

countenance, when upon my bosom its heart opened itself to me for the first time. Adam, is this called death? O, then the death of the righteous is only the second development for the more beautiful blossoms of a new life."

Thus spake the mother of the living, and they both wept sore, and laid Abel's corpse in the bosom of the earth, and the lambs mourned around their shepherd. But on his grave bloomed the flower of the field.

## 2. ADAM AND THE CHERUB OF PARADISE.

When Abel lay in his blood, and Adam stood beside the slain and wept, then came the Cherub of Paradise to the father of the human race and silently placed himself beside him, and his appearance was serious. But Adam lifted up his countenance and said, "Is this an image of the race that shall spring from me? And shall a brother's blood surely again drench the earth, shed by a brother's hand?"

The Cherub answered, "Thou sayest it."

"Ah! by what name, then, will they designate the horrid deed?" enquired Adam.

With a tear in his eye, the heavenly one answered, "War!"

Then the father of the human race shuddered, sighed, and said, "Ah, why, then, must the righteous fall by the hand of the unrighteous?"

The Cherub was silent.

But Adam immediately proceeded in his lamentation, and said, "What remains for me except complaint on this blood-drenched earth?"

The Cherub answered and said, "Then glance upward." Thereupon he vanished.

But Adam stood still till the going down of the sun, and when the stars appeared he stretched out his hands towards Orion and the Wain, and cried, "O ye glittering watchers in the gate of heaven, why wander ye so silently? O can a mortal not hear the sound of your voice, as it speaks of the land that lies beyond, and of Abel the beloved?" Then there was still a greater tranquility all around, and Adam threw himself on his face and prayed, and he felt in his heart a gentle word, "Behold, Abel, thy son liveth!"

Then he departed consoled from thence, and his soul was calm and free of sadness.

## 3. CAIN'S COMPLAINT.

When Cain dwelt in the land Nod, beyond Eden, towards the east, he sat one day under a turpentine tree, and supported his head with his hand and sighed. But his wife went out to seek him, and she carried her infant, Enoch, on her arm. When she had found him, she stood long beside him under the turpentine tree, and heard Cain's sighing.

Then she said to him, "Cain, why dost thou sigh, and is there no end of thy complaints?" Then he terrified, raised his head and said, "Ah! is it thou Zilla? Behold my sin is greater than it can be forgiven me!" and when he had said this, he again drooped his head and covered his eyes with the hollow of his hand. But his wife said with a softer voice, "Ah! Cain, the Lord is merciful and of great goodness."

When Cain heard these words, he started anew, and said, "O, shall ever thy tongue be a sting which shall pierce me through the heart?" But she answered, "That be far from me. Therefore do hear, Cain, and look around thee. Does not our seed flourish, and have we not already the second time reaped plentifully? Is then the Lord not gracious, and does he not treat us very kindly?"

Cain answered, "To thee, Zilla, to thee, and to thy Enoch! not to me! I perceive only in his goodness how far I was from him, when I—Abel slew."

Then Zilla interrupted him, and said, "Cultivatest thou not, then, the field, Cain, and scatterest thou not the seed in the furrow; and on thee shines the day-blush, as in Eden, and the dew glitters on the flower and stalk."

"Ah Zilla, my poor wife," replied Cain, "I see in the day-blush only the bloody head of Abel, and in the dew there hangs for me on every stalk a tear, and on every flower a bloody drop! And when the sun rises, I see behind me, in my shadow, Abel, the murdered, and before me, I, myself, who slew him.—Has not the rippling of the brook a voice which mourns for Abel; and, on the other hand, sweeps there not past me his song in the breeze of the cool wind? Ah! more dreadful than the word of wrath which spake in thunder, and cried to me, 'Where is thy brother Abel?' is to me the gentle voice, which above all, floats around me.—And the night comes—ah, it surrounds me like a dark grave, and all around me is a kingdom of death, which encloses me alone!—Only noon-day is my hour, when the sun's rays are perpendicular, and perspiration falls into the person and no shadows surround me."

Then said Zilla, "O Cain, my beloved, see yonder come our lambs! white as the lillies of the field, and their udders full of milk; they frisk joyfully to the sheepfold, in the glittering of the evening-red."

Cain looked up with a staring glance, and cried, "Ah, these are Abel's sheep! Are they not red with Abel's blood? Ye bleaters, mourn about Abel! Is it not the voice of complaint? What can Cain then hear?"

Then Zilla wept and said, "Am I not Zilla, thy wife, who loves thee?"

But he replied, "How canst thou love Cain who does not love himself? What hast thou from me except tears and sighs? How canst thou love Cain who slew Abel?"

