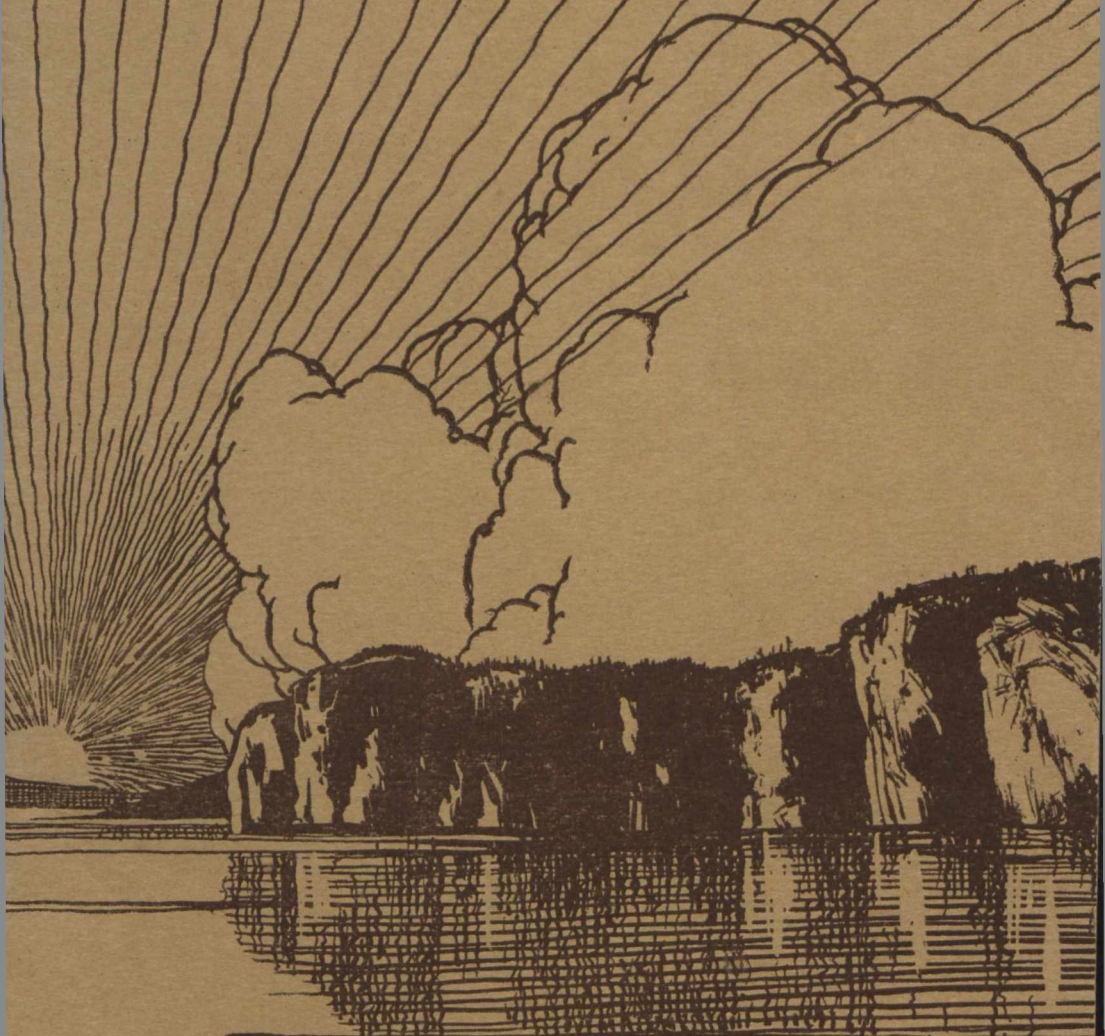


THE SUNSET OF BON ECHO



FLORA MACDONALD · EDITOR

WHITMAN CENTENNIAL

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IN CANADA

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Bon Echo, Ontario, Canada

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Vol. I

1819—WHITMAN CENTENNIAL—1919

No 5

"The institution of the dear love of comrades."

—WALT WHITMAN

The Whitman Club of Bon Echo

Founded by FLORA MACDONALD

"Neither master nor servant am I."—WALT WHITMAN

THE SUNSET OF BON ECHO is the official organ of the Whitman Club, edited by Flora Macdonald.

For the idea, and the why; who was Whitman; what and where is Bon Echo, and who is Flora Macdonald—see Number 1.

WALT WHITMAN

Born May 31st, 1819 - - - Died March 26th, 1892.

Centennial Celebration at Bon Echo, Ont., Canada,
August 3rd to 11th, 1919.

WALT WHITMAN

By Flora MacDonald

My tribute to Walt Whitman is whatever I have done, and whatever I may do to propagate his Democratic Ideals.

To me, the Great Teacher has come, and "Leaves of Grass" is his text-book.

The Western Star has risen, and is shining brighter each year as it climbs towards the zenith.

The between of the Cradle and Coffin no longer holds us, and birth and death are only pages in the book of life.

Great Companion, who never yet has failed or faltered when we needed kindly light.

To you, Dear Walt; to you, True Friend.

Bon Echo

For the past eighteen years, Bon Echo has been one of the most picturesque and delightful summer-resorts in Canada.

Hundreds of folks, well-known and not well-known, have found rest, health and enjoyment here.

Its capacity is not over a hundred, so for the present, it cannot be spoiled by over crowding.

Bon Echo is for those who love nature at her best, and who enjoy the great out-of-doors.

Bathing, boating, mountain climbing, tennis, berry-picking, dancing, fishing, entertainments, all contribute to the joy of living here in this wonderland of beauty.

The Whitman Club of Bon Echo is an institution of the place and its members are scattered over many countries.

The "Sunset of Bon Echo" is the official organ of the club, and is published once in a while.

Those who wish may contribute to the Club, such donations being used to propagate the Democratic Ideals of Walt Whitman.

People coming to Bon Echo are under no obligation to join the Club or read Whitman.

A convention to celebrate this, the Centennial year of Walt Whitman will be held at Bon Echo, August 3rd to 11th.

Several well-known speakers are expected to be on the program, in fact, nearly all who have sent their tributes may be present.

The giant Gibraltar, which is the spectacular attraction of Bon Echo, will be formally dedicated as a monument to the Democratic Ideals of Whitman and named "Old Walt."

A splendid bas-relief of Whitman has been donated to the Whitman Club, by the eminent sculptor, J. Lindsay Banks, of the University of Toronto; and Mr. G. W. Morris, of Buffalo, has undertaken the mission of placing this as a permanent monument.

It was expected that this would have been reproduced in carving on the face of "Old Walt," but the formation of the rock may make this impossible.

Plans for a Whitman Library are being considered, and a good many splendid books already belong to the Club.

Europe, with its wealth of Art in Painting, Sculpture, Architecture and Literature, has done big things for civilization, but America has stepped into the Arena with Ideals transcendentally greater, and her Painting, Sculpture, Architecture and Literature must express these Ideals.

Canada is no mean part of this great Western Continent.

Ontario will always be its Banner Province.

Nature has lavished her best scenic gifts on Bon Echo, in the Ontario Highlands.

Is it not a worth-while vision to see this spot as a centre from which to radiate Democratic Ideals, and also as a permanent all-year round place, where devotees of Art and Literature may find inspiration.

Many of the younger members of the Whitman Club will come back from Europe with a high appreciation of the possibilities of the New World and its freedom.

Several of these young "Old Veterans," heroes of the War, will be at Bon Echo this summer. Welcome they will be.

We have hitched our Wagon to a Star. Only the future can say how far up the mountain side of achievement we will be taken by this Moral Lever of Aspiration.

With Walt Whitman as Seer, Prophet, Guide, Friend and Great Companion, the journey along the "Open Road" should be wondrous till the last bend is reached, and then a glorious union with those gone before.

Walt Whitman

Written for the Sunset of Bon Echo

By Gertrude Nelson Andrews

Walt Whitman has taught me how to breathe. And that is about the most valuable lesson one can teach another. Breathing is the universal life manifestation, the thing which relates us to the whole of creation, the Great Rhythmic Democracy—Life with neither beginning nor end.

Having once really learned to breathe, one ever afterwards, smothers within petty limits, and demands space, out of the ruts of conventional thinking and doing. I went with Walt to "The Open Road." With him I prayed,

"O, to realize space!

The plenteousness of all, that there are no bounds!"

Having known such help from his big companionship, I love to think of his grizzled head on Flora MacDonald's great granite rock. It is not a place of simple, placid beauty, of catalogued art in a kid-gloved grasp. It is one of ozone and space, with the vigor of life's primal energies felt even under its calms. It knows harsh winters, thrilling spring anticipations, strong summer passions, and autumn's satisfaction of accomplishment. Sometimes it knows the revolutionary red of Northern Lights. It is a place of virile individuality in the great cosmic relationship.

If only the Peace Conference might catch a breath of its vigor of democratic inspiration! If only they might, with Walt's courage of understanding, expand to its assurance of plenteousness for all!

Whitman in Canada

Written for the Sunset of Bon Echo

By Albert E. S. Smythe.

