
Or on the earth when roll millennial years,
Thus far we find the good and bad in man
In mortal grapple since our race began;
Till one doth fall and other reigns secure
This worthy conflict must for aye endure,
And progress marks the fortunes of mankind
As slain the ill and good controls the mind;
Nor this attain unless each youthful soul
Be taught that righteous conduct is the goal
To which the school, as handmaid, aye must lead,
And aye regard such goal its chiefest meed,
Nor ever serve,— a melancholy fate,—
With more effect the evil in the state.
To good or ill no soul is e'er inclined
By drill in truth of geometric kind;
That road pursued forever and a day,
You never meet a moral on the way.
As each to each in states we must abide,
In what we *are* their strength will ever hide;
This higher plane the school must keep in view,
And give the state a product good and true.
From holy Writ as well as daily round
How trite the fact,— our hearts by nature found
Inclined to ill, and if to good they turn,
The why of this is found beyond the bourne.
To help the child in moral worth to grow,
To choose the right, the wrong to overthrow,
Not absent this from any school should be,
Or else satanic issues all may see.