

and pleasantly conversed with That Great Companion and some of his associates on the "Twentieth Plane." After Dr. Watson had arranged the method of procedure with his Spirit Mother, Walt Whitman held the board for an hour and a half, and the conversation with me was of such an intimate and significant nature, that all agreed we had entered into the Holy of Holies of our beings, and that the information was for me alone. The only way that I can show my gratitude for being honored as I was, is to be true to my life work of propagating the Democratic Ideals of Walt Whitman.

I have, however, permission to quote a few sentences, which should prove of general interest.

"We are in a New Era; we have entered that Golden Age that will bring about some degree of equity and nobility among the people of the Earth Plane."

"We do not, in this life, have monuments to commemorate the Great Ones who have departed from this Plane and gone elsewhere. But do not think that I depreciate your endeavours. You are not doing these things because of me. You are doing them rather because of the Wisdom you find through me; therefore, I say, dear one of the Earth Plane, as the Prophets of old placed oil on the brows of those they would say were worthy, because of services performed, I place my hand on your brow (here I felt the electric psychic shock so often felt in circles), whatever you do at Bon Echo will be welcomed by me because I look toward the motive rather than toward the objectified result." . . . "I am certain that all you have done thus far, is like the Music of Niagara."

He spoke of "being here in this great, increasingly wonderful world," and referred to Earth as a "stricken sphere," but with optimistic faith. Horace Traubel was spoken about at some length, and this I was asked to make public:—"On my lips I feel the imprint of his Kiss. He is a noble man. Write him large in the literature of your sphere, as a great, big, human man, no greater than the rest, but as one blessed with all the power to love life in great and ample proportions."

A vision of Horace Traubel ministering to Whitman in his home in Camden, was here shown to me. How young Horace looked.

This was in answer to a question by Dr. Watson: "Everything in your world has an entrance door, be it the wing of a bird,; there is a door of entrance to that wing; be it a blade of grass, a door is balanced perfectly, and either obstructs or allows entrance; be it a rose gloriously adorned with all the pigments of nature's art, that rose has a door. Now, when you realize your absolute oneness with all creation, all these doors spring open and you walk into the heart of all things. This is Cosmic Consciousness."

Here he talked of his love for John Burroughs, Dr. Bucke and others. "The principle holds good that our Great Love experience teaches us how to love others."

"The easiest thing in any world is to be great, for the reason that if you are simply true to yourself, that is, let life experience