

**"SPLENDOR OF ENDED DAY, FLOATING AND
FILLING ME".**

By Mildred Bain, in Cuba

The setting of the sun! I shall never again behold it without thoughts of the Great Sunset at Bon Echo. Ever since I have known him, the Sun has symbolized Horace for me. More than anyone else, he was full of light, radiant with energy, prodigal with warmth and cheer. He seemed a primal force, ruled by a law which in spite of his apparent independence, gave him no rest or respite. He was useful to those who responded to him like the light is useful to the seed. He helped people to grow, to bear fruit. Even when clouded by depression, or by temperamental short-coming, or at the last, by mortal illness, his friends knew that it was only a temporary obscuration. He could be counted on to emerge. Sometimes I liken him to the seed in the ground. Sometimes to a demolishing cyclone. But most often, and oh, so much here, to the sun. To the sun, as it comes up in the tropics, constant and scintillating, as it goes down behind the blue gulf like some majestic messenger of the cosmos.

Horace arrived at Bon Echo August fourth, nearly spent. He endured the journey from New York with heroic fortitude. Surrounded by loving care, he succeeded in reaching the haven of his desire. I see him now, as I stood by the roadside, where the children and I were waiting. I feel again the shock of surprise and grief. It was Horace. But so different. So like a shadow. So terribly exhausted. I see his greeting of old friends and new. His delight with the beauty of sky, earth and water. His patient endeavor to draw stimulant from the health all about him. He would lie on the verandah enjoying the curious formations of the old rock. One day he spied a cathedral outlined in its granite sides. He never tired of watching the expanse of the western sky, where the colors he loved were flung with a lavish and masterful hand. His interest in people, in events, in life, was evident to the last, tho' as he said to me, "Life on these terms is very undesirable."

One picture of him is etched upon my brain. With incredible resolution, he allowed himself to be carried down to the boat which was to take him, Anne, Flora, The Morris', Frank and Paul, over to "Old Walt." A gentle breeze was blowing. The sun was shining, and the shadows of the rock were like patches of black velvet on the waters. He sat there in a comfortable arm chair, balanced firmly in the boat, his white hair floating in the wind. We moved quietly along under the towering wall. He drank water from the spring, from a birch-bark cup. He put out his hand, touching the rock as if it were Walt himself. It seemed to make him very happy. It was indeed the voyage of an historic craft.

As long as he was able to hold a pencil, Horace continued his love imposed task of letters to his friends. People were his