

greater powers than I can boast may continue a work whose stores of incident to me seem inexhaustible. As I opened this history with remarks on pioneer life, let us return to the old shanty once more. There it still stands, a relic of the past. Into its forsaken chamber, now sacred to dear memories, let our old pioneer enter. He is now wrinkled and grey, but let him stand in that spot where his chair stood for so many years, dream dreams, and see visions of early days. There is that in our nature which inclines us to linger where events have transpired that have left their footprints on the chart of our remembrance. In declining years memory feeds itself on scenes of other days. To live again our former lives is to exist in the subdued light of the past. It is like waiting in the ineffectual rays of a setting sun and dreaming of his noontide glory.

What wonder, then, if the thoughts of those lyart veterans return to the old ruined walls that sheltered them in youth, and see in their sagging wreck those marks of decay now inseparable from their own frail and time-worn frames.

Farewell, then, I say to you old pioneers. With you and amongst you I spent my youthful days. While I remain here amidst the foot-hills of life I try to gather up broken remembrances of a time which is gone. These I have written in a scroll wherein I have also inscribed your names, therein to remain as long as this book shall last.

THE END.