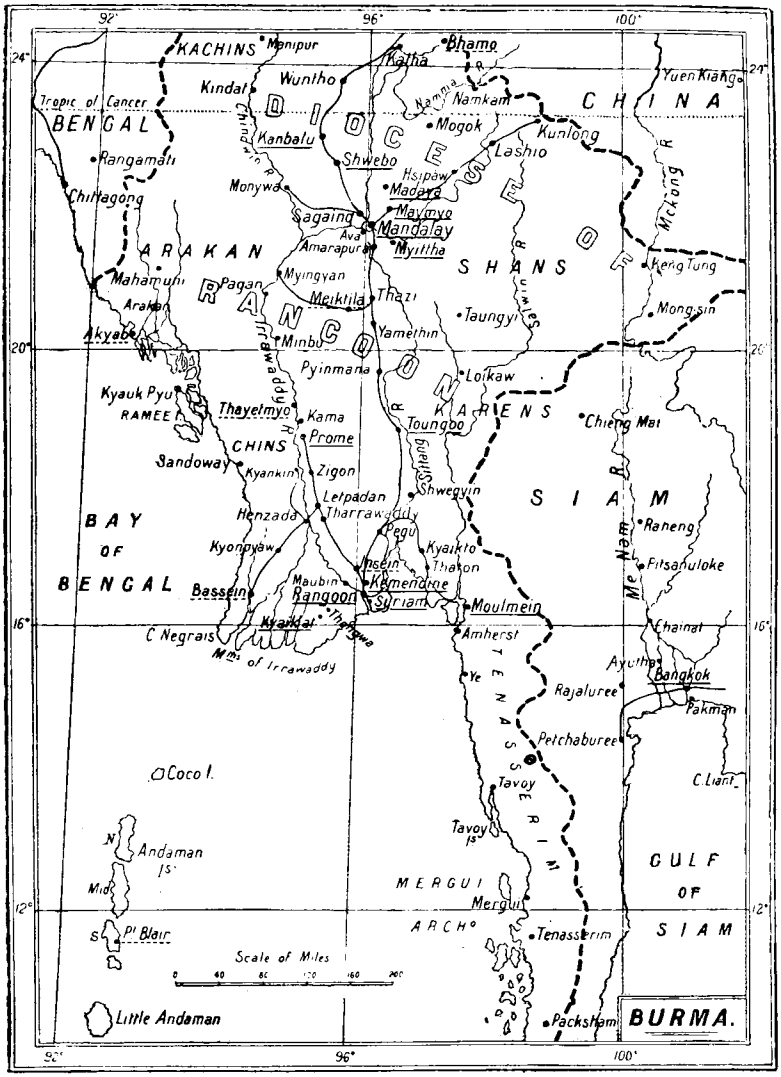
DAWN ON THE KACHIN HILLS.



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LOWER BURMA.

DAWN ON THE KACHIN HILLS

A Brief Account of Burma and Its Peoples, and of Missionary Work among them, with Special Reference to the Races of Upper Burma and the New Mission of the Bible Churchmen's Missionary Society.

By C. H. DENYER, M.A., Lond.

With PREFACE by
Rear-Admiral SIR HARRY STILEMAN, K.B.E.

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10 Illustrations and [illegible]

BIBLE CHURCHMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
14, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W 1.
1927.

To his many Young Friends who are Readers of "Other Sheep" this little book is affectionately dedicated by

UNCLE HARRY.

PREFACE.

WHERE are the Kachin Hills? And why should we be interested in the question whether they are being illuminated by the early rays of dawn or not? This little book purports to answer these questions. It is sent forth under the auspices of the Bible Churchmen's Missionary Soriety, which has embarked on a great adventure in that important but little known part of the British Empire, Upper Burma.

We shall learn in these pages something of the nature and magnitude of the problems that our Society's representatives will have to face. Of the meaning of "Unadministered Territory," with no roads and no Government; in fact, where darkness covers the earth and gross darkness the people. We shall hear, too, of the almost babel of languages which creates such a barrier and hindrance to the diffusion of Gospel Light; of the religious opiate of Buddhism, which since the time of William the Conqueror has deadened the spiritual perception of the native races, we shall learn something. Moreover, the worship of the *nats,* or Spirits of Nature, those vindictive gnomes who must be propitiated in order to stave off accidents, diseases and all the ills that flesh is heir to, will be brought to our notice. But still more harrowing are the facts connected with human sacrifice, which must of necessity be dealt with if a true picture is to be presented of the darkness and shadow of death which envelop these same hills we are contemplating.

Truly the picture is a dark one, but the rays of the Sun of Righteousness are beginning to disperse the thick clouds, and we are hopefully looking for Him Who is the Light of the World to arise with healing in His wings, and by the proclamation of the Gospel to bring light, liberty and life to many who are now dead in trespasses and sins.

It is most interesting to trace God's hand in preparing the way for the proclamation of the good news.

A century has rolled by since Great Britain first became involved in war with Burma, which in three successive stages brought the whole country under British domination. But this overlordship carries with it great responsibilities, and we must confess that the Church of Christ has been painfully slow to fulfil its obligations.

America had the honour of sending the first Protestant Ambassadors of the Gospel to Burma: Adoniram Judson and his wife Ann, splendid pioneers, upon whose work God has set His seal. Dr. Marks, too, stands out as a noble figure.

In 1877 the Church of England established a Bishopric at Rangoon, but the Kachin Hills some 600 miles northwards caught little or nothing of the rays of light beginning to shine in the southern part of the land.

The period of the Great War, when this Empire in every corner of its vast ramifications was called upon to provide its quota in men and means, saw the arrival on the Burmo-Chinese frontier of a young officer, Alfred Thomas Houghton by name. This officer saw something of the deep needs of the Kachins, and his heart was drawn to them. Subsequently, after taking Holy Orders, he offered his services to the B.C.M.S. as a pioneer missionary to the tribes with whom he had come in contact during his military service; was accepted by the Society, and with his young wife and sister left the shores of the homeland in October, 1924, for a new enterprise in the Name of the King of Kings.

Wonderfully has God blessed this advance in obedience to the command of His Beloved Son, "Go ye into all the world," and at the present moment there are definite openings presenting themselves for work amongst the head-hunting Nagas, the Kachins, the Burmans and the Shans. Truly the dawn has broken, "through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the dayspring from on high" has touched the Kachin Hills "to give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, to guide their feet into the Way of Peace."

This little book is launched with earnest prayer to the God of Grace that it, too, may bring many a ray of light into

other lives; that it may stimulate prayer for those to whom the Message of Salvation is being delivered, and for those who have been sent to carry the tidings of good things, amongst whom my daughter is working under the leadership of Mr. Houghton. The Message is one of authority, proclaiming the pre-eminence of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the truthfulness of all His utterances, and the sufficiency of His atoning death, as revealed to us in the Scripture of Truth, the unerring revelation of God to man.

"Dawn on the Kachin Hills" goes forth with my heartiest commendations."

HARRY H. STILEMAN.

July, 1927.

FOREWORD

No apology is needed for a new booklet on Burma. Many books have been written on this fascinating country, which makes a strong appeal alike to the traveller, the Government officer, and the missionary. From some of these volumes the author has borrowed freely, for he does not imagine that his little book will compete with any of them. He has acknowledged these quotations where possible, and has added a short list of books where readers may find first-hand authorities. But there seems to be no English book which is at once cheap, popular and up-to-date. The Kachin Hills were almost unknown in England until Major Enriquez introduced his Kachin soldiers to us in "A Burmese Arcady" and other volumes. Now things are moving. The great "unadministered territory" can hardly remain unadministered much longer. Within the last two years two Government expeditions have aimed at the suppression of Head-Hunting, Human Sacrifices and Slavery. Yet this country has been British since 1885! Moreover, in this land, as big as England, where Animism is the only religion of the ruling race, there are no Christian Missionaries! Into this neglected area the Bible Churchmen's Missionary Society is now sending a pioneer band. It is hoped that friends of this Society, and indeed all friends of Foreign Missions, will be interested in this short account of their enterprise and of the land to which they are giving their lives. Some notes and questions are appended which may be of use to members of Study Circles, who will find this book an easy approach to a wider knowledge of Burma, its peoples and their history.

Even so small a task requires many co-operators, and the author would like to thank all who have kindly helped, especially the Missionaries in the field—Rev. A. T. Houghton and Miss Stileman—Admiral Stileman for his preface, A. B. Wilkinson, Esq., who obtained most of the pictures, and friends who have read through the MSS. and the proofs, and suggested not a few corrections.

The photographs in this book are reproduced by kind permission of Sir Harcourt Butler, H. G. A. Leveson, Esq., and Capt. F. Kingdon Ward, and are selected from the set of lantern slides on Burma prepared by A. B. Wilkinson, Esq.

C. H. D.

July, 1927.

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MAPS—

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CHAPTER I.—BURMA IN GENERAL.

SOME GEOGRAPHY.

ALTHOUGH the British have had three Burmese wars, and since the last war the whole country has formed part of the British Empire, and though a great many books have been written about Burma, it is strange how few English people know anything of the country, or even where to find it on the map. Burma is like a wedge pushed up from the South between India and China, and forms the easternmost province of British India. But nevertheless it is really not Indian, and its peoples, its languages and its religions are not related to those of India. It is inhabited by races all of whom have in the long past forced their way South in successive waves of migration and conquest from the eastern part of the great plateaux north of the Himalaya mountains; and all its peoples are Mongols and speak languages much more like Chinese, although the letters in which Burmese is written were originally borrowed from South India.

The Burmans themselves were one of the earlier tribes which came South, and they were followed in the course of centuries by Shans, Chins, Kachins and Nagas, all driving the Burmans and Karens further South till they reached the sea, where the great Irrawaddy river runs into the Bay of Bengal.

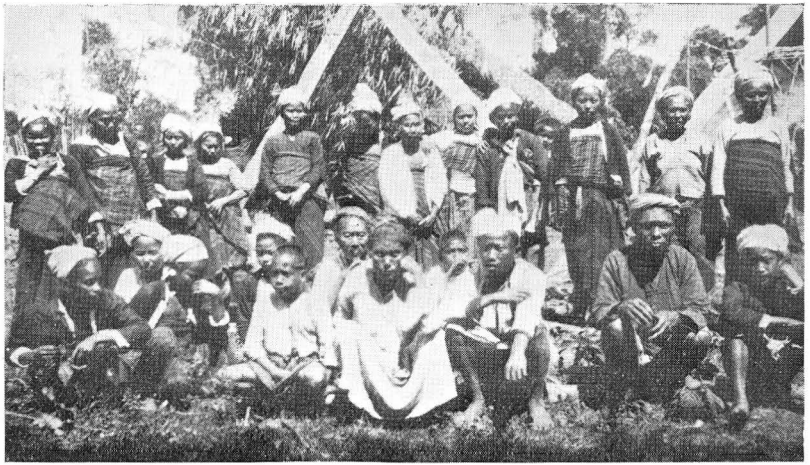
Burma therefore is the home of many branches of the great Mongol race; but just before they came into conflict with the British the Burmans had more or less conquered the other peoples, and so the whole country got the name of Burma. The British province is no less than 1,200 miles from North to South, and at its widest part 575 miles broad. Its area is approximately 238,738 square miles. It is roughly as big as France and Great Britain put together, and its extreme North is as far from its Southern end as the South

of Scotland from the Straits of Gibraltar. Its Southern end is the province called Tenasserim, which forms part of the Western side of the Malay peninsula, and is divided by a range of hills from Siam, from which kingdom it had been conquered by the Burmans before the English arrived on the scene. But the bulk of the country is the great triangle which forms the basin of the Salween and Irrawaddy, both very great rivers, though the latter is much more important. The basis of this triangle lies on the sea, and chiefly consists of the level plains made in the course of ages by the mud brought down from the mountains by the rivers. The Irrawaddy runs to the sea through many sluggish streams forming a great delta of very rich soil, most of which is still covered with jungle, and is full of wild animals, among which are elephants, rhinoceros and tigers. Not long since a tiger was shot in the great pagoda at Rangoon, which is on this delta, and is the biggest city in Burma.

Travelling North from the sea we pass through a great plain containing 12,000 square miles of level and fertile land intersected with waterways in all directions. We reach the end of the plain at Prome (161 miles North from Rangoon), where the hills begin to close in. But steamers can run up the river all the year, except in flood time, as far as Bhamo, 900 miles from the sea, and, for part of the year, for another 150 miles; while the Irrawaddy's great tributary, the Chindwin river, which flows from the North-Western mountains, is also navigable for 300 miles.

The Salween river, which rises like the Irrawaddy among the Tibetan mountains, is probably longer still, and is a mighty stream; but it flows between precipitous cliffs through a narrow valley for much of its course, and is not nearly of so much commercial importance.

As we get farther North we pass Ava, the ancient capital, still a sacred city, and Mandalay, the capital of the last King of Burma; and the country becomes more hilly. We are now in Upper Burma, and the Burmans become mixed with Chins, Shans and Kachins, all of them, at least originally, mountain races. Two hundred miles away on the West is the mountain range which runs North-East, and separates Burma, first from Bengal, then from the little State of



Released Slaves.

Rev. A. T. Houghton.

Mrs. Houghton.

Miss Mary E. F. Stileman.

Manipur, then from Assam, and finally joins the great Himalayas in Tibet. The Northern boundaries are not fixed, and a considerable area is still unexplored. From this extreme Northern point another great mountain range runs South and divides Burma from China, and then turns South-East and forms the boundary between China and the Shan States, which are a part of Burma. We are now some 300 miles East of Mandalay. Further South still the mountains cut off, first, French Indo-China (Annam), and then Siam, from Burma, till we find ourselves near the sea at the Eastern side of the base of the triangle.

A great country, is it not? Varied and beautiful, full of wide fertile plains, great rivers, vast forests, and mighty mountains. What does it contribute to the world's wealth? Most of the rice we use in England—called at the shops "Rangoon rice"—comes from Burma. The Irrawaddy delta is perhaps the biggest and richest rice field in the world, and exports 3,000,000 tons a year, besides the 5,000,000 tons eaten in Burma, where it forms the chief food of nearly all the people. Then we get about 120,000 tons of ground nuts from the same country. These are used for making soap, margarine, and all sorts of other things. In 1922 Burma sent out 280,000,000 gallons of petroleum to drive our motors, burn in our lamps, and oil our machinery. One of the hardest and most enduring kinds of wood in the world is teak, and 200,000 tons of teak come from Burma every year. Those who went to the great Wembley Exhibition will remember the Burmese Pavilion, built of teak, and beautifully carved by native artists. From the same country come large quantities of silver, lead and zinc. From the famous ruby mines in North Burma come rubies and sapphires. Not long ago a most glorious ruby was found there which sold for £4,000. There are also famous jade and amber mines, but later we shall tell more of these.

You will not be surprised to hear that Burma is the richest of the provinces of India, though it is the most thinly peopled. But you will want to know about the Burmans themselves, for the people of a country are always more important and more interesting than the land they live in.

A LITTLE HISTORY.

What, then, of the inhabitants of this great land? There are thirteen millions of them, of whom about one million are foreigners from all parts of the East, but mostly Indians and Chinese. Then there are nine million Burmans, and three millions belonging to tribes in Burma, speaking different languages, and having very different customs and clothes. Apart from the foreigners there are some 128 native languages spoken in the country. Except in the hill districts in the North most of the people have some knowledge of Burmese, but the Nagas and the Kachins of the Northern Hills have never been civilised nor counted. Their land is mostly what is called "unadministered" territory, which means that so far it has no roads, no government, no police, no taxes; and it is this part of the country in which this little book, at all events, is most interested. It has been guessed that there are about a quarter of a million Kachins; while in the South-East there are one and a quarter millions of Karens, and in the North-East, in the Shan States, are some half-million of Shans, besides those scattered in other districts.

The early history of Burma is mostly guess work. The Burman kings had a magnificent story written up of their race, and it professes to go back two or three thousand years; but, as it treats the King of Burma as the only important person in the world, and enormously exaggerates his glory, his conquests and his armies, and never condescends to mention any failures or mistakes or defeats, we soon begin to realise that it is of no more use for real history than a book of fairy tales. The first Burman king we are sure of was Anawratha (or Anawyata), who abolished Naga worship and established Buddhism as the religion of his people about the age of our William the Conqueror. At that time the South of the country was ruled by a people called Talaings, and for many centuries the Burmans and Talaings fought for the mastery. At last, in 1752, the Talaings from Lower Burma captured and burnt Ava, the Burman capital, but three years later the greatest of the Burman kings, Alaungpaya (also called Alompra) retook Ava and followed the retreating Talaings to the South. There, on one of the entrances of the Irrawaddy delta, where had long been a famous pagoda,

he founded a new city and called it Rangoon (or Yangon), meaning "The enemy is exhausted."

By this time the Portuguese, French and English had already made trading stations in the country. In fact 150 years before this date a Portuguese adventurer named de Brito had ruled over part of the country, and had built and fortified a town called Syriam; but his town was destroyed. He and many of his followers were killed, and the rest sold as slaves.

In 1755 the Europeans had helped the Talaings against Alaungpaya; but next year he attacked and captured their factories, and put most of them to death. The successful king greatly extended the Burman Empire, and in particular conquered Arakan, the Western coastal strip of the country as we now know it. Here he came directly into touch with the English East India Company, and the later history of Burma is bound up with that of British India. The East India Company tried hard to make friends with their new and haughty neighbour, but without success.

FIRST BURMESE WAR.

Alaunypaya's successor had removed his capital from Ava to Amarapura. In 1823 a great fire at the latter caused King Bagyidaw to move back to Ava. One year earlier this king, through his famous general, Bandula, over-ran Manipur and a great part of Assam. They laid waste the country, and populous and fertile districts were turned into wild jungle. So full of pride were they that the British Government in India found it quite impossible to come to terms with the haughty Burman king, and war was declared in 1824. The Burmans were driven out of Assam, and a small British army was sent to Rangoon by sea and easily captured the town. Bandula came down from Ava to drive the English into the sea, but his army was defeated and he was killed. In 1825 the British army advanced up the Irrawaddy nearly to the gates of Ava, when the King gave way, and a treaty was signed which handed over Assam, Arakan, Martaban, and Tenasserim to England. It was during this war that Judson, the American pioneer Christian missionary in Burma, was kept as a prisoner, together with

a number of British civilians. All were treated with the greatest cruelty. They were released according to the treaty; but Mrs. Judson, who was known as the heroine of Ava, and through whom alone the prisoners' lives had been saved, died soon after from the suffering and privations she had endured. But we shall refer to Judson and his mission later on.

SECOND BURMESE WAR.

The two next Kings of Burma unfortunately had learned nothing from the war, and continued to treat English subjects, as well as their own, with the same barbarous cruelty and arrogance. In the first war very few English or Indian soldiers had been killed in fighting, but three-quarters of the army had died from fever and other effects of the climate. Naturally, therefore, the Government was most anxious to avoid another war; but the Burmans made peace impossible, and in 1852 the second war broke out. The English easily defeated the Burman army. Rangoon and lower Burma were again occupied; and when peace was made in 1853 lower Burma was turned into a British province, of which Rangoon became the capital, and rapidly grew into the biggest, richest and most important city in Burma.

Meanwhile the Burman king had again in 1837 transferred his Court to Amarapura. In 1853 a new king, Mindon Min, was proclaimed, and he built another new capital at Mandalay in 1860. Mindon Min is said to have been the best king Burma ever had, and we shall have some stories to tell of his dealings with the English educational missionary, Dr. Marks. Mindon had no difficulty in keeping at peace with the English; but he died in 1878, and one of his sons, Thibaw, was, through the scheming of his mother, crowned king. Thibaw celebrated his succession by murdering in cold blood about 70 members of the royal family, including women and children. The British Government remonstrated, but Thibaw returned an insolent answer, and a succession of massacres followed. Thousands of his unfortunate subjects escaped to British territory. The King refused all offers from the British to come to an understanding, and plotted to hand over to the French what amounted to the practical control of his country.

THIRD BURMESE WAR.

Again, in 1885, war was declared. A British army rapidly advanced up the river. Mandalay was taken with very little fighting, and Thibaw was made prisoner. He was exiled to India, where he lived in partial captivity for many years, and the whole of his country was added to the British Empire. The war itself was a very short one, but it was followed by five or six very costly and trying years for the Government. The Burmese army was allowed to disperse and scatter over the country in small bands called Dacoits, who robbed and murdered in all directions, and then scattered as soon as a detachment of British police or troops appeared. Such an enemy was very difficulty to deal with. The Dacoits maintained themselves partly by the sympathy of their fellow-countrymen and partly by the terrorism of their ruthless methods. The country was without roads or bridges; and during the rainy season, that is for nearly six months of the year, was all but impassable for the British forces.

Little by little, in spite of very heavy losses, due more to the climate than the Dacoits, peace was restored over Lower and Upper Burma, except always the Kachin and Naga Hills in the extreme North, which had never been really subject to the Burmans. The wild natives of these remote mountains have always lived in strongly fortified villages on the hills, from which they raided and levied blackmail on the more peaceful Burmans and Shans of the plains.

The Indian Government found that civilisation could only be imposed on these hill tribes by the making of railways and roads at enormous expense, and so far the task has not been undertaken. Their country is marked on the maps as "Unadministered territory," and Europeans are forbidden to pass through it. Recently, however, reports of head-hunting, slavery and human sacrifices on a large scale in these districts have been confirmed by official visits, and the British Government is making earnest efforts to put a stop to these practices. Few parts of the world are less known than these Kachin Hills. Among them are the still unexplored upper waters of the Irrawaddy, its great tributary the Chindwin, the Hukong Valley and the "Triangle," and it is into this

unknown land that the Bible Churchman's Missionary Society are now attempting to introduce the good news of the Prince of Peace.

So much for the general history of Burma. Let us now come near to this great and strange land with open eyes and ears and sympathetic hearts, and make a closer acquaintance with the bright and smiling Burmans and their uncivilised neighbours.

CHAPTER TWO.

RANGOON, LOWER BURMA, AND THE BURMANS.

We will start from Liverpool in one of the comfortable steamers of the Bibby line for Rangoon direct. The ship will probably have a full complement of British Government officials, of representatives of trading firms and banks and shipping companies, of Burman students returning from their studies, of tourists from Europe and America, and perhaps a few missionaries returning from furlough, or going out for the first time. At Colombo we shall probably pick up Indians of many castes and creeds and trades—Hindu officials, Parsee merchants, Gurkha, Pathan, Sikh soldiers and policemen, Madras bankers and money-lenders, and, possibly, if there is room, Tamil labourers going to work in the rice fields, though most of the Indians cross to Rangoon from Madras.

At last the Bay of Bengal is crossed. There is no land in sight, but its blue waters have become yellow and turgid, for the muddy streams of the Irrawaddy discolour the sea long before a light haze in the distance suggests that land is near. Presently the skyline is broken by a low line of mud banks held together by the roots of the mangrove trees. A pilot is taken on board, and the ship follows a tortuous waterway through dismal low-lying swamps, with here and there a few palm trees growing on a tiny islet. Then there is a buzz of excitement, and all eyes are fixed on a clear point of light far ahead. A tapering shape towers out of the distant mist, and its glittering golden top catches the sun's rays. It is the Shwe Dagôn Pagoda, the largest of its kind in the world, and the highest. Its summit is over five hundred feet

above the city of Rangoon below, and its sides are covered with thin plates of beaten gold. For we have reached the far-famed land of pagodas, though as yet we have seen but the top of the great one that towers over Rangoon. And now, as we draw nearer to the great city, we begin to see villages on the banks of the river, each with one or more small pagodas of its own, and with queer-looking houses lightly built of bamboo on piles a few feet above the ground. We pass steamers anchored in the stream and boats of all sizes and shapes, going up and down or moored against the wharves which now line the banks. The scene is not beautiful. There is much mud if the tide is low, and there are ugly factories and smoke. We land, and an electric car will take us along Dalhousie Street, the chief business thoroughfare. What crowds! What excitement! What merry laughter! We listen, and a dozen Eastern languages, mixed with curious broken English, make Babel in our ears. But who are the people? Are they Burmans? Not many of them. There are Indians from all parts of that great land, Chinese and Malays, Europeans, Anglo-Indians, samples from every corner of the earth, and some Burmans. In the suburbs, and in the country villages, we shall find plenty of Burmans; but the rush, the hard work, the restless energy of crowded city life does not appeal to them. They prefer to take life more easily, to sit down and laugh and talk, and chew betel and smoke cheroots; and if Indians and Chinese and the strenuous Englishmen like to come and make work and do it, well, they may, and the Burman will sit down and watch and smile. Here are no caste systems as in India, no revolutionaries or looting unpaid soldiers as in China, no heavy taxes as in Japan. The climate is always warm, at least in Lower Burma; the soil is rich; it is not hard to come by enough rice to satisfy hunger; and a bamboo house can be built in a few days. And so the Burman is happy, with few wants and no ambitions. The Chinaman is building up big business and a fortune; the Indian comes from a poor and crowded country, where it is a struggle to live, and saves enough to retire to his own Indian village. The European finds the heat and the damp enervating and work a burden. He must take holidays on the hills and long furloughs in Europe. The Burman chats and smiles and smokes and does

what work he must, and plays as much as he can. We shall hardly get to know him in busy Rangoon; but we must stay long enough to see the bazaars and the great Pagoda.

