



*Entrance of the principal temple of Lohu sy in the Yutai Shan monastery.*

and a small temple are noticeable, both of gilded bronze. The Shih fan tang temple has the god Bogdo seated in the front building and Mitr in the next.

The enormous suburgan tower that I have mentioned belongs to Tai-yuan sui, in which quarters were set aside for me. The main god is Shih-tia-fui. In the room next to mine stands Wang shui pusa, though this does not prevent it from looking almost like a drawing-room.

There are large outhouses near all the temples, in which pilgrims find excellent quarters and even food. The watchmen of the temples go so far in their politeness as to make tea for the Mongolians in their own way with butter and salt. Naturally, this provides them with a welcome little additional income.

About a dozen Buriats, who have come by rail via Peiping and Paoting-fu, are installed in the temple in which I am living. An enormous lama with a well-fed, calm and self-satisfied face, forms a striking contrast to the other Buriats, most of whom are bow-legged, broad-shouldered old fellows with enormous heads, prominent cheekbones, small eyes, fleshy noses and large toothless mouths. In fact, their looks are not in their favour. On their first visit to the temple they wore Mongolian dress which suited them splendidly. To-day, however, they were to maintain their incognito before the people and appeared like gentlemen in faded, slouched felt hats, badly made high boots and close-fitting pea-jacket suits, in which with their bent legs, angular shoulders and growing voices, they made a simply terrible impression. It was not surprising that they were met everywhere by