

The Two Offerings.

We saw strange birds tall as the antlered elk,
With pendulous plumes prodigious. Yes and
others,
Where all the colors of the gem strewn garden
Seemed melted o'er their feathers by the streams
Of golden sunlight.

Chagor. Happened on a fountain
Boiling beneath a rock. The moving sand
Sparkled below the waters crystalline,
Verged with such fragrant roses. O it seemed
Reviving.

Shamar. Could cool founts of Eden, ever
Have been more sweet and pleasant.

Horam. Tell us, mother,
Something of those lost glories and delights.
Eve. If good betide us, at our noon repast,
When in our tent assembled, as we linger
To elude the noontide heat, I will recount
Something, contributing variety
To the smooth hours and careless quietude
Of your young hearts. Regrets belike may add
A pungent flavour: as the past revives
Eclipsed and shadow laden. Until then,
Some tasks require our presence.

Adam. And let each
Repair to the allotted toil. Nor smite,
By trifling or by indolence profane,
The elaborate moments of the ornate days
That beckon us far on, and halt not ever.