

The Eagle.

An Eagle, young and vibrant with Life, flew down from the azure heights of Heaven and rested on the topmost peak of the highest mountain in the World. He gazed all around, at the glistening Snow, splendid in the radiant Sunshine, he gazed into the vast Spaces, he heard the Songs of Praise that is heard ^{clearly} ~~only~~ from these great Heights, he heard the Music of the Spheres and he ^{beheld} surveyed the Glory of his Maker... His wide wings outstretched, he glorified the Giver of all this Beauty.

Looking downward, he saw the great Trees and the Waterfalls and the wondrous green of the Forest, the Lakes and the shining Flowers....

As he flew towards the dwelling places of the Earth creatures, the dust of the Earth settled on his great wings, he beheld the turmoil around him, for the other Winged creatures desired his death, before all else...in their noisy quarreling, his Spirit saddened, for altho' each one desired to kill him yet, no-one wished to be the leader for the attack...

The Eagle surveyed them as they began to peck and scream at each other, until the silence of the Trees and the sound of the little Water-fall told him, his enemies had vanished...still he remained and contemplated the Beauty around him, he listened to the murmur of the Leaves and the gentle breezes stirring the grass and the never-ending Song of the little Stream...once again his gaze turned upwards and in great, exultant Joy, he opened his wings and shook off the dust of the Earth, and disappeared again into the great and glorious azure heights .

1st effort

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