

some are quite ruined. Someone told us when first we came that we must adopt the "missionary's verse" and learn to take joyfully the spoiling of our goods. Books and pictures seem more a spiritual than a material possession, though.

We were very fortunate to get a house when we came. The Mission compound is crowded, and it is almost impossible to get a house here in Rangoon at all. It is a huge, rambling old place, a relic of the old days, and was full of rats, lizards, bats, spiders, etc., etc., when we took possession. We have got rather the upper hand of the rats and bats now, have become friendly with the lizards, and try to ignore the rest of the "critters." The moths are a constant delight to us, silver, bronze, gold in all variety of delicately patterned wings, sometimes brown and green and blue, and always something new. The butterflies are numerous and beautiful, too, but don't spread themselves out quietly to be looked at, as the moths do.

Mr. Jury is finding the work at the College intensely interesting and full of opportunities for religious teaching. He has been helping in the English department during a shortage of teachers, and one of the chief text-books is the English Bible. The young men and women are a very bright, attractive lot, as all young folks are. They are not as studious as their Indian neighbors, not as aggressive and enterprising seemingly. The Burmese have been the ruling class in the country, and seem to live without toiling or spinning, while they certainly vie with Solomon in his glory. The young women, when at all dressed up, wear tightly-wrapped skirts of the most delicate brocade or shot silk, with a dainty short jacket of white lawn, and no covering for their heads except a smooth round coil of black shining hair, well reinforced with switches, and perhaps a wreath of jasmine buds, or a posey at one side. Their faces are rather heavy and fat, not at all good-looking, according to our standards, but they are so dainty and slender that, like young girls in all lands, they manage to look charming. The young men dress in much the

same way, with skirts perhaps more gorgeous, sometimes a rich purple or emerald green, often a bright cerise, I don't join them in admiring, and the jacket a heavier material, cream or something darker. Very calmly and consciously elegant they often look. It is strange when one sees some spectacled old walrus with sparse grey whiskers, decked out in a delicate peach-bloom skirt, pale pink or yellow scarf and head kerchief, all of silk. The national emblem, the peacock, is evidently not inappropriate. If this rich and undeveloped country is not lost by the Burmese to the Chinese and Indians, who are swarming into it, they say it will be owing to the Burmese women, who are the business men of the family.

We had a delightful family visit during September, when Kate spent the month with us. We did only a moderate amount of sightseeing, but enjoyed prowling about in the night bazaar, sampling native sweets, riding in a ricksha—which, by the way, is considered extremely *infra dig* here, though quite correct in Japan—about the city streets gay with "movie" lights and crowded with people, and out into the darker suburbs, to see Shine Dagon softly, softly shine in the dim moonlight. We went up to the platform of Shine Dagon one afternoon, and saw the crowds of smaller shrines and pagodas about it in the sunlight, some very gaudy, others softened with green moss, and plants growing quaintly on the dragons and warriors, and some with really wonderful leafy curtains of gilded carvings. The fat, dead-white, smug-looking Buddhahs inside looked rather repulsive, I thought. What irony that the man who gave up a kingdom to turn the people from idolatry, should end as an idol himself! And to me at least it brought the rather staggering conviction that there were people at home who "worshipped" Christ in much the same way these people do Buddha, and got just about the same results. That Christianity which doesn't affect heart and will and life is surely only one form of idolatry.