

She, first of all our mortal race,
 Learned the ecstasy to trace
 The expanding form of infant grace,
 From her own life-spring fed ;
 To mark each radiant hour,
 Heaven's sculpture still more perfect growing,
 More full of power ;
 The little foot's elastic tread,
 The rounded cheek, like rose-bud glowing,
 The fringed eye with gladness flowing
 As the pure blue fountains roll :
 And then those lisping sounds to hear,
 Unfolding to her thrilling ear
 The strange, mysterious, never-dying soul,
 And with delight intense
 To watch the angel-smile of sleeping innocence.

No more she mourned lost Eden's joy,
 Or wept her cherished flowers,
 In their primeval bowers,
 By wrecking tempest riven :
 The thorn and thistle of the exile's lot
 She heeded not.
 So all absorbing was her sweet employ
 To rear the incipient man, the gift her God had given.

“ CAIN, WHERE IS THY BROTHER ABEL ? ”

WHERE is thy brother Abel ?
 Thou murderer, answer, where ?
 He talked with thee on yonder plain,
 Beside the altar there ;
 Sweet peace was in his eye serene,
 And his heart was fill'd with love ;
 As he pointed thy unbended soul
 To Him, who reigns above.

Where is thy brother Abel ?
 Thou fratricide, ah ! where ?
 Thy heart, in childhood's earlier hours,
 His joy or grief could share ;
 Ye danced beneath the same green tree ;
 In the same bower ye played ;
 And oft have wandered hand in hand,
 Beneath the grove's deep shade.