

*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.