

LITTLE SISTER SNOW

lenge to race to the foot. Stern-faced images, grim of aspect, stared at her as she climbed, but Yuki San kept gravely on her way until she reached the open door of the great silent temple.

The faint light of the early morning had scarce penetrated the shadows that clung about the gorgeous hangings and rich symbols of this ancient place of worship. A white-robed priest, oblivious to all save his own meditations, paid little heed to the childlike figure as it knelt before the cold, calm, unchanging image of the great Buddha.

For a moment Yuki San moved her lips. Still kneeling, she drew from her sash the red *furoshikè* and took from it a small morocco note-book.