

TO A SCOTTISH GOLDEN EAGLE AT THE
LONDON "ZOO."

Above him stretch the iron strings
That bar him from delight,
He lifts and droops his useless wings
In terrible despite,
And, still upcast, his glittering eye
Explores the freedom of the sky.

Perhaps he sees the lonely cloud
On far Schiehallion's crest
Blown by the gale like some pale shroud
Out of the sea-swept west,
And feels on his expanded wing
The snowflake's bleak delightful sting.

Perhaps above his eyrie, high
On some sea-fronted crag,
He hears the city's distant cry
Break like the tides that drag
The shingle up and down the screes
Of the lone Outer Hebrides.

Beside him in her neighbouring cage
His Chilian cousin broods
On tropic forests rich with age,
On sweeping hills and floods
Wherein all Badenoch should but yield
The little corner of a field.

She cannot hear the waves that break
In white salt-crested foam,
Where the Atlantic thunders shake
The Golden Eagle's home,
Nor the long melancholy sough
Of wind across some Scottish loch.

Only the Golden Eagle knows
These old familiar dreams,
And still within his eye there glows
A life that feels, and seems
To hunger yet for that fair shore
That has betrayed the child it bore.

ISOBEL W. HUTCHISON.

CARLOWRIE, KIRKLISTON,
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