

*Standing here in the present  
I gaze o'er bygone years  
Ranged behind as mileposts,  
Marked with hopes and fears.*

*Each brought some little wisdom,  
Past conduct seems so strange,  
Judged by present standards—  
Experience wrought the change.*

*How much there is to find  
And yet how little found  
For the circle of light increasing  
Does greater darkness bound.*

*And I know that present conduct  
Observed by future eyes,  
When the years have slipped behind me,  
Will seem as much unwise.*