



*The temples at Hwai shan;
the cook on a litter.*

bridge. — At Nan feng there are some uncommonly well furnished rooms for pilgrims of the better classes. The host is a hospitable and unusually clean priest. Among a great number of Chinese poems and mottoes that embellished the belfry, I saw some verses in Swedish about the Saviour, signed by 3 women and 2 men, evidently missionaries. The view was one of the most extensive possible and very beautiful. To the E, S and W there were boundless masses of mountains. To the N lay the Hing-an valley at the junction of the Wei ho and the Hwang ho, which flowed from the north in two main arms, and, immediately after receiving the waters of the Wei ho, made a sharp bend to the E. On the other side of it to the NE lay the low, characterless mountains of Shensi and to the N and NW a flat plain that seemed interminable and finally lost itself in the distance. The mighty waters of the Wei ho and Hwang ho looked like two brownish-yellow streams.

In the light of the full moon on this mild and calm evening it was a picture of exceptional beauty. Everything pales, however, before sunrise seen from the mountains. I shall never forget the magnificent sight, when shortly before 5 o'clock the golden disc of the sun appeared above the masses of grey and dark green mountain ridges spread out like a boundless ocean below our peak. A slight mist enveloped the mountains and the rays of the sun produced magical light effects, as they gradually dissolved it.

During the descent we caught sight, high on a ridge, of a solitary ibex standing guard over its mates grazing on the other side of the mountain. Its coat was considerably darker than that of those I had shot in the Tian Shan mountains. Its horns were not clearly visible, but the local men said they were slightly curved backwards at their tips and not more than a foot in length. Through my glasses I could see it wagging its tail, like a calf's tail. It seemed to be the size of a calf.