

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, builded 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.

Look not to another
To perform your will;
Let not your own brother
Keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward—never
Look upon the past,
It would hold you ever
In its clutches 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,
Coursing 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,

In the bright and sunny morning,
Marring life or else adorning,
In the hour of night, a story
Weaving on for shame or glory.

If the tiny stream be dry,
Trickling no more merrily
The green fields and woodlands over,
But lies hid beneath its cover,
Then the river, sluggish, weary,
Scarce moves on its pathway dreary.

Thus, if each swift day no more
Yield its tribute to life's store,
If each little act be slighted,
And at night its torch unlighted,
Filled no more with truth and glory,
Life will be an idle story.

W.

WINDMILL.

THE tower-like mill,
High on the hill,
Tells 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?

Like the eagle high,
That cleaves through the sky,
Whose keen eye glances through burning light,
Such should he be!
Seest thou yonder that poor weary wight?
Alas! it is he.

FESTUS.*

AGLAURON. Well, Laurie, I have come for you to walk; but you look very unlike doing anything so good. What portend that well-filled ink-horn, and that idle pen, and that quire of paper, blank, I see, as yet? And your face no less so. Pray what is the enterprise before you?

LAURIE. A hopeless one! To give some account of the impression produced by a great poem.

AGLAURON. Hopeless, indeed! To "drink up Issel, eat a crocodile," is not hard task enough for ambition like yours. You must measure the immeasurable; while growing calculate your growth; as the sunbeam passes, you must chronicle the miracles it has yet to perform before it is spent.

LAURIE. Such are the tasks proposed to man; he needs not propose them to himself.

AGLAURON. Nay, I cannot blame the poor infant. To be sure his little hands can never reach the moon, nor grasp the fire, but he would be a dullard, if he did not stretch them out just so boldly. But this task of yours seems to me not only bold, but perfectly idle. A man capable of criticising a great poem has something else to do.

LAURIE. And that is?—

AGLAURON. Writing another.

LAURIE. That is not a just way of thinking. It is not the order of nature for every man to express the thought that agitates the general mind, or interpret the wonders that nature offers to all alike. What matter who does it,

* Festus; a Poem. London. William Pickering. 1839.