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MONTREAL

Saturday Night

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THE FIRST BITE.

[Written for Saturday Night.]

How well we all remember,
The tiny little brook ;
Where first we went a-fishing,
With a bent pin for a hook.
For rod, we had a tapering branch,
For bait, an earthworm red ;
The line, it was not silken,
But only common thread.
The branches waved above us,
The brooklet murmured low,
And laughed among the pebbles,
To the deep, still pool below.

Oh, we were proud and anxious,
As we cast our line and hook,
Upon the singing ripples
Of that tiny little brook.

And then what boyish pleasure
As we felt the sudden strain
Upon the thread, that told us
That our skill was not in vain.

And with what joy we landed
That tiny little trout !
And how loud our friendly comrades
With pleasure raised a shout !

Since then how many fishes
Have yielded to our skill :
The baskets have been heavy ;
Of sport we've had our fill.

And yet our memory lingers
Round that tiny little brook,
Where we fished in merry childhood
With a bent pin for a hook.

And of all the splendid triumphs,
Fairly hooked—or slyly bought !
There is none that sheds such glory
As the first fish that we caught.

—CATARAQUI.