into the great prairie sea! As thus I watched his slowly to their receding figure, memory was travelling back over the long n trail to trail of our companionship-back through all the varied on ready. scenes of strife, and chase, and travel, to that distant day At length when first on the shore of the wilderness our lives came from the together. "Think of you!" I said, speaking half aloud my paration. thoughts. "Yes, that I will. Whenever the wind stirs the tree-branch, or rustles the reeds and meadows-wherever the fires far sun goes down over distance of sea or land-in the moonlight of nights, in the snow of long winters, you will be near me still."

> At a bend in the trail he turned to look back: it was but a moment, and then the mountain path was vacant, and I saw him no more.

> > THE END.

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