A STROLL IN THE BAZAAR.

The morning is the best time for the bazaars. Every household sends to the bazaar for its daily food. Mr. Thurber's "Land of Pagodas" shall act as our guide book:—

Most of the shop-men are Indians, not Burmans; and of the few Burmans nearly all are women. A dozen boy coolies, with baskets, surround us away up the street. We select one lank fellow with a smile, a good knowledge of prices, and a poor knowledge of English. A friend had an amusing experience with one of these "basket wallahs." They often use English in the idiom of their own language. With them there is no difference in the way they say "too much" and "very much." This boy said that what the *sahib* was buying was "too nice." My friend told him that "too nice" means nicer than it should be, and that it really couldn't be "too nice." "Well," returned the boy, "one nice, then."

Did you ever bargain? I mean, juggle prices with a merchant. If you haven't, you have missed—shall I say a joy? There are few one-price dealers here. A native's *asking* price is not his *selling* price; and usually the latter is one-fourth or one-third of the former. It is a habit that many of them would gladly break away from. Says the shopkeeper: "What can do, sir? Master asking price, sir? If I say proper price, sir, master no buy. Master expects less, sir. If no sell for less, sir, no can sell, sir."

This is the usual haggle:—

"What's the price of these guavas?"

"Ten for 6 annas, sahib."

"What? If I wanted to get rich, I'd start a shop here and rob people as you do. Tell the proper price. I'll give you 2 annas."

"Nay, sahib, nay (laughing), five annas proper price."

"Will you take 2 annas?"

"Nay, sahib, cost 4 annas."

"No, they don't; you know you can buy them for one anna."

You start away, and he says: "Four annas, sahib, and no profit." You continue, and he shouts for you to come back at 4 annas. You call that you will give 3 annas. He refuses, but when you are out of sight and hearing he sends a boy running after you to accept your 3 annas. Of course you return and pay the 3 annas, and perhaps are discomfited to see him chuckle at the prospect of a good profit.

It is a huge place, this bazaar. Everything can be bought here at all prices. We hold our noses while passing through the meat and fish departments, sneeze in the spice-room, and are prodigal with our eyes among the silks. All this is sordid, but it is Rangoon.

THE GREAT PAGODA.

As the evening comes on we may as well go to Dalhousie Park, which is large and beautifully laid out. In the rainy season, from May to November, the native staff struggle to keep within bounds the luxuriant foliage and the overwhelming mass of flowers of all colours; but in the rest of the year the dry heat turns everything brown, and the men strive in vain to keep things looking green by patient watering. Here we shall find all the fashionable life of the city, for Burmese as well as Europeans love to see the sun set behind the lovely Shwe Dagôn Pagoda. Shwe means golden, and the Pagoda, which rises 370 feet above the platform of 166 feet high on which it is built, and is therefore higher than St. Paul's, is entirely overlaid with gold. On its summit is a "hti," or umbrella, which is said to have cost £69,000. It was presented by King Mindon, and is set with glorious jewels. A pagoda is not a temple. It is not built for people to meet in, but is generally a solid structure, not often of great size, built over some relic, or supposed relic, of Gautama the Buddha. This pagoda we are looking at owes much of its fame to the fact that it enshrines eight hairs of Buddha. Some 2,000 years ago it was a small village shrine; but as time went on it was encrusted by successive outer casings till it reached its present size about the period of our Queen Elizabeth. From time to time it is re-gilt by public subscription. The last time was in 1887, when £9,000 was at once realised for this purpose. There is no room inside it, the building being quite solid, and it is now encircled by rings of electric lamps, which give at night a very beautiful effect.

We climb up the hill to the base of the pagoda by flights of steps roofed with carved teak wood, and we pass two enormous figures of lions or griffins built of plastered brick. As we climb the steps we can buy candles, flowers, toys, gold leaf, etc., with which we may make offerings at the many

shrines on top. At the base of the pagoda is a paved yard hemmed in by—

> structures of every conceivable shape and nature—scores of little pagodas, roofed-over shrines, images in barred cages, rest-houses, flower and trinket shops, bells, platforms, poles, pillars, glass-cases with relics, decorations in endless variety.

As we have said, a pagoda may be of any size, even small enough to carry in the pocket, but its general shape is fixed. The idea of its form is said to have originated in a pile of rice with a lotus bud stuck in the top of it. It is round, large at the bottom and small at the top, and in fact is hard to describe but quite easy to understand from a picture. The hti (umbrella) at the very top has the shape of a parasol one-fourth open, and is usually made of gilded metal. Its edges have hanging from them little bells or pieces of metal and glass, which tinkle musically in the breeze.

The Burmans are very fond of bells, and these they always associate with Buddhism, their national religion. At the foot of the Dagôn Pagoda is a great bell cast in 1842, weighing 42 tons, with sides 15 inches thick, and standing 14 feet high. It is said that when this bell was cast quantities of gold, silver, and copper were thrown in as offerings. It was taken away by the English at the time of the second Burman war in 1853, but was dropped into the river by accident, and abandoned by the English Government, who, however, later gave permission to the Burmans to recover it if they could, and they succeeded in rescuing the mighty bell from the river mud and bringing it back to the pagoda in triumph.

THE BUDDHA.

Everywhere, at the feet of the pagodas, in all sorts of unexpected places throughout the country, in every house, and in thousands of pockets, you will see images or statues of Buddha. "It was by a strange irony of fate," says Sir Monier Williams, "that the man who denied any God or any being higher than himself, and told his followers to look to themselves for salvation, should have been not only deified and worshipped, but represented by more images than any other being ever idolized in any part of the world." The

biggest of these is the huge reclining Buddha of Pegu. Pegu is some distance up the Irrawaddy, and was at one time a capital city. The statue can be seen from the train. It is called the dying Buddha, and is perhaps the biggest statue of a man in the world. It is 180 feet long and 46 feet high at the shoulders. So big is it that several people could even sleep on its ears. But most of the images of Buddha are of a man, sitting on the ground like a tailor, and draped in a simple robe, with a face expressing pure contemplation, not interested in any passing event, just quietly thinking. This is the expression in every image of Buddha; and, big or little, they are all as near as may be copies of one another. The features are those of a Mongol, not much expression in them, but what they are meant to express, and sometimes do express, is simply passive, unexcitable goodness.

And now you will say, "Who was this Buddha?" Let us try to tell you as simply as possible.

Gautama, who is called the Buddha, i.e., the enlightened one, was born in India some six hundred years before Christ. His father was a king, or chief, and Gautama's youth was spent in luxury and self-indulgence. He was married and had a child; but after a time he grew dissatisfied with his way of life, gave up his title and position, sent away his wife and child, and set out to find the right way of life and peace of soul. He studied under the religious teachers of his day, but found no satisfaction. Then for years he led a life of self-denial and privation. At last, by concentrated meditation, the light broke on him, and he found peace, and thus became the "Buddha." He did not claim that he was God or a god. He did not learn anything of God; he did not know even that there is such a being as God. He could not therefore *worship*, for there was no one to worship—nor *pray*, for there was no one to pray to. But he claimed that by meditation he had found the way to peace; and he proceeded to call to himself disciples to whom he taught the "*way*." He wrote nothing, and it was not till some hundreds of years afterwards that his teaching got into writing; but there is no doubt as to what in the main he taught. In a little book like this it is only possible to give a very short and simple account; but you must remember that his teaching is what is

called "Buddhism," and this is the religion of very many millions of people in Burma, Ceylon, Siam, China, Japan, Tibet and other parts of Asia.

THE KERNEL OF BUDDHISM.

Life, says the Buddhist, is evil, and the desire for it, and for the so-called pleasures it brings with it, must be overcome. It is of no use to kill oneself, because every time a living creature dies it is born again in another form. The new form in which a man is reborn depends upon the lives he has previously lived. Not only the last life but all the preceding hundreds or thousands of lives have built up his destiny; and whether he will be reborn in a higher or lower state, as a man or an animal or an insect, on earth or in one of the terrible hells which form the lower grades of existence, will depend on whether in this last life he has added to or subtracted from his sum total of merit. There is no escaping the punishment of evil-doing. No man nor God can forgive the sinner; each new life is fixed without possibility of change by the one before. And as all life is misery, how can this unending series of lives be cut short? That is the problem which Gautama claimed to have solved. By withdrawing from life as far as possible, fixing one's mind on the evils of life, its transitoriness, the short-lived satisfaction its pleasures give, and the inevitableness of punishment, it is possible to get rid of desire, and finally of life itself. This end which the Buddha achieved will no doubt take for an ordinary man a long process of lives; but by accumulating merit by good deeds he may be able to some extent to outweigh in the balance the evil of each life, and thus rise higher and higher in the scale, till he, too, has achieved the position of Buddha. The Buddha has reached Nirvana (or, as the Burman calls it, Neikban). Nirvana is "the cessation of everything, a condition of unconsciousness, lifeless ease, they do not like to say annihilation."

It is clear, is it not, that this state of perfection at which

NO HEAVEN BUT MANY HELLS.

the Buddhist aims is so near nothingness as to be totally different from what we call heaven. But, though Buddhism

has no heaven, it has many hells, places of torment through which men have to pass as the result of sin in their lives as men; and it is worth while making great efforts in this life to escape suffering in the next. Listen to a story to make this clear. It is from Mr. Cochrane's book "Among the Burmans":—

> A story told by one of our native preachers vividly illustrates this dread of future punishment. "I had been preaching for about two hours to a large company in a jungle village. During all this time an old woman was sitting on a log near by, counting off her beads and devoutly murmuring to herself the customary formula, 'Ah-nas-sa, Dok-ka, Ah-nat-ta; Paya, Taya, Thinga; Radana Thon-ba'—Transitoriness, Misery, Illusions; Lord, Law, Priest—the three Jewels. When I had finished I approached her saying: 'Why do you worship so devoutly?' 'To escape the penalty of hell,' she sadly replied. 'So you fear the future—what is your notion of hell?' 'Oh, it is a terrible place. They say it is shaped like a great cauldron, and full of burning oil in which people suffer endlessly and are not consumed. And when they try to escape, the evil beings of the place thrust them back with sharp forks and spears. Oh, it is a terrible place!' she repeated, fairly trembling as she described its horrors. 'Yes,' I said . . . 'what are you doing to escape such an awful fate?' 'Oh, many, many years I have worshipped before the pagodas and idols; every day I count my beads over and over, repeating the formula, as Gautama directed. Do you think that after all I have done I must still go to hell?' . . . . Then, sitting on the log, with this poor old woman on the ground before me, I told the blessed gospel story over again, as Jesus Christ did with the woman of Samaria. And then I said, 'You must repent of your sins, and confess them to the eternal God. You must believe and trust the Lord Jesus Christ, Who died to save you. If you do this He will forgive your sins and save you.' Her wrinkled face brightened with hope, and the story ends with the woman saying, 'I am so glad.'"

HOW TO ACQUIRE MERIT.

So you see Buddhism has no place for forgiveness. Sin cannot be forgiven, but it may be balanced by accumulated merit. Now there are various ways of acquiring merit. One is by obeying the 10 Buddhist commandments. Five of them are binding on all:—(1) Not to take life; (2) Not to steal; (3) Not to commit adultery; (4) Not to lie; (5) Not to take that which intoxicates. The other five are binding only on the monks: (6) Not to eat after mid-day; (7) Not to attend theatrical amusements, or dance, sing, or play on a musical

instrument; (8) Not to use garlands, scents, or cosmetics; (9) Not to stand, sit, or sleep on a platform or elevated place; (10) Not to receive gold or silver.

These commandments, even the first five, are obviously not easy to keep, and every failure piles up accumulating demerit. But there are ways of filling up the other scale. Every repetition of a portion of the law is a merit, every act of meditation before a pagoda or an image of Buddha. Then the most meritorious act that can be performed is to build a pagoda. This insures the builder at his death immediate entrance into the highest form of heavenly rest. That accounts for the great number of pagodas all through Burma. The merit does not depend on the character of the builder, but on the goodness of the one to whom the pagoda is dedicated. But no merit accrues to anyone who repairs a pagoda, except a few of the famous ones; so the others fall out of repair, and Burma is full of the ruins of thousands of broken-down pagodas.

Another merit-earning deed is the building of a rest-house for travellers; and such rest-houses, often no more than a roof supported by poles, are to be found in every village.

We may not dwell further on this doctrine of merit; our readers will have grasped its fundamental difference from the teaching of Jesus. Let us, however, go back to the Buddhist commandments. If the first one were strictly obeyed all Burmans would be vegetarians. And it is true that meat is not nearly so important a part of food in Burma as in England; but although a Burman will not kill, he is as a rule quite willing to eat what has been killed; and Indians and others are employed to do the killing, while a considerable part of the population is engaged in fishing, which is hardly considered a breach of the commandment. The fifth commandment against intoxicants has done much to keep the Burmans from the drunkenness with which we in England are too familiar.

BUDDHIST MONKS.

But who are the monks to whom the other five rules apply? They are called pongyis and live in monasteries called kyaungs. The kyaungs are often elaborate and costly

buildings, built to acquire merit, but the pongyi as a rule lives a pure, simple life. He has no money and no property, no wife and no family, no regular work, and does not have to think about earning his living. Every morning the monks go out in procession with their bowls. The bowls are carried by their boy disciples, and from each house as they pass a woman comes out and puts some portion of food in the bowl. The monk does not beg, but he allows the people whose houses he passes to gain merit by putting food into his bowl.

He is not a priest nor a minister. It is not his duty to preach or to help others in any way, save in so far as his giving himself to holy meditation sets them an example. He will attend a funeral or a marriage, and by so doing confer an honour on the parties concerned, but he will not take any part in the ceremony; in fact, there is no ceremony. Nevertheless, there is one important thing the pongyis have done. Not apparently as a duty, but as an act of grace, they have taught the boys in every village to read and write. As a result nearly all the men in Burma can read, which puts them in quite a different class from the generally illiterate peasants of India or China. The Burman women are not so well off, as there are not many nuns, and as a rule the girls have not been sent to school, though the Government is gradually introducing and improving education all round.

Not only do the boys attend the monks' school, but every Burman boy becomes a monk, if only for a few hours.

> The novitiate ceremony (to again quote Mr. Cochrane) usually takes place when the boy is between 10 and 12 years of age. . . . The ceremony is made on as grand a scale as the circumstances and credit of the boy's parents will permit. Decked in gayest costume and covered with jewellery, he is placed on a pony, or, in the towns, the best vehicle obtainable, protected from the sun by a long-handled umbrella, and conducted to the homes of his relatives, to bid them farewell.
>
> The farewells being said, the candidate is re-conducted to his own home, where the feast has been prepared, and an elaborate bamboo tabernacle erected, extending from the house to the opposite side of the street. Here, in the presence of the monks, friends, and a host of gaudily-dressed spectators, the actual ceremony is performed. The candidate's finery gives way to a strip of white cloth fastened around his loins, forming a very short skirt. Then the barber is called in to shave his head. After a bath he dresses and presents himself before the monks,

goes through the prescribed prostrations, repeats the words he has learnt by heart pledging himself as a novitiate, is duly clothed in the monks' yellow robe, the begging bowl is given him, and then he joins the other novitiates in their return to the monastery in which he is to live.

Some devout Buddhists make their boys stay three months in the monastery, but more only stay a week, and some boys come back home the very same night and share in the dainties of the feast which has been held to celebrate their renunciation of the world and its pomps and vanities!

TATTOOING.

Either before or after this ceremony nearly all Burman boys are tattooed from the waist to the knees, so that when naked they look as if they were wearing breeches. It is done by a professional tattooer, who brings patterns from which to select the design. The process is a long and painful one, but the pain is relieved by a dose of opium. This custom is now dying out in the towns. It is believed to date from the time, many centuries ago, when the Burmans were subject to the Shans, who branded their slaves with tattoo marks. As time went on the Burmans became proud of their tattooing, and regarded it as a mark of distinction from the despised Chins and other wild races around who do not tattoo.

EAR-BORING.

Girls are not usually tattooed, but as they pass out of childhood they, too, have a great ceremony, that of ear-boring. A soothsayer is called in to fix the lucky day and hour. Then the company assembles and

in spite of the frightened girl's screams and struggles her ears are pierced with the gold or silver needle of the professional ear-borer, the tom-toms and horns of the band outside doing their best to drown her cries. The holes are kept open till they heal, and then they are gradually enlarged by wearing glass or metal tubes of increasing size, until finally a tube an inch in diameter can be inserted. In the olden time the lobe of the ear was stretched much more than is now the fashion.

There was a religious meaning to this ceremony, for images of the Buddha show him with ear-lobes touching the shoulders, and this is a mark of his perfection, so that, naturally, devout women, and even some men, imitate their master.

Miss Doris Harris.

Miss E. W. T. Perry.

Miss E. Lane.

Mr. W. Crittle.

Mr. A. E. Rushton.

Mr. Thomas E. Fowler.

Once her ears are bored the girl puts an end to all street play with small-boy acquaintances, and poses as a young lady. Changes are observed in the style of dressing her hair, in her costume, in the use of cosmetics—for every Burmese girl, though naturally brown, desires to be white—in her bearing as she walks the street, in every pose of her graceful body. She may not have so much freedom of action as she enjoyed before; but she knows it will not be long until some choice young man will want her, to adorn his household.

BETEL-CHEWING AND SMOKING.

Two other customs of the country we must mention—betel-chewing and smoking. In Burma everybody smokes—men and women, boys and girls. They smoke a home-made cigar known as the green cheroot, which is 6 to 8 inches long and an inch thick at the bigger end. Fortunately, it is by no means entirely made of tobacco. The children smoke as soon as they can walk, and mother gives her baby whiffs long before that.

Betel-chewing, and the frequent spitting which always goes with it, is a still more unlovely practice. The Burman always carries with him his betel box. From it he takes an areca nut, splits it in half, then takes a betel leaf, smears it with a little slaked lime, puts in a tiny morsel of cutch and tobacco, rolls it all up in the leaf, puts it in the side of his mouth, and occasionally squeezes it between his teeth. The betel stains his lips and teeth red, and the lime destroys his teeth after a time, so you may imagine that the total result does not improve his appearance, while the spitting makes the floor horrible to look at.

WHAT BURMANS LOOK LIKE.

But you must not think that these queer customs make the Burman men and women ugly and unlovable. All Europeans who stay in Burma get to love the people—their bright gaiety, their good humour, their easy manners, their evident love of freedom, and the absence of servility on the one hand, or pride on the other. Here is Sir Frederick Treves' description of them* :—

In stature they are short, their complexion is a faint brown, their faces are a little flat, with a tendency to high cheek bones.

(* "The Other Side of the Lantern," pp. 194—196.)

The men, on the whole, may be described as handsome—often as distinguished-looking—certainly as bright, intelligent, and good-humoured. They are always clean, always tidy. They are, for the most part, slight.

The men have long, sleek black hair, which is twisted into a knob on the top or side of the head. Around the forehead is a prettily-arranged handkerchief of silk, usually of pale pink.

Their dress consists of a simple short jacket, most commonly made of linen, with a long skirt of silk in some bright tint. This is almost identical with the costume affected by the women; and, save for the handkerchief round the head, and a possible moustache, it is at first not easy to tell the two sexes apart. The Burman is manly, possessed of a great love for sport, generous and hearty. His habitual cheeriness is in strong contrast with the melancholy of the native of India. The Burman is, by nature, idle and a lover of pleasure. He is improvident and easy-going. He takes life lightly, while his view of the future is that of the Lotus-Eater. As he does not like work, and as Burma under British rule is a strenuous country, it is no matter of surprise that he is becoming replaced in all centres of activity by men who will work.

AND THE LADIES.

Now for Sir Frederick Treves' description of a Burman woman :—

From out of the cloister of the wood a girl came, who halted for a moment in the road, hesitating which way she should turn. She stood erect, like a queen. Her eyes were dark and expressive, and there was a smiling mouth with white teeth. Glossy black hair, with a red rose in it, made the covering of her head. A simple jacket of white linen hung from her shapely shoulders, and from her waist to her naked feet was a skirt of glistening pink silk that sketched in simplest lines her perfect form. Two plain gold bangles on her wrist complete the account of her—a delicate, cool, little figure, with a splash of sunshine at her feet, and the vision of the pagoda at the road's end.

Her eyes at least are absolutely beautiful. . . . She walks with a swing of her arms and a roll of her shoulder, which mark her as one who thinks well of herself, and intends that all others should hold to the same belief.

She has excuse for some dignity of bearing, for it is the Burmese woman, and not the Burmese man, who is at the head of affairs. What business is to be done she does. She is ever astir in the market, buying and selling, since it is the woman who sits at the receipt of custom. Her husband or her brother may carry bales of silk for her, may unpack her cases of silver, may bring vegetables in from the country to her stall, but it is she who guides the enterprise and who manages the trading. She does it because she does it well, and because "he" is so indolent and uncertain.

BURMESE FEASTS.

Strange that these charming, friendly people should be believers in the austere religion of Buddha. But it must be confessed that the austerity of Buddhism sits lightly on them. And Buddhism has evolved a full calendar of saints' days and holy days, of which the Burman takes ample advantage. Chief among these is the New Year Feast, or, as English people call it, the water feast. This takes place about the 11th April, and lasts three or four days. It begins at earliest dawn, when pots full of fresh clean water are taken to the monastery to be presented to the monks. This is called "begging pardon with water." Then the women go to the pagodas and pour water over the images. This work is soon finished, and the fun begins. Children and young people go round everywhere carrying water in syringes, in cups and goblets, and throw it over everyone they meet. Parties of young girls will invade your house while you are at dinner, and laughingly direct a stream of water on your shirt front. An enterprising tradesman will turn the hose on passers-by in the street.

Another great festival comes at the end of the Buddhist Lent, which lasts during the rainy season. The prettiest of the festivities which then take place is the illumination of the river.

> As soon as it is dark (says Shway Yoe in "The Burman: His Life and Notions") the villagers row out into the middle of the stream, and set adrift a multitude of little oil-lamps, each fastened to a little float of bamboo or plantain stems. The lamps are simply little earthenware cups filled with oil, and each supplied with a small piece of cotton for a wick. Thousands of them are sent out by a single village, and the sight from a steamer, suddenly rounding a bend, and coming upon a bank of these little stars of light afloat on the river is very singular. In the distance it looks like a regular sea of flame; and, as there is plenty of oil, on the night of the full moon there is a constant succession of these shoals of twinkling lights floating down the whole length of the Irrawaddy . . . every village sending its contingent.

NAT WORSHIP—ANIMISM.

These and many other customs, kept up by the pleasure-loving Burmans, are all linked one way or another with Buddhism as believed by the common people; but in fact they

are part of the older religion of the country before Buddhism came; and about this older religion, or superstition, if you like, we must say a few words, especially as the numerous tribes scattered about and surrounding the Buddhist Burmans —Karens, Chins, Kachins, Nagas, etc.—have no other form of belief. It is called *nat*-worship, the reverencing of the spirits of nature; and, though it takes varied forms in different tribes, it is to be found in every village in Burma, and among the lower-class Burmans it counts for more than Buddhism itself. The word *nat* is applied to two different kinds of being. It applies, in the Buddhist system, to kings and virtuous people who have been rewarded after a good life on earth with a seat in one of the lower heavens, and it is the king of these *nats* who comes down for three days to earth at the beginning of the Burman year. But the *nats* who really occupy the back of the minds of all Burmans are the spirits of nature, what our own ancestors used to call fairies, elves, gnomes, pixies, and so on. And it is not right to think of these as kindly spirits who can be worshipped. They are rather evil beings of whom one must be afraid, and who must be propitiated by regular offerings. At the entrance to every village there is a shrine for the local *nats*.

