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### TO
### THE CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

**VOL. II.**

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PAGAN TEMPLES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

BY FREDERIC J. MASTERS, D. D.

ONG ages ago, when our forefathers were ignorant idolaters whose altars flowed with the blood of human sacrifices, there is every reason to believe that the Chinese were a monotheistic people, who, according to their light and knowledge, worshipped the Supreme Ruler, speculated upon his being and attributes, and framed a system of theology which, notwithstanding its crudeness and admixture of error, astonishes anyone who believes that in the dark ages of the world the Creator revealed himself to no people but the Hebrews. The history of their religious degradation has yet to be written. It was with them as with nations of clearer light. "Professing themselves to be wise they became fools and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image." The Emperor Hung Wu, of the Ming dynasty, actually issued an edict prohibiting all prayer to heaven, except his own, as the height of presumption. Their Confucian teachers also taught that the Most High was too exalted for ordinary mortals to approach and that the service of heaven could only be acceptably offered by their Melchisedek Sovereign, "the Son of Heaven," who is responsible to Heaven for his people's welfare and offers prayer and sacrifice on their behalf.

It can hardly be wondered at that when Buddhism was introduced into China at the beginning of the Christian era, this religious people should turn to images of foreign Bodhisatvas or heroes of national fame, that they were taught to believe were potent for good or ill, according as they were propitiated or neglected. The monks from the banks of the Ganges changed the whole character of Chinese religion. The so-called "Light of Asia" has made them a nation of idolaters. Amidst much that is grotesque, degrading and sinful about Chinese idolatrous rites, two negative features place their temples on a higher level than those of any other heathen land. There has been no instance of human sacrifice and no deification of vice. No human victim was ever immolated on a Chinese altar. The cruel rites practiced by the ancient Britons, Aztecs and Egyptians would horrify the humane monks of Sakyamuni with Sutras in their hands that teach the preservation of all animal life. No Chinese religious sect has ever countenanced in their temple rites the least taint of such licentious orgies as were found in the hieroduli dance to Aphrodite Pandemos or the obscene rites of the Durga-puja. The Chinese pantheon, to its credit be it said, has never contained a Venus, Lakshmi, Mylitta, or an Ashtoreth. No nautch girls as in India, or courtezans as in
ancient Greece, ever found employment in a Chinese temple. No future explorations of China will ever discover such an infamous resort as that found in buried Pompeii, whose portals bore the inscription, *hic habitat felicitas.* Votaries of pleasure though the Chinese are, they have never allowed vice and obscenity to find a place in their temples and mythologies. How far that has operated to preserve them as a nation, while contemporary nations have gone to decay, who shall say?

While the Chinese believe in fiends and evil spirits and propitiate them just to keep them from mischief, their deepest homage is called forth in the worship of the heroes of their nation and the patriarchs of their tribes. Of the fifteen heathen temples in San Francisco, ten are erected in honor of ancient kings, statesmen or warriors famous in their history, who have become apotheosized as protectors of the people and benefactors of the nation worthy of their reverent homage. The remainder are dedicated to patriarchs of the village clans, patrons of guilds or the sages or genii of religious sects. The local Joss* houses are not very imposing edifices. Any one who has seen the ponderous bell-shaped roof, massive portals and imposing approach to a typical temple in China will be disappointed in the architecture of our California Joss-houses. The internal furnishing and equipment are of course modeled after temples of the same name in China, though on a smaller scale. Some are fitted in costly style, but there is nothing in this city that approaches the artistic beauty of the carvings and images of a first-rate temple in Canton.

