

I had said I thought if the Government would consent to keep it as a perpetual Monument, it might be best to ask the Federal Government to take it. "You cannot trust governments," said Horace and enlivened by the discussion he started and made a most remarkable speech, imploring me "to go on as I was, till the right idea would form itself but "No Governments and no Railways." For a couple of days Horace was not so well and Anne had collapsed completely.

Frank Bain had stayed with Horace for two nights and each day Horace insisted on sitting out where he could see "Old Walt." "God did himself proud when he made Bon Echo, Flora" "The Rock is more wonderful than I had dreamed and it is now to me a living thing."

Frank Bain talked of going on the 29th. All day on August 28th Horace was very low spirited, Anne's illness and the going of the Bains was too much for him. Mildred was with him a good deal and we decided not to leave him a minute. He had been brought in from the veranda but absolutely refused to go to his room, so we put him in the tower window, where he could look out at the great greyish red Gibraltar in the fading light.

I had gone downstairs and Frank must have left him for a few minutes. I heard the rap of his cane and hurrying up to him I found him absolutely radiant "Look, Look, Flora; quick, quick, he is going." "What, where Horace, I do not see anyone." "Why just over the Rock Walt appeared, head and shoulders and hat on, in a golden glory—brilliant and splendid. He reassured me—beckoned to me, and spoke to me. I heard his voice but did not understand all he said, only "Come on." Frank Bain soon came and he repeated the story to him. All the rest of the evening Horace was uplifted and happy. So often Horace would say "Do not despise me for my weakness," but now he was quite confident even jocular as I handed him a drink. "The Lord may be able to make better water but I don't believe he ever did."

The Bains left and the sinking was then rapid. He did not want Anne to leave him for an instant, and seemed timid and afraid.

Anne moved about, a veritable Angel of Mercy, always cheerful and smiling "No regrets Horace" "All's well Sweetness" "Darling Oldness," and many other endearing expressions, as she re-arranged his pillows or smoothed his hair.

On Wednesday, September 3rd, Horace wanted Walt's watch, his purse and his letters. He wanted the watch pinned on his nightshirt. Anne laughed and protested and finally he was satisfied as she put it in a small pocket in his nightshirt. In the morning he gave them all back. These were his toys. The letters that day were from A. E. S. Smythe, J. W. Wallace, Chas. and Geo. Needham, and the Bains. There was \$15, his purse and Walt's watch. One day he was showing it to me and