

## EPILOGUE.

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This grey-blue feather with its silver clasp,  
Mounted by Liberty in London, see!  
Gleaming in the white sunlight on the ground  
Beside the Gate of Peace in Futtchpur,  
Our friend picked up these trophies of her quest  
And brought them home for gifts, as signs and seals  
Of far-winged comradeship.

O gentle friends,  
You who know much now of the search for peace,  
And in the difficult art of life have learned  
How beauty is the fittest guise of good,  
And good the utmost truth, what signify  
Our keepsakes from the ancient brooding East?  
A mystic fleck from inspiration's wing,  
A little modern skill to hold it fast,  
With best of all a loving heart's warm care  
That linked them thus as emblems of its faith,  
Wherein, whoever seeks the Gate of Peace,  
Content to travel by the happy signs  
On Allah's highway through this modern world,  
May find it through the code of loyalty  
To wisdom, joy, and blessed loveliness.

Another gate of peace, of threefold make,  
Prologue and tale and epilogue, is here  
Set up for fellow farers on the road,  
Inscribed with grateful heart to M. P. K.