

Abraham answered : " The Lord our Guide,
A fitting holocaust will provide."

The altar made and the fuel laid,
Lo ! the victim stretched thereon
Is Abraham's son, his only one,
Who at morning's blushing dawn,
Had started with smiles that care defied,
To travel on at his father's side.

With grief-struck brow, the Patriarch now,
Bares the sharp and glittering knife.
On that mournful pyre, oh hapless Sire !
Must he take his darling's life ;
Will fails not, though his eyes are dim,
God gave his Boy—he belongs to Him.

With anguish riven, he casts towards heaven,
One look, imploring wild,
That doth mutely pray for strength, to slay
His own, aye ! his only child ;
When forth on the air swells a glad command,
And an angel stays his trembling hand.

The offering done—father and son
Come down Mount Moriah's steep,
Joy gleaming now on Abraham's brow,
In his heart thanksgiving deep ;
Whilst from His far and resplendent Throne,
With love, Heaven's King on both looks down.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

" Ah me ! My son, my son !
Pitiless light pours down the burning sky,
And water there is none."

" My mother ! is it night ?"
" Th' accursèd sun hath blinded his sweet eyes,
Those living wells of light.

" Night in the midst of noon,—
O would that it were death, that he might wake
No more out of his swoon.