Sometimes it is a mere bamboo cage, hung in a tree, with an image inside, and a little hole through which the superstitious can introduce their offerings, tiny water-pots, oil-lamps, and little morsels of food. Often, if the village is larger, the shrine is much more pretentious.

In every house, too, there is some little arrangement for making offerings to appease the *nats*, for every house has one or more *nats* of its own, apart from the village *nats*. All through life great precautions have to be taken to avoid giving offence to *nats*, big and little; and if a monk attends a wedding or a funeral it is to keep the *nats* away, for directly or indirectly the *nats* are believed to be the cause of all accidents and all diseases.

* At the advent of Buddhism the worship of evil spirits (*nats*) by propitiatory sacrifice, prevailed throughout Burma, among all races. When Buddhism was adopted by the Talaings, Burmans and Shans, bloody sacrifices, involving the taking of animal life, had to be abandoned. But to this day propitiatory offerings of rice, fruit or flowers are made to the spirits as

* Cochrane, p. 134.

before. The Burman has added to his Animism (spirit-worship) just so much of Buddhism as suits him, and draws solace from each in turn. Two illustrations will suffice to show how strong a hold superstition still has upon the people. A harmless lunatic had wandered through the streets for years, homeless and friendless. For his living he had to compete with the pariah dogs in the common effort to exist on what the people chanced to cast into the street after finishing their meals. One of the monks, thinking to gain notoriety as well as more substantial favours, declared that this man was a case of demoniacal possession. This was nothing new, for it is the common belief that *nats* are responsible for disordered minds, sickness and other calamities But the monk further suggested that the *nat* that had taken up his abode in this man be exorcised (i.e., have the spirit cast out) by drowning him out. A company of Burmans assembled, secured the demoniac, and, headed by the priest and tom-toms, proceeded to the river. The poor demoniac, filthy, naked, and with matted hair—a picture of abject helplessness—was led by a rope and taken in a boat to the middle of the river and thrown overboard. When he tried to regain the boat they thrust him off with their bamboo poles. When he became exhausted they rescued him, only to throw him in again after a brief breathing spell. This was repeated for several days in the presence of the would-be wonder-worker, to the deafening sound of the tom-toms. It is needless to add that he continued to roam the streets in the same condition as before.

At one time when out on a tour among jungle villages a native Christian called my attention to a large banyan tree by the roadside. Upon one of the higher branches was a large gnarl, which, by a long stretch of the imagination, slightly resembled a human face. The tree was standing there before the oldest inhabitant was born. The gnarl was a peculiar growth of many years. One day a passer-by noticed a fancied resemblance to a human face, and spread the story that the tree was haunted—that it was the abode of a *nat*. Of course the superstitious people believed it. A zayat (rest-house) was quickly built under the tree; many brought offerings of rice, fruit and flowers, and all who passed by that tree bowed down to worship that big knot on the limb.

CHAPTER THREE.

HOW THE GOSPEL CAME TO BURMA.

Adoniram Judson's Adventures.

Adoniram Judson, the first Protestant missionary to Burma, passed through many strange adventures before he ever got there, and more still after his arrival. In this little book we can mention but a few of them. He was born in

1788 in a small town in Massachusetts, U.S.A., where his father was a Congregational minister. He was sent to Brown University, where he made a very close friend who led him to doubt all religion. When he was twenty he told his father he was an infidel, and he went for a tour on horseback to "see life" as he called it. One night he put up at a country tavern, and was given a room next to one where he was told a young man lay dying. Judson could not sleep. He did not know who the man was, but all night the question rang through his brain: "Is he prepared?" "For what?" "What if I were he?" "Is there a future?" And then he wondered what his clever university friend would say to all these foolish questionings. In the morning he enquired how the young man was. "Dead in the night. He was a fine young fellow. His name was ——." Imagine the effect on young Judson when he heard the very name of his Atheist friend. At all events, the shock brought him to his senses. He went back to his father and then to a theological college. Here his conversion took place, and he found the Saviour, Whom he never again lost. At that time the English Baptist missionary, Carey, had begun his work at Serampore in India, and the Church Missionary Society and the London Missionary Society had recently been founded. Earnest men in America were reaching out to the same ideal. A small group of young Christians resolved to become missionaries. Judson joins the group. They force the hands of their elders. The "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions" is formed, but has no funds. It is hoped to work with the London Missionary Society (L.M.S.). Judson goes to England to consult the L.M.S. The ship in which he sails is captured by a French warship. Judson finds himself in an underground prison at Bayonne. Released, he reaches London and is welcomed by the L.M.S. But the offer of the English society stirs up America. Funds come in. Judson and four others are ordained and sent in two ships to India in 1812. Thirteen days before he sails he marries Ann Hasseltine, the future heroine of Ava. His ship reaches Calcutta in 4½ months. There he meets Dr. Carey. On the long voyage he and his wife have decided to become Baptists. In due course their decision calls into being the American Baptist Missionary Society.

GOVERNMENT OPPOSITION.

Strange as it may seem, in those days the rulers of British India (the East India Company) were bitterly opposed to missionary work. What Christian work there had been in their territory, and it was very little, had been done by men who, like Henry Martyn, went out as chaplains to the European community. Carey was only permitted to stay because he was settled in the little Danish colony of Serampore, and the English could not turn him out. The East India Company even made a profit out of heathenism by the tax it levied on every pilgrim to the temple of Juggernaut. Ten days after his arrival Judson was recalled from Serampore and ordered to return to America. With much trouble he got permission to go to the Isle of France (as Mauritius was then called). There he found no opportunity for work, and in June, 1813, he and his wife returned to India, this time to Madras. The Government soon found him out. He was ordered back to England. He eagerly looked round the harbour for some ship in which to escape from the clutches of the East India Company. He found a crazy old vessel called the Georgianna bound for Rangoon. After a difficult and perilous journey, during which Mrs. Judson was very ill, the old boat crept up among the mud flats of the Irrawaddy delta to the Burmese town of Rangoon—very different from the Rangoon of to-day of which we have already written. Listen to Mrs. Judson's description of the great city in her day:—

> But what a port! It was the 13th July when the Georgianna entered the harbour of Rangoon. Burmah! Dismal, doleful forbidding, funereal—all the unpleasant adjectives in the dictionary could hardly do justice to the city of Rangoon in 1813, especially as it was seen from approaching vessels. Reaching away from the water's edge was a vast flat swamp, "a sludgy, squadgy creek," with tumble-down bamboo huts raised on poles above the ground. Everything in sight was dilapidated, neglected, filthy.

For the first time in their travels Mr. and Mrs. Judson saw before them a country in its primitive, barbaric condition, untouched by European civilisation. The prospect sent a stab of terror into their souls.

JUDSON AT WORK IN RANGOON.

A little before this a son of Dr. Carey, coming from Serampore, had tried to start a mission here, but had just given it up. Judson got permission to live in the bamboo hut Carey had built, and here Christianity in Burma was born. If you would know the bitterness of the birth-pangs, the slowness of the growth of the new child, the sufferings of the parents, you must read the life of Adoniram Judson, or that of "Ann of Ava," his wife. We may here but mention one or two incidents, which at least will indicate the difference between the work of the first pioneers and that of those who follow 100 years later along the road that they have blazed.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson immediately began to study the language, and Mr. Judson soon set to work on compiling a Burmese Grammar and Dictionary and then on translating the Bible. He got a small printing press, and through it a great deal of his most successful work was done. At the end of four years no convert had been made, largely because of the opposition of the King and his local officials. Judson went off in a ship to Chittagong hoping to develop work there. Owing to bad weather the ship couldn't make the port, and sailed across to Madras. Storms and contrary winds lengthened the voyage to three months. The ship was short of food and water, and Judson nearly died of fever. At Madras he found he could not get back to Rangoon for another five months. Meanwhile the ship was reported as lost, and poor Mrs. Judson was almost compelled to believe her husband was dead. Moreover there were rumours of war between England and Burma. All but one of the ships in Rangoon had left. The town was devastated by cholera, and the dead lay about the streets.

The two young missionaries who had come out to join Judson resolved to take advantage of the one remaining ship to leave the stricken town and their hopeless task. At last they persuaded Mrs. Judson to go with them. She went on board with many misgivings, and as the ship slowly dropped down the river she felt God was calling her back. The ship was badly laden, and had to put up for a day or two, and

Mrs. Judson persuaded the captain to send her back in the ship's boat to Rangoon. She returned to her little home, the only missionary in Burma, and a woman! With her was a little Dutch girl whom she had adopted. She faced the disease all round her, the threatening war, the loneliness—and was unafraid.

A few days later she had her reward. The news came that her husband was alive, and in a week or two he was with her again. It was seven years later before the dreaded war broke out, and meanwhile Judson had been to Ava, the King's capital; had been spurned by the King; had been recalled owing to the fame of a Dr. Price (a medical missionary who had been very successful with eye operations); had been received with favour at the Court; and had started mission work in Ava.

ANN OF AVA.

Then the war broke out. This was in 1824. The pride and arrogance of the Burmese King and ruling men were almost beyond belief. What could an ordinary European do with a King who styled himself:—

> His Most Glorious and Excellent Majesty Lord of the Tshaddan, King of Elephants, Master of many White Elephants, Lord of the Mines of Gold, Silver, Rubies, Amber and the Noble Serpentine, Sovereign of the Empires of Thuna-paranta and Tampadipa, and other great Empires and Countries, and of all the Umbrella-Wearing Chiefs, the Supporter of Religion, the Sun-descended Monarch, Arbiter of Life, and Great King of Righteousness, King of Kings, and Possessor of Boundless Dominion and Supreme Wisdom.

As has been told in an earlier page, a small British army occupied Rangoon. The King was told the English must have had spies in Ava. Judson and Price and all the other Europeans in Ava were thrown into prison. The hardships they endured were unspeakable. At night their feet were lifted up and fastened to bamboo stocks, so that only their heads and backs rested on the ground. They would have died from fever, thirst, and starvation had it not been for the heroic efforts of Mrs. Judson, who faced every risk, suffered endless humiliation and hardship, but got food through to the prisoners, and by hook or by crook obtained

them some relief. Then during the hottest weather the prisoners were transferred from Ava to a village some miles off. They had to walk, bare-headed and bare-footed, over scorching sand in the heat of the day. One of them died on the way. Mrs. Judson tells how her husband's life was saved on this terrible march :—

> Mr. Gouger's Bengalee servant came up to them and, seeing the distress of Mr. Judson, took off his head-dress, which was made of cloth, tore it in two, gave half to his master and half to Mr. Judson, which he instantly wrapped round his wounded feet, as they were not allowed to rest even for a moment. The servant then offered his shoulder to Mr. Judson, who was almost carried by him the remainder of the way.

There seems no doubt that they were transferred to the village prison to be murdered, but the officer who had the order was prevailed upon by Mrs. Judson to refrain from carrying it out.

Poor Ann Judson, with a new-born baby, herself racked with fever, begging milk for her child from the mothers in the village, fighting small-pox in her own baby, and vaccinating the village children, by importunity and bribes getting relief for the prisoners ! Was ever woman in such a plight? At last the British army came up the river. The Burmese pride was humbled. The prisoners were given up. Mr. and Mrs. Judson were welcomed by the British General and treated with every honour. But the " Heroine of Ava," as she was called in the army, never recovered from the strain, and she and the baby both died. She had given her life, and her baby's, for her friends !

JUDSON KEEPS ON.

Judson, alone, fever-racked, desolate, carried on his work. His little Christian Church at Rangoon was scattered, but four faithful converts welcomed his return, and, as it were by a miracle, his precious manuscript of the New Testament in Burmese had been preserved. In the prison he had kept it sewn up in a pillow Mrs. Judson had procured for him. When he was taken away to the village prison the jailor threw the pillow away. The next day a faithful Christian Burman searched the prison, and found the pillow and in it the Testament, fragile embodiment of years of toil.

Judson's work was now transferred to the new British Burma. Only once did he return to his home in America, and that was not till after he had been 33 years in the East. He died at sea in 1850, only a few days' sail from the land he loved so well. His greatest memorial is the Baptist College at Rangoon, with over 1,000 Burmese students to-day. Towards the end of his life he came into contact with the Karens, a primitive people living in the mountains on the South-East of Burma. They had never adopted Buddhism; their religion was limited to sacrifices and rites to appease the "*nats*"—the evil spirits that fill the mountains, the woods, the rivers, the villages, the houses—everything. They had no written language, but their speech was reduced to writing by Judson's colleagues of the American Baptist Mission, and in 1852 this mission had 62 missionaries and assistants, 267 Burmese, and 7,750 Karen Christians. At the last census, out of 257,000 Christians in all Burma, 178,000 were Karens. Few Christian missions in modern times have been more successful than that to the Karens of Burma. Of them Mr. Purser says in his "Christian Missions in Burma:"—

> Before they were brought into touch with Christianity . . . the Karens were degraded, illiterate savages dwelling in almost inaccessible mountains, perpetually at war amongst themselves, and yet so terrified at a Burman that they fled at his approach. They were drunken and superstitious, and when they were not pre-occupied with the cultivation of their little patch they were planning or carrying out raids on their neighbours' villages for the purpose of stealing their children. Now over 100,000 (by the last census 170,000) of them are Christians; almost all the Christians can read and write one, two or three languages. Instead of being afraid of the Burmese, they have migrated into the plains in large numbers, and are competing successfully with them in the Government, mercantile, educational and medical services.

BURMA'S FIRST MARTYR.

It was in 1819, after six years of work, that Judson baptised his first Burman convert, and in 1828 Boardman, one of his colleagues of the American Baptists, baptised the first Karen:—

> In 1842, a few years after Judson had at last finished his translation of the Bible into Burmese, the first martyr laid down his life for Christ's sake and the Gospels. His name was Klo

Mai—a converted Karen. A company of Burmans broke into his house, abused him cruelly, threatening his life if he would not recant.

His son, Shwe Nyo, also a Christian, hid himself in the jungle, but not until he had been severely stabbed. Klo Mai was dragged from his house and crucified by his heartless tormentors. Bound to a hastily-constructed bamboo cross, in the form of a letter X, he was left to die, and did die, rather than deny his Master.

The son, Shwe Nyo, became an effective preacher of the Gospel, stimulated to the greater earnestness by his father's faithful example. Surely he "bore in his body the brand marks of the Lord Jesus," for he carried with him until his death in 1892 the scar of that stab received in his youth.*

JUDGE NOT BY APPEARANCE.

From the same book (p. 277) we quote a new lady missionary's description of the first Karen she ever saw :—

> Suspended from a yoke from the forehead, hanging down the back of this Karen was a large pig suspended in bamboo strips to keep him quiet, and this pig had been brought by the man from the mountains. The man himself was very untidy; his single garment was after the shape of a pillow case; his hair, if ever it had been combed, had not been for many a day, and I said to Dr. C——, "It hardly seems possible there is more soul in the burden-bearer than in the burden." He looked at me in astonishment and said, 'Why, that is the dearest old deacon in the mountains." And I said, "If that is the dearest old deacon in the mountains, then there is hope for everybody."

Listen again to Mr. Smeaton, late Chief Commissioner of Burma, in his book "The Loyal Karens" :—

> Forty, aye, thirty years ago they were a despised, grovelling, timid people, held in contempt by the Burmese. At the sound of the Gospel message they sprang to their feet, as a sleeping army springs to the bugle-call. The dream of hundreds of years was fulfilled; the God Who had cast them off for their unfaithfulness had come back to them; they felt themselves a nation once more. Their progress since has been by leaps and bounds, all from an impetus within themselves, and with no direct help from their rulers; and they bid fair soon to outstrip their Burmese conquerors in all the arts of peace.

It was the Karens who came to the rescue when in 1885 the last Burmese war broke out. As we have already told,

(* "Among the Burmans," H. P. Cochrane, p. 210).

the Burmese army was soon defeated and broken up, but the disbanded soldiers formed themselves into bands of armed robbers and committed great atrocities, not only on the British, but much more on their own countrymen. Mr. Smeaton says :—

> Until in sheer despair the Karens rose to defend their own hearths and homes, the Burmese rebels and robbers had it all their own way. Troops could not penetrate the dense jungles, and the Burmese police were cowardly when they were not disloyal. The Karens are splendid forest-trackers and ruthless pursuers; when they rose vengeance was swift. They tracked the raiders to their hiding-places, attacked and routed them, hunted the fugitives from jungle to jungle and cleared the frontier.

THE FIRST ENGLISH MISSIONARIES.

So far we have seen the American Baptists working among the Burmese and Karens, and they have since pushed out among the Shans, and have even touched some of the Kachin tribes. The Roman Catholics, too, did much work in various parts of the country; but it was not till 1854 that British Protestants started mission work there. In that year the first missionary of the S.P.G. (Society for the Propagation of the Gospel) was appointed to Burma, and in 1860 a trained English schoolmaster, who afterwards became famous as Dr. Marks, arrived at Rangoon and began the great educational work, which he continued for 40 years, and which made Marks the most beloved teacher Burma has ever known. We must give some of the incidents he has told in his book "Forty Years in Burma."

DR. MARKS ARRIVES.

After nearly six months of thoroughly miserable sailing in a small cargo boat, in which he travelled for economy, he reached Burma at Amherst, and spent a few hours on land. He was enjoying the beauty of the surroundings when, he says :—

> My reveries were disturbed most agreeably by the arrival of some half-dozen Burman boys, merry, laughing, cheerful lads, dressed in pretty bright silk garments. In complexion they were only slightly brown, the hair, long and black, reaching half-way

down the backs of some of them, and tied up in a bunch on the tops of the heads of others.

We looked at each other in amusement, not to say amazement. I had never seen Burmese boys before, and apparently they had never seen a raw missionary before. I certainly had no fear of them; they showed no fear of me until I put out my hand and said, "How do you do, boys?" Then they thought I was going to hit them, and ran away. I burst out laughing; and they, stopping, laughed too; and when I beckoned again they came up to me, and we greatly amused one another by carrying on a conversation without a word being understood on either side.

I made signs to them that I had just landed from the ship which was visible coming up the river, and that I was thirsty; whereupon one of them, who had in his dress that wonderful *dah*—a marvellous bent knife, capable alike of sharpening a lead pencil or of hacking down a tree—climbed a tree with the agility of a monkey, and cut off two of the green cocoanuts; then, as rapidly descending, with his *dah* he cut off the top of one of them, and handed to me the most delicious draught I had had for many a long day—cold and refreshing, more than I could drink. This was my first introduction to the "bloodthirsty" Burman, and I thought then, as I have often done since, how incorrect is the sentiment expressed in dear Bishop Heber's hymn—written before he had ever been to India or Ceylon—

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

MARKS NEARLY MURDERED.

Yet it wasn't long before Marks found how vile a man might be. He developed a serious abscess on his right side, and was moved to the Deputy Commissioner's house for treatment. There were in those days no female nurses, and the only hospital attendants were from the jail dispensary.

One afternoon in the crisis of my illness I was alone in the house, and a convict hospital servant was sent to apply liniment. We were alone together, and I noticed a sudden change in the man when he saw how weak I was. He ceased to rub me with liniment, and with eyes glaring like those of a tiger, he sprang at my throat, and tried to strangle me. I struggled with him as far as my weakness would allow, but I felt myself gradually sinking, when I made one final effort to scream for help. The servants came rushing in, just in time to drag my assailant from me. By this time he was a raving maniac, and it was all they could do to overpower him. He was a Thug, one of a tribe of hereditary murderers, with whom strangulation was a fine art. He had been condemned to death for murder in India, but his sentence had been commuted into one of transportation for life.

Mark's missionary work was for the most part divided between Rangoon and the capital—Mandalay. Yet, in view of the new effort now being made by the B.C.M.S. to reach the hill tribes of Burma, we must tell how on one occasion, when Marks was in a town called Akyab on the Western Coast,

> Some Chins, a hill tribe from the Arakan mountains, came into the town and sought me. They were very scantily dressed, their hair was knotted over their forehead, and they had to speak by an interpreter. They said, "Several years ago some white teachers told us out of a book of the Great God Who rules over all the universe and orders our lives. They promised to teach us more fully, and we are most anxious to learn. Can you come to our hills and teach us and our children? We will take all care of you and give you of our best." I promised to do what I could to supply them with a teacher, but I have never been able to send them one. Must these hill people always be neglected?

These Chins of Arakan have now been British subjects for 100 years, and have never had the Gospel effectively put before them.

Marks made great progress with his school at Rangoon. Two quotations will show how different a school in Burma must be from one in England.

> We all said the Lord's Prayer, asking, of course, not for our daily *bread*—for that is not the food of the country—but for our daily *rice*! In our school we had but two meals a day, rice and curry in the morning, and curry and rice in the evening!

And again :—

THE SCHOOL BOY'S WIFE.

> A student had done remarkably well in all preliminaries, and we believed that in the forthcoming Calcutta University examination he would take a high position; but on the very day when he had to sign the roll for his identification he was absent, and could not be found. When the examination was over he returned to his place in school, smiling and happy. I demanded a private interview for an explanation of his conduct, and when he gave what I regarded as prevaricating replies, I thereupon administered exemplary chastisement. He turned to me, quite forgiving me, and said: "Please, Sayagyi, I got married. May I bring my wife to see you?" My wrath was gone. A day or two afterwards the bride was introduced to me, a bright, happy girl, evidently a help-meet for him. I told her what had happened, and that her husband had received the reward of merit. She smiled

sweetly and said: "I am so glod; it will make him a good husband. And if he is not, I will bring him to you again." He came up at the next examination and passed triumphantly.

It seems strange to us to have married men as schoolboys, but it is common in Burma. Listen to Dr. Marks again :—

I remember once seeing a big schoolboy bullying a small boy in the school playground. I called them both up into my house, and without waiting for any explanation immediately administered a sound thrashing to the big boy. After I had finished I said, "Do you know why I have beaten you?" He replied, "No." I said, "It is time that you understood that I do not allow big boys to bully small ones in my school." The big boy gave a sickly smile and said, "Please, sir, he is my son."

MARKS AT MANDALAY.

The last incident took place at Mandalay, whither Dr. Marks had been called by the King to start a new school connected with the Royal Palace. This was after the second Burmese war, when Lower Burma, including Rangoon, had become British, and the King of Burma was King of Upper Burma only. The war had been practically closed by an internal revolution in which the foolish King, Pagan Min, had been deposed, and his brother, Mindoñ Min, placed upon the throne (1853). The new King was one of the best Burma had ever had. He had a horror of bloodshed and a genuine desire for the prosperity of his country. He was a pious and learned Buddhist, and spent large sums on Buddhist institutions, even though his military and other servants had to go without pay.

Four years after his accession he moved his capital from Amarapura to Mandalay. 150,000 people had to give up their homes and move to a new city at the caprice of the King's will.

It was from Mandalay that Marks received a royal letter, written in white chalk, on a kind of specially-prepared black paper, called "Parabike." The letter set forth all His Majesty's titles (see page 41), and stated that the King had heard of the school of the English teacher in British Burma and desired him to go up to the new capital city of "Mandalay, the centre of the world," and there establish a similar Christian school.

Government Bungalow used on the first expedition to the Hukong to put down slavery.

FRONT OF A KACHIN HOUSE.

A long house is a sign of wealth. Houses 150 feet long are not uncommon.

THE PRINCES GO TO SCHOOL.

Marks went, the school was opened, four of the King's sons came, progress was made, and the King himself gave an English Church, refusing to allow anyone else to contribute, save only Queen Victoria, who sent out a beautiful marble font. The King, who had 110 children in his family, sent at first nine of his sons, but Marks thought nine too many, so the number was reduced to four. Here is his account of their arrival :—

> One of my Rangoon pupils rushed into my room and said, "Teacher, the princes are coming." I looked out, and there were the four princes, mounted on four royal elephants, two gold umbrellas held over each, and 40 followers in undress uniform behind each elephant. The long procession came to my door, the elephants knelt down, and the princes descended and came up into my room. I had prepared a lot of mechanical toys, telescopes, etc., for the entertainment of the princes. But their followers rushed up, pulled off the table cover, and threw it and all my pretty things into the corner, and put the princes' spittoons and water-pots on the table.
>
> I suggested that we had better cross over to the school hall. On our arrival we found 25 boys seated at their desks. But, as soon as the princes entered, every boy, according to Burmese custom, went down flat on the floor—none dare stand or sit in the presence of royalty. I said, "Boys, get up to your desks; the princes have come here not as king's sons but as scholars." But, do what he would, Dr. Marks could not get the boys on their feet. He turned to the princes and saw they were shaking with laughter. The eldest said, "Oh, you fellows, you are not to be frightened at us. We are your school-fellows; get up and go on as if we were not here." One by one the boys crept up to their seats. . . Very soon all came right. I have never had more gentle, docile and intelligent pupils than were these princes, and I was glad when all the nine came—though it was more like a procession of Sanger's Circus through the streets than that of pupils coming to school.

