

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 Ash-
toreth,

And open wide the gates of Sheol!

[*Muttering of thunder with gleams of lightning.*]

MICHAL [appearing from behind the statue].

Oh!

[*She falls swooning to the floor.*]

LORUHAMA [with a loud cry].