

THE CROWNING TEST.

A Drama.

SCENE II.

EARLY MORNING.

On the way.

Abraham.

THE sun not yet has risen on our journey,
And the cool wings of night, still slowly flying
Pass from the East away.

Isaac. My honored Father,
Sit you at ease with comfort? Are the saddle
And the caparison quite to your mind?
Heman and I were careful: but implaced them
By torch light, ere the day star had arisen.
We were solicitous of your approval
Throughout the preparations. Are they pleasing?

Abraham.

They are, my son. Your care and diligence,
Are filial, and are honorable to both.
Caleb as well. Perhaps the waterskin
May prove too heavy for you, in the glare
And fervor of the noontide.

Isaac.

No, dear Father.