

Nature has lavished her best scenic gifts on Bon Echo, in the Ontario Highlands.

Is it not a worth-while vision to see this spot as a centre from which to radiate Democratic Ideals, and also as a permanent all-year round place, where devotees of Art and Literature may find inspiration.

Many of the younger members of the Whitman Club will come back from Europe with a high appreciation of the possibilities of the New World and its freedom.

Several of these young "Old Veterans," heroes of the War, will be at Bon Echo this summer. Welcome they will be.

We have hitched our Wagon to a Star. Only the future can say how far up the mountain side of achievement we will be taken by this Moral Lever of Aspiration.

With Walt Whitman as Seer, Prophet, Guide, Friend and Great Companion, the journey along the "Open Road" should be wondrous till the last bend is reached, and then a glorious union with those gone before.

Walt Whitman

Written for the Sunset of Bon Echo

By Gertrude Nelson Andrews

Walt Whitman has taught me how to breathe. And that is about the most valuable lesson one can teach another. Breathing is the universal life manifestation, the thing which relates us to the whole of creation, the Great Rhythmic Democracy—Life with neither beginning nor end.

Having once really learned to breathe, one ever afterwards, smothers within petty limits, and demands space, out of the ruts of conventional thinking and doing. I went with Walt to "The Open Road." With him I prayed,

"O, to realize space!

The plenteousness of all, that there are no bounds!"

Having known such help from his big companionship, I love to think of his grizzled head on Flora MacDonald's great granite rock. It is not a place of simple, placid beauty, of catalogued art in a kid-gloved grasp. It is one of ozone and space, with the vigor of life's primal energies felt even under its calms. It knows harsh winters, thrilling spring anticipations, strong summer passions, and autumn's satisfaction of accomplishment. Sometimes it knows the revolutionary red of Northern Lights. It is a place of virile individuality in the great cosmic relationship.

If only the Peace Conference might catch a breath of its vigor of democratic inspiration! If only they might, with Walt's courage of understanding, expand to its assurance of plenteousness for all!