The finest Pagan establishment in San Francisco is the new temple of Kwan Kung, on the west side of Waverly street between Clay and Sacramento streets. It was erected nearly two years ago in connection with the headquarters of the Ning Yeung or Sze Yap Company, the richest and most powerful Chinese guild in California. The lot and buildings are said to have cost one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The entrance bears the Chinese inscription: "Purify thyself by fasting and self-denial." The walls on each side of the marble staircase are adorned with thousands of slips of red paper, each bearing the name of some subscriber to the last temple festival, the amounts contributed ranging from one to a hundred dollars. On the first floor are the offices of the company and the guild hall, containing elegant embroideries, gilded carvings and ebony furniture inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the most costly to be found in San Francisco. Over the guild hall is a gilt inscription: "Honesty is the bond of association." On either side are two poor paintings in oil, one of the terraced city of Victoria Hong Kong, the other a picture of General Grant's arrival at the Taku forts en route to Peking. Ascending another flight of steps, we meet with such inscriptions as "Men and women must be separated;" "Gentlemen will behave with decorum;" "Beware of little fingers (pickpockets);" "Highbinders keep away." Over the inner folded doors that stand in front of the temple, and are never opened except when the idol is carried forth in procession, hangs a magnificent monumental gateway piece of carved woodwork, the gift of the Lee family. It is an intricate device representing the principal gods of the Chinese pantheon, a most artistic composition containing miniature temples, pagodas and shrines festooned with flowers interlaced with gilded dragons, amidst which are the thrones of gods and goddesses, the highest being "the heavenly Mandarin." The piece contains crowds of illustrious generals and statesmen of historic fame, mingled with gorgeous peacocks and fabulous birds, standard bearers with flags and banners, the most conspicuous being the banner of the dragon king of the Eastern Sea and

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*Joss—a corruption of the Portuguese word deos—god—hence a Chinese god or idol.
Temple of Kwan Kung, belonging to the Hop Wo Company.
the banner of the Prince of the North, so familiar to readers of Chinese fairy tales. In a corner near the door is the shrine of the God of Earth, an image of painted clay with long white beard, clad in royal robes and seated in regal state. Behind the folded doors is an enormous brazen urn worth a thousand dollars. Over a hundred bright-colored tablets cover the walls or hang from the ceiling, bearing eulogistic inscriptions to the patron deity of the Ning Yeung Company. Many of these have been presented by worshippers in acknowledgment of supposed personal favors received from the god. One in crimson reads: "Thy grace abounds like ocean waves." A purple tablet reads: "The breath of the gods fills heaven and earth." Another tablet in blue bears a prayer: "May thy mercy descend upon our house," inscribed with forty names. Two long tablets in green bear a distich which cannot be translated in the antithetical sententious form of the original. "Thy glory all the empire fills and reaches distant lands like light from sun and moon." The altars are very fine, bearing costly urns, incense bowls, candlesticks and trays carved with those historic devices so dear to every patriotic Chinese heart. The silken scrolls and banners are exquisite pieces of embroidery presented by rich merchants of the guild, one splendid device representing an historic scene on the one side and a eulogistic motto for the idol's birthday on the other, stretching across the temple. The fronts of the altars are set with elaborate carved work representing historic scenes of feudal times, the pageantry of royal courts or figures of sages and kings belonging to that remote age of China's national greatness upon which a Chinaman loves to dwell. Out of compliment to the military god are seen stands of spears, halberds, battle-axes and other weapons with banners, loh-sang and battle flags. There is a huge brass dragon spear, tasseled and draped in peach-colored silk, about ten feet long, placed in a stand. It is said to be an imitation of the weapon one hundred and ten pounds in weight used by Kwan Kung in battle. In the corner is a stand also found in every temple, containing a bass drum and a heavy bell, used to wake the god or call his attention when worshippers are present. According to an inscription, the bell was cast in the third year of the Emperor Tung Chi, and its frame bears the words: "Let my voice be heard ten thousand miles." Close by is a stand containing the temple roll of commandments and the great seal of the god, wrapped in yellow cloth and opened on high days to stamp good-luck papers—a rich source of revenue to the temple treasury. On the veranda over the door is another large device in carved wood bearing the inscription: "Leet Shing Kung," or Pantheon of the Holy Gods. It contains minute figures of the Chinese deities in heaven, earth and sea, so arranged that worship offered at this temple is accepted by all the gods. Two granite lions of fabulous design seated upon the veranda wall are worthy of remark. These are supposed to guard the aerial approaches to the temple and keep off evil influences. Each lion's mouth contains a loose stone ball chiseled out of the solid granite. The ball is emblematical of power, but how it was carved so round and smooth in so inaccessible a place is a puzzle. Close by stands a furnace where paper money and other sacrifices are burnt and are supposed to pass through the flames and smoke to the god, whose spirit is believed to dwell above, the image being regarded as its earthly representation. Re-entering the temple, we follow behind some worshippers. After passing two splendid altar pieces, with their costly service of urns, censers, bowls and vases, the visitor stands in front of the high altar, and a canopy of carved ebony, gilded with dragons and images of immortals and decor-
ated with embroidered draperies, silken banners, tinselled ornaments, gilded altar screens and fans of cunning workmanship. There is an enormous coil of incense in the shape of a crinoline hung up on a frame which burns for days. The worshipper kneels upon a mat in front of the altar, the priest drones forth his litany in unintelligible sounds, incense ascends in curling wreaths to the temple roof; bells tinkle and drums sound; a score of colored candles flicker forth their yellow glare; the holy flame from the altar lamp, that is never allowed to go out, sheds its ruddy light upon the stern visage of the nation’s hero, that flower of Sahm Kwok Chivalry, the Saint George of Far Cathay, whose full apotheosis title is the faithful, brave and all-compassionate Prince, Kwan Kung, the God of War.

