

RETRORSUM.

Not always as we older grow
The more the right pursue we ;
Full oft the more the world we know,
The more the journey rue we.

Tho' all the wisdom of the world
By dint of age attain we,
What profit, an the flag unfurl'd
Of Innocency stain we ?

“ The Child is father of the Man ”—
How oft the Child disgrace we !
What time our steps, as best we can,
In penitence retrace we !