

A TRIP TO RANGOON.

Mrs. John Firstbrook.

We are sailing away to Burma, the land we remember so well as the mission field of the Judsons.

Our boat is slowly making its way down the Hoogly River into the Bay of Bengal. This passage is most difficult, for the sand drifts in, and often seriously impedes the progress of the journey. We enjoy the pure, fresh air on the top deck, a pleasant change after the heat and bustle of Calcutta.

We find Rangoon filled to overflowing with Americans—a large vessel, on its tour round the world, has just arrived, and every available corner in the hotels is filled by the tourists.

We are met, however, by our good friend, Dr. Armstrong, who takes our party in hand. He has already arranged that we should be the guests of Dr. Cote (from Quebec), a lady who years ago came as a medical missionary to Burma, but who now manages a large private hospital of her own. Her Christian influence remains the same, although her work at present is entirely self-supporting. We find her ready to receive us, and we feel at home from the very first. We are glad to find that she knows our dear friend, Dr. Masse, of Grande Ligne. We met Mr. and Mrs. Greig and other missionaries in a little prayer meeting that is held after our arrival.

We find the thoroughfares of Rangoon filled with people of both sexes. This sight is so pleasing to the eye, after the women-deserted streets of India. The keeping of a large part of the population behind curtains, certainly does not seem to be the custom here in Rangoon. And, indeed, one could call the females of this place "the suffragettes of the Orient," as they transact a great deal of the business, and are quite free and independent. The national type is quickly changing, as the women here prefer Chinamen as husbands, for they say, "If we marry Chinamen, they will work for us; but if we marry men from India, we will have to work for them."

Dr. Cote told us of a Burmese woman who married a native of India, and a few days after the wedding, she came to the missionary, angry and in tears,

saying that her husband would not hand over to her the family purse.

We rise early in these sunny lands, and just as we are finishing our breakfast in the cool of the morning, we hear Dr. Armstrong's cheery voice calling: "Good people from Canada, would you like to go with me this morning, to see the Golden Pagoda?"

As we had heard that this is the largest and most ornate Buddhist temple in the world, we are very much delighted to be able to visit it under such a well-informed and pleasant guide.

The Golden Pagoda, with its surrounding temples and statues, is really most wonderful. It towers away above the city, up large flights of stone steps.

"Is this a natural elevation—a sort of steep mountain overlooking the city?" one of our party enquires.

"Oh, no," said Dr. Armstrong, "this whole, great mound has been built."

Just as we are preparing to ascend, we are intercepted by a very elaborately dressed gentleman, who, stepping out of a grand carriage, asks us if we would like to see his present to the temple. It consists of a large roll of gold leaf. We inspect the gift, and try to seem duly impressed; and then begin our climb.

After going up about two or three dozen steps, we come to a large, flat space; upon this platform is held a sort of bazaar, flowers, candy, bells, curios and trinkets of all kinds are offered for sale.

"We will just rest a bit, here," says our considerate guide, pointing to a stone bench.

We look around at the pretty Burmese girls seated on the floor, twining blossoms in their dark locks or sorting out their wares, which are placed temptingly before them on the stone floor. Flowers, flowers are all about us. Almost every woman has a garland round her head, and arms full of sweet-smelling floral offerings to the Pagoda (if she has the chance, she will sell them). Statues of Buddha, decorated with many burning candles, and garlanded with flowers, are to be seen at every turn. Most of these represent the great prophet seated in holy meditation on the ground, under the sacred Bo-tree.

Up, up we go, resting at the selling