
And much is lost in sturdy growth of each
When kept aloof from lives of those we teach.
A portion read and heard with rev'rent air,
The master then a blessing sought in prayer ;
The gift or grace to these petitions frame,
As there he stood before the holy Name,—
If this denied, yet none excused could be,
As written forms were there for such as he.
The Scottish schools which now I have in mind
Were each controlled by men of godly kind ;
Well pleased were they, as all the work they scan,
To find the master taught " chief end of man."
From schools like these went forth a faithful
race
To serve their time for good in many a place ;
At home, abroad, where'er their lot did fall,—
Old fashioned truth they proved was good for
all.