

the Joss house, "glowerin' round wi' prudent care" as we went, "lest bogles catch us unaware," groping in huddling confusion through unsavory mazes, narrow, tortuous, murky, full of unimaginable abominations, and catching glimpses through dusty windows of groups of "Johns" revelling in forbidden "Fan-tan." Inside the temple the great "Joss" looked complacently down on a table piled high with fruit and other offerings. The idol and the altar which held him were a solid mass of gilded carving too heathenishly beautiful to describe in English. Framed prints that might be mottos or injunctions to keep away from the provisions hung in rows from the ceiling. The centre of attraction seemed to be a great transparent lantern, in which innumerable figures of beasts, birds and devils were doing their best to represent perpetual motion. Behind the idol and altar our prying feet strayed into a small dark room, and instantly the shuffling "floor-walker" of the sacred precincts bore down upon us with uneasiness in his countenance, but as he laid no commands upon us we concluded to follow the "trail."

With our noses we soon discovered another room back of this. Uncle, unabashed, felt around until he found a door, and we stepped into a luxurious little opium den evidently belonging to some of the high priests. Dishes of fruit and pots of blooming Chinese lilies stood about the room, and on the divan reclined two richly dressed Chinamen, who gazed at us from the seventh heaven of the opium smoker with eyes that saw not. The heat, the overpowering odor of the flowers mingled with the fumes of opium turned us faint and dizzy and we beat a hasty retreat, leaving them "alone with their glory."

One more call finished our list, and here the worthy Celestials added cigars to the "menu," urging us cordially to sit down and fumigate. After partaking of all the delicacies we could swallow, and much more than we could digest, they bountifully bestowed upon us fresh supplies to carry home.

The uproar for urging the Chinatown devil to "move on" was still in full blast, but we did not linger. We had seen all we wanted, smelled a great deal more than we wanted, and were thoroughly and permanently convinced that in *all* his ways and works

"The heathen Chinese is peculiar."

K. C. M.

BERMUDA.

WE have sighted a light larger and brighter than the stars and are told that it is St. David's lighthouse. A little later through the starlit darkness and the phosphorescent water there seems to approach a phantom ship, but as it comes up to the steamer, which has stopped and waits for daylight, it turns