Among the great birth names of 1819—James Russell Lowell, Charles Kingsley, "George Eliot," John Ruskin, Herman Melville, Susan Warner—Walt Whitman's name stands as the most revolutionary, not only in thought, but in form of all who distinguished the Victorian age of literature. Queen Victoria herself was born in the same year, a week earlier than the good, grey poet. The commemoration of his centennial by the dedication of the vast Gibraltar Rock at Bon Echo, through the homage and understanding of Flora MacDonald Denison, is a not unworthy tribute to one whose inspiration has a word of power for Canada, and who himself never forgot Canada in his reveries, and who spent many gracious and affectionate days in her borders. He found in Richard Maurice Bucke a Canadian in whom was no guile, and there was more than a blood brotherhood between them.

Whitman rises up out of the conventionalities of the Victorian era with a rugged strength that has shocked many and alarmed not a few. He lived as Adam before the serpent entered Eden, and was not ashamed to be found walking with God on familiar terms. However eager our outcasts from Eden may be to return to the bliss of Paradise, few of them are prepared to accept the implications of the situation. One must regain innocence as well as Eden—"regain the child state that you have lost." So they find Whitman hard to understand.

Whitman surveyed the world from China to Peru, en masse and in detail, not as a spectacle to be viewed and forgotten; but as an experience to be assimilated. His characteristic summaries are not to be taken as mere catalogues, but as the substance of the subjective meditations by which he gradually embraces the whole universe in his consciousness. It is a process of cognition.

Whitman always wrote Kanada—with a "K". I do not know if he had an intentional reference to the Great Indian Philosopher, whose name is accented on the second syllable, but as has been said, the new science, for its "very backbone and marrow," will have to go back to the old philosopher for its correlations. We are passing through the atom to an inner world, and Kanada long ago showed the way. Perhaps the new Kanada that sheltered Whitman for a while, will discover and walk upon it.

As a man thinks, so is he. So is it also with a nation. There can be no great democratic commonwealth in Canada until the people or most of them, learn to think right. That means first of all, reliance upon the Divine powers within them, and not in any external authority whatever, however venerable. But it also includes accurate thinking, so as to discriminate between the really Divine, and the elusive, glamorous and deceptive psychic powers, which hide the realities beneath.

Whitman has been accused of grossness and even obscenity, on account of the presence of some dozen lines of a physiological nature in a volume of 450 pages. It is a distorted mentality that refuses to read the Bible because there are dozens of obscene passages in it. It is the intention that soils, and neither in the Bible, nor in "Leaves of Grass" is this taint of intentional obscenity to be found. That is left to the reader. This cry is raised by the "Anthony Comstocks" of public life, not for the sake of purity, but to discredit the whole philosophy of life, which, universal in its outlook takes note of good and evil, of just and unjust alike. The Lord is the maker of them all. The great nations of the future must seek this harmony of innocence and knowledge, of purity and use, living in the world, but not of it, and those who wish well to Canada, cannot ask better than that Kanada be her guide and Whitman her prophet, and democracy her true faith. We have the keynote in the "Song of the Universal":

"The measur'd faiths of other lands, the grandeurs of the past,
Are not for thee, but grandeurs of thine own,
Deific faiths and amplitudes, absorbing, comprehending all,
All eligible to all.

All, all for immortality..
Love like the light silently wrapping all,
Nature's amelioration blessing all,
The blossoms, fruits of ages, orchards divine and certain,
Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to spiritual images ripening.

Give me, O God, to sing that thought,
Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith,
In Thy ensemble, whatever else withheld, withhold not from us,
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,
Health, peace, salvation universal.

Is it a dream?
Nay but the lack of it the dream,
And, failing it, life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream."



Come to Bon Echo this Summer and have a good time with the returned Young Old Veteran Corps. Let us give them a hearty Welcome Home.

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 unflinchingly.
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

Written for the Sunset of Bon Echo

J. Lindsay Banks.

Walt Whitman; what a wealth of love for nature and human-
ity 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 con-
clusively 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 experi-
ence, 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.

Horace Traubel on Walt Whitman

Written for the Sunset of Bon Echo

People with the old consciousness need not be old people. And people with the young consciousness are not necessarily young people. Often the young are the old and the old are the young. But on the whole, the old regard Walt as the Finisher, and the young regard him as the Starter of something. To some people he's a reminiscent inspiration. To others, he's a prophetic inspiration. He's spoken of on the one hand as if he was, and on the other hand, as if he is and has to be. We've always had to face this curious and yet natural, psychical contradiction in our controversies over Walt's intimate significance. Most of the old men and women either won't come to our Whitman meetings at all, or come to remind us that we have strayed from the faith. This is true of the young who are old, as well as of the old who are senile. The original Whitmanites rather seem to imagine that they own Whitman. That he's their private property. That they have him in trust. When youthful interpreters choose contemporary and amplified grounds for liking Walt, these guardians resent the novel idea as a sort of apostacy. Joel Benton used to accuse us of hitching Whitman not, to a star but to our "toy-carts." Why couldn't we let Whitman alone? But we contended that we found Whitman of use at births as well as at funerals. Let Whitman alone? If he was buried away in a grave—yes, then we could let him alone, but if he was a living force, we couldn't let him alone. And for the very best of reasons. We couldn't let him alone because he won't let us alone. John Swinton more than once addressed a questionnaire to me, not exactly in these words, but in this fashion: "Whitman and I were born about the same time. We were boys in Brooklyn together. We had the same sort of mother. We had the same schooling or lack of it. We grew up side by side. Why then are you now celebrating Walt Whitman, instead of John Swinton? We were guilty of making a revolutionary construction. Swinton didn't want us to make any deductions on Walt. He was proud and almost boastful of his growing fame. But he was quite serious in his naive insistence on additions for himself. He was proud, too, of himself and said so. William Swinton spoke to us on one occasion, lamenting what he called "modern" attempts to give "modern radical meanings to 'Leaves of Grass'." A beautiful woman, one of Walt's oldest friends, Nellie O'Connor, admitted to me that she "shrank from the New Whitmanism." It's but square to say that she added: "But I don't think that's your fault. I think it's mine." I've heard it said that every Tom, Dick and Harry's claiming Walt for his own. But that's Walt's glory. That's what fits him to all time and space. Critics have said that no one but an Englishman can act Hamlet. Maybe no one but an Englishman can act an English Hamlet, but the wonder of Hamlet, perhaps, is that there's an equal French and German and Chinese and Negro Hamlet. Yes, and many other Hamlets. Even a Woman Hamlet, as Bernhardt splendidly

proved. And they're all valid. And the more Hamlets there are, the more Shakespeare there is. So, the more Whitmans there are, the more Whitman there is. Some one has declared that Walt's only for America and the Bowery. But he's already current in all languages. Every now and then, someone turns out with entirely fresh Whitman experiences. Whitman enjoys a revival of spring in every such discovery. Even now, after so many years, I meet individuals, who ask me: "Do you know anything about Walt Whitman?" I never laugh. He's not Walt triumphant, but Walt rejuvenant in this question. I respect the tender plant. Who owns Walt? This last one surely, perhaps, by virtue of a riper intelligence, more surely than the first expositor. What we should see to most of all is, that Walt should be forever unowned. The best way to kill him is to have him owned. The best way to let him live and guarantee him life is to let him alone, for anybody who finds him a perpetual resource of the spirit, as most of us, however various and frequently opposite in the dreams and practical procedure of the struggle infallibly and inevitably do, you are loyal to him and the essential truth. I'd rather think of Walt as always young than as always old. Death is the only excuse for age. Short of death, no living thing requires to be old. Some of us are dead long before we die. Let's not drag Walt into the grave with us. If we get tired and want to sleep—all right. But let's not demand that Walt shall give up with us. We buried the Phantom of Walt in 1892. His substance has remained. Let's not shut him up as a classic. Let's keep him wide open, unclassified.

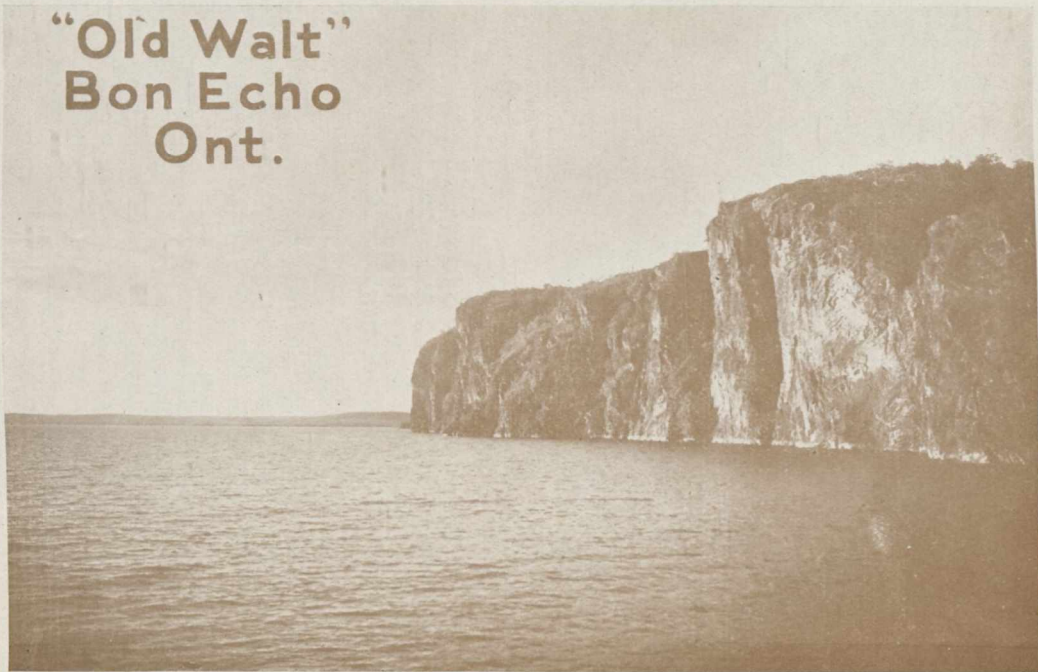
Extract of letter written by Edward Wallington, Private Secretary to Queen Mary and dated Buckingham Palace 20th February, 1919: "I am commanded by the Queen to say that Her Majesty is interested to hear that the Whitman Club of Bon Echo is celebrating the Centennial year of Walt Whitman by publishing a souvenir of tributes to his memory."

