

And chief of all, the great beetling massy front of the cliff that
rears itself majestic across the water, and all day and night
broods like a loving, gray giant, like the presence of old
Walt himself as a comrade and companion of all sojourners,
Men and women and little children,
Sporting themselves in the summer sunshine
With shoutings and laughter, or gay stories and gossip.
All the season through; the great cliff welcomes you.
Here, above everything else, we seek to recall, understand,
appreciate, reverence, promote Walt Whitman.
Bon Echo's one word is Democracy.
She would aspire to be the Bon Echo of the message of the good
gray poet of Camden,
And whom could she welcome so heartily
As the friend and disciple who has, by devotion and labor un-
measured,
Given Walt Whitman to mankind for all the coming generations,
Painting him in his habit as he lived.
Here, at the top of the wild, free, back-woods country
You arrive at the chosen, predestined shrine of the Poet.
Here you stand and gaze at the vast, granite, immovable front
of the bastion,
As though once more you had your eyes fixed upon Walt himself.
Can't you imagine it is he, sitting there dreaming and thinking,
As indifferent to the jibes and shallow carpings of his age as is
this rock to the futile patter of summer raindrops?
And can't you see the vindication of your own prescient youth-
ful judgment of Walt,
When, at the close of the day, the sunset of Bon Echo gilds and
bathes the head of the precipice with a glory of light?
There is the fulfillment of your prophecy, Horace Traubel,
That at last the world would come to know its Prophet,
And Democracy throughout the Nations would crown his name
and memory with praise.
As here you stand enraptured, gazing,
A shadow passes across the face of the stupendous pile.
Do not think it is merely a shadow cast by a cloud that has for
a moment obscured the sun,
That is but the outer fact.
To our hearts it seems a human expression as on the face of
Walt himself.
The shade of his grief and sympathy
To see you in less than perfect health and robust strength.
But we seem, too, to hear a whispered message that is not merely
the rustle of the leaves,
Be of good cheer, dear Horace;
Here in this open, ample north, the air will be a balm to you,
And hearts who love and honor you for your work,
Will, by their gentle ministrations, blessed by the Father of all
grace and beauty,
Make you whole again.