven above.

Sing a Song of Daisies.

SING a song of daises,
Daisies in a row,
Popping little gold heads,
Up and down they go.
Daisies, ever merry,
Daisies, ever bright,
In the breezes tossing,
Dancing with delight.
See their little bright heads
Fringed in silken hoods,
Showering dainty petals,
Show their golden snoods,
Once, they say, the daisy
Was a sunlight ray,
Till it pierced a cloudlet,
And tumbled, earth-ward way!
So their little gold heads
Are of sunbeams riven,
And their hoods are cloudlets—
Promises of heaven.
Thus, they're ever smiling,
Cheering as they go,—
Scatter all our heart-aches,
Chase away our woe.
So sing a song of daises,
Daisies in a row,
Popping little gold heads
Up and down they go;