

shops. Jostling on amongst this busy scene, we hear the constant "Ah ho!" of the palankeen-bearer, causing us fresh confusion at every step. At length we turn down a small side-street, where are gambling-houses, money-changers, Joss temples, samshu and sing-song houses, from which are heard the screaming of song and the twanging of the stringed lute.

We enter a temple, whose outside is adorned with gilding and lacquer, and quaint designs of birds, animals, and unreal monsters.

They have a religion of some sort, as Wang Heng (a very intelligent Chinese with whom I was acquainted) assured me, with churches and endowments as in England; that is to say, they have the system, but not the faith. I had supposed all along that the curiously constructed temples, sacred to Joss, had more or less of a religious character about them, but I was now undeceived. My habit on passing these edifices was to call in and see what was going on, and one day I found out that Joss was nothing more than a fortune-teller, after the manner of the Oracle of Delphos.

When inside the temple, we see the figure of Joss placed on high, with ornaments of peacocks' feathers, whilst long streamers of coloured ribbon, pictures, and flowers, presents of tea, oil, or opium, lighted tapers in coloured wax, joss sticks burning slowly, and sending their perfume around, heaps of joss paper