

## PAUL AT ATHENS.

ZEALOT uncouth, whose seething brain  
 With theomaniac visions glows,  
 What seek'st thou where Athena's fane  
 Empurpled mount and sea o'erbrows?  
 No desert-cradled prophet here  
 His mystic rancor ever poured;  
 But blue-eyed Pallas, calm, austere,  
 The might of reason, is adored.

To song and dance and joyous thought  
 The muse of Helias sane inspires;  
 No dream of doom the soul o'erwrought  
 To pentecostal madness fires.  
 Yon is the stately Stoa, where  
 Wise Zeno taught with fluent might;  
 Amid his listening pupils there  
 Serenely walked the Stagirite.

Of hero-moulding ethics stern  
 The founder one; the laws of thought  
 The other clearly did discern  
 With keenest introvision fraught.  
 O wandering dreamer! well may shine  
 With wild, unsteady light thine eyes,  
 Gazing at altar, marble shrine,  
 Where glorious shapes of beauty rise.

Bards, sages, artists, statesmen grand,  
 With Jove-like brows, a noble throng,  
 In bronze and stone, on every hand,  
 Confront thee as thou mov'st along.

What bring'st thou from the desert far,  
 Palm-shaded sand and blazing sun?  
 Fanatic Zeal! thou com'st to mar  
 All that the might of thought has done.

Reason is by thy narrow race  
 Unheeded—nigh dethroned in thee.  
 Thou heraldest the mind's disgrace,  
 First of a priestly pedigree.  
 Because of thee for ages long  
 Shall Thought in chains and darkness sit,  
 While reign a wild and squalid throng  
 Of monks, fierce foes of wisdom, wit;

And science, manhood, leave the world  
 In total, thousand-year'd eclipse;  
 Sense, judgment, into exile hurled,  
 No utterance find from human lips.  
 Fanatic Asia's rancor fierce  
 Shall poison Europe's spirit proud;  
 Long, long 'twill be ere Reason pierce  
 With sun-bright shafts Faith's murky cloud.

B. W. BALL.