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## In the Land of the Great Pagoda.

AN AMERICAN LADY'S IMPRESSION OF BURMAH AND ITS PEOPLE.

(Mrs. A. H. Young, of Ohio, in the 'Christian Herald'.)

We sailed from Liverpool on board the 'Cheshire,' passed through the Bay of Biscay without serious discomfort, and passed Gibraltar about 4.30 on a bright moonlight morning. The coast of Morocco was near on our right. Our voyage over the 'Blue

and picturesque houses! We had a day and a half in that interesting place—well worth crossing two oceans to see! Marcus and I did not ride in jinrikishas; we secured a victoria, and had some delightful, never-to-be-forgotten drives. We drove seven miles to see a famous Buddhist temple and visited several large missions.

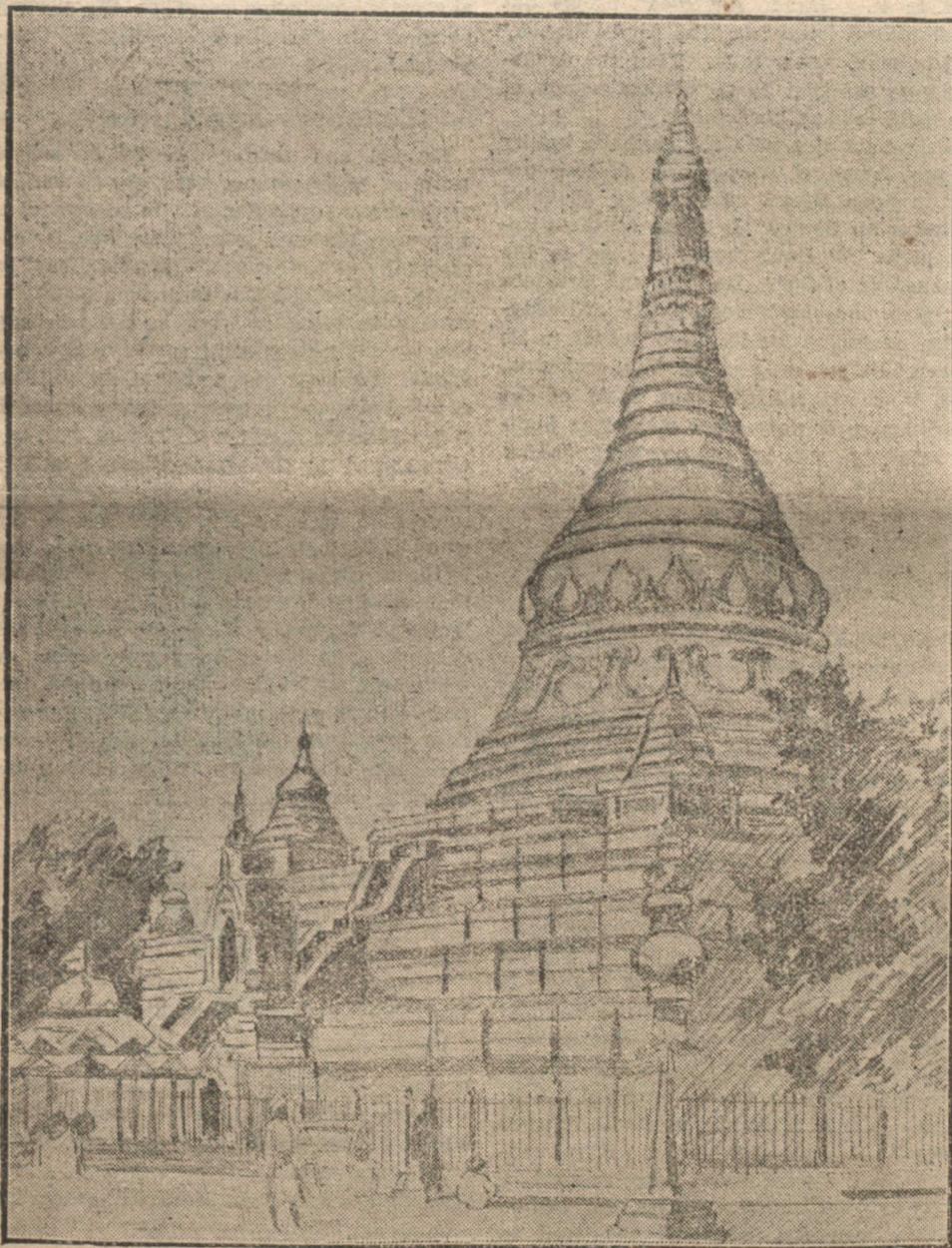
We sailed up the Rangoon River Dec. 3 and were met by a welcoming party, who waving a small American flag, announced themselves, and gave us the feeling that we were still among friends. We were soon on board their launch and were taken ashore, where we separated, to find hospi-

