

is not only of those that are dead is it written "ad majores abeunt."

Liberty is light. Another string loose, my master weaver? Would you have us helpless in your coil? One more uncertain weaving and we die. Liberty is light. Ah! you have learned it in a strange apprenticeship. They must have thought you credulous to bite so easily. Perhaps they had a studious cast of countenance and frowned in metaphor? Or did the smell of musty parchments permeate their souls? The rustic Corydon had better woo his Amaryllis than meddle with strange drugs. Sunshine and air are free. Is that another of your stolen doctrines? If the wind cometh and goeth according to a knowledge of its own so do you my master weaver. The golden disk dips to its couch below at evening tide. If you lie down at night amid the funeral furnishings and let them move the earth upon you according to a law of your own making you are surely free. Let them light the lamp of Liberty with Reason and burn it at your head. If they can animate the dust and call the soul back to its desert mansions I will worship at a new shrine. The modern mystic is man. Aye, and the modern mystery is man. This strange creature that moves with no unsected purpose and holds his judgment worthy of a High Tribunal. What if he should find the milk and honey turn to aloes in his mouth and the strength of wisdom given unto fools? Remember it is written of the dead "ad majores abeunt." Whose dead? Whose majority? Ah! my stupid weaver you are waking. His majority and *your* dead. Perhaps the monk swung the censer in the dusky aisles because he thought the altar lamps would cast a glamor on the child. Perhaps the white robed choristers sung the Gloria In Excelsis because the notes were sweet and strong. You may say that and I will tie another knot in the certain cords and call the tangle Death. Liberty or Death! Yes you may have your choice. It matters not which cup you take for both are poisonous. Only drink deep. To linger in the twilight of a destiny is wormwood and gall. The running waters of youth come back again in tears. Did you have anything to do with their return? A curious theory that of yours. One that would weigh the universe and could not lift a leaf. It is in good measure with your being. You who would sway the minds of millions and cannot move your own. Boast not of liberty. It may light you to a chamber you have no desire to occupy. Rath-