

The Forest Fire

The scorching heat was at their heels ;
The huge roar hounded them in their flight ;
Red smoke and many a flying brand
Flew o'er them through the night.

And past them fled the wildwood forms —
Far-striding moose, and leaping deer,
And bounding panther, and coursing wolf,
Terrible-eyed with fear.

And closer drew the fiery death ;
Madly, madly, the father rode ;
The horse began to heave and fail
Beneath the double load.