

A Lighthouse by the Sea

Written for the Sunset of Bon Echo

By Mildred Bain.

Dear Walt, you have been called by many names,
Comrades know you as intimate friend and counsellor
Strangers ignore, or dismiss you with a word,
And although you are above and beyond all definition,
I want just now to call you by a name.
For as I sat here musing about you and your approaching birth-day,

A picture was suddenly projected on my vision.
I saw a lofty storm-swept light-house,
I heard the waves thundering against its base,
And it was to me a flashing, unmistakable symbol,
It was you, dear Walt. You are a mighty light-house by the sea.
You stand immovable, like a signal beacon,
Steady, oblivious to changes of time or tide.
You stream through the darkness in our being,
Penetrating, warning, shining unflinching.
Your flame is tended by increasing numberless hands:
Hands that are white and yellow and black.
Saving, cheering, rescuing, there you stand;
Illuminating the shadowed course of brotherhood.
You are a mighty light-house by the sea!

**I will listen to any man's convictions; you may keep
your doubts, your negations to yourself; I have
plenty of my own.**—Goethe.

Walt Whitman

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J. Lindsay Banks.

Walt Whitman; what a wealth of love for nature and humanity he had; what a depth of understanding of the human soul he displays in his writings!

As all knowledge comes by experience, he, by his statement, "My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite," shows conclusively that he believed in past existences; and his second line, "I laugh at what you call dissolution," his knowledge that there does not exist such a thing as death in the larger sense. The third line, "And I know the amplitude of time," showing that we have plenty of time to perfect ourselves, and only by experience, and the profiting thereby, shall we also get to the stage where he was when he passed over—and further.

There is no end to progress spiritually, and that he shows in all his works. He realized the God within, and aimed to cast off the fetters which bound him from himself.

All honor to the great and good, grey poet; and may his teachings be an inspiration to all who read his works.