

HEI-MA-HU

We now drove to the Belgian mission-station Hei-ma-hu, which is also surrounded by a wall. Here we met Father ALBERT DELEU, who showed us over the beautiful and well-kept church, the altar-floor, steps and balustrade of which had been made of marble from Chaghan-balgas. The Catholic mission gets money from home for its churches and for the purchase of soil; but in the sequel the stations must support themselves. They therefore lease the soil to Chinese, who in return are obliged to send their children to the Catholic schools. The parents need not be Christians. It is considered that four generations are required to produce real Catholics.

In times when bandits and robbers are particularly rife Chinese fugitives are permitted to take refuge within the strong walls of the Catholic stations, where defence is organized and sentinels are posted. Every fugitive must then pay a dollar, as well as a special fee for his animals and belongings.

TOWARDS KALGAN

We accomplished the forty-five minute drive to Chang-pei-hsien in the dark. This is a little town with a Canadian mission-station run by Chinese Christians.

During the last day of our journey, November 21st, we had a minimum temperature of -16.5°C . We drove south-east to Davan-jalangin-sume, a private temple belonging to a *jalang* or head of one of the post-stations on the Urga road. In an icy north-west blast we then turned south-west. The strong wind whirled up the yellow dust and the landscape became completely blurred. Crossing a frozen watercourse we came to Boro-chechen-sume, at the entrance to which two marble lions kept watch. There was otherwise nothing of interest to be seen. We drove back to the great highway to Kalgan. Just after noon we reached the pass, where the altimeter indicated 1465 meters above sea-level. From here the road led in winding bends down among the hills, and by half-past two we had arrived at Kalgan's customs house, where we, our luggage and our papers were thoroughly examined. And finally we drove through this in parts rather picturesque town, known as the Gate of Mongolia, and drew up outside LARSON's house.

IN KALGAN

In the course of our tour we had obtained a preliminary survey of the lama-series in Chakhar and a couple of the Mongolian leagues, their general character, architecture and embellishment. We had also taken the first step towards the creation of the two ethnographical collections for Stockholm and Chicago. Of