

well that if you had done any original thinking you would not agree with him in detail, but he knew also that you couldn't do any original thinking unless you agreed with him fundamentally. "There is one Eternal Thinker thinking now eternal thoughts." We forget this, and it is of the essence of the matter that the Eternal could not be satisfied with less than the infinite variety of the Eternal Consciousness. We in our petty conceit are satisfied with our little strand or strain of that Consciousness in ourselves, and occupy ourselves with it as a child with its own toy. There are many trees in the forest and many strands in the Infinite Memory.

They who know this are possessed of a singular peace. One found that peace in Horace Traubel. His was a restful soul for all its pugnacity and turbulent argumentativeness. These were the breaking of the waves on the beach. As I sat one evening with him on the shores of Toronto Island, I sensed this deep peace and rest. He, too, could say as the Master said: "No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and about death."

I doubt that his work in the Conservator will live. The thought will survive, but in other forms, and in the inspiration it conveyed to his contemporaries. But the staccato note has an artificial ring, and few acquire the taste. An excellent little volume of selections might be prepared, however, from those monthly columns, and in the front of it I would place that beautiful and wonderful tribute to his father which he wrote in his last year. His parents were dear and precious to him. They accounted for the mixture of his character, and it is great gain to a man to know that he is neither Jew nor Gentile, neither bond nor free, but one with the Divine Human.

Had there been no Walt Whitman there had been no Horace Traubel. That must not be forgotten. Horace's surviving work will be the monumental volumes of "Whitman at Camden," the full series of which we hope to see Anne Traubel complete.

Generations which may seek to deify Walt must have Horace to show him striking the rock and blasting the fig tree.

In times of frightfulness and harrowing degeneracy Horace Traubel preserved his sanity and balance. This was enough to prove that he had the rest of the matter within him. Whatever be the present day judgment concerning him the future will not fail to place him with the Great Companions.

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Any of Horace Traubel's works or any information regarding his work can be had by addressing

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