



DEPARTED FRIENDS.

Oh! if the love of mingled souls  
Shall pass the mighty deep,  
And in the army death enrolls  
Its ceaseless vigils keep.

If parted hearts again unite,  
Beyond the swelling tide,  
And love resumes its fading light,  
As passing ages glide.

If dual souls one being form,  
One perfect blessed whole,  
I tremble not, earth's wildest storm  
May not affright my soul.

For this has been my darkest fear,  
And this my deepest woe,  
Lest I no more thy voice should hear  
In the land to which I go.

But now I joy, the love we share,  
Need fear no mortal change,  
And only finds perfection where  
Angelic spirits range.

THRILLING TALE OF PIONEER LIFE.

BY ONE OF THE ACTORS.

A few days since, my eye fell upon a thrilling de-  
scription of a contest with wolves. The details stirred  
my bitter memories of the past. The very name of  
Carry, causes a shudder to creep over me, and brings  
a train of most bitter associations. A dark, hor-  
rifying vision falls upon the inward soul, its freezing  
beams being as vividly portrayed as when enacted  
years ago.  
I read, indulge an old friend in a brief tale of facts.  
Draw your chair closer to the fire, and I will tell you a  
few of other days which will stir your blood.  
Did you know Carry Mason? Why do I ask the  
question, for years have gone by since she died. I  
remember her and loved her. Who could know her and  
love her?

Carry! I turn back into the past when the world  
was all a paradise and she its loveliest angel. She was  
beautiful—how beautiful! No thing of earth was ever  
more so. I will not attempt to describe her. No light  
cloud tracing the summer sky, was ever more graceful,  
no snow-flake ever purer, no warbling bird or dancing  
stream, ever more happy or gleeful. And yet she had  
a spirit which soared, and her blue eye as mild as the  
depths of a summer sky, would melt in tears or flash  
indignantly at a tale of wrong. She was surpassingly  
beautiful in form, and angelic in mind. Such was the  
guiding star of my youth—the lovely flower which  
beamed out in the then wilderness. Do you wonder  
that I loved her! I love her now as embalmed in me-  
mory and bow in silent homage to her pure spirit as it  
lingers around me in the winter of life. The Carry  
Mason of earth, is dead. I know that. But the Carry  
Mason of Heaven, lives, and I love her as I love the  
things of Heaven. Years have swept by and sifted  
the snow among my locks and my eye looks dimly out  
upon the world; yet that one bright dream lingers as  
freshly in the heart as when treasured there in the  
spring time of life.

Closer with your chair. Heap on more fuel, for chills  
creep over me as that blast goes by. I can hear the  
snow sift thickly against the window pane. I know  
that a thick, white snow-shroud is silently wearing over  
the leafless, bladeless, flowerless earth. So has time  
woven a shroud over all the bright hopes of my  
youth.

The drifts are piling up! Away back of the village  
church, the heaps lie upon the graves of the dead  
Carry lies there. I see the spot now, even as I watch  
the blaze and listen to the wind without. The snow  
there gathered is not purer than the spirit of Carry.

That was a fierce one! The night winds have a  
language. I understand it. Long—long years I have  
sat here and listened. As they go past, they whisper,  
and I wander in thought until the ashes gather on the  
waning hearth.

How the winds shriek and wail! They have a  
touching moan. It makes me sad to hear them sigh,  
and I people the night air with spirits of grief. Now a  
faint, solemn dirge goes by. Theirs' back to a shriek  
which leaves a freezing sense of some fearful crime  
committed. And yet the wrens are company for me.  
They have been my sole companions for years.

Let the winds murmur, for I should miss their faintest  
whisper.

Forty-eight years ago!  
Time has fled fleetly. It seems but a day, and yet  
I look in the glass across the table and see the withered  
features of an old man. Is it myself that is old? I  
draw my hand over a face of wrinkles and then lay it  
upon a smooth bald head. Around the ears, are thin,  
white locks, and a well worn staff glisten in the fire-  
light.

Years have gone by, while the heart has been dream-  
ing as though there was no winter after the spring time  
of youth.

Forty-eight years ago, as I said, my father's family  
settled in one of the counties of central New York.  
All was a wilderness, wild, grand, beautiful. We located  
fifteen miles from the farthest pioneer "clearing."  
The shadows were around us, the tall trees and the  
picturesque mountains.

Many a summer's day have I toiled up the rugged  
mountain sides and looked out upon a sea of green as  
it swayed and rolled in the summer breeze, or watched  
the waning sun as it lingered to bathe the whole wild-  
erness in a flood of gold and crimson. All was very  
beautiful.

The axe had opened a space in the forest, and a  
cabin of that good old time, afforded us shelter. It  
looked new and comfortable, and its chimney-smoke  
curled gracefully up and vanished with the shadows of  
the forest. The blackened heaps smoked and crackled,  
and deep in those wild-wood solitudes, the wilderness  
blossomed and smiled in the presence of yellow har-  
vests. A happy home was there. The birds sang at  
earliest morn, and the deep river near the door mur-  
mured sweetly at night-fall. There were gentle whimp-  
erings in the old trees. As they bowed their heads in the  
winds, a holy anthem floated up from the vast temples  
where Nature breathed fresh and pure from the hand  
of God. The wild flowers bloomed even by the very  
door-steps, and the deer stopped in the forest edge to  
gaze on the smoke of the chimney top.

'Twas a beautiful home in the old wilderness!  
The spring brought us neighbors. 'Twas a great day  
when a settler came in and purchased land across the  
river. He received a warm welcome from pioneer  
bears, and by the steady agency of pioneer hands, a  
comfortable log-cabin perched out from the dense wood-  
land of the opposite bank. I watched the smoke from