



**Set of
the Soul**

One ship goes East another West,
By the same strong winds that blow.

‘Tis the set of the sails and not the gales,
That determines the way they go.

Like the ships at sea are the ways of fate,
As we voyage along through life.

‘Tis the set of the soul that decides its goal,
And not the calm nor strife.



Ella Wheeler Wilcox

