

verted to our earlier ideas and charged that they should "in some way be fulfilled." Once a friend laughingly rallied him: "You could not take more interest in this book if it was about some other person!" He laughed and responded with a question: "Is it not about some other person? It is about all the Mes with which the 'Leaves' will be finally concerned." Furthermore, he counselled: "Let it be personal—very near, very intimate: don't be afraid to make it personal, don't be afraid to let yourselves out!"

And so we complete the offering, as partly from his hand and partly from our own. We have not sought to be literary nor feared to be personal. "Dr. Bucke's book strikes no uncertain note as far as it goes," said Whitman, "but since Bucke spoke out other interests have appeared and have needed utterers. The new book will amplify the old—the two, taken together, will round the story."

Whitman's death in no sense affected our general scheme. It induced us to add considerable matter descriptive of his last days, and it seemed to give finish to a book which might under other conditions have appeared fragmentary and unsatisfactory.

And so this sheaf of wheat, this foodstuff for the future, this prodigal of earth and sky, is dedicated and sent forth.

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY,
September 1, 1893.

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