

XIII.

'Tis not a promise from some other soul ;  
'Tis not a wish to reach some other goal,  
But hidden knowledge from a by-gone age,  
A close communion with the cosmic whole.

XIV.

Knowledge of this embraces all I need,  
Wisdom alone essential to the creed  
By which I guard my faith and live my  
    life :  
The guarding Angel of the unknown seed.

XV.

For wisdom, searching some forgotten  
    tomb,  
Unearthed a fabric, woven by the loom  
Of learning in her arrogance and pride  
Before she gained the knowledge of her  
    doom.

XVI.

A doom which learning cannot long defer,  
Unless she knows herself as but a spur  
Which ever chides the seeker on his way  
Toward the goal, where hidden meanings  
    stir.