Marks got on well with the school and the King for some two years, and then the King tried to get the missionary to act as his political agent with the British Government, and when Marks refused the King grew cold to him, withdrew the princes, and finally asked him to leave Mandalay. So Marks returned to the charge of his big school at Rangoon, and another missionary, Mr. Colbeck, took his place at Mandalay.

THIBAW MURDERS HIS BROTHERS.

In 1878 the King, Mindon, died, and one of his sons, Thibaw, who had been one of Marks' pupils, became King. Thibaw had been quiet enough at school; but, under the influence of the Queen-Dowager and one of his wives, soon became a bloodthirsty tyrant. Eighty-six of his blood relations, including all but two of the princes, were murdered. The English were withdrawn from Mandalay, and in 1885 the last Burmese war broke out. Thibaw was deposed and spent the rest of his days in exile. All Burma now became British, and for the first time the whole country was open to missionary work. Jas. Colbeck returned to Mandalay, and for a time there was a marked movement towards Christianity there. He worked in all for 15 years without one furlough, and passed to his rest in Mandalay in 1888.

Marks continued his great work at St. John's College, Rangoon, till 1895, when his health drove him home to England. Never was schoolmaster so popular in Burma. His old scholars raised a "Marks Memorial Fund," which provided him with a pension till his death, founded scholarships in his honour, and is paying for a new chapel in his memory.

Burma was part of the diocese of Calcutta till 1877, when the first Bishop of Burma was appointed.

The S.P.G. have extended their work among the Burmans in the big towns; but, like the American Baptists, they have not been very successful with Buddhists. And the example of other Europeans—merchants or officials—does not always help the missionary in his work.

THE ENGLISHMAN AND THE WHISKY BOTTLE.

Englishmen are not much given to display the outward signs of religion. The native is on the look-out for such signs. There is a well-known story which illustrates this. A native servant who was desirous of knowing what god the English worshipped once set himself to watch his master as he was preparing to go to bed. The master happened to be a religious man, and always carried his Bible about with him whilst on tour. The native saw his master light a candle and stick it in an empty whisky bottle; then he got his Bible, and after reading a few chapters knelt down to pray. The native went away quite satisfied and told

all his friends that his master's god was the whisky bottle, for he had seen him kneel down and worship it.—("Christian Missions in Burma," by W. C. B. Purser, p. 143).

The native is not always so much mistaken, and sometimes even an English looker-on might come to a similar conclusion. The S.P.G. has rightly, therefore, a most important work among Europeans and Eurasians (those of mixed European and Asiatic descent). Since 1875 the S.P.G. have also worked amongst the Karens, and with a success which seems to have been chiefly limited by the small numbers of missionaries who have been able to be given to that work. So, too, something has been done for the Chins living near the Irrawaddy in the district of Prome. These Chins are rapidly becoming Burmanised and therefore Buddhists, and are then like the Burmans themselves, very inaccessible to Christianity; but when missionaries have been able to get to the wilder districts, where the Chins, very poor and ignorant, are scattered along the mountains between Arakan and Burma proper, it has not been difficult to point them to the Saviour. Their language has been reduced to writing, and there are about 15,000 Chin Christians to-day.

A CHRISTIAN HERMIT.

In 1911 the Anglican Church in Kemmendine, in the Irrawaddy delta, was joined by a very remarkable Burmese convert named John Ye Gyan. He had spent many years as a hermit in a cave which he had hewn out of the side of a hill, seeking by meditation and prayer to know more of God, of Whom Buddhism had nothing to teach him. He found God in Christ, and then spent seven years clad as a Sadhu, living on one daily meal of herbs, and walking many miles over the rice fields preaching Christ. He brought several hundreds to Jesus; but then, just as he seemed at the height of his usefulness, he passed away. (See opposite page 52).

Since the war of 1885 the Wesleyan Methodists (and the American Episcopal Methodists) have also been working in Mandalay and elsewhere in Upper and Lower Burma, and the country owes to them its first home for lepers. In 1891 their missionary, Rev. W. R. Winston, founded this home, which was indeed badly needed, seeing that he estimated that

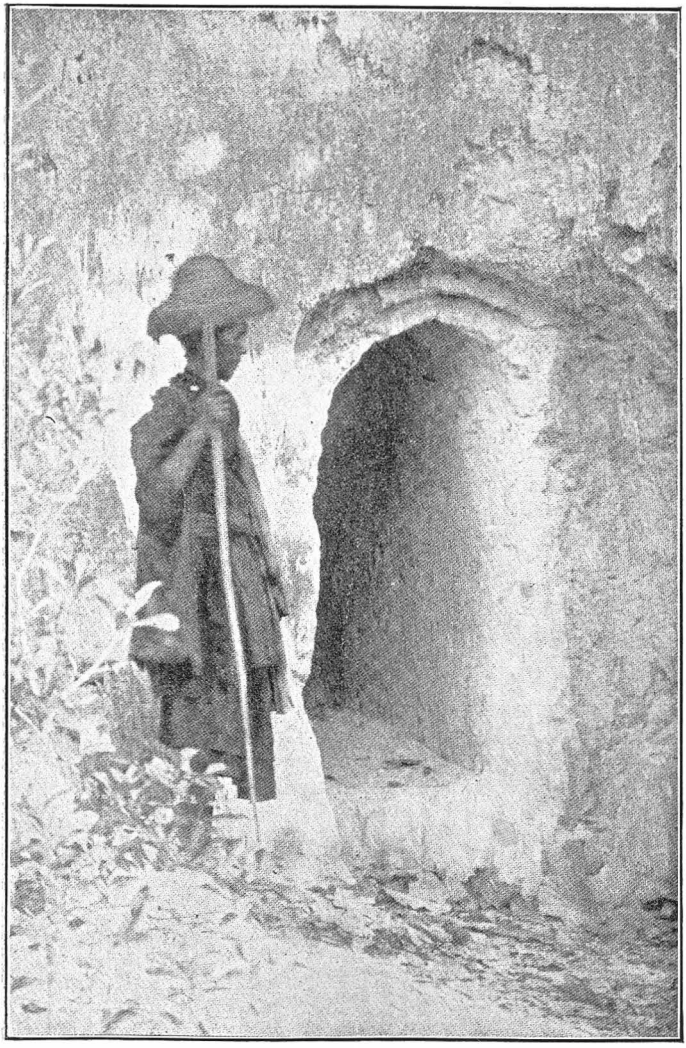
there was one leper for every 1,000 of the population, that nothing was then being done for them, and no pains were taken to separate them from the healthy population.

In 1921 the S.P.G. opened the Queen Alexandra Children's Hospital in Mandalay under a lady doctor, and the need of such a medical mission may be gathered from the fact that 40 out of every 100 children born in the city die before they are a year old.

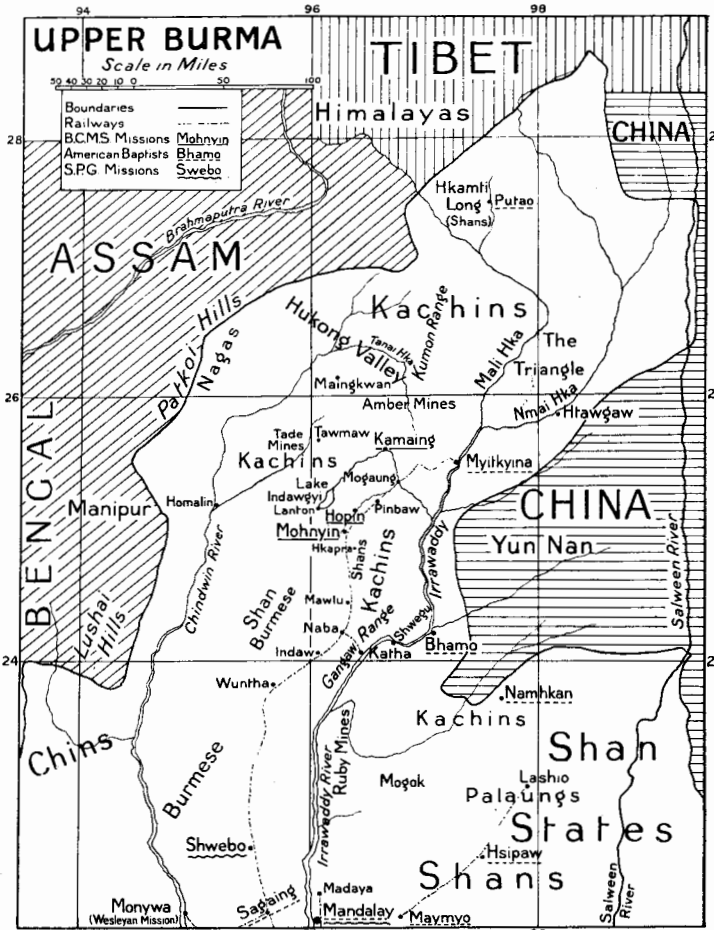
THE STORY OF U PO HLINE.*

Mr. Cochrane, in telling of his fifteen years' missionary work amongst the Burmans, introduces to us the Rev. U Po Hline, the pastor of the Baptist Church at Pyinmana. He shows us how fine a man a Burman may become when inspired by the Spirit of Jesus Christ. U Po Hline began his life as a Buddhist monk. Dissatisfied, he turned to farming, worked hard and became well-to-do. A native evangelist gave him a New Testament. Slowly he read through the Gospels. He came to the wonderful first chapter of St. John. He read of the all-creating Word. "Did that Word make me?" he said. Then that the Word shone in the darkness and the darkness would not receive it. "Why," he said, "that is just the way it is here." Then that the Word that created all things became flesh and lived on earth and was the same Jesus Christ he had been reading about in the first three Gospels. He went home and told his wife he had become a Christian and was going to get baptised. His wife was angry. She said, "I will not be a Jesus Christ wife. I never, never will live with you." He offered to leave her his farm, everything—save only 30 rupees with which to travel to be baptised. She relented and said, "Never mind, do as you like, we will live together." And not long afterwards she, too, became a Christian. He fearlessly preached Christ. He was ordained. An ordained minister was wanted on the frontier to baptise some new converts. It was a far cry—16 days' tramp over mountain ranges. Trusting to God for strength, U Po Hline volunteered. He did the work, and a month later started home again. He was given money to

(*Cochrane, p. 224 et seq.)



A Christian Hermit.



This Sketch Map has been copied, with some additions, from that published in the Messenger for Sept 1925, drawn by Rev. A.T. Houghton

hire a coolie to help carry his load. There was his bedding roll, his food and cooking pots, and, besides, three lacquer ware presents he was asked to take back as gifts to the white missionaries. The coolie had, as it was the custom, to be paid in advance. A few miles on the journey the coolie ran away, taking, of course, his money with him. Another coolie was hired at the next village; but he, too, ran away with his money. U Po Hline had no money left, so he trudged on alone with two men's burdens. When he got down to the hot plains his strength gave way; he was burning with fever; there was no village near. He threw away some of his cooking things, and plodded on. He got weaker and threw away his oil and part of his rice, but he would not throw away the presents with which he had been entrusted. On his knees he said, "Oh my Father, I have been away doing Thy work; I did the best I could; now give me strength to reach my home." Falling from extreme weakness, praying, struggling on, at last he reached the road, and some cartmen gave him food and a lift while he preached to them. Home at last, and as he told his story to the missionaries he untied his bundle and laid the lacquer presents at their feet. They had all but cost him his life, but he had no suspicion that he had done more than his simple duty. This is the stuff of which heroes are made. We take off our hats to the brave Burman and thank God.

CHAPTER FOUR.

THE KACHIN HILLS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

Thus far we have been dealing with Burmese Burma, with the great delta of the Irrawaddy and Salween rivers, and the cities on their banks, with the interesting, kindly, and bright-witted people called Burmans, who furnish nine millions out of the 13 millions of the population of the country, who evolved the only unified form of government it contained before the advent of the British, and all of whom were, nominally at least, Buddhists by religion.

UNADMINISTERED TERRITORY.

But we saw in our opening chapter that Burma is a land of mountains and forests as well as plains and rice fields, and of races speaking many languages, with widely different customs, though all, more or less, spirit or demon worshippers, like the Karens, whom we have already described. Indeed, we have also seen that "animism," the worship of the powers of nature, or the spirits believed to reside in and control all natural objects, is still to be found underlying the Buddhism of the Burmans themselves. Away in the North-East of Burma, on both sides of the upper Salween river, is a large tract of hilly country occupied by the Shan states. At various times in history the Shans had been rulers over all Burma, and the Burmans never really governed the Shan country, but merely received tribute as over-lords. For the most part the Shans are strict Buddhists, and the missionary work of the American Baptists and others has not made much progress among them so far as mere numbers count. We must refer again to the Shans, but in this chapter we will go farther North still, away to the North of the junction of the Chindwin and Irrawaddy rivers, to a country of high forest-clad hills and deep ravines, with the great snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas forming its Northern wall. This is the land of the Kachin hills, and we want to make closer acquaintance with the Kachins themselves. They are separated on the West from Assam by the range called the Patkoi hills, on which live the head-hunting Nagas. In the wide region of the Kachin hills are two considerable cultivable areas. The largest is the Hukong valley, where the upper streams join to form the Chindwin river. The smaller one is known as The Triangle, which is bounded by the two rivers which unite and form the Irrawaddy. Both of these districts are in what is called the unadministered territory. Hitherto the expense of administering justice, of making roads and railways, without which it is impossible to control the country, is so great in proportion to the number of the people that the Government has refused to undertake the task. For fear of things happening which might make necessary the sending of police or soldiers among the hills, Europeans, whether soldiers, traders, explorers, or

missionaries have been forbidden to enter the unadministered territory, of which, therefore, very little is known. But there have been two or three occasions when this unknown land has been crossed. One was when, some 30 years ago, the Hukong valley was surveyed with a view to linking up the railways in Upper Burma and Assam. On account of the cost the project was indefinitely postponed.

THE GOVERNOR'S DURBAR.

Quite recently, however, both the Hukong valley and the Triangle have come under public notice, for the Government was unable to shut its ears to repeated accounts that reached them of slavery and human sacrifices in what was, after all, British territory, and had been such for over 40 years. So in January, 1925, Sir Harcourt Butler, the Governor of Burma, with a sufficient escort, set out for the Hukong valley. He left the rail at Mogaung, and, after an arduous journey, reached Maingkwan, at the entrance to the valley. The official report says that here, and in the neighbouring areas, slavery is common among the Kachin and Shan tribes, while the Nagas in the Northern area are addicted to the practice of human sacrifices. The Governor stayed three days, and interviewed the local chiefs in a great durbar. He made arrangements for 3,000 slaves to be freed, the Government advancing the purchase money, which was to be recovered by easy instalments from the freed slaves themselves. Orders were made that from the date of the durbar no master should sell or give away a slave, and that all were to be freed by April, 1926. We will quote the next paragraph from the official report :—

HUMAN SACRIFICES.

> The question of abolishing human sacrifices proved more difficult. The chiefs were willing to agree that no one from the Hukawng (Hukong) valley should be sold or taken or sent for sacrifice; but they protested that if they were deprived of the protection from evil spirits, which, they believed, such human sacrifices afford, they would be subject to incalculable calamities. The difficulties involved in taking over and thereafter administering this malarious and inaccessible country are such that, for the present, only indirect pressure can be brought to bear on the

tribes, with a view to their abandoning this revolting feature of barbarism. His Excellency called on the native overlords to assist in the suppression of the practice, and warned the Naga chiefs that the British Government would not tolerate human sacrifice in any form. After His Excellency's return arrangements were made for a British officer to tour the valley each year. It is intended that he should use his influence to make known and enforce the decision of Government regarding human sacrifice. The chiefs received the decisions of Government in a friendly manner, but as this unnatural custom is regarded as a basis of their society, its complete eradication will be a matter of time and patience, and can be effected only by the spread of civilising influences.

In the same official report for 1924-5 we also find—

A serious raid was made by 15 Kachins (from the Triangle). . . . Seven persons were carried off, one woman was released, two women and three children sold into slavery, and a man murdered. The leader was captured and sentenced to death, and the women and children were recovered."

In 1926 the Government plan was continued in the Hukong valley, and 3,445 slaves were set free; and this year (1927) a further expedition found these liberated slaves living in their own homes, happy, and contented.

On 10th January, 1927, over 100 Kachin chiefs, from "The Triangle" and the hill tracts of the unadministered territory, met Sir Harcourt Butler in durbar at Myitkyina (pronounced Michináh).

His Excellency said that he hoped the Chiefs would realise that the British Government was deeply interested in their welfare. Two years ago at a Durbar in the Hukong valley we had announced that slavery must cease, but that the owners of slaves would be compensated. To-day slavery no longer existed in the Hukong valley, and the object of his present visit was to tell the Chiefs that slavery must cease in the Triangle and other areas of the Kachin hills. . . Henceforward there must be no sale of slaves, or gifts of slaves as part of marriage dowries, or in settlement of feuds. The slaves must be released and slave raids cease, as in all other countries. . . . The Governor was confident that the Chiefs would serve the British Government loyally.

The latest information is that over 4,000 slaves have been released in the Triangle and that only some 400 to 500 remain to be set free in the next cool season. (July 1927).

It was estimated that about 5,000 slaves would be released.—("Times," 11th January, 1927.)

A SET-BACK IN THE "TRIANGLE."

Unfortunately, the movement to release the slaves in the Triangle has had a serious setback. On 30th March, 1927, it was announced that Captain West, of the Gurkha Rifles, and two men had been killed, three men wounded, and an interpreter missing; and on 5th April the further news came that Captain West was in charge of the escort of Military Police, with Mr. Porter, of the Burma Frontier Force, who was engaged in arranging for the release of slaves, when the party was attacked by from 50 to 70 Kachins in a ravine on the East side of the district in question. Is it not strange that in the British Empire there should be an unadministered area which reaches as far as from London to Edinburgh, much of which is quite unknown, and where slavery and human sacrifice still go on?

No wonder the Government is anxious for "the spread of civilising influences." Still more important, however, is the fact that the Kachins need the saving power of the Gospel. It was a sense of this need that led the Rev. A. T. Houghton to offer, on behalf of the Bible Churchmen's Missionary Society, to open up pioneer missionary work among the Kachins in the Hukong valley. What other influence is there in the world equal to the Gospel of Jesus Christ for bringing freedom and happiness into the dark places of the earth?

The population in the Kachin hills is strangely mixed, as everywhere in Burma. The Kachins are the most militant and the dominant race. Among them are groups of Chins and outlying settlements of Shans. On the Western hills are Nagas, and along the trade routes will be found Burmans, and people of other races who speak Burman, and have adopted Burman customs and the Buddhist religion. Except these latter and the Shans the religion of the various tribes is Animism, that is, the worship of Nats (spirits), not all evil, but all requiring propitiation by offerings of food and sacrifices.

The clothes, the customs and the languages of these tribes differ very greatly, and missionary work is thereby made difficult. It would be impossible in this little book to

discuss them all; but as the new Mission of the B.C.M.S. is especially aiming at the Hukong valley, and expects to be there brought chiefly into contact with the Kachins, and to a less extent with the Nagas and Shans, we must content ourselves with some account of these three strange peoples. The most inaccessible and the most savage are the Nagas; but the Kachins are more powerful, and till recently levied tribute on the Nagas, and from them captured many of the slaves, which the Government is now engaged in setting free.

THE HEAD HUNTING NAGAS.

The word Naga is said to be a corruption of "nanga," meaning naked, and the name was given to the people by their more civilised neighbours. This race is found in small villages scattered over the long Patkoi range of mountains between Burmah and Assam, and is fairly well known on the Western or Indian side, where they are in contact with, and to some extent controlled by, the Indian Government, and are accessible to missionary work. They have given the Government in Assam since 1832 more trouble than any other race. On the Burmese side no work has been possible among them, and hitherto the Government has not reached them. A good deal of information about them is given in "Burma as I Saw It" by R. Grant Brown, who was Deputy Commissioner of the Upper Chindwin in 1909. From that book comes this story of human sacrifice, the truth of which was scarcely believed until the recent Government action has revealed the full horror of the practice:—

A HUMAN SACRIFICE.

A native of Kanti, who had often been at Lasa, gave me a detailed description of a religious ceremony which he had seen performed at this and neighbouring villages. A boy or girl, usually bought from another village, was sacrificed with revolting barbarities at the annual festival in August in honour of the village god. The primary object was to obtain good crops, and the blood was poured over the rice reserved for use as seed. The victim was not killed at once. He was taken from house to house, and a finger joint cut off at each. Then at a post in the centre of the village he was stabbed repeatedly at long intervals; the blood from each wound was smeared on the people, especially on

the relations of the person who had bought him. The more he screamed the better, as the god would hear. The priest who performed the sacrifice held office for life. A condition of his appointment was that he should have no relatives living.

Further to the South-West are other tribes of Nagas, who sacrifice a buffalo or mithan, a curious animal between a buffalo and an ox, only kept for sacrifices and feasts.

The Nagas of the Southernmost tribes, living East of Manipur, are called by the Burmese "crested," from their fashion of wearing the hair like a crest or coxcomb at the top of the head. But men and women go entirely naked in their villages (though these are often as high as 6,000 feet above sea-level and therefore often very cold). When visiting villages down by the rivers the men wear a sash tied round the waist with a loose end hanging in front.

Between this tract and the country where human sacrifices are offered are other tribes of Nagas called "Lotus Leaf" by the Burmese from their fashion of shaving the head at the back and sides, leaving only some short hair floating, as it were, like a lotus leaf at the top. The dress of the men consists of a piece of cotton cloth from three to four inches wide and a foot long, with a tape attached. The tape is passed between the legs and tied round the waist so as to secure the piece of cloth, the upper part of which is embroidered and falls in a flap. When on the war-path the men add a light cotton shawl crossed over the chest, a helmet of cane with a plume of feathers or crest of goats' hair dyed red, close-fitting gaiters of red and white cane, and a covering of similar material for the forearm. Their weapons are a powerful cross-bow, a light spear, which may be either thrust or thrown, and an axe, carried on the buttocks in a wooden sheath. They show their affection for their parents by smoking their bodies for some months after death over the family hearth.

All these Nagas are head-hunters. That is, they collect as many human heads as possible and keep them in a shrine near the chief's house for the honour of their village and their god. They are ardent patriots, who believe that war between villages is, and always will be, unavoidable. They have no faith in village leagues, and resent any limitation of village sovereignty. They would not attack a friendly village or kill a harmless wayfarer without reason. They are not murderers, and there must always be some good ground for killing. But it seems there is seldom much difficulty in finding such ground, providing the village they attack is sufficiently weak. The fact that someone in the other village killed one of their own people a generation or two back, and that the murder has not been avenged, is quite enough. Nor is it at all necessary to take only men's heads. The Nagas say that anyone can lie in wait for a man in the forest and spear him as he comes along the narrow path, but it needs both craft and daring to get inside a stockaded village and bring back the head of a baby.

A HEAD-HUNTING RAID.

Mr. Grant Brown tells the following story of a head-hunting raid :—

Nongmo is a village perched on a steep hill just inside the administrative boundary. It was surrounded by a strong stockade . . . . with heavy wooden doors at its two gates.

On the 6th February, 1910, two Tamans (a more civilised tribe living along the Chindwin River) came to the village and stayed the night there. At daybreak, when most of the men had already gone off to work on their clearings to the south of the village, the strangers left by the north gate . . . and omitted to warn the villagers that they were leaving, so that the massive doors might be swung to, and barred behind them. Outside . . they met a party of raiders coming up. They were men from Makware, a Naga village several long days' marches away to the North of Saramati. They were in full war dress, with spears, axes and shields. Long ago the great aunt of one of the Makwares had been murdered by a man of the village from which the Nongmo people had moved. That was the excuse for the raid. The real reason, I was told, was that Makware, a growing village, was able to display somewhat fewer heads than Tangmong, its neighbour. . . . Tangmong had 60 heads and Makware only 48. . . . . .

