

into the humble plot of ground, and then said in a subdued voice what a lovely creature but what is she doing with the old man he seems to be praying, and she first holds a handkerchief before his mouth, and then rubs his temples. and how unhappy she looks the paraschites must be ill, replied bent anat. he must have had too much wine down at the feast, said rameri laughing. no doubt of it only look how his lips tremble, and his eyes roll. it is hideous he looks like one possessed. it was thought that the insane were possessed by demons. a stele admirably treated by f. de rouge exists at paris, which relates that the sister in law of rameses iii., who was possessed by devils, had them driven out by the statue of chunsu, which was sent to her in asia. he is unclean too said nefert. but he is a good, kind man, with a tender heart, exclaimed the princess eagerly. i have enquired about him. he is honest and sober, and i am sure he is ill and not drunk. now she is standing up, said rameri, and he dropped the paper lantern which he had bought at a booth. step back, bent anat, she must be expecting some one. did you ever see any one so very fair, and with such a pretty little head. even her red hair becomes her wonderfully; but she staggers as she stands she must be very weak. now she has sat down again by the old man, and is rubbing his forehead. poor souls look how she is sobbing. i will throw my purse over to them. no, no exclaimed bent anat. i gave them plenty of money, and the tears which are shed there cannot be staunched with gold. i will send old asnath over to morrow to ask how we can help them. look, here comes the procession, nefert. how rudely the people press as soon as the god is upon your soul ameni returned to his room. he walked restlessly to and fro. on a little table lay a mirror; he looked into the clear metal pane, and laid it back in its place again, as if he had seen some strange and displeasing countenance. the events of the last few hours had moved him deeply, and shaken his confidence in his unerring judgment of men and things. the priests on the other bank of the nile were bent anats counsellors, and he had heard the princess spoken of as a devout and gifted maiden. her incautious breach of the sacred institutions had seemed to him to offer a welcome opportunity for humiliating a member of the royal family. now he told himself that he had undervalued this young creature that he had behaved clumsily, perhaps foolishly, to her; for he did not for a moment conceal from himself that her sudden change of demeanor resulted much more from the warm flow of her sympathy, or perhaps of her, affection, than from any recognition of her guilt, and he could not utilize her transgression with safety to himself, unless she felt herself guilty. nor was he of so great a nature as to be wholly free from vanity, and his vanity had been deeply wounded by the haughty resistance of the princess. when he commanded pentaur to meet the princess with words of reproof, he had hoped to awaken his ambition through the proud sense of power over the mighty ones of the earth. and now how had his gifted admirer, the most hopeful of all his disciples, stood the test. the one ideal of his life, the unlimited dominion of the priestly idea over the minds of men, and of the

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