Our Eminent Artist and distinguished Dickens' Fellowship leader, Mr. F. M. Bellsmith is intending to spend the Summer at Bon Echo, when he will again immortalize on canvas the beauties of this wondrous spot.

A contact with this veteran gentleman of so many parts (Artist, Author, Master Entertainer, Dramatic Leader, etc., etc.) is in itself a rare privilege.

Mrs. Denison has arranged to have some of Mr. Bellsmith's sketches and pictures on sale at Bon Echo. Former visitors remember one of the Artist's Masterpieces—"The Silent Sentinel of the North," which has been at Bon Echo for some years.

“Old Walt”
Bon Echo
Ont.



CANADA'S GIBRALTAR

My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite,
I laugh at what you call dissolution,
And I know the amplitude of time.

—WALT WHITMAN.



Mary the Indian

There was no "Sunset," nor any Bon Echo story for 1917 because I was busy helping to put New York State over the top for Suffrage that year, and now that I begin to write the Bon Echo story for 1919, I find the most distinctive personality, not in the folks from out front, nor the ones from across the line but in the person of Mary, the little Indian. Mary is the daughter of Sawatis, whose biography I may one day write. Sawatis, who rivals Sir John A. MacDonal in the things in which Sir John most excelled. An Indian, when Indian rights of hunting were concerned, but a Frenchman when whiskey or voting was the question. Mary was next to the oldest of a family of twelve, and at the tender age of six was adopted by a white family. She married an Indian in her early teens, but both her adopted and married ventures were checkered by adversity and misfortune.

Having no children, she adopted a beautiful baby boy, and her sacrifices and devotion to the child would put a halo about a worse tempered woman than Mary. We must stand at a distance and view Mary in perspective to get her real value.

Mary's second adventure in the matrimonial market was more successful, and her devotion to her perfectly good-looking Irish husband was a source of joyous gossip for Bon Echo guests.

Mary is a psychic, and many a prediction following a prophetic vision when gazing at the mystic leaves of one's tea-cup, came true.

Had Mary been born in a French Court in the days of Louis XVI, she would have out-intrigued the intriguers of those days, and graced the Petite Trianon with quite as much finesse as the historic Marie Antoinette. She sang, recited, prayed in the beautiful Mohawk language and her English would make Bill Nye green with envy, so classic were her humorous idioms and colloquial originalities

Mary was an artist, albeit she lacked technique and the culture of our Art (?) Schools.

Her imagination surpassed a Marie Corelli, and her appreciation of the beautiful bordered on the pathetic, had it not been balanced by her glorious optimism.

Not but what Mary got downhearted, especially if her man was late with the launch, or failed an iota to act the Romeo of her ideas.

In all Mary's varied and checkered career she had never had the wolf very far from the door, and a full bag of flour raised her to the rank of a bloated capitalist.

That life at Bon Echo made it possible for Mary to have "meat, taters and pancakes all to once," did not in the least, give her any of the silly snobbishness of the "nouveau riche" of our cities; to the manor born was Mary, and in eloquence that would make a Laurier fade, she would tell of the wealth and aristocracy of her race, and make the contemptible white thieves, who stole her birth-right, look like assassins and highway robbers.

All through the quiet, warm, silent October days, and through the hunting season in November, this little Indian woman looked after the comfort of a small group of us.

Not only did she cook acceptably, and often with art and deliciousness, but her constant original entertainment was a vaudeville performance of subtle merit, and worthy, albeit the varied moods of her artistic temperament were at times difficult to cope with.

The day we heard that Peace had been declared, we decided to celebrate by a party at the Inn, and though several "City" folks, with more or less reputations were present, Mary could not have been taken from the program without spoiling the celebration.

She danced, told stories, sang crooning, melodious Ukalele-like weird songs, she chanted prayers in a symbolic monotone, in the liquid and musical language of the Mohawk. She danced to the "Fisherman's Hornpipe" and the "Irish Washerwoman," played (by her own, her very own husband) on the fiddle, and her "God Save the King," followed by "The Lord's Prayer," was more impressive than I have ever heard it in English, though Westminster Abbey is among my recollections.

Mary made moccasins and mitts out of buckskin, the deer shot by herself, the hide tanned by herself. She made baskets out of Black Ash splints, prepared and dyed by herself. Mary is a crack shot and had a Mink, a Skunk, a Coon and an Ermine. She maintained that it was good luck for an Indian woman to skin the fur, and when I suggested, "Yes, for the Indian," she

gave me a look of pity for not understanding. She had let her bread rise too much one day, and in a delightfully naive, child-like way, said, "My bread grew so big, it would not hold its oven."

Her superstitions were glorious and the omens of good and bad were constantly to the fore. It was tragic for this free woman to be tied to union hours or the tick of the clock, and with subtle ingenuity she would plan a day off, having a premonition of bad luck if she stayed another day in that kitchen.

But the next day, an extra good dinner would be cooked and her mood would be the merriest ever. No French chef ever served a dinner more delicious than Mary's beaver meat and her brown bread was as sweet as a nut.

She might neglect her sweeping while she hunted beautiful mosses, and brilliant leaves or brought you a varied-colored stone; her description as she gave it to you with a "Good Luck" story, would adorn the pages of a John Burroughs.

She had great dreams of wondrous happenings and she often spoke of a stone house to be built for her, "Where she would sit and knit evenings, by the fireworks (fireplace)."

Her likes and dislikes were very marked and to be in Mary's bad books, meant that all the vices in the calendar belonged to you for the time being, but she was lavish in her praise as well as blame, and she would give away the proverbial bite out of her mouth to any one. Her hospitality was delightful and when the Priest came to pay her a visit, her apologies for lacking things to honor him would have done credit to the finished hostess of a salon receiving unexpected guests, and her pretended hunting for an unpossessed butter knife, and the open blame on her husband for mislaying it, was a piece of Bernhardt-esque acting, quite delicious.

As to innate ability and delightful originality, Mary with her varied moods, looms large and the psychology of her make-up was quite as entertaining a study as H. G. Wells' "Research Magificent."

Our humiliation, when contemplating Mary, and the niche she filled, was of the same kind as Scott Nearing's, when he wrote about the factories of England and the child labor employed.

We will leave Mary sitting amid her native birches, sadly contemplating the wondrous beauty of the Upper Lake, gazing at "Old Walt," and anon, dreaming of the Happy Hunting Ground, where distinctions of Caste, Color, Race, Creed, and Sex fade away in a glorious comradeship of Brotherhood.

Each of us here as divinely as any are here.—Whitman

I had not dreamed that words could cease to be words and become electric streams like these. Living impulses flow out of Leaves of Grass that make me exult in life yet look longingly towards "the superb vistas of Death."—Anne Gilchrist.

The Twentieth Plane

By Flora MacDonald Denison.

No book ever published in Toronto has been the subject of more controversy and discussion, adverse criticism and unstinted praise or given so much newspaper publicity, as the "Twentieth Plane."

Those of us who have been associated with Dr. Watson in Progressive Thought and Psychic Research Work, have such confidence in, and love for him, that he has been unanimously elected to a third term as our President. We have during the past year, been kept in close touch with the "Twentieth Plane" meetings, and have had every opportunity of knowing and observing Louis Benjamin through whose mediumship the book "Came over." So remarkable has been the development of this young man that we do not hesitate to prophesy for him a career that will place him in the front ranks of well-known psychics.

We have elected him a director of the Psychical Research Society of Canada, and his unselfish devotion to the cause of Truth, cannot be too highly commended.

I had felt that a message in the "Twentieth Plane" was so significant of Whitman, that I longed for an evening where Whitman might converse freely with me about the work I am doing to propagate his Democratic Ideals. The following is the sentence:—"What a solemn tread I had when on earth, as I walked down the corridors of that too short time on the Fifth Plane, but, by God I sent echoes of Truth flying, which will resound to the end of time."—Page 64, "Twentieth Plane."

With delightfully willing courtesy, this meeting was arranged and held at the home of Dr. Watson, 10 Euclid Ave., Toronto, Feb. 17th, 1919.

There were present, Dr. and Mrs. Watson; Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin and their little son; Professor J. Lindsay Banks, Sculptor, of the University of Toronto; Miss Lola Coe, of Madoc, Ont.; Mr. Bertram Jackes, an expert stenographer; and myself.

Mr. Benjamin and his wife sat in the centre of the room, under a light, shaded with pink (pink is the occult color of mother love.)

A piece of heavy plate glass, the size of a large Ouija Board, with a Ouija indicator, was used to form the necessary means of communication with the "Twentieth Plane" Intelligences.

We were all grouped closely about, Dr. Watson sitting on the floor before a lighted grate.

He opened the meeting by reading his Monologue from "Love and The Universe," on Whitman.

