

in his hunting of the Storm Fool, Pau-Puk-Keewis fleeing from Hiawatha :

Sped away in gust and whirlwind,  
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,  
Came unto the rocky headlands,  
To the Pictured Rocks of Sandstone  
Looking over lake and landscape.

And the Manito of mountains  
Opened wide his rocky doorways,  
Opened wide his deep abysses,  
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter  
In his caverns dark and dreary,  
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome  
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then he raised his hands to heaven,  
Called imploring on the tempest,  
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,  
And the thunder, Annemeekee ;  
And they came, with night and darkness,  
Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water,  
From the distant Thunder Mountains ;  
And the trembling Pau Puk-Keewis  
Heard the footsteps of the thunder,  
Saw the red eyes of the lightning.

And Waywassimo, the lightning,  
Smote the doorways of the caverns,  
With his war-club smote the doorways  
Smote the jutting crags of sandstone ;  
And the thunder, Annemeekee,  
Shouted down into the caverns,  
Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis!"

It is something altogether novel to have the spirit of its own national poetry thus associated with scenes of this new world, and breathing over them a living soul akin to that which haunts with such thrilling memories the cave of Staffa and the rocky shores of Iona. The striking, and in some cases, singularly beautiful forms of the Pictured Rocks, have been hewn out of the sand-stone cliffs along the south-eastern shore of the lake, by the prolonged action of the winds and waves sweeping from "the distant Thunder Mountains" of the far north through unrecorded centuries, and exhibit all the fantastic and picturesque variety which is so characteristic of the wave-wrought sculpturings of Nature's architecture. They have been described with considerable minuteness in Messrs. Foster and