

The Book of the Native

And zigzag fence, and rude log barn,
And chip-strewn yard, and cabin gray,
Glowed crimson in the shuddering glare
Of that untimely day.

The boy was hurried from his sleep ;
The horse was hurried from his stall ;
Up from the pasture clearing came
The cattle's frightened call.

The boy was snatched to the saddle-bow.
Wildly, wildly, the father rode.
Behind them swooped the hordes of flame
And harried their abode.