I have sat in hundreds of circles, often with the most remarkable Psychics that any age has produced, but I never sat in one where the dominant note of Love was so pronounced.

Mother Love, Lover's Love, Fraternal Love, Universal Love, all mixed and blended, till Divine Harmony permeated our beings, and all present felt a marvellous uplift as we easily

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 objectived 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

itself through your being without obstruction, then you are with the Giants of the race. ”

“To dare is the thing that I have always enjoyed most. I wrote free verse because I could write no other; did not have the kind of education. Technique failed me when I desired it most; I am not sorry and I wrote in the pure, native, glistening state as it came from the mine of my mind, and lived as poetry what the world, in some cases justly and in other cases unjustly, has immortalized.”

“I feel the solemnity of the moment greatly, and in parting, I will say a few words to the Soul of the Universe:—Father, Lover of all children, though we are encased in physical garments that obstruct the wider, more intense and clear light with which we hear and see, bend a little closer to all of us. Never have I seen from this pale of existence, more serene and worthy souls than those who hear my words at this moment, so beneath the fitful light of yonder Star, as it enmeshes itself in the substance of the children who are sons and daughters of Yours, Father, be with them so that they may know that at the helm of life is a Captain whose name is Love. Amen. Goodbye.”

After a few minutes rest with a violin solo, “Meditation,” Dr. Watson’s mother, who was chairman of the program, asked what further we wanted, and tributes to Whitman from Ingersoll, Emerson, Dr. Bucke, Bryant and Lincoln were requested. I give only quotations from these:—

Lincoln:—“But Walt, called the Poet of Democracy, through his writings, blew the clarion call on the bugle of poetry, that wakened the sleepy hearts and minds of the people in your world, so when the last great fight, ‘The Armageddon,’ was encountered, many sons of Adam, in the true spirit of the teaching of Walt, rose in serried ranks and made possible that social Era of Justice and Love, a time in which little children will be suffered to come unto him who is true—and will he not have given to him all the fruits of the earth and the sustaining power of time, which evolution can give to the climbing souls of men. Not the least among the prophets who were interested in engendering this in the human race, was Walt Whitman, so I bow before him.”

Emerson:—“In heroic times, there surged from the heart of nature, a leaven which made men, when they thought and loved, great as a star, wonderful as a lake, broad as a force and strong as Gibraltar. I did indeed, in a simple, insignificant way, compared with what I should have done, try to teach the heart of America, that when you hitch your wagon to a Star, you have to come out of the valley and are on the mountain heights, but laws, philosophy, religion, literature, all life experience, comprehensive and inclusive, are of no value unless you have a worthy guide, and I say that Walt Whitman, through his life and his writings was, perhaps, the most worthy guide that the continent of America has yet produced. The sky was his roof-top, the whole world his window, and his vision grasped and took note of all the elements of his time. Thus, his footsteps will ever echo down the avenue of progress, as the good departing, wakes to higher altitudes.”

Bryant:—"Let me place this wreath of laurel on the monument at Bon Echo, this heartfelt tribute to the memory of one of the most worthy sons of time. If all the sons of men were like him, no need for me to have written "Thanatopsis," or indicate how one should learn how to lay himself down and die the death of a noble son; if all had been like Walt, no need of most religions or philosophies because he apprehended nearly all these within himself.

"The Great Teacher is he who is most willing to give all the treasures of his art to those who seek it, and he who gives most away, receives most and has an inexhaustible treasure in this sense.

"The most royal and richest son that ever lived in your hearts, in the great world of art, was Walt Whitman, and because he was so transcendently great, it is possible for the humblest soul to lay a tribute on the brow of this great poet.

Ingersoll:—"I trust that the breezes, which play around the dome of thought when one needs most inspiration, will be with me now—for I love Walt. He lived at a time and for a cause, of which you are now reaping the supreme benefit. He suffered all tortures. The teacher hid the prophet and seer. He was called therefore, irreligious, low and degraded; all the epithets of vileness were showered upon him, and because he dare bear true witness, his words will always live.

"Because they could not physically burn him at the stake, subject him to the terrors of the Inquisition, they showered odium and vileness upon him, such as no thinker in America has encountered.

"But though sneers of the mass, as if the fires of Hell had been quenched by Love, there slowly, gradually, without exhilaration, passed over it a truer understanding and comprehension of the work of Walt Whitman, and lit a light of perfect love on the topmost height of the great tower of earth.

"There moves with the sighing of the winds, this teaching of Walt Whitman: 'He is Nature's regal scion and has reached the calm of earth perfection, who does what he thinks right in spite of the scorn of mankind.'"

Dr. Maurice Bucke:—"He who could go to the window of his home and hear the voice of flowers, and listen to the grass grow, was no ordinary son of man. He who could feel the emotion that gave rise to 'Captain, My Captain,' or to that supreme poem of all, 'When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed,' he must have had the silver soul of the silent lover of his fellows. I mean silent, for strength, when vast, is always still; and he who, as Walt did, could be a democratic man, loving the truck-driver, the ferry-boat attendant, the newsboy, and receive them in his simple home as he often did; and also receive some of the princes of the earth in statesmanship; in literature; in art and science; and yet be the same great prophet and humble man—that man I say, is one of the gods, and it should be the part of your generation to remember him."

Messages and greetings were courteously and kindly given to all present and the meeting ended by Mr. Benjamin passing

into a complete trance condition, when Wordsworth—a favorite of Dr. Watson, gave the final number on the program.

The meeting had lasted three hours.

There is nothing in Whitman that I shall ever let go
my hold of.—Anne Gilchrist.

Walt Whitman

Written for the Sunset of Bon Echo

By Albert Durrant Watson.

We are all elements of the universal life. Yet how few of us realize our relation to the whole. The difference between us is that some realize themselves, while others do not. Whitman knew the greatness of humanity. He stood squarely on his feet, beneath the blue heavens, conscious of their central causes, motives and concerns. His impulses and aspirations were massive and natural. He was at home in the earth and sky, took a living interest in the business of the universe.

Whitman was one of the most truly causative and effective forces that America has produced. No singer of time has expressed his thought of nature and of man in more massive and sublime numbers. They shake the world to-day with their tender passion of love, their sublime music of peace. No soul of his day was more saturated with vision of the joy and beauty of life. He never failed to leave the impression on another that he also was of divine lineage. Why should he? Why should any of us? He accepted and sometimes justified adverse criticism of himself with unaffected sincerity, yet never himself condemned another.

Whitman insisted on "the glows and glories and final illustriousness" of common lives, of real things and of real things only. In the centre of all he set humanity and saw it evolving in an heroic and spiritual evolution. He made his poems and everything else show the greatness and dignity of the common man, the common woman, the common life. He cried out for freedom, and that cry was heard and will yet be heard over all the world. It is reconstructive in the world now.

The illumination of his heart and mind was the product of a vast love of people. In its turn, that order was reversed, and his illumination gave his love a new and permanent foundation in the realization that every humblest human being is a child of the living God. As yet, nearly all humanity professes this in the glib terms of "The Fatherhood of God" and "The Brotherhood of Man," but in the same breath, deny the divinity of man and live the jungle life. Yet we hope the day is dawning when the world shall be filled with the tender love of comrades, and the music of universal peace.

Just Some Folks

Hunting Season at Bon Echo

By Flora MacDonald Denison.

A man and woman in conventional hunting apparel and baggage got off the C.P.R. at Kaladar station.

They were destined for Bon Echo, but the outlook seemed hopeless as they hurriedly looked about in a downpour of rain for a comfortable auto.

A ramshackle old stage was discovered at the opposite side of the station and expressions of disapproval came from the lady.

Our old friend, the stage driver, chuckled good-naturedly as they asked how they might get to Bon Echo.

"No auto could go the new road and no auto could go the old road over the mountains, and if they wanted to go they'd have to go by that old stage and it would have to go over the mountains."

With some temerity, the gentleman asked, "How long have you lived around this part of the country." "Over sixty odd years." "Then you must have known my father." "And who was your father." "Peter McLaren."

A twinkle came in the old man's eyes and a smile softened his face: "Knowed your father—well, I worked for him just 52 years—why, me and your father was like brothers—and so you're Little Willie McLaren—well, well—now you and the missus just pile right in here and I'll take you straight to my own home in Cloyne, and keep you there all night and we'll talk over how to get to Bon Echo, to-morrow."

While they were piling in the talk kept up: "Why, your father went over these roads when there was no roads, and rode in rigs that was worse'n any old lumber wagon. Your father opened up this country and knowed a good man; we never had a set to, but of course, he gave me pretty much my own way."

Well, well, the dreaded fifteen miles in mud and rain, over rocky hills—why, never was a ride more joyous and all because the spirit of love and friendliness had laughed away any little anticipated physical discomfort.

At the end of the journey was Aunt Lizzie—Aunt Lizzie to all the country side—and she too, had worked for Peter McLaren, and this was little Willie to her, too, and Willie's wife and fine-looking she was, as she should be.

After supper—a splendid supper—and around a blazing fire in the big box stove, this young couple heard the story of the pioneer days of the backwoods of Ontario, told by an old couple, whose type is fast fading into past history.

William and Lizzie MacCausland, bride and groom over fifty years ago, told stories of privation and struggle that would put to shame our paltry war-time sacrifices—and Lizzie's knitting—well, her socks were socks, and William's name was always knitted in his.