The (two) Taman (visitors) did not die without a fight. One of them cut off the hand of a Makware before he fell, mortally wounded, down the steep bank into the river. His body was carried away by the flood. The other was beheaded with an axe. The raiders numbered over a score. Leaving the headless trunk on the path, they rushed through the open gate into the village, where they killed all that were unable to escape. Mashatwo, the headman, described the scene to me. He was one of the few men left in the village. His elder wife ran screaming towards him with a spread thrust through her arm and body. A Makware aimed a blow at his neck with an axe, but he eluded it. He defended himself with a spear, and his assailant turned his attention to easier game. Then he escaped by the south gate and crouched in the bushes while the raiders finished their work. Soon all was silent, and Mashatwo returned. He saw first the headless corpses of two young girls in the village street. In a house he found seven others, including his lesser wife and her baby. With them were a man and his mother, a boy of nine, and two other infants. Just outside the house was the corpse of a girl of 17. In all 13 heads were taken. Thus Makware had one more head to its credit than Tangmong.

Later in the year the murders were avenged by the Military Police. Three prisoners were brought back. One of them had eight rudely-executed figures of men tattooed on his body. It is customary for a Naga brave, in this tribe at least, to have a human figure tattooed on him for every person he has killed.

Native Chief in Hukong Valley.

Group of Nagas in Hukong Valley.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the Nagas, apart from the cruel practices dictated by their religion, are a bloodthirsty or a brutal people. Those who have become Buddhists are, as we have seen, gentle and law-abiding, and crime is almost unknown among them. What I have seen of those who are still savages accords with the estimate of a former Deputy Commissioner of the Naga Hills: "As a people they are neither insolent nor cringing, and if they think they are wronged by any order they will say so plainly. It is these qualities of frankness, cheerfulness, hospitality and obedience which have endeared them to all those officers who have been stationed among them long enough to obtain a knowledge of them and their ways."

GHASTLY TROPHIES.

Colonel Shakespear, in his "History of Upper Assam, Upper Burmah and North-Eastern Frontier," has much to tell of the Nagas, especially of those on the Assam side. He says:—

All Nagas are head-hunters, their women being the chief incentive to this pursuit, as girls will not look on men with favour who have not taken heads or been in airs. . . Any are considered of value—man's, woman's or child's—and it is curious to note that where some of the tribes adorn their shields and house fronts with rough emblems of heads taken, sometimes one will see a head represented upside down—this having been done in pure murder. Thus do they make some slight distinction between a fairly taken head and one unfairly taken.

The writer recalls having seen, when at Yasim village, on a punitive expedition in 1900, the two headmen's house fronts adorned, one with 37, the other with 42, human skulls attached to a sort of trellis work, each skull being embellished with a goat's horn fixed on each side. These people are usually very friendly disposed, courteous in their independent way, and willing to assist Europeans.

As showing the condition of preparedness against attack in which these people constantly dwell, the writer was across the border (i.e., in Burma) in 1899 with a Civil Officer and a small escort to inquire into some land dispute, when the women of the village were seen going out in the morning to work in their fields armed like their men with heavy "daos" (knives). This, in order to be able to protect themselves against surprise attack by another village, which had started raiding. A state of insecurity for the people, which must become intolerable at times, although they have ever been accustomed to it.

Here, at least on its North-Western border, Burma is crying out for all that missionaries can bring, for education,

for medical aid, for the written word, but, above all, for the Living Person of Jesus Christ. The Nagas need Him. How shall they find Him, save as men and women who know Him, go to these hill villages and *live* Him?

CHAPTER FIVE.

ABOUT THE KACHINS.

THEIR ORIGIN.

In the first place the new B.C.M.S. Mission will aim at reaching the Kachins, and to these interesting people this chapter must be devoted. The name Kachin means "savage," or "wild man," and was given by the Burmese to the wilder people of the hills; but they themselves use the word Chingpaws (or Jinghpaws), which simply means "men," and naturally do not like being called savages. The same race in Assam across the frontier call themselves Singphos, so that Chingpaw, Jinghpaw and Singpho mean exactly the same thing as Kachin; but the former names are what they use themselves, and the latter was a term of contempt used by the Burmans. Nevertheless, Kachin is the accepted name all through Burma, and is likely to stay, though the Kachin language is called Jinghpaw. The Kachins are Tartars from the region South of the Great Gobi dessert in Mongolia, whence they migrated South in separate tribes and perhaps over long intervals. Before the thirteenth century they are found fighting with the Shans in the hills drained by the upper waters of the Irrawaddy. As the Shan kingdom broke up they established themselves further South and South East, making their villages on the hills, and taking toll and slaves from Shans and Burmans and other tribes in the valleys below. In the nineteenth century they were still spreading South into the Shan States, and as far as Bhamo. Then the arrival of the British stopped their further progress.

> **They can no longer acquire new territory by conquest; they cannot raid, rob or levy blackmail on the lowlands; they must live in peace with all men, and do honest work for their living. This is the hard school in which they have been placed. As a race they have not been able to adjust themselves to the new conditions.**

So wrote Dr. Hanson, of the American Baptist Mission, in 1913. His book is the chief storehouse in English of facts about the Kachins. In 1890 he began reducing thier language to writing, using Roman letters, and there are perhaps now more than 3,000 Kachins who can read and write. Many of them have been taught in the mission schools at Bhamo, Myitkyina and Nambkam, and these have mostly become Christians; but on the whole very few Kachins have accepted Christianity. We are glad to hear that the complete Bible in Jinghpaw is being published this year (1927). The Kachins are very conservative of their old customs, and their tribal and family relations are very complicated. The legend is that when God gave them writing on parchment the Kachins cooked and ate it. In recent years barriers have given way and new opportunities have opened out for those of them directly under the Government. They have been proved valuable in the Burma Military Police, for which the Burmans have no aptitude. It was in 1898 that the first Kachin company of military police was raised. In 1916 some of these Kachin policemen were given army training with the Gurkhas. In 1917 this band became the nucleus of the first *regular* Kachin company, under Captain (now Major) Enriquez, and formed part of the 85th Burma Rifles. The regiment was sent to Mesopotamia, and in " A Burmese Arcady," a most delightful book about the Kachin hills, Major Enriquez tells of the wonderful success of the experiment. As he says :—

KACHINS IN THE GREAT WAR.

The final triumph of the Kachins under circumstances so unfavourable is the best proof of their excellence, adaptability, and power of endurance. Their military qualities were tested in the hardest possible school. A hill people, they were called upon to serve on the plain. A cold-climate people, they were exposed to intense heat. They were a forest people who lived those 2 years in a desert. They applied themselves with zeal to all they were taught; and success brought confidence. In spite of the abyssmal ignorance out of which they had come, they took their place with other soldiers without difficulty. It is significant that Kachins, who have no writing of their own, should have furnished a regiment, composed of Burmese, Sikhs and Gurkhas, with half its signallers, and have done all their own clerical work.

It is delightful to read of the enthusiasm of Major Enriquez for his Kachins, but we must remember that his men nearly all came from Bhamo, and had all been members of the Burma Military Police. We should expect to find a much wilder and less tractable type in parts as yet untouched by civilisation like the Hukong valley and the Triangle. But it is of very great importance that the Gospel should be first in the field. Most of the many uncivilised tribes of Burma come into touch with the Burman language and customs, and learn to adopt these, together with the clothes and the religion of the Burmans; and it then becomes exceedingly difficult to get them to listen to the higher teaching of Jesus. It is so with the Chins, with many of the Karens, and with numerous other tribes; while the Shans, who have long been Buddhists, are even more inaccessible. It is pleasant, therefore, to find so keen an observer as Major Enriquez saying :—

> Burma is fortunate in its missionaries. . . The best missionaries are exceptional men, far-sighted, business-like, and loyally devoted to the education of backward classes. . . Wherever medical missions have been started an immense blessing has without doubt been bestowed upon the people. Many of our missionaries are students and linguists of exceptional ability. They are the real educating influence all over Burma.

And yet we think that Burma needs more than education and medicine. It needs Christ.

But we must spend a little longer with Major Enriquez and his soldier Kachins. He notes that truthfulness is one of their characteristics.

> I have never yet known a Kachin tell a lie, even to evade punishment. Could the same be said of any civilised people?

They have a keen sense of humour and a hearty laugh. "My own humour," says the Major, "I confess was shaken by recurring shocks."

> "Now, Maji Gam, what have I told you, ordered you, threatened you Haven't I read out the capital crimes monthly? Is there not a gallows on the parade ground? *Why* are your shorts marked like headlines in boot-blacking?"
>
> "But, Duwa, I only marked the lining; and besides I am wearing them inside out."

Group of Nagas taken at Maingkwan.

A Kachin.

"Maji Gam," I said, "wiping the foam from my lips, I can see that for myself. Turn them right way out at once, and come to me at the prescribed hour for a mark of my displeasure."

"Oh, but, Duwa," says Magi Gam (and I see from his engaging smile that he has me cold), they are not Government shorts. They are my own."

As a recruiting officer the attention of the Major was specially called to the terrible results of diseases caused by immorality, but which the Kachins attribute to *nat* bites. About 40 per cent. of the population are infected in this way, and we must look for a remedy, not only to the measures the Government is now taking, but also to a higher moral tone inspired by the religion of Jesus.

The average height of the Kachins is, according to Major Enriquez, about 5ft. 2ins. They are short and sturdy, but have the best chests in Burma. They delight in story-telling, and their stories are full of trees and birds and beasts. For example :—

KACHIN FOLK LORE.

Once upon a time, when men were but newly-created, no one knew how to dance. At that period only the children of the sun danced, and one day they invited all the birds of the earth to their manan (dance). On their way back the birds saw a peepul tree of which the figs were ripe. So they alighted there and danced the dances they had just seen, and men watching them learned to dance too.

The Kachins are indulgent to children, and their fairy stories are often about orphans. Here is one :—

There was once an orphan who lived with his grandmother. They were very poor, and the neighbours neglected them shamefully. One day the orphan went to the fields with the rest, and dug up a diamond which dazzled him with its brilliance. He had just presence of mind enough to sit down on it and pretend to be ill; and at sunset the heartless villagers left the boy out there till his grandmother sought him with a lamp.

"Run, Granny," he told her, "and fetch my betel-box."' In this they hid the diamond; but, every time they peeped in, a flood of light escaped, and all night the villagers kept coming to see if their hut was on fire.

The orphan set out next day to sell his diamond. One minister suggested the payment of a mule and a slave; but his lying lips were twitched on one side and stuck there. Another suggested a hundred mules of treasure, and a noble wife; but his lips were

screwed to the back of his neck, leaving him in agony. A third, wiser than the rest, and profiting no doubt by their discomfiture, put the diamond's value at the king's own daughter, and half the kingdom, and on these terms the sale was arranged. The orphan (as he always does in these simple stories) returned home triumphant with his bride; and, with his grandmother (she, poor old dear, is never forgotten) lived happily ever after. A harmless tale and typical of many others.

RUBIES, AMBER, AND JADE.

This story reminds us that Burma is a great land for precious stones, especially rubies and sapphires. These are mostly found in the Mogok valley, which is on the Southern edge of one of the Kachin districts, though the workers in the ruby mines are mostly Chinese and a people called Maingthas, who also came from over the borders of China. Rubies are found by washing down the soil with a jet of water. The mud is washed away by a great pressure of water brought down from the hills, and the rubies are picked out from the ground. All rubies above a certain size used to be the property of the king, so that there was a great temptation for the finder of a large one to smash it up and thus be able to sell the smaller pieces. A ruby believed to be the finest the world has yet seen was dug up by the Burma Ruby Mines Company on the day peace was signed after the Great War. It was called the "Peace Ruby," was sold uncut for £22,500, and was expected to weigh 23 carats when cut. It is a flawless gem of the finest colour.

Soon afterwards a private Burmese miner found an almost equally remarkable blue sapphire. Rubies, sapphires, and emeralds are all found in the same area. They are, in fact, only differently coloured varieties of the same mineral known as corundum.

Amber and Jade are found in the Kachin country between Mogaung and the entrance to the Hukong valley. The two districts are not far apart. We all know the look of amber, but we may not know that it is a fossil resin found by sinking mines often nearly 300 feet in the hard blue clay. The amber is found in small flat blocks up to one foot long by six inches thick.

Jade is a green stone much valued in China. It is mostly found in large boulders, which are split by heating, and the jade stone in the centre is then very carefully chipped out. The trade in jade and amber is mostly in the hands of Chinese from over the Eastern border, but the jade and amber mines belong to Kachin chiefs. The weapons of all Kachins and Shans are cross-bows, spears and dahs, but those in touch with Burma and China also have muzzle-loading guns, and even rifles. They make in the Hukong valley a coarse gunpowder of their own, and use iron bullets and slugs. We have already mentioned the long knife, called dah, used by all the races in Burma. The Kachin dah is their national weapon, is about 18 inches long, and differs from that of the Burmans and Shans by the wooden half-sheath in which it is carried. The Shan dah has a point for thrusting, but that of the Kachins is only used for cutting.

KACHIN SLAVES.

The Kachins are not head-hunters, like the Nagas; but, except where under British influence, are inveterate slave traders, and they keep up the custom by constant raids. Slavery now exists, as we have seen, only in the unadministered territory in the North of Upper Burma, including the Triangle, and to some extent, the Hukong valley, and among the Kachins across the frontier in Chinese territory. Prisoners of war, "witches," impecunious and undesirable individuals and families were sold as slaves, as well as others kidnapped by Nagas and Chins from Assam and sold in the Hukong. Dr. Hanson says:—

> In that district there *is* (perhaps we should now say *was*) no disgrace in being a slave, and no attempt is made to conceal the fact. But in other parts of Kachinland everyone resents being called a slave. Ordinarily the bondmen were well treated; in fact they were regarded, and looked upon themselves, as a part of the family. A male slave could marry a free woman, but the children became slaves. The owner could sell or give them away, but they were seldom disposed of except when exchanged in connection with a marriage. The price paid for a bride included a slave, and her parents gave one as part of the dowry. Refractory slaves would be beaten, put in stocks, or, as a last resort, sold. The worst would be sold to the Chins, who sometimes bought them for their annual sacrifices. The most effective

threat to an unruly slave was this: "Do you wish to go to Chin-land?", which implied that unless he behaved he might become a sacrifice to the Chin divinities.

CULTIVATION OF THE LAND.

Farming in the hills* (*The Kachins. Hanson. p. 72) consists mainly in the wasteful and destructive forest-denuding process of jungle clearing. A piece of jungle is selected and all the vegetation on the same is cut down in February and March, and is allowed to dry till the end of April or middle part of May. Then there is a tremendous blaze on the hill-side, and only the black stumps and a few big trees remain. The ashes fertilise the ground, and a good crop is generally secured the first year. Less is expected the second year, and it is seldom that a field is cultivated three seasons in succession. After the second crop has been harvested the jungle is allowed to grow up again, and no clearing is attempted for seven or eight years. But even with so long a period of rest the land gets impoverished, and the jungle growth becomes less rapid. After a period of rotation of this kind nothing will grow but thatch, and the jungle fires sweeping over year by year will destroy all other plants and struggling vegetation. On such land rice cultivation is impossible. Large tracts of forest have, unfortunately, already been denuded; and it is only a question of time when the whole hill-country will be bare unless the Government interferes. Before sowing, the land is worked in a crude way with hoes, but nothing like ploughing it attempted. The sowing is done in the most primitive way. The sower scratches the ground with a dibble while he drops in the grain as he walks along. The weeding of the field occupies most of the rainy season, and is mostly done by women and children. Harvest comes towards the end of October, threshing in November, and the carrying home of the paddy (rice) is usually finished about the middle of December. Threshing is done by the methods employed in Egypt and Palestine in the days of Abraham. The threshing floor is in the open, buffaloes tramp out the grain, and the winnowing is by the hand shovel. The straw is accounted of no value and is burnt. In highland cultivation hardly any rice is raised for the market. In fact, there is seldom enough for home consumption. During every rainy season many subsist on Indian corn, millet, and whatever they can pick in the jungle.

In the Hukong valley, however, and in some other parts, there is more fertile land, which is cultivated by methods adopted from the Chinese and Shans; and those who possess a certain amount of valley land are usually well off. This lowland cultivation could be greatly extended. Dr. Hanson says:—

In some parts of the hills, land formerly thus cultivated has been allowed to grow up again into jungle, on the plea that they have no buffaloes with which to work the fields. Cattle disease, and, above all, numerous sacrifices to the spirits, are responsible for this state of things. It would be a blessing to the people if the Government were to prohibit all sacrificing of cattle, even if it should interfere with their religious liberties. They would be better fed on account of it.

Let us hope that the work of our missionaries will assist the Government in this respect.

Besides rice, most of the villagers grow small quantities of other grain and some vegetables; but all these, save vegetables for curry, are looked upon as side lines, on which to fall back when the rice crop fails.

A KACHIN WOMAN'S DAY'S WORK.

The Kachin women are clever at weaving and embroidery, though their methods and implements are of the most primitive kind. It is wonderful how they find time for such tasks, seeing the arduous nature of their daily work.

The activity of the Kachin men does not arouse our admiration; they never hurt themselves by overwork, but see to it that the women are fully occupied and do not spend their time in leisure. It is hard to imagine a harder worker than a Kachin woman. She costs her liege lord a neat sum when he marries her, and he regards it his right to take it out of her in labour. Before it is light she must be up and pound the paddy for the day. A visitor to a mountain village will never forget the peculiar sing-song grunts, groans, and high-pitched tones that break the stillness of the early morning hour as the young girls begin the operation of pounding, husking, and winnowing the paddy. A large wooden mortar and a heavy pestle are used to remove the husk, and the winnowing is done with a large round wicker tray. In many localities this back-breaking toil could be eliminated by using water power, but the Kachin never imitates the skill of the Shans and the Palaungs in this particular. Having finished the paddy-pounding, then comes the carrying of water, and the preparing of the morning meal, feeding the pigs, and getting ready for the day's work, in the field, or at weaving. Water is often carried for nearly a quarter of a mile up steep hillsides. Long bamboo tubes are used instead of buckets; these are placed in wicker baskets, carried on the back, the strap going across the top of the head. It is remarkable what loads these women can carry. . . . . The picking, carrying, and cutting of the wood

is also her work, and it takes a good deal of her time. The wood is usually found in old paddy fields, and is carried great distances. It is no uncommon thing to see a woman with her baby carried in front, a heavy load of wood or a basket of rice on her back, twirling a hand-spindle as she trudges up the steep mountain path. Besides, she does her share of the work in the paddy field, sowing, planting, or weeding. That she has no time for her home and children is not a surprise. In fact there is no word for home, and children run wild from the time they can walk till they are big enough for work.—(Hanson, p. 78).

No doubt this hard life of the mothers is one of the chief causes of the terribly high infantile death-rate among the Kachins, as well as of the large number of maimed and half-witted children. It goes along with the diseases resulting from the immorality to which reference has already been made, which in itself is largely due to the extremely loose moral conduct of the unmarried girls and lads.

THE VILLAGE AND THE HOME.

Under British rule the old-fashioned villages are giving place to smaller and more convenient groups of houses; but, where the British "raj" has not reached, village sites are perched on almost inaccessible hill-slopes. There is a long, wooded entrance with prayer-posts and shrines. On the posts are rude pictures of grain, weapons and other things which the people desire the *nats* to give them. Next to the posts come the little bamboo shrines in which are offerings for the *nats*, though these shrines are often quite empty, "except for an offering of a candle or a pot of leaves." There are often stretched across the road bamboo splits tied together so as to make a long line, on which are hung numerous star-shaped bamboo ornaments. This is to keep off the *nats* that cause cholera, small-pox, cattle disease, or the like. While Major Enriquez was staying in a village one of the houses was burned down. As usual on such occasions, the evil spirit was expelled by extinguishing all fires throughout the village and kindling it again by rubbing two bamboos together.

To quote the Major again :—

In Mesopotamia my impression was that the faith of the Kachins in their *nats* had not been shaken. They certainly clung to their religious beliefs. Since their return, however, a change

is manifest. Several men have openly rejected their *nats*, and though few have formally become Christians, many have a tendency that way.

One day a *nat* bit a Kachin (i.e., he got ill). I went to see the lad in hospital, and he begged for his *dah* to be sent to him. "I just want to wave it about at night, when the *nats* come close in the dark," he explained; "and, besides, if I die I want it sent home." *Dah*-waving, I felt, might inconvenience the patients in adjacent beds, and at length I persuaded my Kachin that, since we had come to Mesopotamia in a good cause, the *nats* were really friendly and not at all hostile. So he decided to leave the *dah* in my own personal keeping till he should be well, and I was to send it home if the *nat*-bite proved fatal.

I SHALL DIE OF DIRT.

The Major went to see in his own village one of his men who had been sent to England to the Peace Celebrations.

"Well," I said, "and what have you seen in England?"

Ah, *Duwa*, I saw everything. I saw the King, and Glasgow, and your father. And, *Duwa*, all the Indians got their own *Ghi*, and became jealous of me because I asked for an ordinary British ration, and ate like an elephant. I had electric lights and four blankets at Hampton Court, and I shall die of dirt and dullness in this village of mine. Look at the paths! Look at this bamboo floor!—only fit to spit through.

And, alas! cleanliness is not a Kachin virtue, at least not in their native hills. As Dr. Hanson says :—

Many of the men never change their garments. When a new coat or a new pair of trousers is needed, they are bought in the bazaar, and put on then and there over the old, which will drop off by degrees. Children up to 4 or 5 years of age are scantily dressed. Many of them wear only a string around the waist, and another string serves as a necklace, from which are suspended several silver and copper coins. These are charms for protection or to ensure good luck. A great deal of coined silver is plugged and wasted in this way. We would suggest that they use the money and buy clothing for the children, but to the Kachin this does not seem to be wise economy.

A KACHIN HOUSE.

But we will follow the Kachin into his home, and must again borrow from Dr. Hanson :—

Having passed the long lane which is a part of the village entrance and the place dedicated to the household *nats*, we enter

the house of the chief. It may be longer and wider than those of his subjects, but plan, style, and arrangement is the same in all. There is first a covered front without a floor where paddy is pounded, and where on a low platform towards the high side of the hill, wood, farming implements, baskets and the like are kept. Passing through this front there is the stable, covered and closely walled in. We ascend by the front steps to a narrow verandah about 2 or 3 feet wide, which serves as a roosting-place for the fowls and a "store-room" where food is kept for the pigs. Pushing open the narrow, creaking door, we have on one side a long room for general use, and on the opposite the maidens' apartment where the young people can meet and amuse themselves. The Kachins hardly ever speak of rooms. The house is divided into a certain number of "fire-places"; these may be walled off or not, but each represents an apartment or room. Groping our way through the darkness, as there are never any windows, we reach the men's "fire-place," where consultations are held and strangers are entertained. Opposite are the family apartments. These consist of a room for each married family, and one for the old people. Above the chief fireplace is the sacred corner, with a shelf-like "altar" dedicated to the family spirits. Trespassers in this place are especially resented, and care should be taken not to touch the religious emblems that may be close at hand. Passing the "spirit place" we reach the back door which leads to a raised verandah and the back steps. There are seldom more than 2 doors, one at each end. To have a long house is a sign of wealth and prosperity, and is a much-coveted honour. Houses 150 feet long are not uncommon, and some of the chiefs can boast a "palace" 200 or even 250 feet in length. Such a house is the home of a large number of families.

The houses are built on piles about 3ft. from the ground. The space below is walled in for the pigs and fowls. The Kachin dwelling is not as light or airy as the Shan and Burman, but much more substantial, and admirably adapted for a comparatively cool climate. During the day the people live and work out of doors, but at night several fires give heat and light. The smoke finds its way out any way it can, and thus the whole inside becomes black and shiny with soot. House-cleaning is practically unknown, and the bamboo floor allows dirt of all kinds to fall down and accumulate below. When a dwelling gets too old, that is, when it has stood 7 or 8 years, and has become too much inhabited for comfort, a simpler remedy is to set fire to it and build a new one. If the head of the family dies, the widow and children will not, as a rule, consent to live in the house where he expired. It is either torn down or left to stand empty, and a new house is put up. Timber and bamboo are cheap, and a house can be put up in a few days.

