

THE TWO OFFERINGS.

SCENE II.

Bank of a River.

Enter EVE. Sits on a stone, under a clump of vine wreathed trees. Sounds and glimpses of children and others in the openings.

Eve. FIRST, and both singly born. And yet
how different!

Cain is the sturdy one, the proud and lofty.
He stoops not and he soars. Now like the eagle,
Looks from behind the cloud : but gathers
something

Of blackness that befits not. Once I thought him
The promised Seed. Alas, I fear me now !
He was the first who leapt into my arms.
I joyed, and I believed he was the man,
That Seed the serpent's head destined to bruise.
Quickly another son succeeded him.

And this seemed ominous, a sign, a signal.
And rather interposed amidst my hopes,
As if they might be premature. And so