

Behind that clump of shady trees,
All tangled by both storm and breeze.'
Still unmoved the father stood.
'To overlook such action would
Encourage others as they play
To pebbles throw in careless way.'
'Yes, father dear, thou knowest best,
Still for the boy I'm sore distressed.
Some evil one hath him beset.
I'll take his place. I'll pay the debt.'
Then held he out his small white hands,
Pleadingly looks, but firmly stands;
And while each stroke draws blood in spurts,
He cries: "Papa, oh, how it hurts!"
But turning to the boy he said:
'You into mischief have been led;
These bleeding hands, scarred, bruised and sore
Have paid it all, please throw no more.'"
But how the Eagle's heart does throb!
Was that a choking, smothered sob?
Then why those long-drawn, peaceful sighs?
While moisture fills his kindly eyes
Does still the wildness of that beat—
"My happiness now is full, complete."
Those words came sudden to my ear;
I started, tho' I felt no fear.
His voice was mellow, mild, composed,
His drooping eyelids slowly closed,
And with his wing he drew me near.
"Your funny dream," he further said,
"Has me to peace unending led."