She raised the sheep, shored the wool, carded it, spun it into

yarn, and some of it she wove into home-made flannel—why, she has the blankets yet, and all done with her own two hands. And piece-work quilts—the one on the spare bed, where Willie and his wife must sleep—she did know how many thousand pieces were in it, but had forgotten—the red as red, and the white as white, as the day it was quilted, and twenty-five other quilts—grand chain patterns, and basket patterns, and double x's—just pick up play, when the real work was done, you know, and the children—"Why, my two children was no trouble; they was just play toys for me and William, and he was that funny and good-natured, and we got along well and have plenty and to spare of everything now."

It was the "Wee short hour ayont the twelve" when they all went to bed. A memorable night in the lives of all four had been lived.

The next day was fine and the drive to Bon Echo was by way of the Indian trappers, where Bon Echo launch was expected to meet them, but he who puts faith in a gasoline launch is lost.

John the Indian came out to tell them to drive on, but when he found out who was aboard a visit had to be made.

"Why, you're Little Willie McLaren. I knowed your father and mother and I've had you on my knee. That's a good-looking woman you've got. Where did you get her—I want one like her for my Charlie—he's good-looking, too."

Again the wondrous charm of friendliness fell like a mantle of joy and everyone was having a good time.

Bon Echo Inn had been closed for a month, but the yellow room was ready, and a big log fire blazed in the old stone fireplace to welcome the hunting guests.

Our charming neighbors, "The Fenns," of Bucke Island in summer, and Chicago in winter, were to occupy the Cement Cottage—yes, to stay all winter—to see a real Canadian backwoods winter, with Massanoga for their front door yard, and "Old Walt," just across the lake to symbolize a delightful camaraderie, appreciated by these worth-while folks of culture and refinement, who knew that the big things of life were the ability to know nature and love the great out-of-doors. Then there was Miss Barnhardt, who had been with me for some days. She had arrived, all in, from doing double nursing of the "Flu" in Toronto, and now she herself was being nursed by the health-giving air of Bon Echo, and last, but not least, was Mary and Alex, who made this hunting party possible with eats in the caretaker's cottage.

What a delightful two weeks it was to be sure.

Hunters were camped all about the lakes and hounds giving "tongue," and rifle shots echoed about the old Laurentian Granite hills, giving an uneasy feeling to the wild life of the woods and exciting us to pity, because the killing of animals or birds is really not fun. It may be a necessary evil, but our joy came with the camera, and long tramps through the woods over the fallen leaves, noting the many interesting fern, moss and late plant life, with now the evergreen firs as their only rivals.

We had voted Bon Echo glorious beyond description in

summer, but November held a something—a quietness—a tang in the air, a mystery; nature preparing her re-creation for the coming new life of spring.

She was busy in her inner consciousness and we felt the glory of it all. At the end of the hunting season, we were all richer in friendship; richer in our ability to love and appreciate nature, for Mr. Wm. McLaren was a scholarly nature student, and our tramps were added to with easy botanical talks about the luxuriant flora and plant life of our North Lands.

A huge rotting log would be covered with a veritable wealth of moss and fungi specimens, dear to the heart of the botanist.

Often "The Fenns" would give their call and all would rush to exclaim or hold their breath to see a wondrous bundle of colored clouds over "Old Walt," or on the opposite horizon and one day an extraordinary orange atmosphere bathed all things in liquid gold, and much speculation as to its cause showed at least, a superficial knowledge of astronomy distributed among our little group.

The day the McLarenzes (as Mary called them) left, we all stood around the old stage driver who had come himself for Willie and his Missus, and Mary sang "God Save the King" in Mohawk, and the Bon Echo "come again" was said with all our heart.

We had mused and our fancy had woven many stories about William MacCausland and the Hon. Senator McLaren, both sturdy old warriors of pioneer days. Employer and employed, for over half a century, brothers in endeavor and achievement and friends always. It speaks well for both and their names should be writ large among the makers of Canada.

I am the acme of things accomplished, and I am the
encloser of things to be.—Whitman.

A Tribute

By Anne Gilchrist

Happy America that Whitman should be her Son. Only a young Giant of a nation could produce that kind of greatness, so full of the ardor, the elasticity, the inexhaustible vigor and freshness, the joyousness, the audacity of youth. But I for one cannot grudge anything to America. For after all the young giant is only the old English giant—the great English race renewing its youth in that magnificent land "Mexican-breathed, Arctic-braced" and girding up its loins to start on a new career that shall match the greatness of the new home.

Walt Whitman

Written for the Sunset of Bon Echo

By J. W. Bengough

Thy very name enthalls my captious ear
Like music from the olden, simple days
Of honest homespun, days of open grate,
Broad crackling fire and voices of free souls,
And fields that spread out to the distant verge
And merge into the boundless sea beyond,
'Twere mocked and lessened by a schoolman's tag,
Or any title known to heraldry.

WALT WHITMAN—at the sound there lives again
The sturdy good grey poet, with broad brimmed-hat,
Loose-flowing cloak, emancipated throat
And boisterous laughter ringing down the age,
As striding free, with cudgel in his hand,
He went his way and said the thing he thought
In his own dialect, and sang his song
Of man and of Democracy!

The Muse

That nursed him was a giantess; his verse
Voiced the deep melody of primal truth
Beyond the ken of little rhyming bards
Who buzzed like gnats about his towering head.

His name and memory are in wakened hearts
As fitting sepulchre; they need no monument,
Or, if it must be, let it be no work
Of dainty Art; let nature fashion it;
Let Art but carve some fitting line of his,
Say on yon Bastion by Bon Echo's shore,
Gibraltar-like in lonely majesty,
And so Walt-Whitman-like.

John Burroughs

My Visit to the Home of John Burroughs was On
October 23rd, 1917.

By Flora MacDonald.

That Burroughs was the world-famous naturalist, that his books are on all study tables, that his name is magic to the amateur Kodak lover, or that he is adored by not only the girls of Vassar, but of everywhere, was not my reason for wanting to visit him.

For thirty years, John Burroughs and Walt Whitman were friends. Meeting when John was thirty and Walt was fifty, their friendship and love and understanding of each other grew, nor did death have power to part them, for Walt Whitman is to-day a "Real Presence" in the life and consciousness of John Burroughs.

The day was splendid. It was about noon when I arrived at West Park and walked up and over towards the Hudson River, on whose banks is situated the home or homes of this epoch-making man.

I was expected and received a cordial welcome in a delightful bungalow, whose walls were covered with books, books and more books.

John Burroughs was all alone, and was just eating a luncheon prepared by himself and served on a napkin tablecloth on the corner of the kitchen table, remarking that it often happened that he had to wait on himself, and enjoyed doing it.

He showed me through the house and into the room of his secretary, physician and biographer, Dr. Clara Barrus, at the time giving a course of lectures in New York.

As he talked of this noted and splendid woman, I grew to love her as I found she belonged to the "Institution of The Dear Love of Comrades." Perhaps a dozen photographs were framed upon the walls of her room, and they were all of Walt Whitman.

He then said, "Now I'll take you to my study, while I tidy up; you see the Doctor is particular."

As we went out, I noticed that the broad verandahs were outdoor sleeping-rooms; possibly this was why John Burroughs, at eighty, was a young man. His voice was young, his step elastic and quick, his complexion clear and his whole being jaunty—yes, that is the word.

The joy of living was in his clear eye and love and cheer exuded from his being.

A little one-roomed place, with one door and a big chimney, some short way down the river was his study.

I was permitted to enter this shrine—he left me, but soon returned with a plate heaped with red, blue, purple and white grapes—his own growing and picked with his own hand.

I was alone and ate grapes and poked the hospitable fire, and looked about. A big day was being lived by me and I felt greedy to make every minute of the time count.

It was not a fussed or fixed-up interior—a writing-table, a few chairs, a couch, a few books and papers.

The "Life and Love of the Insect," by Fabre, was open on a desk near the south window, and an open MacKay's edition of Whitman was on the west window-sill, underneath the picture of a squirrel eating an acorn.

A photo of Whitman was on the right of the plain stone mantle-shelf, and Mona Lisa on the left, with a curled tree branch in the centre.

I counted nine bird's nests here and there.

An enlarged photo of Whitman hung on the wall and also a picture of Whitman's tomb.

Then John Burroughs returned and we talked about Whitman. Several hours passed. I spoke disapprovingly of free "Old Walt" being boxed up in a tomb of his own designing. "That was part of his disease," said Burroughs. I asked why Mona Lisa with Whitman, and he answered, "Why not the Mona Lisa with Whitman?" I suggested that Whitman knew all and knew that it was good, but while the Mona Lisa knew much, she had her doubts. "I'll think about that," said he kindly. We sat down—I asked an occasional question, but John Burroughs talked, and could I have taken down his talk verbatim, and made you feel the atmosphere of the place and the loving affection in his voice, as he talked of Whitman, no finer grand tribute was ever paid by friend to friend; this after Whitman had been dead over a quarter of a century. Once a silence fell—a presence was with us; the spirit of Whitman fraternized mystically and with recognition by us—what a benediction. "I worship Whitman," said Burroughs.

The afternoon had far advanced and train time was near.

John Burroughs walked to the station with me; here are a few snatches of his conversation as we walked. "Whitman used to take a stone the size of an egg and toss it from one hand to the other as we were walking together; when we'd get over in the bush by Whitman Land, he'd often bend down a sapling, letting it lift his Adamic form from the ground; what strength and inspiration I'd gain from seeing him; he was a specimen of physical perfection; clean and sweet."

"He was tender and kind and womanly."

