

time of building a very secure retreat from enemies. Within the square are the barracks, now occupied by Indian troops under British officers, and occupying a site apart from this, the Palace of the Kings of Upper Burmah. These at one time may have been on a gorgeous scale, but neglect has reduced them sadly till now they are most tawdry and decayed, and, were it not for the associations of the former ruler, hardly worth notice.

In the modern portion of the city are several ancient Pagodas, which daily attract thousands to worship, while the native priest may be seen at his best. Early in life these men have given up thoughts of worldly advancement, and with shaven heads and single folds of a peculiarly yellow tinted clothing, daily set out to collect food for themselves previous to studying their sacred book. What they learn, we, too, may learn by a visit to a group of four hundred and fifty Pagodas, the most unique in Burmah.

Built at the foot of Mandalay Hill, this group presents an appearance not unlike a great number of tombstones of similar design. About fifteen feet high, each forms a covering to protect the marble slabs on which is written in Buddhist characters the laws of Buddha. The slabs are about three feet six inches high, by two feet six inches wide, six inches thick and contain some two hundred closely-written lines, an interpretation of some of which may not be uninteresting. "Thou son of dewahs, to hear and see much in order to acquire a knowledge of propriety of behavior; to treat parents with tenderness and affection; to perform no action under the influence of sinful temptation; to avoid sin; to abstain from spirituous liquor; to re-

member always the principle of accumulation of merit; to be grateful for favors received; to listen to the preaching of the Sacred Law; these are blessed things, mark them well." Certainly these precepts have merit, but peculiarly enough, of all places of devotion visited in Burmah the fewest people were to be found here; while usually those offering opportunities of enjoyment, trading, or even chances of admiration amongst the fair sex, were noticeably crowded. There is a curious blending of worship and business in many of those Pagodas. At the entrances, exits and passages one must run the gamut of scores of importunate saleswomen and men. Flowers, beads, tinsel jewellery, hammers, leather, fruits of various kinds are to be bought at all hours. Even viewing the bathing pond, where turtles are kept, one is besieged by women to buy from them their turtle dainties. Buy from one and the others are offended, buy from none, all look glum. The latter gives more satisfaction. On a hot day these places are almost intolerable, and one is glad to get away from smells, dust and jostling.

There is no place like the hills to go to when real enjoyment is required. A run of twenty miles by rail brings us to the foot of the Shan Mountains, up which the train, a double header, zig-zags for two hours. One moment in looking out of the windows we can look down at the rails running parallel below. A curve, a steeper grade than usual and the train is now crossing the track fifty feet beneath. Away to the west is the plain recently traversed, Mandalay, with its ancient religion and modern service of electric cars and trains, the Irrawaddy winding down to the sea, and a background of the Ara-