

The miles went on, the tens 'neath twenties lay;
The scores to hundreds slowly, slowly, roll'd;
And ere the winter won itself away,
The hundreds turn'd to thousands doubly told.

But still thou wert the leader of the band,
And still thy step went on thro' toil and pain;
Until like giants in the Wild North Land,
A thousand glittering peaks frown'd o'er the plain.

And yet we did not part; beside me still
Was seen thy bushy tail, thy well-known face;
Through cañon dark, and by the snow-clad hill,
Thou kept unchanged thy old familiar pace.

Why tell it all? through fifty scenes we went,
Where Shasta's peak its lonely shadows cast;
Till now for Afric's shore my steps are bent,
And thou and I, old friend, must part at last.

Thou wilt not miss me, home and care are thine,
And peace and rest will lull thee to the end;
But still, perchance with low and wistful whine,
Thou'lt sometimes scan the landscape for thy friend.

Or when the drowsy summer noon is nigh,
Or wintry moon upon the white snow shines,
From dreamy sleep will rise a muffled cry,
For him who led thee through the land of pines.