

It was after 9 o'clock—pitch dark and pouring rain—when Merrill and the driver started from Bon Echo to Kaladar station, with Horace, 22 miles over rough roads and bold mountains.

Professor Hutcheon took Anne and me in his launch to the foot of the lake where an auto waited to take us to the station.

It not only rained, it simply came down in sheets and the wind got fierce and cold. By going in the launch we cut off three miles of the worst part of the road over which Horace was being taken.

The auto was not the nice new car we had had for summer transportation, but an old ramshackle Ford with everything loose that could rattle and groan about it.

Anne was so utterly exhausted for want of sleep that she would fall asleep on my shoulder, till a bit of extra rough road would almost send us out of our seats and oh how it poured and how the wind whistled and moaned. We got to Kaladar station shortly after eleven.

Then the anxious wait and wondering would they get the body there in time. The train was due to leave at 2.05 and it was ten to two when they arrived and had just time to get the coffin on the train when it moved off.

The sleeper was all made up and our berths were ready for us. We arrived in Montreal about 7 a.m. and were met by Nathan Mendelssohn and other members of his family, by Mr. Patterson and Mr. Eddington and others. I had telegraphed to Nathan to have an undertaker at Montreal but he had not received it and the coffin was checked right through to New York. After having breakfast in the Windsor station, we took the D. and H. to New York. It was an all day's trip. Anne had slept very well and was now so wide awake and in a new mood to me. She seemed excitedly reminiscent and talked about Horace from first they met.

At first I listened sleepily, but soon I sat up and took notice. As soon as she could finish one choice corner page, I would ask a question which induced her to begin another page or chapter. Did you ever hear Anne Montgomerie talk—well I never listened to anything more brilliant, and now she talked because she just had to. The marvellous experiences that had been brought into her life through Horace Traubel. There were happy days—sad days—anxious days of struggle, days of disappointment, days of absolute want, days of achievement and joy, but always days of faith and love.

Her funny little laugh just before she began a good story about Horace, the whimsical little side lights on his personality, his absolute indifference to privation so long as he kept on his "Track upstream." I have never read anything more "highly literary" or more gripping to one's imagination.

I only hope Anne Montgomerie may one day write a book and call it "Twenty-seven Years with Horace Traubel;" just let her tell the truth and how she felt about it and we would have one