

DEI PHILOSOPHORUM.

I—TO SOCRATES.

Arch-Doubter, mighty master of the minds of men!
None mark'd thy Light when thou 'neath thy disguise
Of Nescience,—subtler than the wisdom of the Wise,—
Sought'st not with aid of creeds, or yet with pen
(Veiling in dun vestments the living Word again)
To trace the sacred Form that underlies
All Good and Beauty, and, as Love in lovers' eyes
Appears, transfigure Truth to the curious ken
In her chaste loveliness. But thou, in mart,
Or busy street, or bibulous banquet hall,
Or some secluded spot, wert wont to meet
The wistful youth, where, gathered about thy feet,
With eager speech alone thou taughtest all
The magic ministry of the Teacher's Art.