Of all the gods worshipped by the Cantonese in America, Kwan Kung is the most popular. He is the hero of their ballads, novels and dramas, the embodiment of Chinese patriotism, the center around which rallies the spirit of Chinese jingoism. In life he was a distinguished general who flourished which burns for days. The worshipper kneels upon a mat in front of the altar, the priest drones forth his litany in unintelligible sounds, incense ascends in curling wreaths to the temple roof; bells tinkle and drums sound; a score of colored candles flicker forth their yellow glare; the holy flame from the altar lamp, that is never allowed to go out, sheds its ruddy light upon the stern visage of the nation’s hero, that flower of Sahm Kwok Chivalry, the Saint George of Far Cathay, whose full apotheosis title is the faithful, brave and all-compassionate Prince, Kwan Kung, the God of War.

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ministers are said to have prepared written prayers, which were burnt and conveyed up to heaven in the smoke. An hour had scarcely elapsed when, as the legend says, Kwan Kung riding his red charger, appeared in mid-heaven and informed his majesty that his petitions could not be granted till a temple was erected to his honor. No time was lost, hundreds of masons were set to work, and when the top stone was set in its place the wells once more yielded their supplies. It is said that during the rebellion of 1855, the hero appeared to the commander-in-chief of the Imperial forces directing the plan of the campaign, and assisting in the battle that led to the overthrow of the rebels at Nanking. Grateful for this interposition, the Emperor Hien Fung placed him on the same rank with Confucius in the national pantheon and Kwan Kung was henceforth known to men as the God of War, the protector of the people and the preserver of the empire's peace. In China there are one thousand and six hundred state temples to this god, at which the Mandarins worship twice a month and offer sacrifices of sheep and oxen.

There are three other temples to Kwan Kung in San Francisco. That of the Yan Wo or Hakka Company, at 933 Dupont street, is fitted up in elegant style, some of the carvings and floral pieces being very costly. The Hop Woh Company's temple at 751 Clay street, is a dingy looking place, the gilded woodwork all tarnished, and the embroideries grimy with dust and smoke. It was opened in the early days of Chinese settlement in California by immigrants from the county of Shiu Hing. It contains an image of Kwan Kung sitting in state with a crown of flowers upon his head and a long black goatee and moustache reaching to the girdle. Some enthusiastic devotee had pinned a fresh piece of red paper to the curtain bearing the words, "May it please thee to bless with peace, long life and prosperity thy grateful adopted son." The Kong Chau Company's establishment on Pine street, near Kearny, contains another temple of Kwan Kung. It is a dark, dismal-looking place, but contains valuable sacrificial utensils, some very beautiful carvings and numerous tablets bearing elegant compositions in praise of the god. This temple is supposed to be very leng or efficacious, and so numerous are the worshippers every year, especially at the anniversaries of the idol's birthday and canonization, that the company farms the post of temple keeper for thirteen thousand dollars per year. It is even then a lucrative position.

The temple of the Yeung Woh Company on Sacramento street below Dupont deserves special notice. It is dedicated to the honor of How Wong, who is the tutelary deity of the people from the county of Heung Shan. This deity was formerly a plain Mr. Kum, who flourished during the Sung dynasty, and by his scholarship and virtue rose to an official position in his native district. After his death a terrible plague swept over the province, taking away thousands of lives. One night a local medical man dreamed he saw Mr. Kum who revealed to him the efficacy of a certain herb as a remedy for the pestilence. The physician awoke, hastened in search of the prescribed herbs and gave his fellow practitioners the benefit of his discovery. The medicine worked like a charm, the pestilence was abated and the Emperor, who by this time had heard of Mr. Kum's fame, issued an edict bestowing upon that gentleman the posthumous title of "Shing Hau Wong" or "the Holy Marquis." This worthy, having been canonized has been chosen as the tutelary spirit of the county, and the patron saint of the Yeung Woh Company.

