

285.—THE EAGLE

The eagle seeks an eyry on the top
Of shaggy mountains,—lovers of the sun
Whose ascent steep, and rugged's sorely won,
While death hides ambushed in the downward drop.

The unfledged eaglet novice must not hop,
Or 'long the purlines and the gables run;
For fathoms down, reside in dungeons dun,
His fellows' bones white as the lilies' crop.

'Tis instinct makes him the sun's company love,
And dare to build a rookery 'neath his rays;
That lend Promethean fire to his young brood.
Thus Pentecostal fires light all our days,—
Come from the Son that rose on Holy Rood,
And shines the Light now of the heavens above.