

THE HOUSE OF THE MISTY STAR

bird from the spirit land called to its mate and heard the soft thrill of the answer. The singing breeze swayed the cloud of cherry bloom, sending showers of petals to earth, covering the grim old stone image, making giant pink mushrooms of the low lanterns.

How lonely a thing would have been the Spirit of Spring had it not walked hand in hand with the Spirit of Love!

In the white moonlight sifting through the pines I saw Page and Zura in my garden on their last night in old Japan — destinies, begun afar, fulfilled beneath the shadows of the smiling gods.

"But think what love will do to them both," had once said the foolishly wise little missionary.

And now it has all come to pass.

Once again I am alone, yet never lonely, for my blessings are unmeasured. I have my work. I have love, and The House of the Misty Star holds the precious jewel of memory.

THE END