

“THE TWO WISDOMS.”

SOPHIE! I loved her, tenderly at worst.
Yet in my passion's highest ecstasy,
When life lost pleasure in desire to die
And never taste again the deadly thirst
For those caresses; even then a curst
Sick pang shot through me: looking afar on high,
Beyond, I see *Σοφία* in the sky.
The pretty bubble of Love's pipe is burst!

Yea! through the portals of the dusky dawn
I see the nameless Rose of Heaven unfold!
Yea! through rent passion and desire withdrawn
Burns in the East the far ephemeral gold.
O Wisdom! Mother of my sorrow! Rise!
And lift my love to thine immortal eyes!