



JUNE.

HARD-FACED wrangling, monied strife ;
 Din of progress, clang of trade ;
 Words that stab the better life
 Out of all that God has made ;
 Panting search and rivalry
 After some imagined boon ;
 All in line and harmony
 With the city life of June.

Scorching pavement, dusty street ;
 Gain at morning, lust at eve ;
 Sweating odours, sultry heat ;
 This is June—but who'd believe ?
 Roar of vehicles that deaden
 Every love of life, ere noon,
 In the weary hearts and leaden
 Of the souls that pant for June.

Freedom basking in the clover
 Of the meadow and the hill ;
 Freedom speaking to her lover
 In the rapids and the rill ;
 In the music of the laughter
 Of glad children, freed at noon,
 Ringing to the unseen rafter
 Of the matchless roof of June !