

The Two Offerings.

With a clear record, have I need to bring
A bleeding sacrifice, such as my parents,
With gathered branches, often dedicate,
Amidst the tongues of a dissolving flame?
They need it possibly—for they have erred.
But never indeed have I. My life is faultless,
All perfectly attired and unoffending.
My deeds have a vitality and purpose,
Securing the goodwill and generous friendship
Of the High Personage who walked and talked
Amidst flower hidden tents.

[Arranges and decorates the pile with flowers.]

This adds a grace.

*[Standing, with arms extended towards the
cherubim and gate of Paradise.]*

THUS have I heaped the fruits of many trees,
The products of the fields: and ask of Thee,
O thou most Mighty One, some grateful token
Of blessing and of favor. In my heart,
I bring the confidence of well deserving,
And in my arms, the bounty of my fields.
Do I not serve Thee perfectly and well?

[Removes a few paces from the offering.]

Is not my harvest better than slain lambs?
These offerings bleat not as I lead them hither.
There is no torture in this gentle tribute.
My gift is not ensanguined. No disquiet
Precedes it; and no gushings save of streams
That dash in beauty to the green glad valley.
Cherish I not the uprightness within?

[Advances with outspread arms.]