

The Forest Fire

"Father! Father!" he cried aloud.

The howl of the fire-wind answered him
With the hiss of soaring flames, and crash
Of shattering limb on limb.

But still the good horse galloped on,
With sinew braced and strength renewed.
The boy came safe to the river ford,
And out of the deadly wood.

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And now with his kinsfolk, fenced from fear,
At play in the heart of the city's hum,
He stops in his play to wonder why
His father does not come!