

fimsy, and one never seems to meet with evidence of that immense amount of care and labour and thought in their construction, or of that sense of the beautiful, which characterises the great temples of India. The wooden pillars, often plain, and the grotesquely painted walls which one mostly sees in China, are a poor substitute for the stately marble pillars and exquisite carvings of an Indian temple.

On May 29 our caravan was complete, and we left Mukden to travel eastward to the Yalu river, on the borders of Corea. We soon entered a hilly country, and the scenery daily increased in loveliness—hillsides covered with woods of a thoroughly English type, oaks and elms such as we never see in India, and valleys filled with thriving little villages and hamlets, and streams and rivers affording glimpses of exquisite beauty. The quantity of flowers and ferns too, was extraordinary. Mr. James was making a botanical collection, and in one day we found five different kinds of lily of the valley, maidenhair ferns of various forms—one especially lovely, in shape like a kind of spiral bowl—lilies, violets, anemones, and numbers of other English flowers. We were in a