rather than precede his virtue. This is not to take captive the will, but to educate it. If there were no wrong action in the world organized in institutions, children could be allowed a little more moral experimenting than is now convenient for others, or safe for themselves. As the case now is, our children receive, as an inheritance, the punishment and anguish due to the crimes that have gone before them, and the Paradise of youth is curtailed of its fair proportions cruelly and unjustly, and to the detriment of the future man.

In the true society, then, Education is the ground Idea. The highest work of man is to call forth man in his fellow and child. This was the work of the Christ in Jesus, and in his Apostles; and not only in them, but in Poets and Philosophers of olden time; in all who have had immortal aims, in all time; whether manifested in act or word, built in temples, painted on canvass, or chiselled in stone. All action, addressed to the immortal nature of man in a self-forgetting spirit, is of the same nature,—the divine life. The organization which shall give freedom to this loving creative spirit, glimpses of which were severally called the Law in Rome, the Ideal in Greece, Freedom and Manliness in Northern Europe, and Christ by the earnest disciples of Jesus of Nazareth, is at once the true human society, and the only university of Education worthy the name.

N. B. A Postscript to this Essay, giving an account of a specific attempt to realize its principles, will appear in the next number.

---

POEMS ON LIFE.

NO. I.

Life is onward—use it.
With a forward aim;
Toil is heavenly, choose it,
And its warfare claim.

Life is onward—never
Look upon the past,
It would hold you fast.

Now is your dominion,
Weave it as you please;
Bind not the soul's pinion
To a bed of ease.

Life is onward—try it,
Ere the day is lost;
It hath virtue—buy it
At whatever cost.

If the world should offer
Every precious gem,
Look not at the scoffer,
Change it not for them.

Life is onward—heed it
In each varied dress;
Your own act can speed it
On to happiness.

His bright pinion o'er you
Time waves not in vain,
If Hope chants before you
Her prophetic strain.

Life is onward—prize it
In sunshine and in storm;
Oh do not despise it
In its humblest form.

Hope and Joy together,
Standing at the goal,
Through Life's darkest weather,
Beckon on the Soul.

---

NO. II.

Every little spring flows on,
Loving through the day to run;
Night seals never up its fountain,
Courting still from hill and mountain.
Its glad task it follows ever,
Filling up the steadfast river.

So each little act and thought,
Is with a deep meaning fraught,
WINDMILL.

Tis tower-like mill,
High on the hill,
Tell us of many fair homesteads concealed
In the valleys around;
Where waving in sunlight, many a field
Of bright grain may be found.

The wild free wind
They have sought to bind
And make it labor like all other things;
Nought careth he;
Joyful he works, while joyfully sings,
And wanders free.

A broad swift stream,
With glance and gleam,
Comes rolling down from the mountains afar,
Exulting in life;
It sweeps over rocks; it knows no bar;
Too mighty for strife.

Green winding lanes,
Broad sunny plains,
High hills echoing every sweet sound,
Trees stately and tall,
Glorious in beauty are seen all around.—
Where is the lord of all?