

His poems have been compared to Wagner's music—universal—with a sweeping cadence—paying little attention to the frills of tune, but always and ever bringing out the tones that catch, and hold, and elevate.

Life to Whitman was a divine melody and he harmonized all its many phases. He never apologized nor argued but celebrated the facts as they are. Brave enough to give expression to his honest thoughts, in language that marked him the supreme genius.

Thousands to-day are holding Walt. Whitman by the hand, walking along the "OPEN ROAD," joyfully facing life, fearlessly facing death.

His was the master mind able to teach, and worthy to lead.

A great master mind worthy to be followed.

His inspiration is running like a silver thread through the warp and woof of lives the round world over.

Bon Echo seems a fitting Canadian monument to dedicate to him.

Not that Whitman needs monuments, but that Canada needs Whitman!

Whitman's place is as secure as the sun, he was as brave a soul as ever lived in human clay.

"Stranger, if you passing, meet me and desire to speak to me, why should you not speak to me?

And why should I not speak to you?"—*Whitman.*

Religions, conventions, social systems, languages, have all played their part in separating human beings.

"The Institution of the dear love of comrades" is big enough to join in friendliness and brotherhood the whole human race.

The institution of the dear love of Comrades must give ample room for every individual to live up to the highest and best as each sees it.

"Each man to himself, and each woman to herself."

—*Whitman.*

No one can acquire for another—not one

Not one can grow for another—not one."

—*Whitman.*

"I swear the earth shall surely be complete to him or her who shall be complete,

I swear the earth remains broken and jagged, only to him or her who remains broken and jagged."—*Whitman.*