House-building is a communal affair, always in evidence during the cool season. It is made a time of festivity as well as of work. The owner will get out the timber, and when all is ready,

the village people are called together by the beating of drums, gongs, and cymbals. Men, women, and children join in the work. The old men prepare bamboo splits for tying purposes, as no nails are used. The women cut and carry the thatch, and attend to the cooking department. The young men do all the heavy work, and the children make themselves generally useful. The whole house may be put up in a single day, and it hardly ever takes more than two. But whether the house is finished or not, the "house-warming," when the family and the guardian spirits take possession of the new dwelling, takes place, as a rule, on the evening of the first day. A priest recites his blessings, exhorting the spirits to fill the new place with prosperity and abundance. New fire, obtained by rubbing two pieces of bamboo together, is lighted at the principal fire-place. A generous feast is provided. A great deal of rice and curry, and above all, of native whiskey, is consumed. Labourers are not paid, but the "lord of the house" must supply all with food and drink.

KACHIN RELIGION.

While the Burmans and the Shans have long since adopted Buddhism, the Talaings have become for the most part assimilated by these conquering races, and the Chins and non-Christian Karens are adopting the Burmese language and religion. So far the Kachins have kept themselves apart, and closely cling to their ancestral *nat* worship. A Kachin will not readily talk of the mysteries of his faith, partly from a natural reserve, partly from fear of offending the *nats*, partly because he does not pretend to understand the intricacies of *nat* worship. He leaves them to the priests. In every village there are men who attend to the religious side of life. They are, as a rule, the most intelligent, but are not distinguished by dress, or morals. They are the priests, and they are in fixed grades, each with its clearly marked duties. They use special formulas in addressing the *nats*, which the lay people do not understand. They are also diviners, and are able to find out which *nat* is in question and what offering is required.

There is a kind of high priest, old and gray-haired, who knows everything, but only officiates on special occasions. At a great wedding or religious dance he will take three days and nights to recite in rhythmic language the whole history of the Kachins from the Creation. Then come the regular priests in three grades, of which the highest only can sacrifice

cattle. The priest has an assistant, who helps arrange the altar, and cut up the sacrifice. He has a lower grade assistant, who does the menial work.

All sorts of offerings are presented to the *nats*, e.g., water, liquor, rice, vegetables, rats, moles, squirrels, dried or fresh fish, prawns, eggs, fowls, pigs, cows and buffaloes. Dr. Hanson tells us that dogs are generally offered in the Hukong valley instead of fowls or small pigs.

> When pigs or cattle are sacrificed only a very small portion goes to the *nats*. The individual sacrificing, the chief and the priests, appropriate the most desirable portions, and the whole village has a feast. The *nat* in question is supposed to be satisfied with the "life," which is housed and kept 100 years in the celestial stables.

We have already referred to the shortage of buffaloes and cattle for ploughing owing to the number used for sacrifices. If you ask a Kachin why he takes the life of an innocent animal to appease the *nat*, he will tell you that—

> When men became mortal, having displeased the sun-*nats*, the domestic animals entered the garden by the side of the house of the first men. There the fowls ate the fruit of the plant of life, the cattle devoured the leaves, and the boys went for the roots. Thus the plant was killed, and men complained. The guilty parties then promised that as they had destroyed the health- and life-giving plant they would submit to become substitutes for man, giving up their lives for his. So it is quite just that they should be sacrificed.

The Kachins have apparently always had an idea of a great spirit above all, who is called the Supreme One, or the Omniscient One, or the Creator. No altars are raised in his honour, no sacrifices are made to him. He is too far above man to take any interest in the everyday affairs of mortals. But when a great calamity has befallen an individual or a community, when war, pestilence or famine

> is raging, and the *nats* do not seem able to help, people will call in their distress to the Lord of all. When the trouble has passed there is no further thought of Him, and no form of worship exists by which homage or gratitude is shown.

The Kachins believe in a life after this, lived in the ancestral realms, where conditions are about the same as upon earth; but this belief has no practical importance, and makes no difference to conduct or morals in the present life.

A FUNERAL.

Their funeral ceremonies are so long, so complicated, that we cannot describe them here. The full story is told by Dr. Hanson. The Kachins repeat the rites and ceremonies without understanding their reason, simply because it is the custom. The essence of them appears to lie in the two distinct parts of the funeral. In the first the dead body is disposed of. That is relatively a simple matter, but it still leaves the spirit in the *nat*-place in the old home. The second part may take weeks, months, or years after the body has been buried, and its object is to send away the spirit to the ancestral realms. Especially in the case of a chief or an old or prominent person this is a very long and expensive affair, involving many sacrifices, many dances, the erection of a big conical grave with a deep ditch round it, the services of many priests, and of course a great feast.

Here we must leave the Kachins, with their many faults and many virtues, real children of nature, dirty but truthful, immoral but honest, with great possibilities, and perhaps a great future as a race. We have dwelt somewhat fully on their customs and their religion, because they remain in the primitive condition which still underlies the superficial civilisation of the other races of Burma, who, in adopting Buddhism, have put on a veneer that hides, but does not destroy, the Animism which is the underlying religion of all the peoples of this fascinating land.

Among them the need for education, medical service, and all the other gifts that Christianity brings in its train—this urgent pressing need cries out to us all, "Come over and help us." Here, indeed, is room for loving sympathy, for Christ-like helpfulness.

CHAPTER SIX.

MORE ABOUT THE SHANS.

Something more must be added to what has been already said of the Shans. On its Eastern side the Burmese frontier juts out in a large triangle between China on the North and Siam on the South. Most of this territory is occupied by a

plateau marked in the map the "Shan States." These are semi-independent, and each little state is under a chief called a Sawbwa, who rules under the British Commissioner. There are some 38 of these little states, and the total number of Shans in Burma may be about 800,000. They are the most numerous of all the hill peoples of Burma, and they are by no means limited to the Shan States, but are found all over Northern Burma. They have had for many centuries a written language, the alphabet being something like the Burmese, though the language itself is more like Karen, while the Kachin language is more closely linked with Burman-Karen and Shan being strongly "tonal." The Shans are also numerous over the Chinese frontier, in Siam, and all over the Indo-Chinese peninsula. Originally coming like the Burmans and the Kachins from North-Eastern Tibet, they were in Burma before the Kachins, and had founded a state in Southern China long before Kubla Khan's invasion in 1253 A.D. This state included Siam and Burma; but the race deteriorated, and came first under Chinese, then Burman, and finally British rule. Apparently by the middle of the 15th century the Burmans had subdued the Shans, but 100 years later the Shans of Mogaung overthrew the Burmans and ruled at Ava for some 30 years.

Mogaung is now important to us as the point where we leave the railway to strike away North for the Hukong valley, but is only a small town. It, however, gives evidence of having once been a large centre with long paved streets* while for many miles round are traces of well-used roads and ruins of substantial bridges. Wars with the Burmans in the 17th and 18th centuries destroyed the Shan kingdom, and in 1883 the Kachins, who had for ages been spreading over the hills, sacked Magaung. Like many other big ancient cities of this part of Asia, Mogaung would probably have been given up to jungle but for the advent of the British. The conquering Kachin chiefs were content, as a rule, to occupy the hills, levying taxes on, or raiding, the more industrious Shans or Burmans who

(*History of Upper Assam, Upper Burma and N.E. Frontier, by L. W. Shakespear.)

cultivated the valleys. Hence there are many Shans in the Hukong valley, and a very distinct group of them further North still in the Hkamti Lông country round the upper waters of the Tanai river, which itself is the chief source of the Chindwin.

Moreover, the Shans are great traders all through Northern Burma, trafficking mostly in pickled and tried tea, bullocks, ponies, hides and horn, sugar, potatoes and lac. If we may again quote from Colonel Shakespeare :—

SHAN COSTUMES.

Shans almost always surround their villages with bamboo, or fruit and flowing trees, giving them an appearance of comfort and beauty. They bury their dead in graves near the village or out in the jungle. The Chinese Shans dress almost invariably in indigo blue clothes, while British Shans adopt white, and their women incline to copy the Burmese. The chief distinction seems to be in the different ways in which Chinese or British Shan women wear their turbans. The men are muscular and well-formed and dress in short trousers (bounbees) and a jacket. With the well-to-do men the trousers are voluminous, and the fork so low down as to look more like a skirt. A great, broad-brimmed, close-woven grass hat is much worn by the British Shan, while his Chinese confrère uses a blue turban. Their chief national weapon is a long, slightly curved, sharp-pointed sword. Shan women are fair, but lack in face and dress the good looks and coquetry of their Burmese sisters. They are a quiet, mild, good-humoured race, and temperate in their habits as regards the use of alcohol and opium.

The Shans have now become largely assimilated to the Burmese; their dress and even language is going, while their written character, being less and less used, will soon disappear except perhaps in the Hkamti Lông Country.

Their religion is everywhere Buddhist, but even now there is a strong animistic tendency among the Shans in British territory. With them, still, each day has its presiding *nat*, or spirit, who requires a particular diet on certain days, different as the moon waxes or wanes. With the Shans, also, monks attend death-beds purely with the idea of keeping away demons and not with the view of religious help to the departing person.

Buddhism has so strong a hold of them that the Christian missionary finds them even less receptive than the Burmese to his message. Mission work among them is mostly carried on in the Shan States by the American Baptists ; one of whose missionaries, the late Dr. Cushing, has published a Shan-English dictionary and a translation of the Bible. It was in 1860 that work was started among the Shans at

Toungoo, and in 1876 at Bhamo, where the American Baptists are also in touch with the Kachins. Forty years earlier one of their missionaries, Dr. Kincaid, went to Bhamo, but he was seized and sent back by the Kachin chiefs. It will be very interesting to hear in the years to come what success the B.C.M.S. missionaries have among the scattered Shans of the Hukong district.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

THE NEW B.C.M.S. WORK IN UPPER BURMA.

As has been already stated, the work in the Kachin Hills was started long since by the American Baptist Missionaries, who have this year celebrated their Jubilee there with a conference of about 6,000 Kachin Christians at Bhamo; and last year their very able leader, to whose work we have already referred, completed the translation of the Bible into Jinghpaw, which is to be published this year.

When therefore the title "Dawn in the Kachin Hills" was chosen for this little book, it was not intended to belittle the splendid work of the A.B.M., but rather to rejoice with them in the hope that the Sun of Righteousness which dawned fifty years ago on the Eastern Hills of Upper Burma would now with the B.C.M.S. Mission spread His healing rays further West, even to the Hukong Valley and the far-off Nagas on the hills beyond. And as our special object is to help the friends of the B.C.M.S. to understand the country, to them an almost unknown one, in which their Mission has just started, and to interest English readers generally in the country and its people, so that friends old and new may be in touch with the work of the missionaries, and pray for them with more knowledge, and help them with the sympathy that comes from understanding, we propose in this last chapter to tell how the B.C.M.S. took up this task, and to explain what is being attempted and what are its hopes for the future.

The leader of the new Mission, Rev. Alfred Thomas Houghton, B.A., L.Th., has kindly sent us some short notes of his life which we prefer to print as they stand rather than fill them in, and with these we begin.

HOW THE BURMA MISSION CAME TO BE.

Up to age 14 longing to be in the Army—brought up in Christian atmosphere, no known date of conversion—crisis at about 14, call to Mission field, but wanted Army instead—personal touch, after missionary meeting; lady (complete stranger), "Are *you* going to be a missionary?"—knew it was God speaking and, one moment struggle over, "Yes." Never doubted since. Naturally lazy, but this provided incentive for getting through exams. at school, till war came—longed-for opportunity given—waiting for commission, enlisted. Tried to get to France, begged to be put on drafts for France, but unexpectedly sent to Burma—2/5th Somerset L.I., stationed at Meiktila (south of Mandalay). Transferred to Cadet Unit in Punjab—commission in Somerset L.I., 1917. Stationed in various parts of India. September, 1917, appointed Staff Officer to the Inspector of Infantry, South (inspecting infantry in whole of India and Burma, except Punjab and North-West Frontier). Touring all over India, but never felt *call* to India. December, 1918, tour in Burma—for first time went to Maymyo, Bhamo, Myitkyina—saw and heard about Kachins. "Fell in love at first sight." God seemed to speak to me then. Reading at times Life of Hudson Taylor—read of C.I.M. work at Bhamo in earlier years. Only Kachin work done by A. B. M., not an American and not a Baptist!—what to do? Began to think possible by C.I.M. Same month brother in England heard call to China under C.I.M. He finally sailed in November, 1920. I returned to England end of 1919 and entered St. John's Hall, Highbury. Kachins still in mind, but linked up with C.I.M. and interviewed Bishop Cassels. Brother became principal of Diocesan training college in West China—more closely linked than ever. Ordained December, 1921, also engaged same year to Miss Coralie Mary Green. Fiancée went into training under C.I.M., 1922. (B.C.M.S. formed—wholehearted supporter—if formed before, no doubt offered before.) Hope of Kachin work slumbering under surface—did not tell fiancée. May, 1923, fiancée heard C.I.M. address from Fraser, working among Lisu on Yunnan side and in touch with Kachins. Felt immediate call as from God. Wrote to me, expecting disapproval—I was amazed, but saw God's hand. We began praying, not knowing *how*. Following February felt definitely ready to leave C.I.M. and offer to B.C.M.S. for Kachin work.

Innumerable difficulties—Bishop chary of accepting—Bishop Cassels calling for China—everyone, including B.C.M.S. Committee, opposed.

GOD'S LEADING HAND.

Difficulties with A. B. M.—one by one removed, and by July, 1924, all settled. The rest you probably know. Arrived in Rangoon, with wife and sister, November 10th, 1924 (100 years

after first Burmese War!)—found resolution passed by Burma Christian Council, engineered by A. B. M., deprecating our arrival!! Came up to Myitkyina, visited Bhamo, and finally all smoothed out. Dewar (of Hukong fame) suggested Mohnyin, from his knowledge of the district, and so we came. From beginning to end can see the Lord's guiding hand step by step. The text that helped me all through those waiting months was sent by my Father, "The way of the righteous *is made plain*," and so it was, and always will be.

A START AT MOHNYIN.

So it was that on 10th October, 1924, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton with Mr. Houghton's sister, Miss Eileen Mary Houghton, who had had 4 years' training as a nurse in the Bristol Royal Infirmary, sailed for Rangoon and went on to Myitkyina (pronounced Mitchináh) and thence to Mohnyin, where they started work with a dispensary in the verandah of their bungalow.

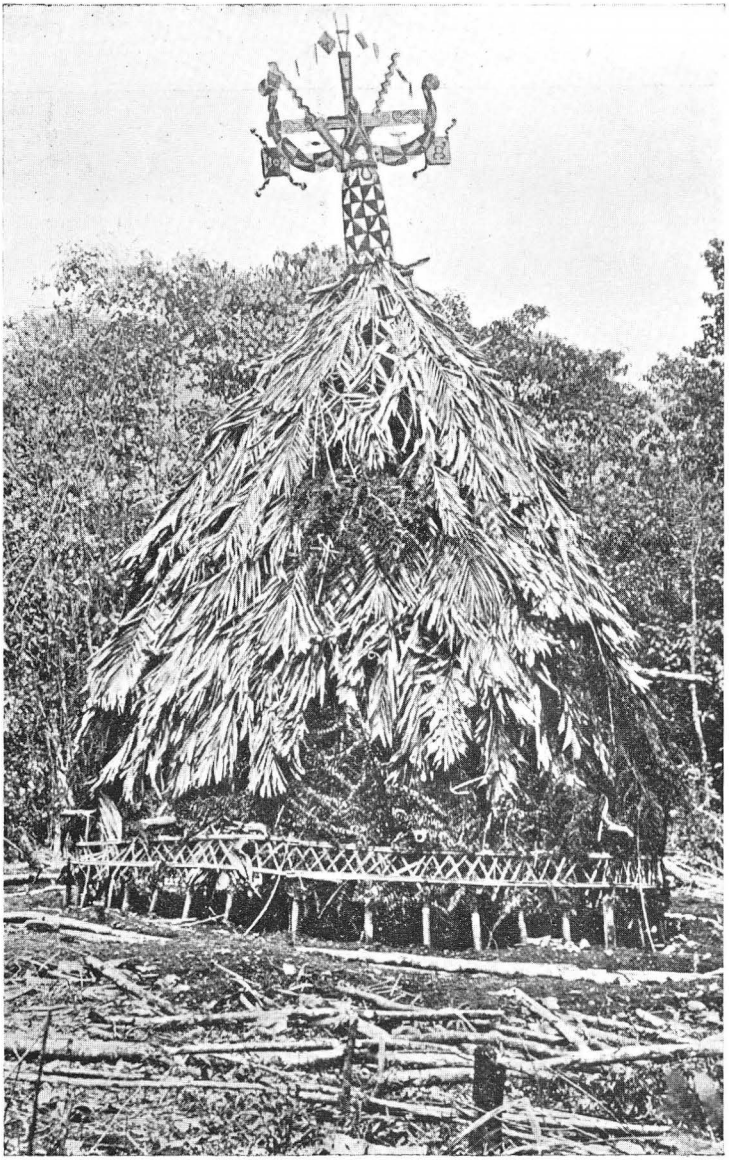
In February, 1925, Mr. Houghton writes of the delightful Kachin service on Sunday mornings, of a reading class being started, the only literature available being Dr. Hanson's New Testament, part of the Old Testament, some hymns, and "Pilgrim's Progress."

In June the Baptismal Service, the Apostles' Creed, and part of the Burial Service are being translated. The first of these was perhaps used on 21st June, when Mr. Houghton's little son "Pat" is baptised.

In October, 1925, Mr. Wilfred Crittle and Miss Vera Perry sailed for Mohnyin.

In September, 1925, the B.C.M. "Messenger" published a long letter giving Mr. Houghton's reflections after six months' work. He tells that the American Baptists' sphere of work lies East of the Irrawaddy and its continuation, the Mali Hka (Hka=water). They have fine Kachin schools at Bhamo and Myitkyina, and smaller ones in outlying places. They have recently been committed to work at Putao, the most northern Government outpost in Burma. No missionary work was being done North of latitude 24° and West of Bhamo and Myitkyina. So also there is no work South of Mohnyin until we get to Shwebo, where the

Kachin with native sword (dah).



Kachin Grave.

S.P.G. have their most northerly station. On the whole, then, there is an unevangelised area of the size of all England.

Mohnyin is a station on the railway, and has a population of 7,000, mostly mixed Shans and Burmans. Burmese is the language of the market, but trade goes on in four or five languages. There are Chinese shopkeepers and settlers, a considerable Indian population of Mohammedans, Hindus and Sikhs, many of them born and bred in Burma; also a few Karens from Lower Burma, and a small number of Kachins. There is a Gurkha village on the outskirts, and near by are several Shan-tyok villages. The Shan-tyoks are a race by themselves with their own customs and distinctive dress. What a babel of tongues!

In the town and district are many costly pagodas with saffron-robed pongyis.

The immediate object of the Mission in Mohnyin is to evangelise the hundreds of Kachin villages between the railway line and the Irrawaddy from Naba to Mogaung. The people from villages thirty and forty miles away were already coming in for medical aid, and Mr. Houghton was looking forward to itinerating tours among them when the rains were over at the end of September. Meanwhile Gospels were being given away to Burmans, Shans, Indians, and Chinese as they came to the dispensary.

LANGUAGE TROUBLES.

In a later letter Mr. Houghton tells of his language troubles. The first patients are Indians, but Mr. Houghton has some knowledge of Hindustani. The next are Shan-Burmans but they speak a little Jinghpaw. Then come some Shans, for whom an interpreter has to be got. One of them with a snake bite has tried thirty or forty kinds of Burmese medicine. One native doctor had tattooed both the patient's arms, hoping to work a cure thus! The fourth set brought a Shan-Burman, who had been using curry powder for a discharging ear!

Mr. Houghton hears in Rangoon that the Government would welcome a Christian expedition to the Nagas. Con-

would welcome a Christian expedition to the Nagas. Considering the distance, and the entire absence of roads, a mission to the wild Nagas in the hills is at present impossible. The Bishop of Rangoon, who visited Mohnyin and approved of the work being done, suggested that the Government should make a road through from Kamaing to Maingkwang in the Hukong. Till this is done the Hukong is inaccessible right through the rainy season.

Mr. Houghton suggested that in some ways ladies could do better work among the hill tribes than men, especially as they would not be mistaken for Government agents in disguise. He asked for fifty new missionaries in 1926, but was prepared to accept a minimum of thirteen.

FIVE RECRUITS LAST YEAR.

In fact, five were sent in the autumn of that year—Mr. Thomas E. Fowler, Mr. Albert E. Rushton, Miss Mary Stileman, Miss Elizabeth Lane, and Miss Doris Harris. A letter from Miss Stileman, after six months in the country, gives a good idea of the background of life at Mohnyin and of the routine of a new missionary's work, and is added in the next chapter.

Mr. Houghton reports that in his "parish" are 230,000 Shan-Buddhists, 270,000 Burmese Buddhists, and 75,000 Kachins. He says the dispensary has done much to break down suspicion, and its work is known for a hundred miles around.

Miss Houghton had been very successful as a nurse and dispenser. She was planning to learn Burmese, but her health gave way, and on 25th March, 1926, she had to leave for England and has not yet been able to return.

Her brother suggested a bungalow at Hkapra as a health and rest house. This was built and opened on 29th May, 1926. It is 3,800 feet up and is in a glorious position from which to view the Naga hills far off on the West and the still more distant mountains of Tibet in the far North.

Mr. Houghton penetrated to Kamaing, using the new and still unfinished road from Mogaung. He stood on a

bridge leading towards the Hukong and longed to go forward. There was much swamp to cross and thick jungle abounding with blood-sucking leeches, and the villages very few and far between; and he adds: "Only those who are ready to forsake *all* and follow Him would be of any use as missionaries there, but surely there are many such?"

Then follows the story of his next experience.

AT A JINGHPAW FUNERAL.

We renewed our acquaintance with the Hukong Valley the following day. We had heard that the headman of a neighbouring Jinghpaw village (Paren) was holding a poi (funeral feast) in honour of some of the released slaves. After an early breakthat we set off, crossing the broad Mogaung river on a raft, and after five and a half miles tramp came in sight of the village, with a wide rushing stream between us. We managed to find some bamboo poles tied together, and with this improvised raft got safely across. We found about 200 Jinghpaws gathered together, and the headman warmly welcomed us, evidently regarding our presence as a great honour. Mats were spread for us and low stools provided, and they even wanted to erect an awning over our heads, but we told them the shade of a tree was quite sufficient. We were informed that they were celebrating the death of a relative of the headman's, but taking the opportunity at the same time of making the released slaves their brothers, by their participating in the poi.

The funeral dance round the karoi (a cluster of bamboos outside the headman's house) was already in progress, and the procession slowly gyrated round the karoi, with the two spearmen leading, followed by men carrying dahs, or letting off ancient guns, and women and girls in the rear. All the time the headman talked to us amidst the clash of cymbals and the unending drone of the gongs and drums. When the dance was over I asked to see the released slaves (there were about 40 present), and eventually I got about 25 to brave the camera (see photograph). The other guests gathered round, and for 20 minutes I had a glorious opportunity to preach the Gospel of the grace of God. Redemption from the slavery of sin was my theme, and they seemed interested, especially as I told them we were all slaves in God's sight, but that in our case the *whole* of the redemption money had been paid by the Son of God.

It was difficult to get a smile out of the released slaves, and most of them had the hangdog air of those who have been downtrodden.

I tried to teach them all the chorus (in Jinghpaw), "The best Friend to have is Jesus," but as they were unused to repeating lines, all I could get out of them was a loud shout of "Rai sa"

(that *is* so) at the end of each line. The result sounded quite effective:—

The best Friend to have is Jesus—That *is* so!
The best Friend to have is Jesus—That *is* so!
He will hear me when I call—That *is* so!
He will keep me lest I fall—That *is* so!
O, the best Friend to have is Jesus—That *is* so!

How one longed that it *might* be so! The headman then announced that he was going to kill a bullock in my honour. It was an honour I should have preferred to decline, but not wanting to give unnecessary offence, I silently acquiesced, though my wife discreetly absented herself. The bullock was tied to the karoi and a sacrificing priest quickly despatched it without any apparent suffering, with a spear-thrust through the heart. I was glad to see that no one exhibited any desire to gaze at the spectacle, and the bullock was quickly cut up with dahs. Then I found that I was to be the recipient of the highest honour a Jinghpaw could present—a mark of the closest friendship and brotherhood; the gift of the sinda (breast). With this I was presented with a dah and a jar of fermented rice-water. The latter I declined, saying that we never drank fermented things, but I accepted the dah as a memento of the visit, and thanked the headman profusely for the honour he had paid me.

