

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.