

I am very human, and I wish to help human beings as much as they have helped me.

My psychic experiences are often too personal and intimate to be of general interest, but I will blend them into everyday life stories because they are a part of my every day life.

Whatever the outcome of the work now begun at Bon Echo—the call has come to me, and I would be an ungrateful wretch not to follow the lead of my great comrades.

The present caste system, with all its cruel absurdities must go.

“The Institution of the dear Love of Comrades” must take its place.

The world knows enough, prophets and seers have given us all the necessary information.

We have the brawn and the brain, and the wherewithal. Now we need the adjusting and shifting in accord with the best concepts of a better civilization.

The Kaiser has almost wrecked a world by working to a given ideal for one generation.

Surely we can reconstruct a world working towards a Great Ideal in one generation.

Canada with her last Great West, her Bigger Centre, and her Splendid East, has in to-day's world struggle, for freedom, become a unit in herself.

But abstract Democracy is not enough.

I—the individual, must be the embodiment of concrete, definite Democracy.

I will give my lecture—The Whitman Club of Bon Echo—as the opportunity presents itself.

In 1919 many Whitmanites will assemble at Bon Echo to celebrate the centennial of the birth of the Greatest Democrat.

Bon Echo and all it may mean will be consecrated to his ideals. Are you a Whitmanite?

Will you help?

Are you in favor of a real democracy?

Then you will help, no matter in what little corner you may be.

“Allons—The road is before us”

It is safe—I have tried it—my own feet have tried it well
Mon Enfant—I give you my hand,

I give you my love, more precious than money,

I give you myself before preaching or law;

Will you give me yourself? Will you come travel with me?

Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?

—Whitman