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LITERATURE.

POETRY.

(Written for the *Journal of Education*.)

THE WHISPERS OF TIME.

BY MRS. LEPRON.

What does Time whisper youth gay and light
Whilst thinning thy locks, silken and bright,
Whilst paling thy soft cheek's rosenate dye,
Dimming the light of thy flashing eye,
Stealing thy bloom and freshness away—
Is he not hinting at death—decay?

Man in the wane of thy stately prime,
Hear'st thou the silent warnings of Time?
Look at thy brow ploughed by anxious care,
The silver hue of thy once dark hair;—
What brook thy honours, thy treasures bright,
When Time tells of coming gloom and night?

Sad Age dost thou note thy strength how spent,
How slow thy footstep—thy form how bent;
Yet on looking back how short doth seem
The checkered course of thy life's brief dream;
Time daily weakening each link and tie,
Doth whisper how soon thou art to die.

O what a weary world were ours
With that thought to cloud our brightest hours,
Did not we know that beyond the skies,
A land of beauty and promise lies,
Where blissful—blessed—we will love—adore—
E'en when time itself shall be no more.

TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes, whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of peppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS (1).

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

What hidest thou in thy treasure caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells
Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain.
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

(1) Keats, one of the greatest of young poets, was educated as a surgeon's apprentice. In 1817 he published a volume of poems, the most of which had been written before he attained the age of twenty. In the following year he published *Endymion*, a Poetic Romance, and in 1820 *Lamia*, *Isabella*, *Hyperion*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, and other poems.