

By Blue Ontario's Shore

The postman came.

I wish he could know the thrills of joy held in the envelopes
he so lightly throws in at the door.

This letter was not from an old friend—but from "Blue
Ontario's Shore."

A comrade seemed established before I read its contents.

A subscription to the "Sunset of Bon Echo" and an invita-
tion to have tea with folks who must love Whitman.

It was Sunday afternoon.

A long, long, ride in the street car and a short walk to the
lake.

Blue Ontario was cold and dreary, the waves dashed against
the shore in regular cadence.

The wind soughed through the white birch trees.

The rise and fall of sounds weird and pathetic, seemed to
blend with my thoughts of the war.

This was no mood in which to receive hospitality, and so I
waited and wondered before approaching the artistic little
home in it's beautiful setting.

But—Belgium, Brussels, Bruges, Waterloo—our boys—
trenches—blood—slaughter—starvation—and the waves became
louder and the war more terrible.

I must banish these thoughts and replace them with:—
"Over the carnage rose a prophetic voice—be not disheartened:
Affection shall solve the problem of freedom yet,
Those who love each other shall become invincible."

—Whitman

The door opened and "a peace which passeth understanding"
was within the threshold.

Beauty, order, comfort, quiet—dignified, and satisfying.

Not a discordant note, only an harmonious blending of color.

One could imagine Tennyson being the Patron Saint of
such polished surroundings—but never Whitman.

Yet there Whitman was—pervading everything—exuding
from everything. Whitman cared for and looked after.

Scores and scores of photos of Whitman, paintings of Whit-
man, bas-reliefs of Whitman and books, books and books of
Whitman.