

## The Two Offerings

What is thy sin? or where the unfounded charge  
Against this frolic creature? How much better  
Is the rich bloodless tribute of my heap.  
Delicious fruits and flowers Divinely graced.  
While, with unsullied purity of purpose,  
Waiting I sit, anticipating light,  
And Heavenly recognition.

*Abel.* Brother, perhaps  
He, the most kind, will have respect to thee,  
And to thy offering. But for myself,  
I have a diverse feeling. I am consoled  
Of the decrepitude that hath befallen  
Our parents and ourselves. We are not now  
The free, offenceless, blest and blissful beings,  
We would have been. The thorn of a decay,  
Has pierced us and we feel it. But, while knowing  
And while lamenting it, I have been taught  
Something emphatic, which I fail to express,  
And faintly comprehend. It is a feeling,  
Or rather, a persuasion, that for all  
Our sad defection and misfortunes, God,  
The Rich One, the Exalted, has prepared  
Some way of good: some outlet from this plight:  
Some stately interchange.

*Cain.* Ah, these must be  
Far straying thoughts, that sail like birds aloft  
Yon glory canopied hills.

*Abel.* And HE has taught us  
To offer up the innocent, and atone—  
Ah, who can know the greatness of our error? —  
With blood of lambs, which may be emblematic.