Mrs. Gilchrist would have married him, but he was too indolent; too fond of loafing; inviting his soul; too forgetful; too lazy."

"He was elemental, sweeping as clouds, inclusive as nature."

Was it because Walt Whitman was too forgetful that he did not marry Anne Gilchrist, that marvelously wondrous woman, or was it because he remembered too well and was there,

"A nearer one still
And a dearer one yet
Than all others."

Who knows?

John Burroughs' voice dropped to a saddened key as we passed "The Big House," where for years he had lived with his wife and family; now the house was shut up.

"I feel as though a part of me had gone—a vital part—since my wife's death not a year ago," and he talked lovingly of her and his son.

Going down the road, something fluttered and fell. In a second, John Burroughs was hunting in the dusty grass by the road-side; his quick, keen eye had seen a sparrow strike the telegraph wire and fall; he found it, crooned to it, talked to it and petted it. It had hurt one wing and finally telling it to be very careful, he placed it away over near the fence in a safe place.

"I wish that Bon Echo's Gibraltar could be on some great highway. There's where a monument of Whitman should be; where great multitudes could see it."

He had a beautiful Sumach leaf—a bright crimson one, in the side of his soft felt hat; he shook my hand, took off his hat and gave me the Sumach leaf, and I have it pressed in a copy of "With Whitman in Camden."

John Burroughs had seemed quite enthused over the thought of being at Bon Echo to celebrate Whitman's centennial, but said that Dr. Barrus must decide.

He gave me a letter to her, but she had left New York before I got there. I have had letters from them both since.

John Burroughs' advanced age may prevent his being at Bon Echo, but I still have hopes that he and Dr. Barrus will be able to enjoy with us, the Monument to "Old Walt" and the health-giving air of our Ontario Highlands.

I copied this poem of Burroughs while in his study:
A Friend is a present you give yourself;
That's one of my old-time songs.
So I put you down with the best of them,
For you're where the best belongs.
Among the gifts I have given to me,
Most comforting, tried and true,
The one that I often think about,
Is the gift of myself to you."

Such was the gift of John Burroughs to Walt Whitman.

Afar down I see the first huge Nothing—I know I was even there.—Whitman.

DR. MAURICE BUCKE

From letter to Whitman—With Walt Whitman in Camden.

"We are coming to the front at last—and should come. I have no fear, no doubt. It is only a question of waiting a few years till Men have time to take it in. Another quarter or half a century will see Leaves of Grass acknowledged to be what it really is—The Bible of America."

Whitman's Vitality To-day

Written for the *Sunset of Bon Echo*

By Henry S. Saunders.

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote of his essay on Whitman: "I cannot help feeling that in this attempt to trim my sails between an author whom I love and honor and a public too averse to recognize his merit, I have been led into a tone unbecoming from one of my stature to one of Whitman's . . . I had written another paper full of gratitude for the help that had been given me in my life, full of enthusiasm for the intrinsic merit of the poems . . ." and he speaks of the result of the rewritten essay as "cold, constrained and grudging. In short, I might almost everywhere have spoken more strongly than I did."

Emerson also seems to be open to the charge of tempering his words to make them more palatable for the public. A writer in a recent number of "Poetry" magazine, says: "I have found that before his essays were published, they were trimmed and shorn"—made safe for New England democracy; "I mixed them with a little Boston water, so they would sell in New York and London"; these are Emerson's own words.

This attitude of Emerson's toward the public is verified by the record in "Specimen Days," of the talk he and Whitman had on Boston Common. Whitman says: "During those two hours, he was the talker and I the listener. It was an argument-statement, reconnoitring, review, attack, and pressing home . . . of all that could be said against that part (and a main part) in the construction of my poems, "Children of Adam. . ." "What have you to say then to such things?" said Emerson, pausing in conclusion. (Whitman replied) "Only that while I can't answer them at all, I feel more settled than ever to adhere to my own theory, and exemplify it."

Contrast the attitude of Stevenson and Emerson to Whitman's! His fearlessness and stability of purpose are what make "Leaves of Grass" so vital to-day, and just because he remained true to that purpose, in spite of advice and opposition from almost every quarter, he is admitted, in ever widening circles to be a great torch-bearer for humanity.

How I Met Walt Whitman

Written for the *Sunset of Bon Echo*

By Thomas B. Harned.

Walt Whitman came to live in Camden, N.J., in the year 1873. He was poor, prematurely old, and partially paralyzed. This condition was largely the result of his large-hearted devotion to the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals, in and around Washington, D.C. His brother, George Whitman, a high-class expert on gas and water pipe, had accumulated a competence and welcomed Walt to his home at the corner of West and Stevens

St., Camden. At that time, I lived with my parents on West Street, a few blocks below. I got to know Walt from the first, because no one needed an introduction. He had a cheerful "Howdy" for everybody. His commanding and benignant personality attracted attention, and I soon realized that I had become acquainted with the most interesting human being that I had ever seen or ever expected to see. Our friendship soon ripened and deepened. In 1876, I was sufficiently acquainted with him to ask him for letters of introduction to be used on my first trip to England in that year. It would be a long story to narrate our lengthened acquaintance. When he came to Camden, death and he were near neighbours, but rest, the ministrations of loving friends and the days and months lived in the open at Timber Creek partially restored his health, and the sunset of his life lasted for nineteen years. It was after he had bought his Mickle Street "shack" and lived in his own home that the devotees became more numerous and this Mickle Street house, became a shrine, where the rich and poor, the great and the humble were welcomed with equal comradeship. If he had any preference, it was for children and for the sons of toil. He knew all the car-drivers and deck-hands on the ferry-boats by name, and was interested in their welfare. He was the most familiar figure on the streets of Camden and Philadelphia, and was universally beloved, although very few of them knew him as an author. After I was married he was a frequent visitor at my home, and I arranged a dinner party almost every Sunday, where it was our great joy to entertain him and his friends, coming as they did, from all parts of the world. Horace Traubel, in his books, "With Walt Whitman in Camden," has given a faithful record of these Camden days, and every Whitman lover should possess a copy of this most wonderful biography in the language. Probably, Traubel was on more intimate and spiritual terms with Walt than any other person, and he has given him a lifetime of unsurpassing devotion. To go into details would require unlimited space and I can only give the briefest outline of these halycon days, which meant so much to me and my family.

The visits ceased, but the visitor always remained. I loved Whitman long before I fully appreciated his mission. This sense of appreciation is a never-ending growth. That "Leaves of Grass" is the basis of a new spiritual acceptance of the Universe, entirely consistent with modern science I firmly believe. I knew this man intimately and I can testify to the entire consistency of his life mission. He was as true a prophet as ever trod this planet. Every heart throb beat in unison with the great heart of humanity. To him, this life was serious business, and he labored here, set and incarnated example here of life and death. Peacefully, joyously, he met his translation. I was with him when he "crossed the bar," when his robust soul, erect before a thousand universes, glided noiselessly forth—this great democrat of earth—without lamentation joining in the song of the Elder Prophet: "Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."



Oannes, Lord of wisdom, time and toil,
The Word in man, incarnate, evermore,
Name above all, Amen, on Nilus' shore,
None other under heaven on Christian soil,
In India OM, from Whom the worlds uncoil.
The Shepherd Krishna's Song, blind
Homer's Lore,
Gautama's Secret, and His Love who bore
The Cross, anointed King with David's oil:
These of the Elder Brethren dwelt on earth.

And, God becoming man, raised Man
to God—
God-voices calling Peace from age to age.
And later came, through the strait gate of
birth
The World-Word, by sea-sand and
prairie sod,
With Leaves of Grass, simplicity most
sage.

—By Albert E. S. Smythe.

Walt Whitman

Written for the Sunset of Bon Echo
By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

When we are young, we love poetry, as poetry, for the beauty and sweetness of it.

Growing older, we look for feeling as well as music, and have our Favorite Poets, whom we worship.

But in the long stretch of mature life, besides music and emotion, we want thought, vision, strength, in poetry.

Whitman has beauty, not as the ordered flower beds of a garden, nor even as the chosen "scenery" selected for a picture, but the beauty of the earth as a whole.

Whitman has music, not for the dance or serenade or lullaby, but the music of the wind and the sea.

He rouses feeling, indeed, but by no means the sympathy and excitement of broken hearts and thwarted desires; rather the feeling of an illuminated humanity.

When for some years, my personal possessions were limited to one trunk, I carried two books always: Olive Schreiner's "Dreams"—that little wonder book, and Whitman the Great.

One does not read Whitman through, any more than one runs forever up and down on the face of the earth.

No, Whitman is to wander in, to make ever new discoveries, to show one's friends some special point of view, best loved.

And always comes new light, new power, new love and understanding of this dear world and the human life that crowns it.

To Walt Whitman

On the One-Hundredth Anniversary of His Birth

Written for the Sunset of Bon Echo
By James L. Hughes

Great see-er of the unseen things
That are eternal in their might,
You saw man's glory shining clear,
And flashed to other souls, its light;
You heard God's wireless messages
Resounding upward, height to height.

You saw the radiant vision, glow,
Revealing man's high destiny.,
When round the world from selfishness
All men shall be forever free,
And souls unfettered shall acclaim
The triumph of democracy.

Great comrade! On your "Open Road"
We meet you with deep gratitude,
To learn "primeval passwords" true
That kindle love of highest good,
And sing with you the songs of hope,
And comradeship and brotherhood.