our goods, and spent two days loading bullock carts. On the evening of January 5, we began our long jungle journey. We were unable to get riding ponies, so we walked most of the time for the first two weeks, covering a stage of about ten miles each day, and resting in the convenient bungalows built by the English for official and other travellers. We made two brief halts, then, at Monie, had a two weeks' visit with mission friends. The rest of the journey was toilsome and difficult. The cart-road ending, we transferred our goods to pack bullocks, mules and coolies, and mounted riding ponies. We now pursued our journey by narrow, often dangerous, mountain mule-paths, travelling slightly northeast, to the Salween River, then almost due east one hundred miles. The scenery and vegetation were beautiful, but we were sometimes too tired to appreciate them. We reached Keng-Tung, February 26. It was weeks before I felt rested, but we began at once to look for a suitable site. After much walking and consultation with the English officers—who have been very kind and helpful—we found an excellent compound, high and level, just within the principal gate. The view to the north-west is magnificent, though the high city wall spoils our view of the valley in other directions; but we can see the mountains on every side. We are hastening to complete our buildings before the rains, which have already begun, become heavy and steady. Marcus has overworked and has not been able to be with the men all of the time for the last two weeks.

Keng-Tung State has a population of 190,000, the city within the walls 11,000, and the surrounding valley 40,000. This is large for such an isolated mountain state. There is much wealth, and also wretched poverty. Slavery for debt existed when the English first came here. The better classes live in substantial houses of brick, tile and wood, and dress nicely, often richly. The women and children are often quite pretty, notwithstanding the blackened teeth and slits in the ears. The poorer houses are of bamboo and grass. There are many natural resources little appreciated by the natives, who are good-natured, easy-going, and know little of the great busy world beyond their mountain walls. They are as light in complexion as the Chinese, to whom they are related. They seem bright, but are like untaught children; few can read and write.

The little Burman boys are put into the monasteries for education, but the lazy, worthless priests do little for them. There are about a thousand of these Buddhist monasteries in the state. Large sums are lavished upon the buildings, gilded pagodas, the images, and the priests. Buddhism is of a degraded type here; the people are very superstitious, worship demons, and have many serious vices.

The industries are primitive—weaving mats, baskets, and silk and cotton cloth, paper-making, pottery, some wood-carving and bazaaring, being the principal ones. The English plan to push the cart-road to the Salween River this year; we hope before much longer, that it will be extended to



THE GREAT ENG-DAW-ZA PAGODA AT MANDALAY.

Mediterranean' was not as pleasant as anticipated, as we had cloudy weather. We went through the Straits of Bonifacio, past the volcano of Stromboli, down the beautiful Italian coast and through the Straits of Messina. We had a brief stop at Port Said—that wicked, dreary city; and that evening, as we lay in dock, Paul Kruger's vessel passed us, carrying him to Holland. Next day we passed through the Canal. About two o'clock, Nov. 26, we cast anchor in the Harbor of Colombo, Ceylon. How beautiful the shore looked, with its tall palm trees

able entertainment with our dear Rangoon people. In the evening we were given a pleasant reception, many missionaries coming from various stations to meet arriving friends. I alone was a total stranger, but I soon found many friends. If first impressions are lasting, I will certainly love Burmah as well as many others who have spent the best of their lives here.

Two days later, we left for Tunngoo, where we remained till after New Year's Day. Another all night railway journey brought us to Thazie, where we found