

You will not find peace through a shade of Sheol.

SAUL. If you have pity on my troubled soul,
Call Samuel! aye, from the doors of death!
[Loruhamah bends at the feet of the statue as in silent prayer, Saul watching her. Doeg reveals a tense and straining curiosity. Abner is restless and fearful.]

LORUHAMA. Out of the vast of the invisible,
O Mother Ashtoreth, send Samuel!
[The light of the lamps dies down and a shadow falls on the floor of the cave.]

ABNER *[to Doeg]*.

My blood is touched with chill of icy death!

LORUHAMA. By all the unlit altars of the gods
Who shrink from dread Jehovah, I command
The shade of Samuel!
[The lights flicker and go out. A moaning of wind is heard.]

ABNER *[to Saul]*.

Hence from the peril!

LORUHAMA. Lift up thy hand, O Mother Ashtoreth,

And open wide the gates of Sheol!

[Muttering of thunder with gleams of lightning.]

MICHAEL *[appearing from behind the statue]*.

Oh!

[She falls swooning to the floor.]

LORUHAMA *[with a loud cry]*.