

## MACKINAC—REVISITED. (A FRAGMENT.)

The sunset gate in shadow lies  
 Before the morning radiance,  
 And shineth still down Michigan  
 The far-off flash of Waugoshance ;  
 But nearer looms a cloudy shape  
 Up from the waves, its outlines draw  
 The tears ;—thy every line I know  
 O purple-hued, beautiful Mackinac !  
 Isle of the north, thy shadowed tints  
 Again I see,—the aisles of pines  
 That sweep around like outer court,  
 The spicy cedars' sharpened lines  
 Of lighter hue, the blue-green spruce  
 In Gothic spires ; and, thick between  
 The banners of the maple leaves  
 That brighten the pines with their summer green.

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O when the time doth come for me  
 To yield obedience to the law  
 Of mortal life, I fain would rest  
 Under thy sod, O Mackinac !  
 I should lie quiet there, and know  
 Thy pine-crowned cliffs were e'er the same,  
 Thy foam-capped waves, St. Ignace point,  
 The western pass in the sunset flame—  
 And ships all gold-tinged sailing down  
 To some fair land beyond the gates.  
 The echo of the evening gun,  
 The twilight falling o'er the Straits,  
 The stars slow rising ; my sealed eyes  
 Lying calm in Death's long trance  
 Would still dream on of Bois-Blanc light  
 And the far-away flash of Waugoshance.  
 O purple isle, through long, long years  
 A wide, wide world I've wandered o'er,  
 From mountains of the western skies  
 To silver sands of southern shore,  
 And—ever sad !—no more I strive,  
 I come again where love doth draw  
 My lonely heart,—O take me back  
 And comfort me, beautiful Mackinac !

*Constance Fenimore Woolson.*