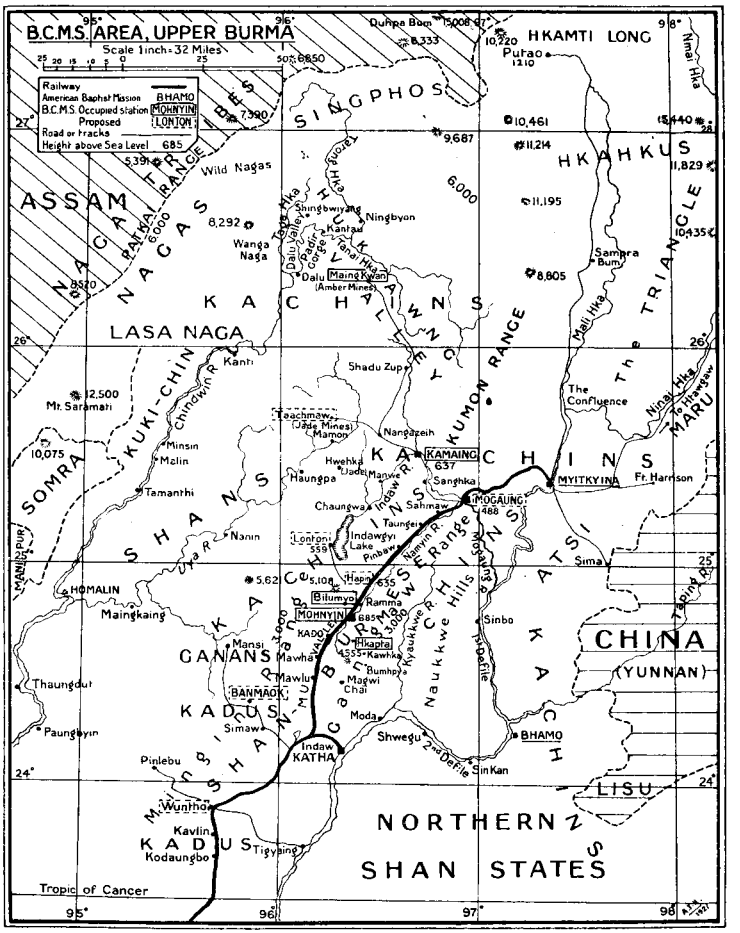
We came away, thanking God for the opportunity and praying earnestly that a speedy entrance might be gained into the Hukong Valley itself, so that deliverance might be preached to the captives of Satan in that wide area.

Since then Crittle and I have selected what promises to be a healthy site in Kamaing in an otherwise malarious locality.

We hope to see three or four outposts in the Hukong area during the next few years, and this will occupy another ten pioneers, who will have to rough it as much as any pioneer to-day is called upon to do.

A NEW MAP AND WHAT IT SHOWS.

With his letter which arrived just as this booklet was in the printers' hands, Mr. Houghton encloses a new sketch map which is reproduced on the opposite page, "to show," as he says, "the present outlook and our immediate future hopes. It is compiled from Survey Maps of various scales. The previous sketch (see opposite p. 53) would give a better general idea of the situation, while this one gives fuller *detailed* information."



B.C.M.S. AREA.

UPPER BURMA.

Shan-Kachin Women, Hukong Valley.

Mr. Houghton continues :—

There seems to be a general idea in England that we are working either *in* the Hukong Valley or on the borders of it. The map will show that this is not so. Shadu Zup, 28 miles almost due north of Kamaing, is the last place in administered territory, and there the Hukong Valley begins, though until one gets to Maingkwan, nearly 50 miles further into the Valley, there is, I believe, very little sign of population or cultivation—mostly elephant grass and a swamp track cut off in the rains. There is really no other approach to the Hukong Valley except by this means, and then only in the dry season. How far the projected road, on which work is to start in October, will give all the year round communication remains to be seen, but, of course, it will not be metalled, and the Mogaung-Kamaing road is a regular slough of despond in the rains, as I know to my cost! Glancing at the map, one naturally asks, "Why not enter the Valley by the Chindwin River, which becomes the Tanai Hka and passes right through the valley?" It is true that Irrawaddy Flotilla steamers go up as far as Homalin (I believe), and the river is navigable a good deal further, but north of latitude 26° there are a number of dangerous rapids that make river transport impossible, and I understand there are no overland routes. Some day I hope to have the opportunity of testing the possibility of this route, but little seems to be known about it at present. Also the only proper means of communication between the Dalu Valley and the Hukong is via the Padip Gorge; there is also a land track, which is often almost impassable.

Between Mohnyin and the Hukong Valley there must be at least a dozen mountain ranges, although we are only about 100 miles south of Maingkwan as the crow flies. In actual road mileage we are about 130 miles, or some nine days' journey, including the rail journey to Mogaung.

I have tried to give an idea in some parts of the map of the difficulties of the ground by figures showing the heights of mountains, *e.g.*, it will be seen how the basin of the Mali Hka, which is the Jinghpaw name for Irrawaddy and is also applied to the part of the river south of Mohnyin, is effectually cut off from the Hukong Valley by mountain ranges, rising to over 11,000 feet. This range divides our proposed work from the A.B.M. work, which has stations at Bhamo, Myitkyina, and out-stations, including a small community as far north as Putao. Roughly speaking, we are free to work in the area bounded on the east by the Irrawaddy and (continuing north) by the range of hills already mentioned. The Triangle is thus in the A.B.M. sphere of operations, though it is unlikely that anything active will be done there. The Triangle is also hedged in by mountains on the Mali Hha as well as the Nmai Hha, though it can be entered quite easily at various points.

The present track from Kamaing to Maingkwan is shown on the map. You will see that it follows the Jade Mines road (to

Tawhmaw) as far as Nanyazeik (12 miles from Kamaing), and then branches off north. I believe the new road is to go more direct to Shadu Zup, but I have not heard yet definitely whether this has been decided upon. The Tawhmaw (Jade Mines) road and district is all in administered territory and comes under the Kamaing sub-division (of the Myitkyina District) politically.

You will notice N.E. of Kamaing the Kumon Range—from Kamaing these can be seen as tier upon tier of mountains, rising behind one another to be lost in the blue. A rather wild type of Kachin lives in this area—it was here that the 1915 rebellion took place, when the people refused to pay house tax and murdered a number of Sepoys, etc.—and up to now no missionary or messenger of the Gospel has visited this area. One boy at the Government Kachin School of Kamaing comes from this district, and seems very near to the Kingdom of God. This area should be able to be visited by the Kamaing workers in the dry season.

ABOUT THE NAGAS.

You will notice that the Nagas are still a very far cry from either Mohnyin or Kamaing. Again there seems to be an idea prevalent at home that if we are not actually working among the Nagas that is our next move. It is unlikely that we shall be able to reach them for the next three or four years, though the Lord may open out the way before. At present there is a ban on our entering the Hukong. The Commissioner of the Sagaing Division, one of whose districts is the Myitkyina District, in which we are placed—it extends as far south as Naawhau, two stations south of Mohnyin, where it joins the Katha district—is fully sympathetic, but the Governor is at present opposed. I may be able to obtain an interview with the Governor next month, and shall do so if I get the opportunity. If all goes well ,I want to prospect in the Hukong next year, but that is only if the way opens out to do so.

As you know, there are a large number of different Naga tribes, speaking different dialects, but those on the Burma side who are in touch with Jinghpaws and nominally under the suzerainty of Jinghpaw Dumas (chiefs) can speak Jinghpaw, *i.e.*, the *men* can. I understand that from Shingbwiyang, north of the Dalu Valley, and the last village in the Hukong, the nearest Nagas are three days' march, and there are no villages between. These are the "Wild Nagas," who do the raiding and selling of victims to another Naga tribe, who go in for human sacrifice. I could give a fair amount of detailed information, but at present am unable to do so, as it is all obtained from my friend, Mr. Dewar (leader of 1926-27 Naga Expedition), who gave it me on condition that it did not appear in the Press. There is one Naga boy now at the Government Kachin School at Kamaing. His father was a Naga chief who promised Barnard the previous year to give up human sacrifices, and sought to influence others to do

the same. When Barnard left he was murdered, and this year his orphan son, Dang Sham (a boy of about 12) followed Dewar back to Kamaing of his own accord. He is an attractive boy, and it was he who told me that all the men of his tribe speak Jinghpaw. It seems that Dewar's mission this year has been highly successful—he came back with baskets of skulls, voluntarily surrendered by Nagas in token that they would give up human sacrifices. They were surrendered on condition that the Government buried them in British territory, I believe.

The inhabitants of the Hukong Valley have been engaged in private vendettas, carried on from generation to generation, and resulting in hundreds of murders. Some of these cases are now being unravelled and brought to an end.

There are three Shan settlements in the Hukong, at Maingkwan, Ninkbyen, and Dalu (the latter is really separate, being in the Dalu Valley). The settlements at Maingkwan and Ningbyen are the relics of a once flourishing Shan kingdom, but I understand that the settlement at Dalu is the result of the Burmese kings settling slaves there to watch the Nagas. These slaves are still Buddhists, but all speak Jinghpaw. The valley itself is, I believe, largely water-logged in the rains and covered with elephant grass, except round village clearings and tracks from one village to another. It is probably capable of becoming a rich rice producing country, and very likely before the Jinghpaw invasion was so.

The Singphos in the north are Jinghpaws, who, by the nature of the ground, have been cut off from the rest—presumably their dialect differs somewhat, but Dewar found no difficulty in being readily understood wherever he went.

THE MOHNYIN DISTRICT.

Now to come back nearer "home." The numbers opposite Mohnyin, Kamaing, etc., are the heights above sea level. You will see that beneath the Mingin Range (west of the railway) and the Gangow Range (east) I have written the figures 3,000. This is the average height of the whole range of hills, extending from Naba in the south to Mogaung in the north. The Mu Valley runs between—it varies in width, but averages probably about six miles. It is largely used for paddy cultivation, and this accounts for all the villages in the plains, inhabited mostly by Shan-Burmese (speaking Burmese) and Shans. The Kachins live in the hills and foothills on either side of the line. In the valley itself there are practically none. From Mogaung via Kamaing to the Hukong, however, the Jinghpaws live in the plains, and their villages are often cheek by jowl with Shan, Burmese, or Gurkha villages.

Speaking generally, the larger villages or towns on the line itself are inhabited by Shan-Burmese (with often a large

sprinkling of Indians and Chinese), while the surrounding villages are Shan. There are, however, a number of good-sized Shan-Burmese villages off the beaten track. Except for a few stray migrants, there are *no* pure Burmese in the area represented on the map, and their dialect is somewhat different from either the Burmese spoken generally in Upper Burma, or the purer Burmese spoken in Lower Burma.

KADUS AND GANANS.

A people whom I hope to investigate soon are the Kadus, who are marked on the map round Banmauk and below Wuntho. It is very difficult to get any reliable information about them, and at present I have no idea of the population. There is one Christian village which is worked by the S.P.G. from Mandalay; some years ago a Kadu was in Mandalay and became a Christian, later returning to his own village. A visit once a year is paid to the village, I believe. Kadus are supposed to be originally a mixture of Shan and Kachin—they have a language of their own. North of the Kadus I have marked the Ganans, but their distribution as marked is only hearsay evidence, though I understand they live in the hills like Kachins. They also have a language of their own, which I believe no European has ever learned, and they are supposed to be originally a mixture of Shans and Chins. I have marked Banmauk and Wuntho as probable B.C.M.S. stations, though not in the near future. Passing further north, you will see Lonton marked on the Indawgyi Lake. This is connected with Hopin by an unmetalled road, impassable for bullock carts, owing to a steep rise at one part, and has a Government dispensary. It is the centre of an entirely unreached Kachin district, and is connected with Kamaing by the Indaw River.

FUTURE PLANS.

This will probably be our *next* Jinghpaw station (D.V.), and I hope we may build there in a year or so. Eevntually, I hope, Hopin and Mogaung will be occupied, but whether primarily as Jinghpaw or Burmese stations I cannot say at present. Bilumyo, five and a half miles from Mohnyin, should be occupied by next March (D.V.) as our first Shan station. It is in a strategic position for reaching other Shan villages round, and is connected by rather a bad cart road with Mohnyin.

I think that is as much as I need to say arising out of a study of the map.

Now to answer some of your enquiries, though I have partly covered the ground already.

DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN KACHIN TRIBES.

The Bhamo Kachin has many differences in dialect from, say, the Hkahku in the extreme north. Here the Kachins are a compromise between the two, and we hear words and phrases that are peculiar to both sides. In neither case, however, are the differences big enough to prevent Kachins from any district being able to understand Kachins of another district, however remote.

On the whole I think the Kachin round Kamaing is of a bigger build than the Kachin in this (Mohnyin) district—this is especially so in the case of the women. The Kachins here are more reserved and less friendly (at first sight) than the Kamaing Kachins, who are less modest in dress and dirtier and wilder in their habits. As a rule no woman in this district would discard her upper garment for work; an old woman might. Round Kamaing, however, in the hot weather, even the young women go about naked to the waist. This may be accounted for by the fact that a majority of the Kachins round Kamaing are of ex-slave ancestry. They are much more friendly and familiar to strangers than the people here.

As far as religion goes, I have not discovered any differences so far. The villages here are, as a rule, smaller, and the actual houses smaller than further north. We have a few villages on the other side of the Gangow Range of 15 and 20 houses, but that is the exception—three to seven houses is the usual number. Farther north there are bigger villages (one near Kamaing of over 60 houses), and often the houses are twice as long as those here.

KACHIN COSTUMES.

The skirts of the women here have narrow horizontal rings of red and indigo alternately. Farther north these rings are much wider. The northern women wear the skirt much longer than the women here; the former regard the latter's dress as immodest, though it comes well below the knee. The northern women wear a plain white or indigo upper garment or scarf, which ends under the armpits: the women here wear an indigo sleeveless "blouse" embroidered in colours. The northern women wear a plain indigo or white sleeved outer coat, while the women here wear a red and indigo coat, gaily decorated with silver ornaments and coins. The Bhamo women also wear embroidered leggings, which are sometimes seen here, too. The tendency is to go in for plainer dress in the north. In the north, however, large amber ear-rings, in the shape of candles, are frequently worn by the women. Here it is the custom to wear embroidered cloth ear-rings, with a frilled "brush" spreading out in front of the ear. The women, too, in the north wear a white or tartan head-dress; here the women wear a plain indigo head-dress. There

is naturally not so much difference in the dress of the men, but the northern men look wilder and often wear a tartan head-dress, rarely seen here. They are usually to be seen carrying spears on the road, instead of, or in addition to, the more usual dah (sword).

In the north one frequently sees men carrying loads fastened to a wooden shoulder yoke which fits round the neck. This is never seen here: whatever a man carries, he carries in his bag slung from the shoulder.

THE SHANS.

As regards the Shans, those of the Shan States speak a different dialect, and we have villages of both kinds in the vicinity. The Shan men here wear white baggy coarse trousers, which are, I believe, in the Shan States usually black. The distinctive women's (Shan) dress is usually discarded here, and the women wear ordinary Burmese dress. The men, however, always wear trousers instead of the Burmese longyi.

REDEEMED SLAVES.

You ask about the redemption of slaves. I hear that those who elected to remain in the Hukong are settling down well. Personally, I think it has been very hard for the slaves who wanted to leave the Valley. They have to pay back their redemption money (it varies in amount), even though in most cases they have left their former district in order to return to relatives outside. They are, like most Kachins, very poor, and this is a big handicap. Of course, for years there has been an escape of slaves from the Hukong, and the large village I mentioned near Kamaing consists entirely of escaped, and now some freed, slaves dating from 30 years ago.

I know very little about the Triangle expedition, as none were really personal friends of mine. I knew Captain West slightly, and Barnard, the leader, but have not seen him since. As far as I can make out it was quite effective, except for the area where there was that unfortunate trouble. The Triangle is much more difficult country to work in than the Hukong, as it is, I believe, mountainous, full of thick forest, etc., whereas the Hukong is flat.

THE PERSONNEL.

As to personnel of the Mission. At present the workers are distributed as follows:—

MOHNYIN—

Miss Stileman (Burmese). Hopes to undertake Shan work and will go to Bilumyo.

Miss Harris (Burmese). Will remain in Mohnyin for Burmese work.

Miss Perry (Kachin). Will go to Kamaing in September.
Miss Lane (Kachin). On her return will take up Kachin work here.
Rev. and Mrs. A. T. Houghton (Kachin).

KAMAING—

W. Crittle, A. E. Rushton, T. E. Fowler (Kachin). Crittle is likely to remain in charge of the Kamaing work. Rushton is keen on pioneer work and may eventually go to Hukong, or previously to Lonton.

As regards the dispensary work, up to now this has been carried on by Miss Perry and myself, with occasional assistance from other workers. Miss Perry will be leaving in September, but two of the new recruits coming out in the autumn have had medical experience, and I hope will be available for this purpose. Of the new workers I hope one or two will take up Shan work, two Burmese work (in Mohnyin for the present), and two Kachin work—one in Kamaing and one in Mohnyin probably.

I am anxious to open a Kachin primary school, commencing with about 30 boys next rains—there is a great and ever-increasing demand for it, and I see no other way of getting hold of the young. I have held back up to now in spite of pressure from various quarters, for fear of being tied down to institutional work, but I hope that by next year there will be enough workers to prevent this. One great need is a Christian Kachin schoolmaster, who will be responsible for the boys out of school, besides teaching.

While the dispensing work has accomplished much, the arrival of a doctor and a nurse to replace my sister, whose reputation is still great in Mohnyin, would be a great move forward. The doctor must be one who puts evangelistic work in the forefront and would be willing to do itinerant work over a wide area if need be. The man who requires a large, well-equipped hospital is not the sort of man needed here, I think.

So much for personnel.

CLIMATE, HEAT, ETC.

As you know, Burma is divided into three zones of climate. Lower Burma is very wet (100 to 150 inches p.a. of rain, I think). Then comes the dry zone, which extends to a little north of Shwebo. This gives place to the moderately wet zone, in which the whole of our work is likely to be, where we have an average rainfall of about 80 inches. The great advantage of this zone is that we get a distinctly *cold* season, not found in other parts of Burma. This is unfortunately spoilt in the Mu Valley, but not in the hills, by the presence of a thick early morning mist, which lasts till about 10 a.m., from December to the end of February. Everything exposed is soaking wet, and the damp cold is very trying. Otherwise these months would be perfectly delightful.

The morning and evenings are very cold, and, of course, our houses are built to admit the maximum amount of air. In the early morning the temperature may even drop to 40 degrees, and by the middle of the afternoon go up to 70 or 75 degrees.

We are never more than a month to six weeks without one or two days' rain, and from the middle of April onwards the weather may be broken, with thunderstorms and heavy showers, until the rains begin early in June. July and August are the months of heaviest rain, and then we flounder rather than walk about, for we have no *roads* here, only cart tracks, and the soil is very clayey. By the middle or end of October the rains should be over, and before that time the ground *begins* to dry up a little.

The Kachins do not clear their tracks until after their paddy is in at the end of December. Until then the tracks are overgrown, bridges over streams washed away, and fallen trees from the rains lying across the roads. They often wait until a Government official is reported in the vicinity before they begin work in earnest and put up temporary bridges to last till the next rains. Each village has a recognised piece of path, leading to the next village, to keep in order, and the men, women and children all turn out with dahs to do the work. It usually occupies them two or three days, and might well be done earlier, so as to make communications better. April and May are the hottest months, though the fine but muggy intervals in the rains are more trying. The highest shade temperature we have registered here so far is only 93 degrees, but it goes up to 96 degrees in Mogaung. At 10 p.m. at night in the hot weather it is often 86 or 88 degrees, and will only drop to 82 or 84 degrees by the morning. The temperature is kept down in the hot weather by a strong breeze, which comes up in the middle of the day.

All the places marked as prospective stations on the map have much the same climate as is here described. There is a good deal of malaria in the district—Mohnyin is fairly bad and Kamaing is reputed to be worse. Myitkyina is one of the few places free from taint.

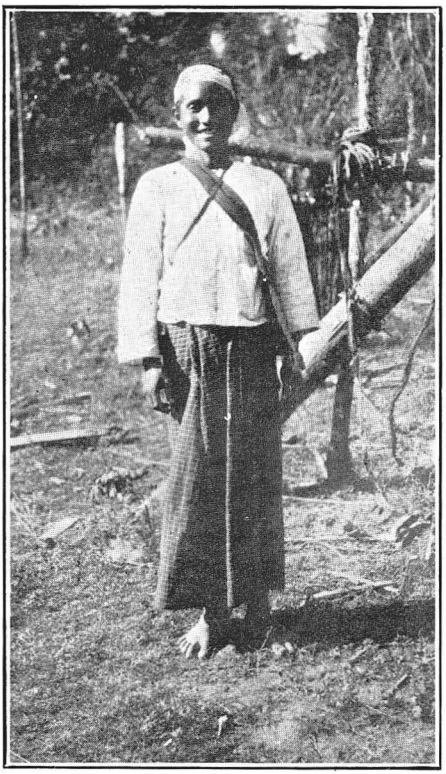
WILD ANIMALS.

It may interest you to know that at Hkapra we frequently hear panthers at night, wild cats abound, and wild elephants haunt the forest in some localities. The most common wild animal, which we frequently *see* (the others we only *hear*, as a rule!) is the "barking deer"—this goes about singly in the jungle. There are plenty of snakes, centipedes, etc., and the insect life would require several volumes to describe!

KACHIN CULTIVATION.

The hills everywhere are covered with thick forest: it is a rare thing to see a bare hillside, as in England. Even though a

Naga Chiefs, Hukong Valley.



The First Kachin Convert
of the B.C.M.S.

fresh patch of ground is burnt over every year by each village for its paddy, it quickly grows over. The trees are always cut down about four feet from the ground, and a newly-burnt patch covered with hundreds of tree stumps is peculiarly ugly. This work is done at the end of March, and the burning takes place about a month later, when all is dry. Everywhere on the hills at this time one sees huge columns of smoke. They begin sowing their vegetables almost at once, but the paddy is not sown till June, when the rains break. The seed is just put into the untilled ground at about 6in. intervals, and nothing more is done, so no wonder they cannot use the same ground twice over! They tell me that they never use the same ground again in less than twelve years.

THE TWO FIRST CONVERTS.

You ask about enquirers. There are a number who seem interested, and more than ever before, the boys working on the compound. The first baptism has, I believe, created an impression, and our earnest desire is that the two who have begun their new life together—Chying Lup Yaw and Nhkum Kaw—may become real soul-winners among their own people. An account of Chying Lup Yaw, before his conversion, was given in "Other Sheep" over a year ago (and his photo appears opposite). He gave a fine testimony on the Sunday before his baptism at the Jinghpaw service. The wedding had its amusing features. The bridegroom had been so taken up in preparing the feast for the guests that he appeared at the service with his sleeves rolled up; he had the ring all right! As it was pouring with rain, and we were unable to disperse after the service, and the bride, overcome with shyness, sat on a stool up against the wall and *facing* it, to avoid the looks of her lady friends! Both willingly came on duty again the next day after one day's honeymoon.

"NOT UNTO US."

One thing I would implore you—that you will *belittle* our work rather than err on the side of over-valuing it. The greatness of the task can be emphasised, but nothing is to gained by applauding the workers—we are a very junior Mission in a country that can boast of a line of missionaries for over 100 years. If it were not that we happen to have *begun* the work, after three years' service in any older Mission we should still be regarded as inexperienced recruits! We have the inestimable privilege of preaching the Gospel in an unevangelised area, but we need more and more the grace of *humility* that the Lord may be able to use us effectively.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

THE DAILY ROUTINE OF A NEW MISSIONARY.

Our little book would be incomplete without this breezy sketch of the daily life of a missionary, written after six months in Burma, in which Miss Stileman tells of the troubles of a new language and describes the day's routine in a way which will help those who have never left England to get some of the atmosphere of a mission station in Upper Burma. She writes as follows :—

(1) Personal Life and Work.

The daily routine for the newcomer is somewhat in this fashion :—

6 a.m. in summer, daybreak in winter: Tea, 2 pieces of toast, butter, and marmalade. This was very hard to get used to at first, in my case. I wanted a proper breakfast to begin the day on. By 9 o'clock there was an aching void! However, they say moles get used to skinning, and before very long I did not want 3 pieces of toast, even when offered to me.

(Note.—All bread is toasted out here. You never see an ordinary slice of bread and butter).

