

The Two Offerings.

But O look down, respect the sacrifice,
Which seems foreshadowing things mysterious,
Beauteous and glorious, that I dream not of.
Stoop down, O God, and through the offering
Accept the unworthy offerer.

Cain. Abel—ah—

See ! a bright flame consumes the sacrifice,
With the green faggots and the flower clad fronds.
But mine is unapproached, is unregarded.
What can I think ? And will He still refuse
Those upiled goodly fruits ?

My heart is bitter.

What has this simple lad to recommend him,
That I have not, and I the elder too ?
My soul is stirred and muddy as a pool,
When blinding clouds roar madly as they rush
With drenching bursts, and smite the huddled
herds.

A levin flash dips from my murky thoughts.
Yes ! indignation winged and heated, points
My soul against the boy.