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SAIL-ROCK, LAKE SUPERIOR.

FROM the far Sault of Sainte-Marie he wanders,
On, ever on, the white foam in his track,
By night, by day, sails fleet before the east wind,
Until he sees the beach of Fond-du-Lac;
Yet finds not there the rest he seeks with yearning;
Frown all the cliffs—and he must wander forth
Over the waves again, by south-winds driven,
Past the dark Palisades into the north.

There stands the haunted arch of Spirit River,
There, in the storm, is seen the misty shape
Of Manitou, who guards the great Superior,
Rising above the heights of Thunder Cape;
And seeing him, the guilty one approaching,
The voices of the surf rise in a roar
Below the porphyry cliffs, sounding a summons,
To call the spirits to the lonely shore.

Down, down, they troop through the ravines of iron,
Over the rocks where virgin silver shines,
Up, up, they roll the surf, a seething barrier,
And marshal on the beach their shadow-lines;

He cries, he weeps, he prays with arms extended:
"Have mercy upon me, a soul unblest—
I come not for your stores of shining treasure,
I only beg—I only pray for rest.

"Aged am I, and worn with countless journeys,
Over the lake forever must I stray;
In the whole south I cannot find a landing,
Keeweenaw's copper arm thrusts me away;
I sail, and sail, yet never find a harbor—
Stern is the east, and sterner is the west,

Oh, grant me but one foothold on the north shore,
So can I die at last and be at rest!"

But no! They drive him off with jeers and shouting,
Before their ghostly glee the cursed one quails;
Forth from the silver rocks of haunted northland,
Not daring to look back, away he sails;
And sails, and sails, yet never finds a landing,
Though fairest coasts and isles he passes by;
And hopes, and hopes, yet never finds a foothold
On any shore where he can kneel and die.

Weary and worn, through many a red-man's lifetime,
Over the lake he wanders on and on,
Till up through Huron, with red banners flying,
Come white men from the rising of the sun;
The Sault they name from Sainte-Marie with blessing,
The lake lies hushed before their holy bell,
As, landing on the shore of Rocky Pictures,
They raise the white cross in *la grande Chapelle*.

As the first white man's hymn on great Superior
Sounds from the rocky church not made with hands,
A phantom-boat sails in from the still offing,
And at its bow an aged figure stands;
The worn cords strain so full the sails are swelling,
The old mast bends and quivers like a bow,
Yet calm the windless sky shines blue above them,
And calm the windless waves shine blue below.

The boat glides in, still faster, faster sailing,
Like lightning darting o'er the shrinking miles,
And, as he hears the chanting in the chapel,
For the first time in years the lone one smiles;
At last, at last, his feet are on the dear shore,
The curse is gone, his eyes to heaven rise,
At last, at last, his mother earth receives him,
At last, at last, with thankful heart he dies.

The poor worn body, old with many lifetimes,
They find there lying on the golden sands,
But, lifting it with wonder and with reverence,
It crumbles into dust beneath their hands;
The poor worn boat, grown old with endless voyages,
Floats up the coast, unguided and alone,
And, stranding 'neath the cliffs, its mission over,
By the Great Spirit's hand is turned to stone.

You see it there among the Rocky Pictures,
The mainsail and the jib, just as they were;
We never passed it with a song or laughter
In the gay days when we were voyagers;
The best among us doffed our caps in silence,
The gayest of us never dared to mock
At the strange tale that came down from our fathers,
The pictured legend of the old Sail-Rock.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

NINA'S ATONEMENT.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

"THE moon has not risen yet, Nina," said Ralph, "but the starlight is beautiful. Shall we go out and see if we can find the elfin folk?"

Tea was over, and they were gathered in the drawing-room—all somewhat dull and somewhat stiff—when he made this proposal. Mrs. Wyverne was crocheting by the shaded lamp, round which a few moths were circling; Mr. Wyverne was prosing to Martindale, who looked as much bored as a well-bred man ever permits himself to appear; Nina had been singing, but she rose from the piano, and, walking to one of the large, open windows, stood looking wistfully out, when Ralph spoke.