That the Heung Shan genius loci has been willing to give Sacramento street a share of his patronage is attested by the number of testimonials
and eulogistic tablets hung in the temple, its flourishing physic stall, and the sum of five thousand dollars paid by the temple keeper to the company every year for the privilege of see little Hau Wong in a gorgeous chair, carried on the shoulders of twelve bearers clad in garments of yellow silk. Immediately in the rear of the idol came an enormous dancing selling incense and candles on the company's premises. Costly gifts have been made by local residents, among which is a fine tenor bell, the gift of Dr. Li Po Tai, whose name is cast in the metal. One of the tablets is unique: "I give thee banners and canopy. May it please thee to bless me with much yellow metal." This little image is the idol whose outing on the streets of San Francisco, some four years ago, cost the Yeung Woh Company twenty thousand dollars. It was a great spectacle to see a thousand gaily dressed Chinamen in line, some seated on gaily caparisoned chargers, others on foot carrying battle flags, spears, tridents, battle axes and other oriental weapons; to dragon, one hundred and seventy feet long, supported by sixty actors got up regardless of expense, whose business was to make the monster wriggle and twist his huge scaly trunk, roll his bulging eyes, and open his horrid jaws—a feat that was supposed to effectually scare away all evil influences from Chinatown streets and bring health and peace to the community. It was an animated scene. The whole street was one mass of color and glitter. The tinseled banners and trappings, burnished spears and halberds, the gorgeous robed attendants, the boom of gongs, roll of drums and roar of firecrackers made up a show of oriental splendor that, it is safe to say, was never before
seen on the streets of a civilized city. Some looked upon it with feelings of disgust. The Christian Chinese in particular were scandalized to think that such a barbaric heathen parade could be tolerated in a Christian country.

The oldest Joss-house in San Francisco is the Temple of the Queen of Heaven, on Waverly street. It was erected over forty years ago, and is the property of the Sam Yap Company. The goddess worshipped at this temple was a Chinese young lady who lived hundreds of years ago. She was born in the Province of Fokien, and was the daughter of a merchant of the Lum Clan. In her girlhood she is said to have displayed remarkable intelligence, and was above all renowned for her prophetic insight. Her father and four brothers frequently left their home on trading voyages up and down the coast. One day while two of her brothers were at sea she fell into a trance. Her parents thought her dead, and their lamentations were so loud as to awaken her. She told how she had just been in the midst of a violent typhoon and had seen her brothers tossing about on the wild waves. A few days elapsed and the youngest son returned home, reporting the loss of his brother at sea, and telling how in the height of the storm a lady appeared in mid-heaven who let down a rope and towed the ship to a safe anchorage. He was just relating the sad news of his brother's death, when his sister came into the room and congratulated him on his escape. She recounted with exactness the events of that fearful night, and told how she was just hastening to her brother's rescue when she was awakened by her parent's cries. Years passed and another calamity befell the family. This time the father was drowned at sea. The legend tells how the devoted daughter, on hearing the news, hastened to the seashore. She called in vain for her father's return. Louder and louder became her wails of sorrow, till, frantic with grief, she threw herself into the waves and was drowned. That night a fisherman stood aghast at seeing two bodies float past his boat. In the gray dawn there were found on the sandy beach the corpse of a gray-haired old man, and at his side, beautiful even in death, the lifeless form of a fair maiden. Father and daughter were laid to sleep side by side on the hill overlooking the sea. The sad sea waves boom upon the rocks below, and the winds soughing in the cypress bowers sing their requiem over their lonely graves. It is said that on black winter nights, when the tempest roars and the crested waves beat high, the Chinese sailor hears the far-off sound of bells from that rock-bound coast, and sees an angel form hovering near, holding out her white lantern to guide the shipwrecked mariner to the harbor of safety near which her temple stands. This is the maiden who was long ago canonized as the Queen of Heaven, the guardian saint of fishermen and sailors, and the protector of all good people who go down to the sea in ships. Her temples are found throughout China, where she is worshipped by landsmen and sailors alike. It is not strange that the Chinese colony of San Francisco, so many of whom have kinsmen and friends crossing and recrossing the ocean, should erect a temple monument in their midst in honor of the goddess who protects those in peril on the sea.

