

exclamations of »yang kuiza». One of them, an old Cossack, Badimajeff, used to come and chat with me from time to time. Apparently, he was very pleased to be called »yang kuiza» like other Europeans, for he related the incident with evident self-satisfaction. When he heard that I came from Finland, he exclaimed: »Aha, the government that refused to send soldiers to the Russo-Japanese war». He said that the Buriats had taken part in it from conviction. Not to take part, when the Czar called upon them, was tantamount to losing any chance of entering Paradise. He had a clear head and surprised me by his knowledge of geography (considerably better than many a missionary) and his good memory. — It was amusing to watch the Buriats. In Yutai Shan and China they felt as much at home as in their own »Zabaikalie» (Transbaikal province). They called li — versts, dollars and cents — roubles and copecks. They looked upon a surplus of dollars, when changing roubles, as pure profit.

Another Russian subject, a traveller from far more distant parts than my friends the Buriats, looked me up. This was A. M. Saranoff, a Torgut from the Caucasus, on his way home via Peiping after living for 7 years in Tibet, or rather, in Lhasa. He had succeeded in crossing the frontier between India and Tibet by giving out that he was a Chinese Torgut. The British made him point out his home on a map and as he managed to satisfy them, they let him go. He was now going home across Siberia without knowing Russian. I introduced him to the Buriats, who promised to look after him. With the help of the Russian consul at Urga his brother had been able to send him money to Lhasa by some Mongolian pilgrims. In view of the enormous distance and the impossibility of exercising any control, it is astonishing to think how safely these primitive means of communication function.

Yutai Shan is said to have been founded during the Han dynasty, though Mongolians only began to immigrate during the time of the Emperor T'ang. There are many legends connected with the place, its mountains, trees, rivers and ancient temples. Unfortunately, I was unable to take notes of them during my short stay. There is a story of a former holy lama »Wu yeh», who was changed into the god of rain and took on the form of a dragon. He seems to play the part of the guardian angel of Yutai Shan and it is generally asserted that he seldom refuses anything he is asked for. He is particularly gracious to the 36 villages of Yutai Shan. If they pray to him for rain, he always hears their prayers. When the Dalai Lama arrived, Wu yeh met him, an attention that was rewarded by the Dalai Lama's going straight up to his temple.

*Reception by the Dalai Lama.* I must interrupt my description in order to note down the audience granted me by the Dalai Lama, while it is still fresh in my memory. At 2 o'clock a Tibetan came running up and conveyed to me by gestures that I was expected by the great man. While I was shaving and changing my clothes, another one arrived quite out of breath and expressed his, or his master's, impatience. I was just as impatient, but could not possibly dress any faster. Just as I was putting the finishing touches to my toilet, my friend the prince came running towards me, wanting to know what I meant by keeping His Holiness waiting so long. — We started together at a swift pace. Although he was a Tibetan, my companion was obliged to stop once or twice to get his breath and cool himself with a fan. — At the top of the hill a guard of honour was drawn up, con-