

LXV.

Thought, the foundation of a life to be ;
Seed that is planted in Eternity,
Must ever grow and grasp with mighty
hand
My present life, and never set it free.

LXVI.

Yea thought creates; for as the sower sows
So shall he reap—These seeds of thought
disclose
The essence of that character of mine ;
A canker in the wood will spoil the rose.

LXVII.

The
Growth of
Ideals

The thoughts, unthought ; the deeds as
yet undone ;
The new ideals set my heart upon,
Are simply well worn paths, which I have
trod
In other forms eternal as the Sun.

LXVIII.

Before the sun is hidden in the mist,
Shadow on shadow every sunbeam kissed,
So in my Soul, a shadow may appear,
Caused by a thought ; A holy Eucharist.