

public in Europe and America an idea of lamaistic temple architecture and lamaistic cults. Wherever one placed oneself in the hall of the main temple, the forty-eight pillars presented a wonderful perspective with their gaudy colours and their striking, subdued lighting. The light from the main entrance fell upon them in such a way that they stood out in relief against the dark background around the altar-table. The side-walls, with their paintings of holy men, lay in darkness, and the ceiling disappeared in a mysterious gloom. A strangely mystic atmosphere prevailed within.

DOYEN

Leaving this lovely temple behind we resumed our journey, driving now E. N. E. and now E. S. E. We passed a little lake and entered a valley between the hills where wild elms grew so profusely that they almost formed a wood. This was the most beautiful landscape we had seen in these desolate parts. Here, too, rose dunes, whose sand was criss-crossed with the tracks of hares. Behind a little frozen lake we glimpsed Doyen, the Swedish mission-station, with its long house and six yurts.

This station was established by Mr SKALLSJÖ, who settled in the dense-grown valley in the year 1925. Since May, the station had been in charge of the Misses BLOMQVIST and KARLSSON, both of whom belonged to the Pentecostal revivalist movement, which had altogether eighteen missionaries in the province of Hopei. These two lady-missionaries had had many hard experiences. They had several times been assaulted by bandits and robbed of all their possessions.

At nine o'clock on the following morning we bade farewell to the two brave apostles at Doyen station and drove back over now snow-covered ground to Borotogoin-sume and from there southwards. In one valley the road was so steep that everybody had to climb out and go on foot. The wheels whizzed round till the snow flew, but the car did not budge. ERIKSSON's car worked its way slowly up towards the pass by a detour. But at last it, too, came to a standstill, and what was worse, began to run backwards. The brakes would not grip, and the car began to gather speed in its rearward career towards a ravine with vertical sides. The situation looked as if it might end fatally. ERIKSSON saw where he was heading and hopped out, leaving the car to continue alone. Just at the very edge of the ravine it seemed as if an invisible driver swivelled the wheel round, for the car swerved abruptly and came to a standstill, and ERIKSSON's die-hard old rattle-trap thus escaped certain destruction.

Finally, a lama showed us the way over a more easily negotiable pass, and not long afterwards we arrived at Mandaltein-sume.