

The Easy Path.

Once upon a time there were two children, a boy and a girl, ready to start climbing a long mountain path to reach their home before night should come. They lived with their parents far up among the trees on the mountain side. A brook ran near the house—so near that they could hear it singing to them each night when they were lying in their beds.

As they started to climb upward to their home, they saw something lying in the path. As they came near, they saw it was a boy, and when they stood over him, they recognized him as a friend and neighbor, who also lived high up on the mountain and whose house, like theirs, stood near the running brook. The boy lay there with his eyes closed, looking very white and tired. His clothes were torn and his hands and feet scratched and bleeding.

'What has happened to you?' asked the girl, leaning over the boy.

'I have been walking so far that I thought I couldn't go any farther,' answered the boy feebly. Then he opened his eyes, and seeing his friends he told them how and what was the matter in these words: 'I started on the way home yesterday and got as far as this when I saw that path over there (pointing to one that led in another direction) and as I did not feel like climbing, I took it. You see how it runs along the mountain instead of going up as steep as this one. Well, I had often wanted to try it, and so I went that way. At first it was so pleasant, for the road was level and flowers grew along it and birds sang in the sunshine. But after a long while, I saw that instead of going up toward home, I had been travelling down farther and farther into the valley, and I knew that I could not reach my home before the sun had set. But I ran back as hard as I could, and when it grew dark I kept losing the path, and so I tore my clothes and scratched my hands and feet on the thorns and briars growing by the roadside. When night came, I had to sleep right where I was. This morning I hurried back to this path,



A Sad Journey.

The old man in the picture looks very sad. God has told him to do a very strange thing indeed. He is to take his dear son Isaac and offer him up as a burnt-offering to God.

God did not wish Isaac to be killed, but He wished to try if Abraham would obey Him even in such a thing as this.

Abraham took his son, and told him to carry the wood while he himself carried the fire for the sacrifice.

But Isaac saw that they had no lamb to offer, so he asked his father

but when I found it I felt too tired to climb it alone, so I have been resting here until some one should come along.'

As the boy told this long story, the boy and girl felt so sorry for their friend that they were ready

where it was. He did not know that he was to be offered himself.

Abraham only said, 'My son, God will provide Himself a lamb,' and they went on their way.

When everything was ready, Abraham took his son and was going to offer him up. But God stopped him. He had seen that Abraham would obey Him in everything, and now He made great promises of the blessings He would send on Abraham.

How glad Abraham must have been! Let us never forget that God will bless us all if we obey Him.—'Our Little Dots.'

to help him to his feet, and then each taking an arm they began the climb up the steep narrow path.

'I am so glad you have told us about that other road that looks so pleasant,' said the girl, 'for I have often wanted to try it'