

GOING DOWN FROM JERUSALEM

colors. It was presently dark; and here, again, all roundabout, was the same dear mystery of stars. Rachid called us to the fire, which crackled its own invitation to the warmth and shifting red light in a voice of persuasive cheerfulness; and we sat down in the sand, as we had these many nights, in the company of all those who travelled with us and of whatsoever wanderers would be entertained at our table. Rachid crooned a love-song, to which we listened, stirred but uncomprehending, and thereafter recited with relish a composition which set forth the heroism of the younger *khawaja* in the bloody engagement of that day (who had been no hero at all); and Mustafa, that entertaining camel-driver, related his last informing story; and Corporal Ali, the Soudanese, now first disclosed his princely descent, as to a circle of eternal friends, adding a diverting explanation of his situation of servitude with the English; and the younger *khawaja* indulgently performed tricks of magic, to the delight of little Ahmed, the camel-boy; and big Ali Mahmoud told laughable tales which Aboosh would not repeat, though they convulsed the whole company. These delights of evening recurred as when we travelled the remoter sands and there was no lapping water, no red and green lights drifting by, no morning prospect of farewell and haste and noise, no neighborhood of dwellings, but only the vacant desert, lying infinitely roundabout under the stars.

Aboosh was withdrawn from our company by the