

THE CRY OF CAIN.

Even, O God, from me, the wanderer,
Even from me stained with a brother's blood,
Even from me who sought to flee Thy curse,
At last from me accept an offering !
Even from me whose fruit Thou didst disdain,
From me who thought acceptance was my due,
From me who met divine rebuke with hate,
From me, a rebel, ruthless, impotent ;
From me who through these weary, barren years
Have borne Thy brand upon my wasted brow,
Yet fiercely kept my impious head unbent,
Defiant of the lightning and the gloom ;
Despising all the pity of my kind,
And hopeless of the mercy of my God ;
Rearing a doomed and godless progeny
Far off from Eden in this land of Ind.

But now a dream, that tortures with new pain
My spirit in its cold trance of despair,
Shows me the endless chain of woe which hangs
From that first link forged by this cruel hand.
Into Thy world who brought the taint of blood,
Into Thy world bring I the scourge of WAR !
I see the legions mustering for the strife,
And hear the battle-cries in unknown tongues.
I hear the call of glory and of greed,
Ambition's pleadings thrilling patriots' hearts ;
The summons of religion to destroy
Rings from the brazen throat of Lucifer !
I hear the wailing of the fatherless,
And desolate curses upon me, the sire
Of carnage, and the moan of maids who weep
For death of lovers and undying love !
I see the flames of temples flare and fade,
And in the waning light the expectant eyes
Of Pest and Hunger glisten ; and hard by
Vultures and wolves on writhing valor prey.