

passion. Comradeship was his religion. He told me that he had a collect fully thought out for the next conservator. It was about Pete Doyle. "There are some things I want to say about Pete that I've not yet said." We had several evenings in celebration of Walt's Centenary. Painfully and slowly he came down stairs, even taking part in one or two of them. He was rejoiced at the sight of his dear friends, Helen and Henry Saunders, during that week. He died as he had lived. At his post. Uncomplainingly. Accepting life and death in absolute faith. He has left us his own reassurance in these exquisite verses written in memory of a child friend.

Like to the leaf that falls,
Like to the rose that fades
Thou art and yet art not.
We whom this thought enthalls,
We whom this mystery shades,
Are bared before our lot.
Like to the light gone out,
Like to the sun gone down,
Thou art, and yet we feel
That something more than doubt
And more than nature's frown,
The great good must reveal.
'Tis not with thankless heart,
Nor yet with covert hand
We read from deeps to thee,
We take our grief apart
And with it bravely stand
Beside the voiceless sea.
Oh! blessed memory mine,
I fill the world with thee
And with thy blessing sleep,
But for thy love divine
To warm the day for me,
Why should I wake or weep.

All that friendship promises must be in
default till the friend appears.—Horace Traubel.

Sacrifice everything before we sacrifice the
prerogative of our inmost identity.—John Cowper
Powps.

Oh to grapple with slavery, to shake off
obstructions and set myself free.—Horace
Traubel.