

## World-Drift

It is written of them that are dead "ad majores abeunt." It is written and the little leaves of the forest fall in the night. It is written and the flower folds its petals. It is written and the wind is gone. Like the beads on a golden rosary the days slip by. It may be through Saint's fingers; it may be through Sinner's. But the wild, waterless hills of Time will fail to distinguish touches and the streets of the Living will be the stairways of the Dead. "Without end" is the cry of the weaver. Aye, for I have threads of wondrous colours and patterns of delicate designs. Aye, for the warp and woof is of silver tissue. Ah! it is all that, my master weaver, but your shuttle is at fault. Have not worthier men fawned and feasted? Have not white robed acolytes cried and chanted? Is there any reason why the son of Man should prosper where the son of God perverts? The World-Drift is of your making and of your music. Do the scattered threads still float in the abysmal depths of Space? Do the looms still wait by the weary waters? They do, you say? Yes and they will till the fingers ply at a costlier garment and the souls of men drop stitches in an immortal web.

Again it is written "ad majores abeunt,"—they have gone over to the majority. The shepherd may pipe on the lonely hill-side; the siren may whistle where the waves whisper, but the song and the silent voices are gone forever. Is there an echo in the under-wood? Then the satyrs have stolen a cord from the cithara and are whiling away the hours with weaving. All day long and all day long the murmur of the distant deity is meaningless. Why does not the great Musician strike a note so bold and true that the heart will beat with ecstasy and the lips move with learning? Surely there is no mildew in the strings. If there were we would be patient and sigh not. As it is the eyes are filled to over-flowing and the tongue mute with anguish. Of all the ships that dipt into the gloaming not one returned. When the tide turns, my Captain, will another ship go out? Even now in the harbor of Oblivion lies a craft of promise and a crew of men. The sad weavers of Eternity have shrouded them well. There they lie and their faces are white and wax-like. The leaf of the forest, the flower that folded, the wind that fled are their sleep companions.