

The Two Offerings.

We named him Abel, thus to train our spirits
To the expectancies of death and sorrow.
Oft, very often, has my heart upheaped,
By births by double births of sons and daughters,
But yet the first two hold preeminence.

[*Enter running* CHAGOR and YACHAL.

Chagor, my boy—alack! hast torn thy garment?
Unsoil those feet and hands in yonder rill,
And come to me again. And Yachal,—ah,
My romping girl! big drops of sweat are ready
To traverse those flushed cheeks.

Yachal. Yes, dear my mother,
But why seem you so sad: and all else gay?
The birds are musical, the lambs and kids
Gambol and hide mid flowers. Now dearest
mother, [Enter HORAM.]

Tell us of those rare walks, those trelaced paths
Pebbled with gems, deep fringed with odorous
plants,
Of exquisite beauty

Horam. Mother, O yes.

Eve. Alas!

The dream is dead the golden day is set,
The fangs of want have seized us, Life now
shuns us. [Enter CHAMAM.

For you I weep, my darlings.

Chagor. No! sweet Mother,
All is not lost, rich love survives to bless us,