n to the slight exh. Having had him
passed a window, he
ks like a man," and
is having come into
fice he was visiting
or so reading aloud
pealed to him.
great Companions,
to them!

to them!
the road—they are
majestic men—they
t women,
of seas and storms

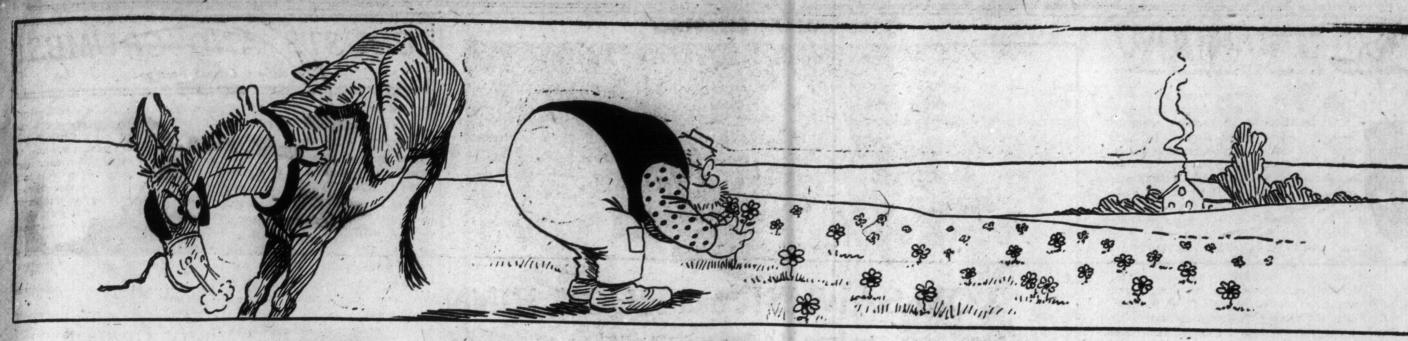
a ship, walkers of land. WERE OF THE ship, and an ability is a touchstone of e many-sided men, tracted by one side But there is in both note, such as Lincoln, obscure to ver, which marks once before quoted statement in the raphy of the poet. at I see and have Whitman. But as d exceptional charof mystic or seer, that he belongs to es has dragged me difficult ground." those interested in tions with several oups; he had least, it which seeks the nal crystal-gazing, pnotic trances, or ed by anaesthetic ystic because wonabout on the open d with pathological as he himself sugand proof of his which goes below it is a mistake to and especially of ere onlooker at life, the practical permately, of course, veen mystic and is the moralist beis, perhaps, even is life than is the has now assumed aspect. He is no d by the hunger

about sin, because ne antiseptic power ich heals the sores off the body of corevil passes away y pursued. He sees ch exists at all, be, exists by reaor excellence which ich fits it to its ene soul uses the exand so things hurt hings that are not but in the sight evil, for all things Him. Live your life, fear; such is the Condemn nothis proper for your sympathy, learn to

sympathy, learn to out you, and help according to the il. Feed the soul, exercise the soul—he instincts, the vii to you now, will trouble you. For in the devil is dead, lew, reached in his enabled him to he shame and evil yet to rejoice."

il 14, 1865. The usually celebrate poet by a dinner such observance, war the Toronto cided to intermit and in lieu of this, local Theosophical anions this Sun-Canadian Foresin interesting feawill be the exhibiast which Mr. J. L. nas made of Walt e model of the to-be carved on here the Indian ago still survive niles from Kala-This idea was lora Macdonald the Bon Echo and is to be nary of the poet year Mr. George has undertaken, n for Whitman's carry out the is already eneiling next year, war will be over, there will be an of Whitmanites, rroughs, Horace merican devotees,

overseas.



## AND HER NAME WAS MAUD



