

The Two Offerings.

Think not so sadly of it.

Yachal. How fares Chamam ?

Eve. Son Chamam—of my Cain, of Cain my first born.

Hither, my boy: how dainty is thy cheek !
Resembling thy sweet mother's lovely Nisseth.
Dear lad, be not so fiery as thy father.
Impeach thy name, for it seems ominous
Of nothing very gracious.

Chamam. Mother, nay !

Hasty I am not. How I love the sport
With pebbles to earth the birds that fly so nimbly,
And quell their merry throats.

Eve. Child, that is naughty,
And not to be commended.

Horam. We remember
Hearing you sometimes speak with our sage father
Of things so wonderful !

Yachal. May we not hear them,
On this green bank ? Fairer art thou than we,
Though our kind brothers call us beautiful.
And they are not so handsome as our father,
Although we love them better.

Chagor. Even prettier,
Were you, dear mother, when in those rich bowers;
Or was our father, when you saw him first,
Endowed with nobler symmetry ?

Eve. Be good,
Sweet children, and be glad. Enough is left
To please us and to bless. What precious things,
The Kind One has preserved to us ! Sometime