

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.