

THE LOVE OF AZALEA

and excellent appetites. So straight from the temple of the white priest they dispersed, through the valley to the opposite hill, where the Shinto Temple, golden-tipped, beckoned them to the prayers they mechanically understood; a moment only in the temple, nodding heads and prostrating bodies, and after that, home and the noon-day meal. Thus every day. Only on the Sunday, since the coming of a foreign priest, they had added to the routine this weekly pilgrimage of curiosity to the white man's temple. Strange indeed were the ways of the foreign devils!

"Let us wait a little while," said a round-