

THE FIREMAN.

BY E. J. T.

Clang ! clang ! the bell-notes go
Fire ! fire ! you hear the cry ;
Out with the engine, haste, our foe,
The dread fire-fiend is nigh,
See how the gleaming blood-red glow
O'er spreads the murky sky.

The fighting fever comes to flush
Each brow, thrills every vein,
Hurry, my boys ! and on we rush
Eager the field to gain ;
Water is near, with panting gush
Up-soars the stream again.

Crackle ! crackle ! loud resounds
The roaring of the flame ;
Clang ! clang ! the engine sounds
Striving our foe to tame ;—
With fiery tongues, with leaps and bounds
It hastes its prey to claim.

Hark to that cry ! "A woman there!"
"Oh ! save her ! save my wife !"
What fireman is there would not dare
His own to save a life ?
A ladder soon is raised to bear,
Succour, with danger rife.

He mounts and every voice is still
From terror and alarm :
Now he has reached the window sill,
And has her in his arm,
Down through the flames with dauntless skill
He bears her safe from harm.

The red roof totters, totters—crash !
The roof has fallen in,
But still the waters steady plash
Is heard above the din ;
Upward the flames more fiercely flash,
Fierce glows the fire within.

A dying flicker, quickly drowned ;
And now our work is done ;
Once more our dire foe we have downed,
A life at stake have won ;
We leave the scene with hearts that bound
As gleams the morning sun.