

of rustic furniture, with the same love as the one who planned and built them.

Dr. Price had guests from all over the world, and many men and women of note left tokens of their love and admiration.

Bon Echo has now started on a new journey.

"All architecture is what you do to it,
When you look upon it."

—Whitman.

The present owner looks upon Bon Echo as a symbol of democratic freedom, an ideal spot in which to dream and grow and be.

For many years Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" have been to her teacher, guide and friend.

In sunshine and in shadow Whitman has been ever ready with the right word to encourage, to enthuse and to inspire.

The great Old Rock has echoed and re-echoed:

"My foothold is tenoned and mortised in granite
I laugh at what you call dissolution
And I know the amplitude of time."

—Whitman.

Is it not a worthy conceit, a delightful fancy to call this massive Gibraltar—Old Walt? Will it not endear Bon Echo to many who will visit there for a summer's rest and play, or for winter sports when an all year place shall have been established?

Whitman himself said in his Chants Democratic "I expect that Canadians, a hundred years hence and perhaps many hundred years from now, in the winter; in the splendour of the snow and woods or on the icy lakes will take me with them and permanently enjoy themselves with me".

May you and I, may he and she, whether from north or south or from east or west, find Bon Echo always striving to be worthy of hospitably entertaining Walt Whitman.

Bon Echo with its rustic Inn, its cottages, its tents, with bathing beaches, tennis courts and croquet lawns, with canoes and boats and launches, with wondrous sunsets, its woods and lakes and mountains and valleys should be more beautiful and more splendid since the spirit of Walt Whitman will permeate it all. And that spirit is DEMOCRACY.

"Did you think the sunset was for you
And not for him and her?"

—Whitman.

