

It checked them there, and a minute to spare
 We had, and a second besides :
 With rites unsaid they buried their dead
 In the graves of their own lank hides.
 They made for him a funeral grim—
 Himself the unbaked meat ;
 And when they were through with their barbecue,
 They started for more to eat !

With voices aflame, once more they came ;
 But faster still we sped,
 And we and our traps dashed home perhaps
 A half a minute ahead.
 My wife I bore through the open door,
 Then turned to the hearth clean swept,
 Where a log-fire glowed in its brick abode—
 By my mother faithfully kept ;
 From its depths raising two fagots blazing,
 I leaped like lightning back ;
 I dashed the brands, with my blistering hands,
 In the teeth of the howling pack.
 "Come on !" I said, " with your fierce lips red,
 Fleaked white with poison foam !
 Waltz to me now, and just notice how
 A man fights for his home !"
 They shrunk with fright from the feel and sight
 O' this sudden volley of flame ;
 With a yell of dread, they sneaked and fled,
 As fast as ever they came.

As I turned around, my wife I found
 Not the eighth of an inch away :
 She looked so true and tender, I knew
 That her heart had come—to stay.
 She nestled more nigh, with love-lit eye,
 And passionate-quivering lip ;
 And I saw that the lout that I cut out
 Had probably lost his grip.