Quiet time till 8 a.m.: Dispensary prayers conducted in Jinghpaw, followed by the opening of Dispensary where homeopathic medicines are doled out with excellent effects to Burmese, Shans, Indians, Chinese, Jinghpaws, and all and sundry. Mr. Houghton and Miss Perry are the regular people, but we have all given a hand at times.

8-20 approx. the Newcomer returns from the Dispensary, which is at the far corner of the compound, to Language Study—in the case of Miss Harris and myself, the Burmese Government Schoolmaster comes at this time and gives a daily lesson.

10 o'clock: Breakfast. A substantial and heterogeneous meal, quite unlike anything at home. Tea, porridge, meat course with vegetables, followed by " eggs to order," an expression new to me when I met with it on board ship coming out here, but it means that when you are nearing the end of your hash or stew, or whatever it may be, the boy comes in to find out who will have " scrambled " and who will have " boiled," etc., etc. Then just a

taste of bread and butter and marmalade to end up with, to convince yourself that this is breakfast you are eating, which you may have forgotten since you left the porridge behind perhaps three-quarters of an hour ago. Meals out here take time, and you just have to reconcile yourself to the fact.

10-45: English Prayers, the portion for the day being read round by all the members of the party, verse by verse, and then prayer offered by Mr. Houghton. A very precious little bit of the day.

11-1: For the newcomers, Language Study; for the others, duties manifold. On Saturday this becomes letter-writing time, and whichever day Mail arrives, we all drink like fishes at our correspondence.

1-2: Rest Hour. This sounds lazy, but however full of energy you may be, it is a real conservation of energy and not a waste of time.

2-0 p.m.: Tea.

2-30—4-0: Exercise. Walks, learning to ride if you have a pony or can borrow one, and if the dirzee (tailor) has been since you arrived and you have the necessary clothes to wear! This is a valuable time for visiting and getting to know individuals, making friends with them, and as your tongue becomes unloosed, having little talks with them.

6-30: Baths. Don't imagine queuing-up outside the bathroom door, with the tap splashing merrily to the tuneful accompaniment of the lucky one inside. No. One of the necessities of life out here is a bathroom to each bedroom. The water for your bath has been heating up outside, in our case under the covered way between the pantry and the cookhouse (you realise we have no "kitchen.") The cookhouse is a little hut some yards away from the house, where at an open wood fire, burning on a sort of carpenter's bench, our meals are wonderfully and marvellously prepared. The oven is a kerosine tin, and the fire is piled on top. So small, so smoky, yet the cook would not be happy if you tried to impose upon him other ways and other methods; and his results are excellent.

To return to the water. Kerosine tins again. There they are, boiling pleasantly, waiting for you to call out of your window to the water-carrier that you are ready for your bath. When you have finished, he comes in again, and upsets your bath on the floor. The water runs away through a hole, and there you are. We now have a drainage system with bamboo pipes, but that is quite an innovation.

7-0 p.m.: Dinner. A leisurely meal lasting 45 to 60 minutes, but at the end of the day this does not seem to matter so much.

8-0 till bedtime: Writing, reading, working (we have a very good Storm King petrol-pressure lantern, which gives an excellent light, but, of course, attracts insects innumerable at this time of year), and so to bed.

On Sundays the routine is quite different. After breakfast we go out "recruiting," looking for Jinghpaws who may happen to have come in to Mohnyin, to invite them to the Service. The Police Lines over the way also are visited and the Jinghpaws there invited to come. The Service takes place at 12 o'clock, and at 4-0 p.m. we have our own English Service.

Though this is "routine," there are, of course, many incidents which come to alter the even tenour of our way. The Box Wallah arrives. He is a sort of travelling Draper's Shop, and he may or may not have just those particular odds and ends that you have been doing without. Or perhaps this month it is essential that you should pay a visit to the Bazaar train. Maybe you are on the verge of being soapless, or your friends have written you so many letters that your supply of writing pads has run short.

Occasionally, once in a way, some Government official comes to call, or you are asked to meet somebody who is passing through in the train.

Again you may be buried deep in the intricacies of some seemingly untranslatable sentence, and you find someone standing at your elbow. At first, if you are still a novice, it may take you quite a time to find out what he wants. You catch the words "shoes" and "Rangoon" and "money," and at last you realise that he is asking you to write to one of the big stores in Rangoon and order him a pair of goloshes! Then come various enquiries from the Head of affairs to see if this is allowable; if the boy in question has the money required due to him; if, when it is paid, he will have enough to live on for the rest of the half-month without running into debt, and when all these problems are satisfactorily settled, you begin to write the letter, only to find out that he has been giving you particulars of children's goloshes, and, of course, he needs man's size, and so it has to be done all over again. Practical experience in language study though! This very day I have been asked by the Dispensary Boy to send for goloshes, and by the Dhobee, who is an Indian, and whose Burmese is anything but easy to fathom, to get an English-Burmese Conversation Book for him!

(2) Personnel and Language Difficulties.

It takes all sorts to make a world, and certainly there are all sorts out here. There is "The old, old man"—not that he is so very ancient, but he is a good deal senior to everybody else on the Compound. He does the things he knows he "didn't ought," and when caught out either maintains his innocence with the loudest of loud voices, and the louder the voice, the deeper the guilt; or he rubs one leg on the other and gives you the most illuminating smile. His clothes form a useful barometer to the

state of his health or feelings. When he is ill or miserable, his hair, which is worn long, becomes dishevelled, his clothes are dirty and reduced to a minimum; but when he is in good fettle, nobody has a smarter head-dress or whiter stockings!

There is the pony man, whom children and animals love. With grown-ups he is rather on his dignity and "keeps himself to himself" like the woman in the back street at home who has come from a different town and prides herself on not knowing any of her neighbours.

There is the old lady who comes periodically to have her eyes bathed. She loves to mimic what you say, and your poorest attempts at a joke will provoke her to laughter.

And there are always the babies. Babies are a splendid avenue of approach. Play with the baby and, more often than not, smiles will come out on the faces of the mother or father. Though not perhaps common, it is not an unusual sight to see the fathers nursing their babies.

As for language difficulties, I don't know where to begin. The language is all difficulties! The sounds are difficult; the writing is difficult—at least when you begin. I thought I was never, never coming to the end of learning the letters and how to pronounce them, and all their combinations; the construction is difficult—after six months of it I am still hopelessly bogged in the II. Standard Reader at times. But in spite of the difficulties there is progress, and for that I am sure we have to thank God for the prayers of the people at home. (I am, of course, speaking of Burmese.) Shan I have not begun to tackle yet, but by all accounts it is worse, considerably worse. Jinghpaw has been reduced to writing by missionaries, and is written in Roman characters, but has its own difficulties.

One of the difficulties of the Burmese language is that the colloquial form is somewhat different from the written form, and then for matters connected with religion there is an Honorific form as well. All this complicates matters.

But I expect every Newcomer thinks that his or her own language is bristling with difficulties, so it won't do to make too much of them. Perhaps it was not so much the difficulties of the language as the difficulties into which the language may lead the Newcomer that you were thinking about. However, I am only just getting out of the utterly helpless stage, and have not had much scope for landing myself into difficulties yet. Then, too, as Miss Harris and I are the first here to take up Burmese, there is nobody with a knowledge of English to tell us what fearful mistakes we may be making, and we should probably not understand the explanation if it were given in Burmese!

(3) Distinguishing Marks of Kachin, Naga, Chin, Shan and Burman.

I have never to my knowledge seen a Naga or a Chin, so that leaves Kachin, Shan and Burman.

To begin with, there are practically no pure Burmans in this neighbourhood. Those who speak Burmese as their native tongue and we know in a general way as "Burman," are usually Shan-Burmese. I know nothing about the pure Burman. The Shan-Burmese, however, are totally and altogether different from the Shans. We have been told that Shans are very suspicious and exceedingly bigoted; I don't know about the latter, but in our dealings with them so far, they have seemed very friendly. The Kachin, or Jinghpaw, is quite a separate race, with a more or less distinctive type of feature, and the women's dress especially, easily distinguishable both in colour and fashion.

It is exceedingly difficult to differentiate between the different races as to their appearance. The differences are there, but how put it into words? The Jinghpaws look strong, sturdy and independent. Sometimes the type of their faces has an almost negroid look with pronounced lips and flattish noses, but the colour is a warm brown, sometimes quite light. But then, there are plenty of other Jinghpaws who have quite a different type of feature, thin, sharp, clearly marked, so you can't put a label on them and leave it at that.

The Shan-Burmese as a rule have rather round-shaped faces and lighter skins than most Jinghpaws, but not so light as the Shans. The Shans have open, bland faces, and many of the women are very good looking.

I think, as a whole, the women of each of the races are more "typical" than the men. I mean that the men of all three races are more like one another. But that, perhaps, is because I am a woman. Mr. Houghton might not agree! But really—I give it up. That is too difficult a question.

Now for character. The Kachins are strongly independent, very conservative, and their life from the cradle to the grave is controlled and bound by their belief in and fear of the "*nats*" (evil spirits). They are quick witted in their own way, and respond well to a joke.

The Shan-Burmese are care free and happy-go-lucky, loving Pwès (Religious Festivals which generally include some form of public entertainment) and pretty clothes. The Kachins have to work very hard to get a living for themselves out of the Hills, but the Shan-Burmese don't seem killed with overwork. Yet there seems little or no poverty such as we know in England. Many of the children are very ragged, but that does not entail any particular hardship, and they nearly all seem well nourished. It is the little Indian children that look such little sketches so often.

The Shans are industrious, hard working and provident, and I think with more than one eye open to the main chance of making money. It is the Shans under whose houses are neatly packed stacks of firewood all cut ready to carry them through the Rainy Season. It is the Shans who keep the most cattle, do most of the paddy cultivation, and certainly the Shans who have the best gardens and grow the nicest vegetables.

About Dress.

With regard to dress, photos would be very much better than any amount of word-painting, but unfortunately my camera has taken to leaking, so that up to the present my photos have not been a striking success. Moreover, it is very difficult to meet with the people at the right time of day. It is too hot to be wandering about much in the middle of the day, and in the evenings the light is not good.

The Jinghpaw women weave their own dresses, and do it beautifully too. The foundation is on indigo blue, with broad stripes of a soft red woven in patterns. Their coats are ornamented with buttons, coins, and silver plaques, about 2½ inches in diameter. This is, of course, their gala dress. For every day the principle is the same, but there is less ornamentation. The married women wear a head-dress of the dark blue material, worn in a turban-like fashion round their heads. The unmarried girls have bobbed hair.

The men wear a loongyi, somewhat shorter than the Burmese; a sort of shirt; and very often a towel with woven coloured pattern twisted round as a turban on their heads.

The Burmese women wear longyis (a skirt made of one perfectly straight piece of material sewn up at the side so that it forms a tube about 1½ times as large as the body it contains, and the spare material is wrapped over and twisted in at the waist). They have most beautiful silk materials for best occasions, and very pretty, bright, but not glaring colours. The aingyi, or bodice, is generally white, and is sometimes embroidered or trimmed with lace. The hair is done up in a smooth knot on the top of the head, and very often flowers are worn as a kind of garland, or one single flower is tucked into the side.

The Shans in this district have nearly all adopted Burmese dress, except that in winter time the men often wear a sort of C.I.V. hat perched on the top of the silk head-dress which men wear, and it gives them a curious appearance. In the heat of summer an enormous floppy straw hat is worn with the funniest little tiny crown in the middle. (On thinking it over, I believe this hat is worn by the women, though I think occasionally you see a man in one). In the rains, both men and women wear a

huge circular hat made of the sheath of bamboo, which looks like a sort of thin flexible wood. These hats fulfil the function of an umbrella, and I admire the skilful way they keep them balanced on their heads. You sometimes see the women wearing the true Shan dress, which is a dark blue skirt and coatee, open in front, showing a white bodice, and a closely-wrapped dark blue turban head-dress.

Religion.

With regard to religion, Mr. Houghton has no doubt given you full particulars with regard to the Jinghpaws, and as most of my knowledge is gleaned from him and from books, I will not go into detail about them. I think the women will probably be even harder to win from "*nat*" worship than the men, as they cling so much to custom.

With regard to the Burmese, I have very little personal knowledge at present, as it is very difficult to get the people to talk about what they believe, and in any case, my knowledge of the language does not take me very far yet. The outward and visible signs are the shrines in the houses which are always kept beautifully fresh and neat, the Pagodas, the Monasteries, or Chyangs, and the Pongyis, or Priests. Their religion is a part and parcel of their life. The very flowers they wear in their hair, the bead bracelets which many of the children wear—all sorts of things like that have their religious significance.

The Shans have a variation of Buddhism of their own, which is said to be even more bigoted than the Burmese. Not knowing the language, however, I cannot say anything from personal experience.

With regard to the starting of the B.C.M.S. in Burma, Mr. Houghton will, of course, have given you particulars of the origins, especially with regard to the Jinghpaws. As regards work among the Burmese and Shans, definite organised work cannot, of course, begin until we know something of the language, except that they come to the Dispensary; and we do what we can to establish friendly relations by visiting them and getting to know individuals.

I am afraid this letter is very disjointed and scrappy, and probably contains a lot of unnecessary material, but I have not attempted to prune it, partly because time is limited and I have just had to put down things as they came to my mind at odd moments, and partly because I wanted to give you an idea of the "atmosphere," so that you might draw your own conclusions.

MARY E. F. STILEMAN.

ONE WORD MORE.

In these pages we have caught a glimpse of a large land and a fair, with great rivers and mighty mountains, peopled by races in varied stages of civilisation, speaking many tongues, with many forms of religious belief. We have seen how an Eastern despotism of the worst type ruled this land, with no little injustice to its people, and terror to its neighbours. Then as the result of three wars, the first of which was a hundred years ago, the land passed under the control of Britain, and war has been banished and, with it, many forms of cruelty. The population has greatly increased, the chief cities have grown rich and prosperous. A quiet, easy-going people stand and watch the restless efficiency of British officials, and find their land being overrun by hard-working Indians, business-like Chinese, and a few Europeans in a hurry to get rich. Perhaps it is too much to ask that they should be grateful for the exploitation of their country, even though a great peace has been brought to them, and the natural wealth of the soil has been wondrously developed.

It is not a little surprising that Burma is, and has long been, the most criminal province of the Indian Empire. It gave birth to dacoity, and this crime is endemic in the land. The easy-going, smiling Burman flashes with sudden anger, and his *dah* is always ready. And we have seen that away in the North of Upper Burma there is a great unadministered territory, where the king's writ does not run, where long-standing vendettas bring constant murders, and where districts may still be found in which the *nats* are propitiated by human sacrifices.

We have seen that the religion of the Burmans is nominally a fairly pure form of Buddhism, but that underlying this, and often quite near the surface, is the Animism which is still the only religion of the hill tribes. For a hundred

years Protestant Christianity, brought in by Judson, has been taught with varying success in the country, but there are still great tracts in the North wholly unevangelised. The need is very great, the night of heathenism is very dark. We have sent modern weapons of war, Western luxuries, Western vices, the cinema with its travesties of Western life, the whole apparatus of a material civilisation, but have we given of our *best* to Burma? What else has England to give compared to Jesus Christ? Missionaries with their lives in their hands came from Ireland and Italy to give Him to our heathen forefathers, and to their teaching can be traced all that is best in England to-day. Like the widow's cruse of oil, like the barley loaves in the disciples' hands, the gift multiplies in the giving. Freely ye have received, freely give. But with niggard hands have we given. Most of the work in Burma has been done by the Americans. The S.P.G. has sent some splendid men and women, but how few! The Wesleyans have done something. What wonder if the intelligent Burman measures our faith by our works? On the greater part of the Kachin Hills thick darkness broodeth yet! The Kachin people, with all the possibilities that Major Enriquez has found in them, know not the Saviour. Nay, the greater part of them have never heard of Him.

Now comes opportunity with its open door. Slavery and human sacrifices must go. In banishing these horrors, which we had thought phantoms of the past, the Government will accept, not always an easy thing for a Government, the help of missionaries. The new mission of the B.C.M.S. is pushing into this unknown, unevangelised land. Its missionaries, few and feeble, humble with the knowledge of the greatness of their opportunity and their own weakness, are struggling with at least three difficult languages. They must be helped with the sympathy, the support, and the earnest prayers of us who stay at home. More than this, they must be reinforced by our keenest, our choicest spirits. Paul and Barnabas were not too good to be sent to the heathen world. Let us give of our best—with both hands willingly. We would not belittle the other agents in the field. They have experience, knowledge, devotion. Their

zeal will grow with ours. The S.P.G. will reach up North, the A.B.M. will stretch out West, and will one day (how far off it seems !) join hands with us in the Kachin Hills. Meanwhile He calls *us*.

" The Master called,
'Come follow,' that was all.
My gold grew dim,
My soul went after Him.
I rose, and followed, that was all:
Who would not, if they heard Him call?"

FINIS.

OTHER BOOKS TO READ.

There are a great many books on Burma, most of which are out of print and out of date. From those I have seen I suggest the following for further study, particularly for leaders and members of Study Circles :—

Missionary Work.

Memoir of Judson, by F. Wayland. 2 vols., 1853. (Out of print). This is the standard life of Judson. There are many small books about this great pioneer, but nearly all of them are founded on Wayland's, and from any of them the principal facts can be ascertained.

The Earnest Man. A Memoir of Adoniram Judson, D.D., by H. C. Conant, 1861. A shorter but exellent biography.

Ann of Ava, by Ethel Daniels Hubbard. A fascinating and popular life of Judson's first wife.

Among the Burmans, by H. P. Cochrane, 1904. An interesting account of later work in Burma by an American Baptist missionary.

Forty Years in Burma, by Dr. J. E. Marks, 1917. (Hutchinson, 10/6). A bright memoir of the great teacher's own experiences.

Christian Missions in Burma, by Rev. W. C. B. Purser. (S.P.G., 2/6). Gives the history of S.P.G. work in Burma up to the date of writing.

Christian Hermit in Burma, and Other Tales, S.P.G., 1914. Tells the story of the hermit referred to in the text.

The Kachins, by Dr. Hanson, 1913. Is the authoritative work on the Kachins. Written by the American missionary who reduced their language to writing.

Kachins' Religion and Customs, by Rev. C. Gilhoder, 1922. Not a book to read, but a careful collection of Kachin folk-lore and religious customs by an R.C. missionary.

A Traveller's Notes.

The Other Side of the Lantern, by Sir Frederick Treves. A gossiping account of the great surgeon's travels in the East. Only one chapter deals with Burma.

Books by Officials and Soldiers.

Loyal Karens of Burma, by O. M. Smeaton, the late Chief Commissioner of Burma. (1897).

Burma As I Saw It, by R. Grant Brown, Deputy Commissioner of Upper Burma in 1909. A rather large but very readable book, dealing specially with Upper Burma.

The Soul of a People, by H. Fielding Hall, 1902. The writer is in intimate sympathy with the Burmese people, and with Buddhism at its best. The Buddhism he describes differs much from that of the common people.

Burma under British Rule. J. Dautremer, 1916. An able book by an expert.

History of Upper Assam, Upper Burma, and North-Eastern Frontier, by Colonel L. W. Shakespear. Gives much information at first hand of the history of Upper Burma, and particularly of the Nagas and Kachins.

A Burmese Arcady, by Major C. M. Enriquez (1923). Major Enriquez writes in a fascinating way about the Kachins, from whom he recruited a company which did excellent work in Mesopotamia. A charming book.

The Burman: His Life and Notions, by Shway Yoe. (Macmillans, 10/6). "Shway Yoe," now Sir James George Scott, was Headmaster of St. John's College, Rangoon, and left to become H.B.M.'s Resident in Bangkok. This is a big book, not exactly to be read through, but a mine of information of everything connected with the Burmans.

Burma, by Sir George Scott, K.C.I.E. (Alexander Moring, 10/6). Is a more regular book by the same author as the last.

HINTS FOR STUDY CIRCLES ON BURMA.

The Circle should agree to meet six times. Chapters 5 and 6 and chapters 7 and 8 should be taken together.

Some member of the class should prepare either a large map of all Burma, or two large maps of Upper and Lower Burma separately as in the book, but should endeavour to include in the Upper Burma map all the extra places and names given in the new map of the B.C.M.S. Area. Such a large scale map, especially if done in colour, would be of great value in the class, and would afterwards be appreciated at headquarters for lecturing purposes.

Members should be asked to add to the information in the book by buying or borrowing one of the other books referred to in the printed list, or some of the points could be looked up in a public library. In this way one or more members might make a definite contribution to the common stock of knowedge at each meeting. There is a large selection of books on Burma in the S.P.G. Lending Library at 15, Tufton Street, Westminster, where books can be borrowed for 2d. each per month.

Topics are suggested for each of the six studies, some simple, to be answered from the text, others, covering wider ground, to form a basis of discussion in senior circles.

CHAPTER 1.

1. Some member should produce and describe an outline map, and others should particularly point out the chief rivers and the mountain ranges.

2. Would Burma be a healthy country for Europeans? What would be its especial difficulties?

3. Were the three Burmese wars necessary? If not, can you suggest an alternative policy of the Indian Government?

4. Can any member give an account of the Burmese products on show at the Wembley Exhibition?

5. If the Burmans are poor soldiers and lazy workers, how did they conquer the whole of the Burmese Empire of 1820?

CHAPTER 2.

1. Describe Rangoon, showing the changes of the last 100 years, its importance as a port, and as a Buddhist centre.

2. Discuss the life of Gautama, the Buddha. What has Buddhism to teach us? What does it chiefly lack?

3. Can you account for serious crime being greater in Burma than in any part of India? How can you reconcile crimes of personal violence with the teaching of Buddha? In what sense have the Burmans been likened to the Irish?

4. Consider the differences between Burmans and Indians. Compare also the Burmans with the Chinese in race, customs, and religion.

CHAPTER 3.

1. What was the method of Judson's great missionary work? What was his chief achievement?

2. Let some member of the class read "Ann of Ava," and tell something of Ann's character.

3. Has missionary work been markedly successful among the Burmans and Shans? If not, why not? Compare its effect among the Karens.

4. Why was Dr. Marks so successful as a teacher? What do you consider the chief token of his influence?

5. If possible, get some member to compare the Buddhism of Fielding Hall's book with that described by Mr. Cochrane. Can both accounts be true?

CHAPTER 4.

1. What are the weak points of British rule in Burma? Compare, if possible, Dautremer's, Grant Brown's, and Fielding Hall's books in this connection.

2. Do you blame the Government for leaving so much of Upper Burma unadministered? Discuss the reasons for the course adopted.

3. Should Indian and Chinese immigrants be encouraged in Burma?

4. Would Upper Burma be easier or harder than, say, Uganda, to administer? Give reasons.

5. How would you suggest the Nagas should be reached? In what conditions would a punitive expedition be necessary or wise?

CHAPTERS 5 & 6.

1. Would you rather be a missionary to the Burmans or the Kachins? Why?

2. How is the poverty of the Kachins to be met? Can the Government provide an outlet for their fighting instincts?

3. Find out the differences between the Kachins and the Shans. What would happen if the Kachins became Burmanised in dress and language?

4. Draw a rough plan of a Kachin house. In what ways is it better or worse than a Burman house?

5. What do you think of Kachin agriculture? Do you think the missionaries ought to try and teach better methods of cultivation of the soil?

CHAPTERS 7 & 8.

What led the B.C.M.S. to Upper Burma? Ought they to aim chiefly at the Kachins, or the Shans, or should they push on to the Nagas? How would this latter course become practicable?

2. Burmese is the language of the market place everywhere in Burma. Why should not missionaries keep to the Burmese language and thus save much trouble and expense?

3. Ought missionaries to dress and live like the natives? Would they have more influence that way? Is not that the method of Jesus?

4. Do you think Dispensary work, or itinerating, or teaching the children in a school, the best method of introducing Christ into the Kachin hills? What are the advantages and limits of each plan?

5. Mr. Houghton thinks every missionary should have a month's holiday on the hills each year. Is this necessary considering the long periodical furloughs in England? If so, why?

6. Get a member to make a sketch map showing the occupied and prospective B.C.M.S. stations only, and put against each the names of the missionaries told off for that station. Keep this up to date.

The last study should not close without the reading of "One Word More", and serious reflection and earnest prayer on the part of each member as to how best he may further God's work in Burma.

The Author would be glad to help any Leader who finds any of the topics suggested too difficult. Write c/o B.C.M.S., 14, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

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