

heard the familiar cry, "Balak, saiyid Musa, (Out of the way for Saiyid Musa)." But the girl's voice broke and her heart was heavy within her, for the old man was weary and the shadow of death was on his face. Soon he must answer the questioning Angels of the Tomb, Munkir and Nakir. But nothing could persuade him to return to his rest. Leaning heavily on the girl's shoulder, and grimly fighting the heavy hand that was dragging him down, he at length reached the cave. With sad eyes Uyuni watched him. At the cave's mouth he prostrated himself, almost falling, and the dark arches began to stir to the rhythm of his prayer. What intensity of feeling lay in that sonorous voice, to-day, what anguished appeal, what supreme devotion and faith. On a sudden the old man stretched forth his arms, while a great light shone on his face.

"Hail, Imam," he cried aloud and sank slowly forward on his face.