

THE TWO OFFERINGS.

SCENE IV.

A thicket by a rock. CAIN standing : a club in his hand : scattered fruits and flowers lying at his feet. CHAMAM approaching.

Cain. **THUS** is my glory crushed !

Chamam, (entering.) Father, shall I
Pick up these fruits and take them to our tent ?

Cain. No—leave them, and be gone.

A VOICE. Why art thou wroth ?
Why is thy countenance fallen ? If well thou
doest,
Shall there not be uplifting ? But if not,
Sin crouches at the door ! Thee he desires !
And rule thou over him.

Cain. Who spoke so near me ? —
I know ! —

Alas, my pride is trodden down.
My spirit flounders on the muddy flats.
The river of my hope is shrunk and fled.
I am o'ertopt and baffled.

Eve, (entering suddenly.) O my Cain !