

THE CROWNING TEST.

Yes coat of mail and helmet and habergeon.
And sword that flits and flings the fiery sun
In mimic flaws. What say you now, sweet mother?
Absence will give such prestige, prowess—hark.
Twill be such zest to tell you!—Bless me now.—

Sarah.

My God, go with my darling. No—come back.
Give me one kiss—nay, hundreds—Bless my son,
God bless my Isaac. God return him safely.

Abraham.

My wife my princess, at this early hour
We leave our wide encampments for a little :
Abandon all to God. His love high walls us.

Sarah.

My dearest lord. Be careful of my Isaac.

*The Patriarch, mounted with the two
servants and Isaac, each loaded, move off.*

Sarah, waiting

Slowly the simple cavalcade moves on.
Through the gray distance I am watching them.