

My master weaver you had the colors, you had the pattern. Oh why did you not gather the stitches together? You could have gilded the brow, swelled the sails and perfumed the waters. You are sarcastic? It is an immense pretension to number stars. Is it any less idiotic to number souls? Let it drift the world wisdom. Let it float the world folly. Existence is only what it always was a tangle in the skein of mortality.

Reason is the new religion. The golden bowl of human life is broken. Down its sides has run the precious liquor. Reason is the new religion. Sad weaver is the shuttle still erratic? Our life would make a Butterfly's eternity and yet the creature of a summer moment is more certain in its weaving than you the master builder. Dream stuff is well enough for childhood. Aye! and age is barren. Upon the altar of illusion heap frankincense and myrrh. Will it make the poison any sweeter to crown it with blossoms or less effective? The heart is oftenest pictured as a well of waters. Then cast branches over it and make a shade. Do you not know that the soul by nature is like a traveller wandering in a desert. Here and there half-hidden in the burning sands of Reason spring the wells of Sensibility. Let it not be said of the stranger that he failed to drink. Destiny is beyond the ken of intellect. The Deity you worship is cold and callous. It were better to snap the string and add another to the maze than spoil the texture with a spurious thread. It is not the dead that come between the living. If it were the woe and weeping would be turned to joy and the rain of mercy spilt upon the land. Reason is the new religion. Ah! my master weaver this is honey from strange hives. What if the sweet should turn to bitter and the dainty cells to damp decay? The bee that gathers fragrance does not calculate its worth. Why should the little worker balance dew against its burden? Is it nobler to know its value than to sip its strength? The wing that glistens in the sun and lays a ruffled edge upon the flower is surer of its purpose than you the measurer. The bird that bids its fellows of the south fly summerwards can twitter under the accustomed eaves without once straying from the way. The unseen movements of the universe are true. Yet harmony is present in their action not virile calculation. Can you account for this in your philosophy? Bow down to images of wood and stone. It were far better that you decked the altars of idolatry than bore offerings before the face of Reason. It