The most popular goddess of the Chinese pantheon is Kwan Yum, the Chinese Notre Dame. Her full title of canonization is: "Great in pity, great in love, the savior from misery and woe, the hearer of earthly cries." Her shrine is found up a dingy staircase on the southwest corner of Spofford alley and Washington streets. In this smoky loft, with its rudely carved image and grimy vestments, one sees nothing of the beautifully chiseled statue, that image of repose we have so often seen in the Ocean Banner Monastery, on the banks of
the Pearl River. Tradition tells how Kwan Yum was one day seen floating upon a lotus flower near the Island of Pootoo, where her principal temple

stands. Her countenance was of surpassing beauty, "radiant as gold and gentle as a moonbeam." The goddess is regarded as the best type of female beauty, and to say that a lady resembles Kwan Yum is the highest compliment that can be paid to grace and loveliness.

Many are the legends told of this Buddhist Madonna. She is said to have been a princess of great beauty and talent, who spent her early youth in reading the sutras and meditating amidst forest shades. Refusing the most brilliant matrimonial alliances, and deaf to the remonstrance of family and friends, she resolved to become an inmate of the "White Sparrow" convent. There, at the instigation of her royal father, she was put to the most menial labors and degrading tasks, but the legend tells how dragons and wild beasts came to help and relieve her of her daily burdens. Seeing that no hardship could discourage her or change her purpose, the king sent troops to burn the convent; but Kwan Yum prays, and descending floods extinguish the flames. At last she was captured, carried in chains into her father's presence and told to choose between marriage and death. On one side of the hall her attention was called to an enchanting scene of dancing, feasting, gaiety and pleasure; on the other side was a scene of torture, misery and death. She looked at one, then at the other. Calmly and bravely she made her choice, preferring death to the breach of her convent vows. The inexorable monarch at once ordered his daughter to be put to death. The beautiful girl was taken below and there strangled. But genii came to her relief. One gave her the peach of immortality, while others carried her away to the bowers of the immortals. Her images represent her seated upon the lotus flower praying for the souls of men. Her vow being taken never to rest till all souls are saved and brought safe to Nirvana shores.

In the Spofford-alley temple are found the shrines of some twenty other gods and goddesses, the principal being the Grand Duke of Peace, the God of Medicine, and Pan Kung, a celebrated Prime Minister of the Sung dynasty. The funniest discovery in
this temple was that of Tsai Tin Tai Shing. He is a beatified monkey in the image of a man. Hatched from a bowlder, this animal is said to have proclaimed himself king of monkeys. At last he learned the language of men, and finding himself possessed of supernatural powers, he obtained a place among the gods. Such is the legend. Chinese idolatry thus reaches the acme of absurdity and sinfulness in the canonization of a monkey. Thoughts of Darwin's descent of man at once flashed across our mind as we looked at this image. It was disappointing to one's curiosity to find that the old temple keeper who cared more for a pipe of opium than for speculations in theology and anthropology could not tell us what part natural selection played in the evolution of Chinese deities, or whether monkey worship was the newest phase of Chinese ancestral worship. Finding him lamentably ignorant upon the great question of the descent of man, we astonished him with a complete history of his monkey god.

There was an ape in the days that were earlier;
Centuries passed and his hair became curlier;
Centuries more and his tail disappeared.
Then he was man and a god to be feared.

On Brooklyn place, a few doors from Sacramento street is the temple of Kum Fah or "Golden Flower," an unpretentious little Joss-house that seems to have escaped the notice of Chinatown guides. This is the temple of the tutelary goddess of women and children, second only to Kwan Yum in the estimation of the Cantonese women. She was a native of Canton and lived in the fifteenth century, during the reign of Ching Hwa. She was a constant worshipper at the temples and is said to have attained some notoriety as a necromancer. Like some modern spiritualists, her mind became unhinged. In a fit of delirium she one day threw herself into the river and was drowned. The legend says that in course of time her body rose to the surface of the water, and when brought to land, the air became filled with the odor of fragrant flowers. A sandalwood statue rose from the bed of the river where she was drowned, which was afterward placed in a temple erected to her honor on the Honam bank of the Canton River. She is now the Venus Genitrix of the Chinese and her votaries are principally women who desire to become mothers.

