

goes here that some foreigners visiting this mosque complained that they could not take off their shoes (laced, of course), and so walked in with unpardonable coolness with shoes on. They surely could not have been missionaries. We enter, and are at once struck with the vastness of the place, the immense pillars which support the roof and the height of the roof, amid the rafters of which many birds have made their homes. Our second thought, perhaps, is, this place is clean. If you know what a Chinese *Temple* is generally like, you will understand this remark. Our third thought is, here are no hideous idols. No, penetrate if you will into the inner sanctuary, and still you find no semblance of idol, even in picture, and what instead? The whole west end, the Mecca side, adorned with arabesques in gold and blue and black, sentences from the Koran in gilt being most conspicuous. In the centre, a circle with a gilt filling, the name of God, with tortuous bewildering curves. This circle probably corresponds to the niche called *Mehrab* in other lands, towards which the faithful are required to look during prayer. When facing this west wall we are lost in the thought, they worship, in form, at least, the Creator of all things. How destitute of ornament the rest of the building is. *Its West Wall is its glory.* In one corner a flight of steps led up to a small blind door. My guide called this the "Gate of Heaven." The Moslems call prayer "the key of Paradise," and there they pray betimes. They also know of a future world, of heaven and hell. As if to remind us, in one corner stands a four-handled frame of open fancy wood-work in which they place that coffin yonder and bears its load to the last resting place. This coffin strikes one at once on account of the thinness of the boards, which were about one inch thick. The Chinese use wood several inches thick, but the Moham-medans use the coffin merely to carry the corpse to the place of interment. At Pang Chuang I saw four most ponderous coffins stored in a temple. Services are sometimes held here at night, and many pretty glass lanterns hang here and there, while in a corner is stored an extra supply of larger lanterns. As we pass out we take a closer view of the Emperor's tablet next the door. It is placed on a high table with curved legs, like a foreign parlor table. Above and around it is a canopy of rather dirty white cloth, the front side of which parts in the middle, and is tied back