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THE FOREST FIRE.

Stephen Chalmers in New York Times.

Last night there was a glimmer on the height,
A mighty glow-worm in the mountain's hair.
It cast a sheen—a ghostly, tree-barred light,
Which quickened to a red and restless flare.
A sullen awe hung heavy on the night—
Save for a wavelike rushing from afar,
A misty clouding of the evening star—
And from his haunt of silence crept the bear.
At dawn to-day a shower fell from heaven,
The mighty glow-worm writhed and hissed and
fumed.
The sun grew red with smoke, and Hell, new-riven,
Breathed of disasters buried and exhumed.
The cattle stood, amassed in fear, undriven,
The birds sat silent 'mong the forest spires,
All silent fell the mighty forest lyres,
And phantoms in the birches whispered, "Doomed!"
To-night the pall has lifted, and the dark
Fades, wildly routed, to the western skies,
And all the east's ablaze, as never lark
Beheld in any dawn. The groans and cries
Of forest giants, battling, stripped and stark,
Against the writhing, red-eyed fiends of flame,
Torture the night with horror, pain and shame,
As on the yellow-hairy Demon flies!
To-night the face of man is blanched with dread,
To-night the soul of man is black despair,
He waits, he hopes, then slowly turns his head,
And mingles with the beasts that from their lair
Have leaped in terror and to safety sped,
As in millennium, in mad afright,
Forgetting kind, they rush on through the night,
While Hell's own banners wave upon the air!