Letter from Merrill Denison to His Mother

With the American Ambulance Somewhere in France

March 24th, 1917.

Dear Little Min:

Last night, yesterday, and the day before have been good days—a pair of days of the rare breed that come only once in six months or so, and then having come, make you feel that the greyness of the six months was needed to carry as a background, the soaring smash of the gold and purple they brought.

It began on duty up in the woods, where four of us wandered about observing the effect of shell fire, and prying about scenes of old destruction for bits of éclat and pieces of shrapnel.

That night, after the four had played hearts for a couple of hours, and had gone to bed, little expecting to be called up in the night, for there had not been a night run there for over a week.

I was driving a new car, 475—Bundles 11 by name—old 184 being left to the tender mercies of a nouveau, with Don as my orderly. The tale concerns Don more than anyone else, and for the purpose of letting you climb Olympus again in retrospect with me, I'll go back to the time I arrived in Paris.

He had come over on the boat preceding me, and when I arrived in the glacial surroundings of 21 rue Raynourd, he was waiting to go out to the front.

I noticed him, a fine clean looking fellow, well built, with a crop of blond hair that fitted him and made him look like an angel, especially when he smiled as he won a hand of poker.

He was playing with three or four other men when I saw him, and of the group he was the only one I remember. Perhaps I spoke to him three or four times before he left Paris, but apart from remarking him as an attractive chap, he doesn't seem to have made much of an impression on my consciousness.

It was with him that I made my first trip to the front, and as I recall my impressions of that night, he seemed only a reserved man, who knew much more about zone "C" than I did.

On our trip out, we went "en ponne," with transmission trouble, another car was called up to relieve us and I swung over to it as orderly. Who was driving has escaped me.

We were never on the road together again while working Hill 304, but back in camp, I saw quite a bit of him, for his room was one of the store-equipped places which I frequented and exchanged entertainment for hospitality.

It was a fair exchange and, "The young man from the country," "Escapades from the life of Hildred," "The lamentable affair of the Chinese wonder," and a recountal of Bill welcoming the guests at Bon Echo, always drew the whole camp around me, and on those rare occasions on which I announced my intention of shaving, and so signalled a night of reminiscences—based, I must say on fact, but not bound by it—Don usually had a front seat.

As I changed from a nouveau into an Orienne and finally became an institution in the section, and sure of myself, I found that in the run of work, I usually drew the front cars; that I was trusted and depended upon by the Chief—who was one man in ten thousand—(Perry, with whom Case and I spent permission in Paris). I changed from being a silent observer of the work and leaned my weight and influence with force, to develop certain traditions in the section.

I strove to eliminate the discussion of the occasional danger; the hardness of the job, the heroic in it, and mostly, the hypocritical attitude towards ourselves as friends and saviours of France. Most of the men were of the same opinion as myself, that it was sufficient to do the job well and have as good a time as possible. I can remember that I always appreciated the agreement of Don. I began to feel that he was the sort of man, intellectually honest, clean-cut and fine, whose friendship was worth sharing, but at this time I did not know that he was a fifty storey affair with innumerable sub-basements, and that his foundations were built on rock. I had felt the last, perhaps, because it was that, that attracted me to him probably.

Piecing together the stray bits of chance that have marked my growing knowledge of him, December 31st stands out clearly. It was a dark disagreeable night, and an incipient attack broke out at 6 o'clock. By 6.45, five cars were up, with Don second on call. Perry had left to see what was doing, and had left me in charge. I posted an additional list, got lanterns and saw that all the cars were ready to leave. The next call came at 7.30 for one car, and the man who should have gone made me infuriated—I had little use for him in any case—by his not being ready, and then half-an-hour after he should have left, running back to his room to light a "briquette"—(a cigarette light).

Don was back in his room, writing some letters and knowing that he was dependable—feeling that he could carry on under any circumstances—I went into his room, and explained the situation to him and asked him to go up. He had left the cantonment, and was on his way in ten minutes. Personally, I had no particular love for the job on my hands, because it meant sitting tight until every car in the place had left. After that I could go.

After wandering aimlessly from room to room, I advised everybody to get to bed and get as much sleep as they could, and then went into Don's room, where there was paper and pen and ink, to wait the gong of the telephone bell, and to write to you. You may remember the letter.

In the middle of it another car went out and one came in for supplies. It was the end of 1916—my year and I. As I sat and listened or wrote a few lines of the letter, trying to see how I had particularly justified my existence in 1916, and coming to the conclusion that, in the main, it did not amount to much, my wandering gaze caught and was held by some of the correspondence Don had been answering.

It was a single paragraph in a letter, and before I realized it, really without any consciousness of what I was doing, I read it,

and then with great interest and a dawning understanding, re-read it.

It was from his mother, and in that paragraph, I saw and felt the depth of understanding, the glorious intimacy that must have existed between that pair of people. It showed that the mother was a fine broad-minded woman, and that the son was to her the centre around which the whole business swung. And I felt too, that such a feeling was reciprocated by the boy.

My feelings were that I had discovered another member of the order to which I belonged, the sacred order of the Mother and Son, who knew each other as comrades, and it was a delicious secret to feel that I knew the fineness of the lad unbeknown to him and realizing that, understanding his "raison d'etre," I could, quite innocently, be of some service to him, and could idly sound a cord that would harmonize with his soul's music, because to him, I was, I must have been, inexplicable, and such idle sentences of mine must have seemed strange and at times, anomalous.

And so 1916 changed, and it was 1917.

When we changed sections, and moved in over here, we roomed together for a short time and while I was in Paris "en permission," Jo,* Eric* and Don got a small room near the barracks, in which there was room for the three beds and a table. It has a big, open fire-place in it and in the afternoon they made chocolate and cooked eggs in the morning. I have lived more in their room than in the barracks where I am quartered, and there have been jovial parties with Don and Eric. We have become very good friends.

There, then, is the Don Moffatt I knew when we left the Bureau in 475, on a twenty-four hour piquette, up in the woods behind the lines. As I remarked, there is seldom anything to do there, and in the afternoon, we had a big enough experience, for the four of us climbed a commanding hill and saw through our glasses, a few miles of the trenches and the wire and No-Man's Land. We returned and played cards, as I said earlier in the letter.

At 3.30 a.m., a call came for a "grave couche" at an advanced Poste de Secours. We trundled out of bed, got Bundles under us, and went up there. The feeling of dawn was in the air, but when we started out it was quite dark.

It was a good race. The car ran well, things were quiet, and coming out, we had a chance to observe a very famous car a short distance (less than half a mile) from the Bosche.

The sunrise that morning was magnificent and when we evacuated our four men at the Clearing Hospital and were back on our way to the Poste de Secours we felt rather pepped up. We had done a bit of work and felt that our existence here had been justified.

It was as good a feeling as we used to have in the old days, when we would come in from Hill 304, after covering 120 miles in a single night.

That morning, when we had returned to camp and after *Killed flying after the U.S. entered the war.

lunch, Don and the men of the other car went off to hunt for fuses, a delightful sport in which you poke around old shell holes—obus nests we call them—looking for the fuse of the obus.

The two remaining cars had come in and I was waiting for the boys to come back before returning to the Bureau. They appeared at last and Don wandered up to me, and while searching in his pocket said, "I have got something for you here."

I supposed naturally, it was an obus or a fuse, or something at least warlike, and answered, "What is it? a nasty obus."

"No," he replied, "something altogether different. You'd never guess, but it is something you will like better than a whole flock of obi." And diving into his pocket, he pulled out a lump of brown clay and handed it to me.

Even before I worked with it, it seemed like bully good material, but whatever may have been its merits as modelling clay, I was very touched and pleased that he should have brought it.

It is very seldom that you would find any man in his job, or any other, with the kindness and understanding that he showed for he knew that I played about with clay, and appreciated how much joy it would bring me, and so he dug up a lump and put it in his pocket and lugged it a mile or more to me.

I have had some thoroughly satisfying moments with it, and the great contentment that passes all understanding.

Dug out of a shell-hole—it is the best modelling clay I have ever worked with; a beautiful brown in color, it is stiff and still and workable—it follows the hand and stays put.

Perhaps my ability has grown, but I have never seen clay which stayed, not only where you put it, **but where you thought you wanted to put it.**

I started the night we returned on a bas-relief, three-quarters round of Eric, and worked on one of the supports of the old fireplace. Eric has a face much like Walter Emory's and at one stage of the work I had an amazing likeness of Walter.

He is a joyful, lovable young cuss—Eric is—with a happy, cheery, very characterful face.

As for the model, it went startlingly. I had started out to fool and in ten minutes, was working seriously and earnestly, afraid that my sureness and skill was but a flash in the pan, caused by the mere fun of having clay in my hands once again; afraid to feel the immense pleasure it was to realize that in the time that I had not touched clay, my ability to use it, my knowledge and understanding had increased immeasurably.

In other models, I have always felt doubtful about the ear, the structure and handling of the mouth, nose and eye.

This time, I slapped in clay and knew what I was doing. And what is more, it is a smashing good likeness, in which I have not only caught the portrait, but the joyous spirit of the lad.

It was while working in the model last night, that gave me the event, which I spoke of as occurring only once in six months—and justifying the six months accursed.

It was one of those rare occasions when I really find a man

and add to that glorious and Olympian collection of which Broad, Case, Jack and Jim are members.

As I worked, Don and I talked, first of one thing and another, just superficially, because I was just amusing him with tales of other days, but gradually we became serious.

