

Great Night Watchman, see the wild flowers he loved so well are trampled under foot, and are all drooping, yes drooping, for they are covered with his blood.

Why, Great Night Watchman, there is no longer any Night. See, it is Day already, and see, there is no longer any blood, for the sweet early dew has washed it all away.

O Great Night Watchman, if you depart when it becomes day, canno you hear our cry? And if you hear, canno you answer? And if you will not answer, do you understand?

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The men who found them understood. They found a wild-faced man, all blood-stained, clasping the dead boy to him in his arms. The light of reason had left his eyes for some time being, they were burning bright with the light of madness.

With a long Arab gun he beat wildly about above his head where, high up, two vultures hovered, threatening to swoop down upon them.

With shrill inarticulate curses, he defied the evil things, and only stopped to hug the small dead body closer to him.

Hassan Ben understood only too well.

"Separate the dead child from him very gently," commanded Hassan Ben, in Arabic, "for, behold, the little child's light was even as the light of our master's eyes. Carry him away also into the house, he is not greatly hurt."

They buried him beside the wall of the garden of El Gezireh, where the wild flowers would grow around him for ever.

They wrapped him in the costly garment of an Arab King. It was a silken robe of bright vermilion and azure blue, with a purple fringe; it had been a royal covering.

They placed some of the sweet spices, he had gathered for himself often in this his last resting-place.

They put no cross there, for every evening the sun threw the shadow of the great stone wall of El Gezireh upon the ground where the wild flowers grew most plentifully, and the deep shadow was itself a cross.

None of the Arabs knew how to spell his name. So, when