

Mr. Whitman visited our own Forest City, reaching here in the month of June and remaining for several weeks. We can still recall his well-proportioned form, standing six feet high, with a profusion of gray hair and beard, dressed in gray clothes; his pleasant, fresh looking face always wearing a calm look of repose; his voice was attractive and musical. To know the man was to love him. He had a passion for nature in all its forms; he was specially fond of children and flowers. He was seldom seen on Dundas street without a "buttonhole" in his coat.

During the American war with the South he spent much of his time in the northern hospitals, comforting and sustaining the sick and the dying—no matter whether he wore the uniform of the North or the South, all humanity was alike to him—sending home messages to the mothers and friends of the wounded and dead.

Mr. Whitman was a man of unruffled temperament, and though he was loved, in many instances passionately, by so large a number of individuals, yet by others he was treated with ridicule and contempt, still he never retaliated, nor was heard to complain, but always turned off any adverse expression or criticism with compassion or a kind word. He never defended himself whether the attacks were made in private or in the public press; he appeared to deem any defense of himself as unnecessary, believing that his life and works were quite sufficient. There will be many mourners to day over his cold corpse and his open grave. He himself has never feared death, believing that he who was his Creator and Preserver is able in death as in life and throughout all eternity to hold him safe in his everlasting arms. Such faith as Mr. Whitman possessed is given to no ordinary man. He writes:

"My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite.

I laugh at what you call dissolution,  
And I know the amplitude of time."

Who has not had his soul stirred

with deepest emotion as he read his beautiful ode to death, from which the following lines are quoted:

"Come lovely and soothing death,  
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,  
Sooner or later, delicate death.  
Praised be the fathomless universe,  
For life and joy and for obj-ctis and know-  
ledge curious,  
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise!  
praise!  
For the sure enwinding arms of cool, enfold-  
ing death.  
Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,  
Over the rising and singing waves, over the  
myriad fields and the prairies wide,  
Over the dense-packed cities all, and the teem-  
wharves and ways  
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee,  
oh, death."

—Western (London, Canada) Advertiser.

Walt Whitman was recognized by the greatest poets of the day, notably by Tennyson, as a brother poet, so that he cannot be denied a position on Parnassus. To most people all but a few of his poems will seem, what he himself playfully called them, 'barbaric yawps.' One or two of them, however, appeal to all lovers of poetry because of their tender melody, intense feeling, warm sympathy, and the magic which is beyond description. Perhaps the most popular of these is the first of the series called "Sea-Drift," beginning:

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,

To many people Walt Whitman was much more than a poet—he was a prophet, a seer, a founder of a new era, the author of a new system of ethics. Some of the keenest-minded men on this continent, one or two in Canada, have a boundless belief in him, and were devoted to him as disciples to a master. To all but the few this attitude seems simply unaccountable.—Montreal Witness.

Who spends before he thrives, will  
beg before he thinks.

Nobody ever gets to be any better  
than he wants to be.