The temple on Brooklyn street is literally crowded with the images of goddesses, mothers, nurses and children. The central figure is Kum Fah. On her left is Kwan Yum, the goddess of mercy, with her feet upon the lotus, the sacred flower of the Buddhists. A Buddhist sutra is in her hand and she is in the attitude of giving instruction to the child upon her knee. On her right hand is Tin Hau, the Queen of Heaven, who has already been described in connection with her own temple. A pair of tiny shoes, such as are worn by bound-footed ladies, have been placed at the foot of each goddess ready for use when they take an airing. In the center of the lower row of images on the central canopy is Kam Kong, a red god with four faces and eight hands, who is said to have power to drive away the bogies that are the terror of little Chinese boys and girls when they go to bed. The little ones might well pray, "save us from our friends," for a worse bogie than Kam Kong could not be imagined. In the same row is Lau Sin Shi, the spirit who takes care of little children suffering from small-pox. In the left-hand corner, almost hidden from view, is the God of Wealth over whose shrine in the south and north walls of the temple are arranged altars extending the whole length of the room, upon which are placed eighteen images of the
ministering attendants of Kum Fah. Twelve of these are the wet nurses of the goddess, being women who were celebrated for their success in rearing large families, and can be distinguished from the others by being seated on a chair or stool.

The first is the midwife, Au Shi, who holds in her arms a baby wrapped in red flannel. The next is Shi Ma Ko, who gives life to the unborn child. The third is King Shi, who fixes the exact moment of birth. The fourth is Tsing Shi, who holds a pomegranate in her hand and receives the child when it comes into the world. The fifth determines the sex of the unborn. The sixth is the special patroness of male infants. The seventh takes care of women during gestation. The eighth superintends the cutting of the umbilical cord. The ninth attends to the preparation of infants' food. The tenth makes children happy and good tempered. The eleventh attends to the cutting of children's teeth. The twelfth, Mrs. Leung Shi, holds a child upon her knee with its face downward, her duties being the castigation of obstreperous juveniles who do not mind their mothers. One figure represents Kan Shan with weights and steelyard, in the act of weighing the baby. Another is Ngai Shi "the flower mother of the western garden," a lady who takes the little ones to the children's park in Amitabh Buddha's paradise. Another is Tow Ti, the keeper of the children's park, who holds a baby in his arms. On the lower platform are tiny images of groups of happy children dancing and playing instruments of music for the
entertainment of the goddess and nurses to whose foster care they owe their life and health.

It is curious to notice the number of red "thank papers," that are pinned on the walls, announcing the birth of little Mongolian "Sons of the Golden West," for whom supplication has been made, and acknowledging the favor of the goddess. Some papers record the dedication of a child to Kum Fah, and the fact that it is called by her name. Strips of embroideries, silk or cloth, presented by older children, are also hung from the walls, one of which comes from twin boys and reads, "Your adopted sons, Lai Mau Lun and Lai Mau Pui, reverently present this to thee, O Holy Mother." The accompanying engraving represents Kum Fah's attendants that sit on the south wall of the temple.

Near Kum Fah's Joss-house is the fine brick temple of Lung Gong, belonging to the four clans of Lau Kwan, Cheong, and Chin, the whole establishment including temple and assembly room costing them over fourteen thousand dollars. This temple contains five large images, the highest being the Emperor Lau Pey, the four images below representing the warriors and statesmen associated with Lau Pey in the days of the Sahm Kwok. It is fully described in the "History of the Three States," to which reference is made on page 731.

Another temple worth visiting is the small but elegant Joss-house of the Tam Clan. It is one of the oldest in San Francisco, and is found on Oneida place, a dirty, narrow alley branching from Sacramento street. The patriarch Tam is represented with a bald head and a fine, intelligent face. Beautifully gilded and tasseled mottoes hang from the walls and roof. There is one motto that is very appropriate for a temple where kinsmen meet, of which the following is a rude translation: "That family with fragrance blooms, whose brethren, like flower calyaxes, each to the other bound and all to parent stem, in undivided love abide." Another tablet in purple may be rendered in English, thus: "Upon us like the rain and dew, thy grace descends forever new."

Another tablet inscribed by forty-eight names says: "The vastness of his mercy is boundless as the sea."

The altar service is of very chaste design, the center piece artistically enameled, surmounted with a brass lion with two dragons rampant, each with a projecting red tongue that moves at the least jar or breath of wind. On either side are two huge enameled metal candlesticks in the shape of towers, surmounted by two Caucasian figures dressed in the English costume of a century ago, each wearing stovepipe hats and holding a torch-like candlestick. Worship was being offered by two Chinamen at this temple at the time of our visit.