Then she held out to him, Enoch, their little child, and the child smiled on his father.

Then Cain threw himself upon his face under the turpentine tree, and sobbed and cried, "Ah, even still the smile of innocence must I see! It is not the smile of Cain's son—it is Abel's smile—it is Abel's smile whom

Cain slew!" Thus he cried and lay silent with his face on the earth.—But Zilla leaned herself on the turpentine tree—for she trembled exceedingly—and their tears flowed on the earth.

## 4. THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

Malvina stood with her father before a lily which blossomed under a rose bush. Dazzling white like a beam of light, the beautiful blossom raised its open fragrant cup. Above it hung a powerful full-blown rose, and it cast a reddish glitter on the tender silvery leaves of the lily, and thus also both flowers shed a fragrance on one another.

"O what a beautiful union cried Malvina," and smiling bent down her head to the flower. "It is the union of innocence and love," replied her father. Then they stood silently before the flower.

In the meantime, Oscar entered into the garden. Malvina's peaceful lover. Then a red hue fled to Malvina's cheek, like the rose's glitter on the lily. The father saw it and said, "Very truly, Malvina, have the flowers a speech and a countenance."

"For innocence and love," continued Oscar.

## 5. TEARS.

Hillel wandered in a clear moon and starlight night with his disciple, Sadi, among the gardens of Mount Olivet.

Then said Sadi, "See yonder man, in the beams of the moon, what does he do?"

Hillel said, "It is Zadok; he sits on the grave of his son and weeps." "Can Zadok, then," said the young man, "not moderate his sorrow? The people call him righteous and wise. . . . Hillel said, "Shall he therefore not feel the smart?"

"But," inquired Sadi, "what pre-eminence has the wise man, there, over the fool?" "There," answered the teacher; "See, the bitter tears from his eyes fall to the earth, but, his countenance is raised to Heaven."

## 6. THE SEVEN LITTLE CHILDREN.

In the early morning, when the twilight commenced, a pious householder, with his wife, rose from their nightly couch, and they thanked God for the new day and refreshing sleep. But, the day blush beamed into the bed-chamber, and seven little children lay in their bed and slept.

Then the mother looked upon the little children, in turn, and said, "Are they seven in number? Ah, it will be very difficult for us to nourish them." The father also sighed. For there was a famine in the land.

But the father smiled and said, "See, lie they not and slumber all seven? And they have all alike red cheeks, and the day-blush flows in again upon them, that they may appear still more beautiful and like seven blooming little roses. . . . Mother, this certainly shows us, that He who created the day-blush and sends sleep, is faithful and without variation."

And when they came from the bed-chamber, there stood in the passage, fourteen shoes in a row, always smaller and smaller, namely, two for every little child. Then the mother looked that there were so many, and she wept.

But the father answered and said, "Mother, why weepest thou?—Have they not all, the seven, received round and active little feet, how should we then distress ourselves about their covering? Have not the little children clearly confidence in us; how should we then not confide in him who can do more than we can ask and think? See! his sun comes. Well, let us also begin our daily course like him, with a joyful countenance."

They thus spoke and wrought, and God blessed their labour, that they had sufficient with their children. For faith elevates the heart, and love imparts strength.

H.

## THE MISERY OF THE UNCONVERTED.

Absolute misery, and unalloyed pleasure are conditions which have never been fully realised in this world. To every human being, in the outset of life, perfect enjoyment seems a possible attainment, at least; but, in what it consists, and how it is to be obtained, are questions which seldom, or never receive a practical answer. The young man, buoyant with hope, imagines true pleasure to be at no great distance in the shape of wealth, honour, or fame, and that only vigorous, earnest effort must secure the glittering prize. The spasmodic effort is put forth; but, the imagined good either eludes the grasp, or, if obtained, completely fails to secure the pleasure it promised in anticipation. Life advances, and the struggle becomes still more earnest; the water of life seems, at a distance, to reflect the pure azure of Heaven; but, as the thirsty traveller approaches, it is only the deceitful mirage of the desert. The heaven on which the weary pilgrim gazes wears a leaden hue, seems a "vault of ice," and, as he approaches the end of his journey, the shadows of the tomb fall deeper and darker on his path: the light of his own mind, in which he had walked—mistaking it for the light of inspiration—like the twinkling of the foolish virgins' lamps, goes out in smoke; "strange Gorgon faces of earnest Destiny the more and more rising round him, and the time for sport is past." The truth is, that the cup of human existence is filled to the brim with pleasure and gall. The plea-