

ENTHUSIASM.

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The poet's lay, the patriot's noble zeal,
The warrior's courage, and the sage's lore.
Oh ! till the soul is quickened by thy breath,
Wit, wisdom, eloquence, and beauty, fail
To make a just impression on the heart ;
The tide of life creeps lazily along,
Soiled with the stains of earth, and man debased
Sinks far below the level of the stream.
Alas ! that thy bright flame should be confined
To passion's maddening vortex ; and the soul
Waste all its glorious energies on earth !—
The world allows its votaries to feel
A glowing ardour, an intense delight,
On every subject but the one that lifts
The soul above its sensual, vain pursuits,
And elevates the mind and thoughts to God !
Zeal in a sacred cause alone is deemed
An aberration of our mental powers.
The sons of pleasure cannot bear that light
Of heavenly birth which penetrates the souls