

JULY.

Wate hast thou builded thy nest, O blue-cap,
Tardily seekest a mate at last
Never a one of thy blithe companions
But wooed and wedded ere June was past.

July has come with her wealth of odours
And treasures of song that never fail ;
The perfumed breath of Syringa blossoms
The exquisite trill of the nightingale.

July, when the loves that June imagined
Are consummated in wedlock gay ;
When household joys and home endearments
Replace the courtship of yesterday.

Still Love lurks amid rosy garlands —
Late though thou seekest him, all too late —
Courage, lone one, though June has flitted
Surely e'en now shalt thou find a mate.

ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.

