

went on to say that it was the astrologer's wife who had sent for him, and then he gasped out :

"Hora? Is my son then likewise stricken?"

The priest then bent his head, and both his hearers wept bitterly, for the old man was bereft of his first-born son, and the lad of a tender father.

But when the boy, trembling with fear, fell sick and sorrowing on his grandfather's breast, the elder hastily freed him from his embrace and went to the trap door; for although the priest had announced himself as the messenger of death, it needs more than the bare word of another to persuade a father to give up all hope of life for his child. The old man went quickly down the stone stairs, through the lofty halls and wide courts of the temple; and the lad followed him, although his shaking knees could scarcely carry his seivered frame. The blow which had fallen within his own little circle had made the old man forget the fearful portent which threatened the whole world perhaps with ruin; but the boy could not get rid of the vision; even when he had passed the first court, and was in sight of the outermost pylons, to his terrified and anxious soul it seemed as though the shadows of the obelisks were spinning round, while the two stone statues of King Rameses on the corner piers of the great gate beat time with the crook in his hand.

At this the lad dropped fever-stricken on the ground. A convulsion distorted his features and tossed his slender frame to and fro in frantic spasms; and the old man, falling on his knees, while he guarded the curly head from striking the hard stone flags, moaned in a low voice: "Now, it has fallen on him."

Suddenly he collected himself and shouted aloud for help, but in vain, and again in vain. At last his voice fell; he sought consolation in prayer. Then he heard a sound of voices from the avenue of sphinxes leading to the great gate, and new hope revived in his heart.

Who could it be who was arriving at so late an hour?

Mingled with cries of grief the chanting of priests fell on his ear, the tinkle and clatter of the metallic sistrum shaken by holy women in honor of the god, and the measured footfall of men praying as they marched on.

A solemn procession was approaching. The astrologer raised his eyes, and after glancing at the double line of