

Now seven fair orbs in radiant circles set
Whell round the proud celestial Minaret
And from the slarry tapers of the sky
The lamp of Night Columns her beams on high
At the time of sunset the Shah of the sunlike
countenance dissolved the festive party and
returned to the palace and every one went
to his own abode The Shah was in a straw-
-quil slumber when a tempest and whirlbound
arose and the thunder began to resound &
dreadfully and the face of the earth was
still and black after some time the violence
of the wind and rain abated and the voice
of the thunder ceased when the Shah being
awake suddenly heard a voice of lamentation
and as he listened to the voice seemed evidently
to proceed from a soul in deep distress The
Shah arose and entered the hall of audience
where he found Div Joz He instantly
laid hold of his hand and conducted him
to his own chamber Listen said he what
voice is that which I hear Div Joz answered
it is the same voice which I have heard these
several nights but I was unwilling to
attend to it without your permission If
however