A Chinese temple has no fixed time for religious service; no congregation meets together for united praise and prayer, or sits to listen to some exposition of doctrine and duty. The worshipper comes when he has something to pray about. Family sickness, adverse fortune or some risky business undertaking drives him to the oracle. As he enters the temple he makes his bow to the gods with clasped hands, he lights his candles and incense, kneels upon a mat and calls upon the god by name three times. He then takes up two semi-oval blocks of wood called Yum Yeung Puey, bows toward the idol, prays for good luck and then tosses them up. The success of his supplication depends upon the position in which these blocks fall. If they both fall in the same position the omen is unfavorable; the god has left his office or does not wish to be disturbed. If the
blocks fall one with the flat side turned up and the other with the flat surface turned down, the god is supposed to be taking some interest in his business. The worshipper now knocks his head three times three upon the floor, and offers up his petition. This done, he takes a cylindrical bamboo pot containing bamboo slips about fifteen inches in length, each marked with a number. These are called sticks of fate, and are shaken together with the ends turned to the idol, till one is jostled out. The priest or temple keeper looks at the number, consults his book and hunts up the answer given to the man's prayer. The drum beats and the bell tolls. Offerings of paper money, consisting of beaten tinfoil, a whole armful of which can be bought for half a dollar, are burnt in the furnace and are changed by fire into the currency of the gods. It has taken only ten minutes to burn candles, incense and gilt paper, say his prayers, cast his lot, and get his answer and be on his way home.

Some happy morning he may be seen repairing to the same temple to return thanks for some profitable answer to his prayers. An express wagon drives up to the temple door, containing roast pigs and the choicest vegetables and fruits laid out in trays, which he offers to the god with libations of wine and tea. The god is supposed to feed upon the fumes of the meat and food, after which utilitarian John carts them back home to the family pantry.

Much might be said of other Joss-houses in Chinatown. The temple of the City God, in Waverly street, opposite the Ning Yeung establishment, with its representations of the Buddhist hells; the temple of the god of the North Pole, and the azure heavens on Waverly street, near Clay; the little Joss-house of the famous Tso Sin Sze next door, with its curious dividing drawer of incense dust; the temple of "Eastern Glory," or the God of Fire, at 35 Waverly street, and the temple of the "Holy Abbot," on Stockton street, are places where antiquarians would find many interesting relics and legends. Those
illustrations already given will suffice to show how much fable, myth and superstition have gathered around the worthies of their history.

It is easy to condemn the impiety of this apotheosis of human beings as objects of divine worship or to ridicule the extravagance of the legends that cluster around these shrines. From seven to twenty thick centuries lie between us and the heroes and heroines whose memories are there embalmed. Much of their true history is blotted out in the twilight of the past. A rude statue, a gaudy bedizened thing of clay and wood, around which has gathered a mass of myth and fable is all that remains. But amidst the smoke of sandalwood and wax candles, the kowtowing and tom-tomming and jargon of Sanscrit litanies one can discover something good—a reverence for the brave, the wise and the good, and the expression of that universal truth, however grossly symbolized, that the grave is not the goal of human greatness; that wise words and noble deeds can never die. There were heroes, patriarchs and sages in China's hoary past, who lifted up their hand against oppression and wrong—men who tried to guess out the problems of life and death, and who held out their bits of torches trying to lead men to higher and brighter paths. Such men can never be forgotten. The nation will one day return to the worship of the Highest and the faith in the True. In the dawn of a clearer light shall vanish all that is extravagant, foolish and false; but through all time and change these heroes of her national history will live and their work abide.

"Heard are the voices,
The words of the sages,
The worlds and the ages."

—Goethe.

IF THE SHADOWS FELL NOT.

BY MARY EMELYN McCLURE

If the shadows fell not—Oh! where were the stars,
The gems of the sky and the night?
If the shadows fell not, would the pale golden moon
Flood the earth with its rich, mellow light?
Oh! where were the sunsets unblazoned in glory—
Wrought vivid in nature, in song, and in story—
If the shadows fell not?

If the shadows fell not—Oh! where were the tears,
The crystals of love and of woe?
They would vanish with smiles born of sympathy sweet,
And its words whispered softly and low;
Oh! where were the heroes, the martyrs and sages,
The deeds of the noble, the wisdom of ages,
If the shadows fell not?

Ghent, Ky.