

The Two Offerings.

What troubles thee, my firstborn ? Can I do
Aught that will give thee gladness ?

Cain. Mother, where
Slinks the bland python that once cheated thee,
And robbed us all of glory ? I will meet him,
And cripple him with my club !

Eve. Alas, my son,
He was too shrewd for me : beware ! even thou,
Mayest by his guile be foiled..

Cain. I do'nt believe it.
I feel a surly rancor that shall match him.
Eve. My son my Cain, alas, that I could see thee
Cheerful and loving, as when yet a prattler,
I nursed thee on my knees ; and from my bosom
Fed thee in joyful hope.

Cain. Mother, no more !

Strides off.

Eve. Ah, I have dreamed about him frequently.
Alas, this dark deportment !

(*Enter ADAM.*) Come, my lord,
Toil craves some rest. Sit by me.

Adam. Was that Cain,
Who seems exasperated and extreme,
Kavah my gentlest, and goes o'er the hill
With hasty strides ?

Eve. 'Tis he indeed, my lord,
Proud and disdainful.

Adam. Meditating ill ?
Surely not 'gainst that brother whose meek words
Hang like a sunset splendor on the cloud
That hides a sullen purpose ?

Eve. Adam, I fear it,