

—when you see it you think of me—of the Far Pines—of the Wind River—of Arkla—you think Kosata with you evermore.”

“Fear not for that, Kosata; I shall never forget my genie of the Wind River, however time and distance may divide us.”

“But you come here again when green leaves come, and help her to make Leighton, Arkla; say yes, Felipe.”

I promised, and with one last, long embrace heartened by secret sympathy, and hallowed by a thousand sweet recollections we breathed our mutual farewell.

To thee, also, O reader, our pilgrimage being at length ended, must I now pronounce the same.

“Farewell———

Ye who have traced the pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his—if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal shoon, and scallop shell.”

THE END.