

to time I anxiously enquired when worship was to begin. Of course, it was always "soon." I suspected that the priest did not particularly care to have me see their worship, and wished to tire me out by delay. So, notwithstanding the pangs of hunger, I sat on, solacing myself with unlimited tea. A basket of fine peaches was handed around, and I ate one, but it was half-past two before they led me out. The children, some ten in number, study a small yellow book containing Arabic sentences, written by the priest. I asked to see their large book, and it was at once brought out from the priest's private room. You could see at a glance that this was a foreign book, not Chinese. It was bound in boards, the paper white and thick, was written not printed, on *both* sides, with black ink, with a few red letters. Now a Chinese book is, if of any size, made up of five or six paper-covered volumes about one quarter of an inch thick, placed within a stiff cloth casing, open at both ends, but covering four sides, and made fast with little bone clasps. The paper is so thin that it can be used only on one side, and the characters are written from top to bottom. This Arabic, of course, is from right to left. I longed to know Arabic that I might know if the priest understood his book.

In the rear were some bathing rooms, where the worshippers wash before coming into the guest-room. This seems to be the only substitute for the tank or fountain for ablution, which in other lands is so prominent. As they stripped to the waist while waiting, owing to the hot weather, they certainly looked clean. Off the guest-room was a sort of robing-room, or rather capping room. The priests always wear little blue cloth caps with conical crowns, and all the faithful secured for themselves similar caps before entering the mosque. Under these caps, their queues were carefully tucked, by winding round the head. The priest and a few helpers wound a long piece of white cloth around their caps and made very fair *turbans*. Besides this the priest had no differentiating dress. The priest went in first, and I could hear his voice uplifted in prayer. Then the worshippers filed in and, after a pause, I was introduced *behind* the worshippers. It was a pretty sight to see them sitting and kneeling in three rows on the mats, all in white grass cloth, worn at this season. The priest and twelve lay helpers faced the East dur-