"Yes," she answered, eagerly. "Let us go on the terrace. If we don't find Queen Titania and her court, we shall, at least, find freshness and coolness."

"Martindale, will you come?" said Ralph, raising his voice; and he did not understand why Nina frowned so quickly and sharply at the words

"You will find me on the terrace," she said; and, stepping through the window, she walked away—a tall, straight, white-clad figure, soon lost to sight in the starlit gloom.

Martindale left Mr. Wyverne with a scarcely intelligible excuse, and crossed the room.

"Where is it you wish to go?" he said to Ralph, who was standing with a rather blank expression of countenance where he had been left.

"Only out on the terrace for some fresh air," the other answered. "Will you come? It is very warm, and not particularly entertaining, in here."

"Is that where Miss Dalzell has gone?"

"Yes. She said we would find her there."

"Lead on," said Martindale, cheerfully. "One certainly does prefer to enjoy summer nights *al fresco*."

They stepped out of the window and walked around the terrace for some distance, but they found no sign of Nina. The moon, as Ralph had said, was not yet risen, but the soft, clear starlight rendered all immediate objects sufficiently distinct. It was one of those glowing, brilliant nights which only midsummer gives, the purple skies ablaze with radiance arching from horizon to horizon, the earth dark, fragrant, full of mystery, yet touched with a tender, delicate lustre.

"Nina must have gone down into the garden," Ralph said, after a while.

"Never mind Miss Dalzell just now," Martindale responded, in rather a peculiar voice. "We will find her in a moment. Meanwhile, I have something to say to you about—that idea of yours. Perhaps I was a little hasty in what I told you this morning. I have been thinking it over since then. I should like to examine your notes again. Perhaps, after all, it may be possible to perfect it."

He spoke awkwardly and constrainedly—like a man who was not certain how much he wished to say or leave unsaid—but Ralph was too full of delighted surprise to notice or attach any significance to his manner.

"My dear fellow," he answered, eagerly, "you cannot tell how glad I am to hear you say that! I am a fool, I suppose, but I have dreamed and experimented over that idea so long, that it went hard with me when you said it was impracticable. I know that I have utterly failed in working it out; but I am only a dabbler in chemistry. If *you* take it in hand, now—"

"I may fail as completely as you have done," Martindale interrupted, shortly and almost sternly. "You must not hope any thing from my experiments—at least, not much. I am only a dabbler, and an erratic one, myself. Still, I will take the idea, and try to work it out, if you say so."

"Of course I say so!" Wyverne said, with a ring of enthusiasm in his tone which his companion knew well. He had heard it in the voices of others, and in his own, many times. It was a token of the fever which science can beget as well as art. "You cannot tell how infinitely I shall hold myself your debtor," Ralph went on; "and, if you succeed, there is a fortune in it for both of us."

"Nature is certainly a royal paymistress," said the other; "but I have told you not to hope for success. Honestly, I think I shall fail, but I cannot be content until I have fairly tested the idea, now that you have put it into my head."

"It is a good idea," said Ralph, "I always knew *that*. And if we succeed in working it out—"

"But it will require time," the other interrupted again. "You must remember that. You must be prepared for labor, for failure, and for discouragements. No great discovery was ever perfected without all of these."

"I am aware of it," said Ralph, "and if you give me a grain of hope, no labor and discouragements can daunt me. As for time, it is all before us—at least, as much of it as you can spare. I am to be married next month," said he, laughing a little, "but that need not interfere with our experiments to any great extent."

"You are to be married next month, are you?" said Martindale, starting. "So soon as that?"

"There is no need for delay," answered Ralph. "I have no fancy for a long engagement. Besides, in this instance, there would be no sense in it. Neither Nina nor I have any thing for which to wait."

"Very true," said Martindale, absently.

He said nothing more, and, having now paced the entire length of the terrace, they descended a flight of stone steps which led down into the garden—a dim, mysterious region, full of white paths, the dark outlines of shrubs, trim, old-fashioned borders, and many sweet-smelling flowers, filling the summer night with incense. "What a charming place!" Martindale exclaimed.

"I cannot imagine what has become of Nina," said Ralph, peering about through the shades.

"Who is that?" asked his companion, as