

part of the earth, over the mighty Irrawaddy. Nine jealous brothers, determined, out of envy, to frustrate the work, came one day and said to him, "Your mother is dead." This did not greatly trouble him, as he thought it easy to find a stepmother. After some time the brothers returned, saying, "Your father is dead." This caused him great sorrow; his heart was filled with anger, and he crushed in his wrath an adjacent mountain, after which he abandoned his work and returned home. Now he discovered that he had been greatly deceived, and the subject of a most perfidious treachery. In order to take revenge on the nine brethren, their relatives and humanity in general, with which he was now displeased, he caused a great flood to overflow the whole earth, and intended to extinguish every form of life. Two orphans escaped, however, in a great oval-shaped drum. They took along with them nine cocks and nine iron needles. A needle was dropped for each passing day, and on the ninth day they heard the last one ring against the stones. The last cock also crowed, and thus they knew that the earth was dry. One of these orphans some time after this great catastrophe was killed and eaten by a furious Nat called Chitong. The other married a being half Nat and half man by the name of Ningent. A child was born to this pair, which Chitong killed when its mother was absent from home, and prepared its liver for her to eat. The body itself he chopped into small pieces and scattered them over an adjoining field. From this "seed" a new race sprang forth, in everything like the antediluvian one, and is now inhabiting the world.

(c) The lost book. A third tradition deserving attention is the following: After the world was set in order and the different races were settled in their respective homes, Ninggawnwa, at a great feast, met with representatives from the chief and most powerful surrounding tribes. At the close of the feast they all asked him to become their ruler. This he refused, but gave to each of them a book. To the Chinese he gave a book of paper; the Burmans received a book of palm-leaves, and the Kachin book was made of parchment. On the way home the one who had received the Kachin book prepared it as food and ate it. (Some Kachins assign as the cause for this that the man was hungry and had nothing else to eat; others, which I think are more numerous, give no reason whatsoever.) Since then the Kachins have had no book, but the great Nat priests and professional story-tellers can by a kind of inspiration relate its contents. This is always done at their great feasts, when it takes three nights and days to rehearse it all. It contains the only authentic records known regarding creation, the flood, the different human races, the origin of the Nats, and their work and worship.

A number of narratives in the same vein could be given, but the above may suffice to give a general idea of their contents. It would be interesting to know something about the sources from which these shallow streams have been flowing.

*Ideas of a Supreme Being.*—Some writers have been anxious to prove