

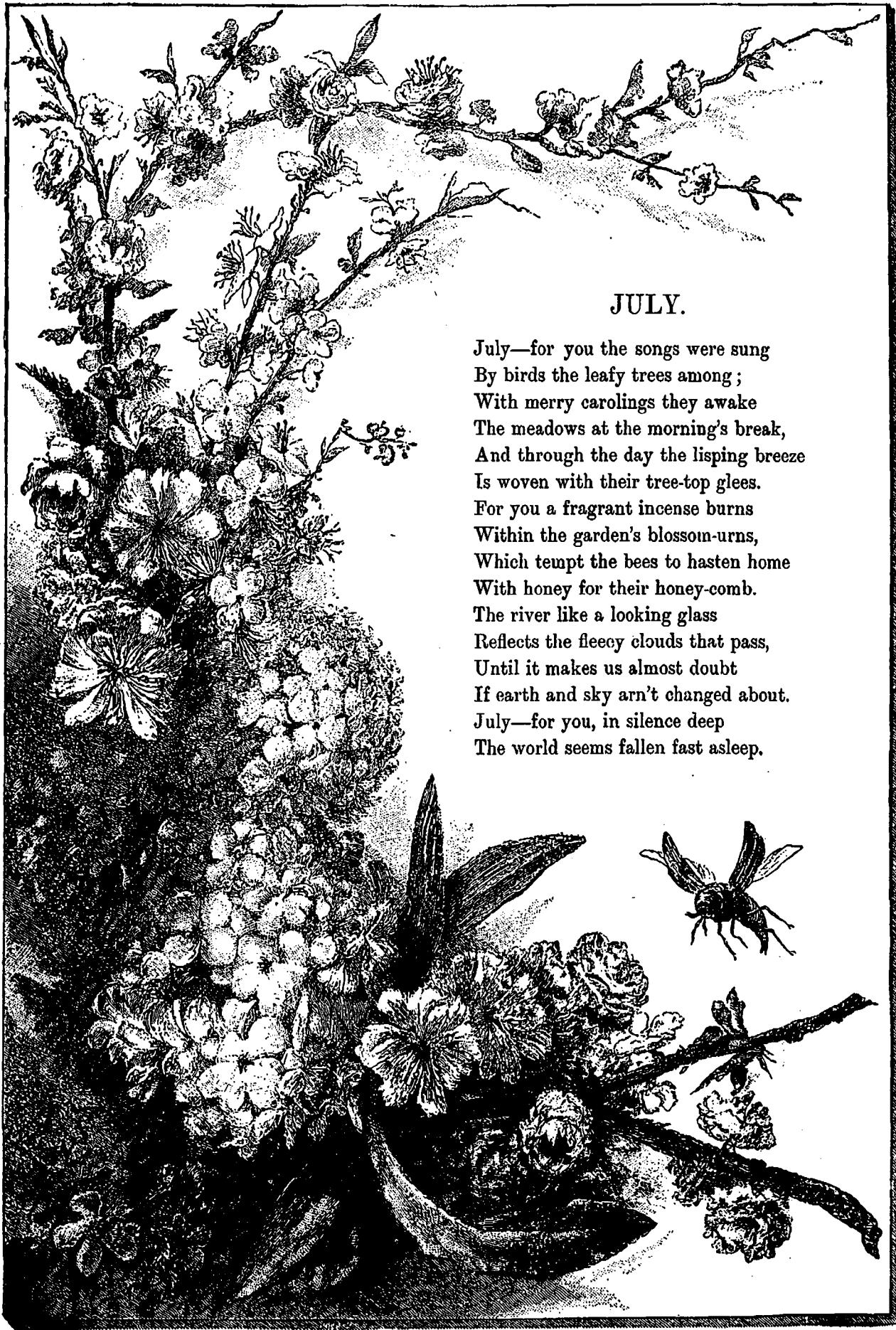
# ◆ Massey's Illustrated ◆

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### JULY.

July—for you the songs were sung  
By birds the leafy trees among ;  
With merry carolings they awake  
The meadows at the morning's break,  
And through the day the lisp'ing breeze  
Is woven with their tree-top glees.  
For you a fragrant incense burns  
Within the garden's blossom-urns,  
Which tempt the bees to hasten home  
With honey for their honey-comb.  
The river like a looking glass  
Reflects the fleecy clouds that pass,  
Until it makes us almost doubt  
If earth and sky aren't changed about.  
July—for you, in silence deep  
The world seems fallen fast asleep.