It is a long time since I have talked to any one of you—I seldom do because there are things too fine to allow any person to know, unless they understand and appreciate.

But as we talked, and I knew we pulled off many a protective layer of my soul, which had not been bared for many a long day, and he did the same. This was worth while talking about to us who appreciated. As we took off another layer, we climbed a little higher, till finally at three o'clock in the morning, when we fell asleep, it seemed to me that a pretty big event had occurred.

To me I discovered half forgotten dreams, things that had been great and real at one time or other, and as I unearthed them and gave them the light of added experience and sounder judgment, I found that they were still as real and as true as they had seemed when I dreamed them.

I had wanted to tell you. You will be glad I know and with me, amused perhaps. It is a sidelight on this great thing called the "World War," that, in the midst of what the world thinks so big, my biggest, finest moments there, came from a lump of clay, and finding a worth-while friend who understood.

Love and kisses,

Wid.

Comrade Ava'!

Herbert G. Paull.

Hi! there, Walt Whitman! Hail! you from over the way,
 You, who scathelessly passed through the flood and the vale,
 Through the dread portal from here to Somewhere in Glory,
 Let's have audible speech with you—friend of the open-road and genial
 comrade to boot.
 Can there not be a minute's social communion 'twixt hither and thither?
 Between the invisible world and the realm of material things?
 No?
 And why not pray—whilom friend of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow?
 Don't you know, Walt Whitman, this red, round ball has been soaked to the
 skin in women's tears, and the blood of our brothers?
 Who now then can whistle, or sing, or dance, while the flames and smoke and
 curses of Hell are still hot and close to our shoulders?
 Say something cheerily Whitman, quick to gladden the hearts of the widow,
 the mother and lover, the sister, father, brother and son.
 Sing once again for us, Walt—America's choicest bard of the people.
 The people, cantankerous, nondescript, wanton, monotonous, common—
 divinely endowed, angels in embryo—what?
 No! never a word to us all, proud spirit!
 Not a single, encouraging word!
 What? Whitman indifferent to the cry of the masses, the sobs of the sor-
 rowing? the wild despair of the mourner?
 Not he—No—Not on your life—Still not a word?
 Say, Whitman, you surely have something to tell us who tarry behind in
 the gloaming,
 We of the clanging and turbulent multitudinous millions,
 Sweltering, torturing, suffering, glorying here, hurrying yonder?

We want to know, if you please, of your place of abode.
 A little curious, too, of your state and characteristics.
 The kind of heaven or hell you are in, and how you enjoy it.
 Your sphere of existence, your plane, your manner of living, your outlook
 immortal.
 Your seership, your spiritual idiosyncrasy, and any wise thing you choose
 to reveal.
 We know you Walt, and we love you well.
 And by the same token, you know us, and love us, too.
 So tell us, tell us, something, kind pal, of our hungering soul.
 Haven't we seen you a thousand times in various guises!
 In hospital tents, in camp, in the trenches, on fields of battle and carnage,
 complacent, unwearied.
 You brother beloved, whose memory never shall fade from the earth, while
 humanity lasts, and love of comrades endures.
 Reflection and mirror of ages past, and ages unborn.
 Cheerful cosmopolitan, optimist, born of the Cosmos.
 What do you say? Got anything more to tell us?
 No! Yes!
 Ah, well, we listen.
 "Comrade," only I hear.
 Our very good thanks, kind shade—that's much.
 The climax of all perhaps, to my thinking,
 For what said the Christ of Gallilee, eh—to Peter and John?
 As he conquered his crucified way to betrayal.
 Golgotha—Gesthemane—all.
 The Cross and the thorns, the blood and the sweat.
 The spit and the shame, the vinegar, spear and the ultimate Crown?
 "Henceforth I call you no more My disciples or servants, but friends."
 Aye, Comrades all—Hallelujah.
 Very well, brother, so be it—we've walked with you, talked with you oft in
 silent communion, and wept.
 Yes, mused and moralized, mentally, physically, psychically, anywhere, every-
 where, you understand.
 Held converse and wrapt meditations, many and many a time.
 But never an audible token or answer, Walt, to all our inquiries have come
 from your lips.
 But softly, again and again, to one and another,
 Serenely, quietly, calmly "Comrade" silently whispered to all.
 And Walt, we've certainly seen your welcome, fraternal smile, betokening
 a comrade's salute.
 Presto—too, we salute in response to you, Comrade ava'!
 By the Powers above, what more should we want?
 For after all that perchance is enough.
 The alpha-omega, the sum and conclusion of all.
 The glad, hospitable smile, one voiceless, inaudible word, and a comrade's
 free salutation.
 A comrade's salute, and a beckoning onward.
 From out the inscrutable darkness to pure untellable light.
 And down through the centuries yet to be the unmistakable hand grasp.
 Comrade, Captain and Friend.
 Banner, Standard and Pennant.
 Champion of Freedom—Liberty-loving democrat.
 Strong, stout, indomitable, doughty, unshakable staunchion.
 Hurrah!
 Ancient of days and essence of youth eternal.
 Upright, august and graceful
 Walt Whitman, for ever, encore.

With Whitman in Camden by Horace Traubel is the most extraordinary biography in our language. While reading it you are able to live and move and have your being with The Good Grey Poet.

Anne Gilchrist

We are indebted to Thomas B. Harned for the letters of Anne Gilchrist to Walt Whitman.

They are the greatest letters ever written by any woman, and constitute the finest tribute yet paid to the work of Whitman.

To her the reading of his poems was truly a new birth of the soul. It is a rare tribute to the discernment of Rossetti, that he placed the whole of Whitman's poems in the hands of one who has proved his greatest interpreter.

Carlyle has said, "There is no grand poem in the world, but is at bottom, a biography—the life of a man."

Walt Whitman's poems are not the biography of a man, but they are his real presence.

That Anne Gilchrist fell in love with Walt Whitman is what we would expect her to do; how could it be otherwise?

Whitman lovers are being developed in every country and clime the wide world over, and many Anne Gilchrists will feel the thrills she felt, in equal and lesser intensity, according to their development. Even an Emerson stumbled and fell and lacked courage and would have taken from "Leaves of Grass," the bravest, cleanest, holiest and subtly meaningful lines, lines which interpreted by the sacredness of mother love and lover's love, could not be omitted.

What a wonderfully fitting epitaph is the following, from the poet she loved:—

Going Somewhere

My science-friend, my noblest woman-friend (now buried in an English grave—and this a memory-leaf for her dear sake).
Ended our talk—(The sum concluding all we know of old or modern learning, intuitions deep),
Of all Geologies, Histories, of all Astronomy, of Evolution, Metaphysics all,
Is, that we all are onward, onward, speeding slowly, surely, bettering,
Life, life an endless march, and endless army (no halt, but it is duly over),
The world, the race, the soul—in space and time, the Universes,
All bound as is befitting each—all surely going somewhere."

Walt Whitman

By John Haynes Holmes

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

The noblest and most characteristic poetry which ever came from the pen of Walt Whitman was written under the inspiration of, and in tribute to, Abraham Lincoln. It is no accident, to my mind, that these two men are thus associated, for Whitman holds the same place in the literary history of America that Lincoln holds in its political and social history. Each, to use Lowell's

phrase, is "the first American." It was when Whitman's poetry went sweeping to the mind of Europe, that Englishmen and Frenchmen and Russians first apprehended the significance of this "new nation," which had been "brought forth on this new continent." It was when this poetry had found its way, more slowly, into the mind of America itself, that "we, the people of the United States," began to understand our own character and mission. It is to-day, when we chant again the "barbaric yawp" of "the good, gray poet," that we know the soul of America and the music which it would sing.

But Whitman, like Lincoln also, is more than American. Or rather shall we say, that he is American only as America is herself more than America? Not a nation or a republic, but a spirit of freedom, a dream of democracy, a mounting hope of brotherhood! These two men, poet and president, belong now to mankind. They are become race heroes. In Whitman, we see the universal man. In him, we find the human soul laid bare. He is humanity babbling into speech, stumbling into progress, struggling and striving to fulfill the faith of centuries. This mighty seer interpreted his own age and country in all its crudity, its rude pioneering courage, its sublime self-confidence. At the same time, did he foresee and foretell the future of love achieved and beauty won throughout the circle of the globe. Comradeship, fellowship, brotherhood—these are the great words of our new age; and these were the symbols of the faith of Whitman.

RECONCILIATION

by Walt Whitman

Word over all, beautiful as the sky!
 Beautiful that war, and all its deeds of carnage must
 in time be utterly lost;
 That the hands of the sisters Death and Night,
 incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this
 soiled world:
 . . . For my enemy is dead—a man divine as
 myself is dead;
 I look where he lies, white-faced and still, in the
 coffin—I draw near;
 I bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white
 face in the coffin.



GEMS FROM WALT WHITMAN

I have claimed nothing to myself which I have not carefully claimed for others on the same terms.
By God I will have nothing that all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms.

Not to-day is to justify me, and Democracy, and what we are for,
But you, a new brood, native, athletic, continental, greater than before known,
You must justify me.

I depend on being realized, long hence.

* * * * *

I expect that Kanadians, a hundred, and perhaps many hundred years from now, in Winter, in the splendor of the snow and woods, or on the icy lakes, will take me with them, and permanently enjoy themselves with me.

I am the bard of the future,
I but write one or two indicative words for the future,

* * * * *

Leaving it to you to prove and define it,
Expecting the main things from you.

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