

of culture. It is the handwriting of the gods upon the inner wall of our heart giving us terrible warning of incoming barbarism and superstitions.

And what is the condition of reason? "As a man thinks, he is free," says Emerson. "And a just thinker will allow full sway to his scepticism." And the thought comes with all the force of an intuition. Hence freedom is the first condition of reason, and thus personal freedom becomes the primary condition of personal perfection. For reason is ever on the watch for relations and if the choice between relations be restricted, surely reason herself must be circumscribed, and instead of the "amphora" that was about to be made with which to measure our soul and destiny, "a little pitcher" is turned out, with which to measure our creed. He who cramps his reason puts a damper upon the only light he contains, for there is no culture without reason and reason without perfect freedom is a falsehood. So we reach our general formula, That there is no salvation except perfection, that there is no perfection except personal perfection, that perfection means culture, that there is no culture except personal culture, that culture results alone from reason, that the first condition of reasoning is personal freedom and so that there can be no personal perfection except by personal freedom.

Freedom to adopt for ourselves whatever reason shall say for ourselves is fit. For, there is no proper development except normal development and the normal knows no blind submission. And moreover our Ruler is free and takes no pride in the breast that contains nothing but humility and ashes.

God is free and every godlike man is free also. No bondage can equal mental bondage, no freedom can equal mental freedom. There is no development except the mind be free to investigate, and a man who blindly submits without satisfying his reason with regard to a belief sells his birthright for pottage and his

soul for praise. The bird of freedom sometimes walks upon the earth but always with a noble step. Often he sails grandly around the upper heavens, but, when he enters the fumes of blind belief and third rate, pick-thank politics, he tilts, loses all power of his wings, and, with a deadening thump, falls to the earth. "It took a bold man," said Mrs. Parry, "to say that creed must go to the wall when it is too narrow for individuality." But the human race is not noted for its boldness. Man is afraid to throw himself upon his own resources, but has invented various methods for securing his passage around these Cape Horns of his existence. He is afraid to die.

"Personal freedom," says he, "why you thus throw yourself upon an endless, troubled ocean." So much the better if a man sail in the life boat of reason and breathe the pure air of truth. Yet in his heart man wishes to be free and he prays to the great supreme to come, and with a touch akin to reason to bear away these fettering chains. But Fear comes, that grim dragon Fear, and with her fiery eyes that grate upon the nerves and an awful breath that smells of the sulphur of a never ending hell, she strikes terror into his very bones, and oft he flees, yielding his place and degrading himself to a coward.

But if he make a stand against Fear, Desire comes, that cursed, false Desire and she speaks in a pleasing mode and with persuasive words of her happy abode and the kingly bliss that awaits her followers. Often she leads man away, but when once within the walls of her castle she closes the gate quickly behind him and thrusts her dagger to his heart. But if he should yield to neither, then Superstition confronts him. This third terror he must slay if he would at last enjoy perfect freedom. These three, Fear, Desire and Superstition, but the greatest of these is Superstition. For, the one she chains and leads captive at her will to terrify into subjection her unhappy followers. The other she makes a slave that