

Chinese fiery. Even in Buddhism they assert their independent notions, worshipping with flowers, incense and music instead of food and drink. The City of Rangoon is the capital, situated in the Irawaddy delta. The Irawaddy overflows frequently. Consequently the houses are built on stilts, so that when the inundation comes, the lower floor is still above high water. These houses or cottages are always called bungalows, the English insist upon calling them so. Perhaps it is well they do, for a house or cottage would mean a European dwelling; a native house would signify an English built house inhabited or owned by a native. The bungalow is generally a two story building, mere framework of timber, bamboo and lattice, the air or wind moving through easily in any direction. The roof is made of brick or bamboo tiles and is the only substantial part of the bungalow, and it needs to be such when the heavy rains set in as they now do. Stone mortar, plaster or cement are not used in the construction of these dwellings. Rangoon has some European dwellings; and few they are. The most imposing monuments are the pagodas. The general form of a Burmese pagoda might not inaptly be compared to a gigantic Chinese clarinette or oboe, or to an ancient trumpet 200 feet high and tapering to a needle point. It is gilt all over, and looks like a spire of gold. Some are built in the form of a terraced pyramid very much elongated.

Around the Pagoda are shrines in which are the remains of heroes and holy men of Buddhism. In the cupola or dome under the tower are treasures of gold. The large Pagoda of Rangoon has a canoe and other objects of gold. Of course these treasures are guarded by armed men. Unlike many other heathens, the Burmese permit Europeans to visit these places.

The principal object of the Pagoda is—I am told—to remind the votaries of God and his greatness. It would be unfair to call Buddhists idolaters; somebody has said: "Buddhism is atheism with a God." Rangoon is surrounded with water, pools, ponds and canals all over. The town is a big, very big village, though it has the population of a city. Despite this description it is very cosmopolitan. It contains Burmese, Chinese, Moguls, Arabs, negroes, Hindus, Parsees, etc. Consequently a China town, Joss houses, etc., a mosque with a score of minarets and a fine synagogue and churches.

The protestants of Buddhism are the Burmese. They have their own reformed views which they base upon their records (palm leaf tablets) and from these they get their priestly authority, just as the Protestant finds his call to the ministry in the Bible. Buddhism contains all manner of sects, monks, nuns, scribes, parsons, the doctrine of a savior born of a virgin, and a triune God. The greatest folly of Buddhism is their punctilious care to prevent cruelty to animals. This is carried so far, that, in districts where the

British do not rule, to kill an ox or chicken (even for food) can only be expiated by death upon the cross. Crucifixion is the capital and most odious punishment of Burmah. Manslaughter is considered a trifle. To kill a man maliciously costs only money, \$10 to \$50 for an ordinary mortal. Except this and a few national, not religious, ideas Buddhism and fallen Christianity are very much the same. The reader may doubt this, but why do so many enlightened Christians embrace Buddhism in Europe, and America, India and Australia, if this were not so? Buddhism, or Theosophy, are found right in Salt Lake City.

I assert again that Buddhism is only apostate Christianity, *plus* the tinsel and glitter in the oriental mind. In apostate religions what mean such things as mass, or no mass, holy waters, quaking under the "Spirit," apostolic succession, or a call in the heart, ordination or divining for money, and baptism or the presence in the holy hostie, or immaculate conception? What are all these names? Buddhism and Sectarianism are but variations of similar errors and perhaps deviations from the same truths.

Beyond the deluge the Pentateuch and Chinese history agree. Then begins an era of literature and astronomy, as naturally would at the Tower of Babel which is often supposed to have been an observatory, built to predict any cataclysm of nature (like our meteorologic stations). At any rate, Egyptian and Chinese observatories are supposed to reach to within about fifteen years of the foundation of the "Babel-on" or "Gate of on, or Sun." Therefore, the hobby I will ride, until I find a better, is that the Burmese are descendants of our unknown cousins, the other children of Noah.

C. U. L.
Rangoon, Burmah, Sept. 16.

CHANCE THOUGHTS ON A HASTY TRIP.

That thirst which a westerner naturally feels, at times, for a glimpse of eastern rural and forest scenery begins to be very successfully slaked on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R., the day after the passenger has left Omaha by the night train. Not that he is then on eastern ground, of course, but because much of the scenery of eastern Iowa and western Illinois partakes largely of the character of those States farther toward the rising sun. As we speed along on the elegantly equipped road above named, there are ample opportunities for surveying the country through which we are passing, a privilege much enjoyed by those who are going through it for the first time.

Jack Frost has touched up the thick woods very gorgeously this fall; the blaze of colors is wonderful. He must have caught the sap in the leaves to have turned out such brilliant work; and, having a little advantage on his side, he has shown what a consummate decorator he is.

Why, the woods are turned into veritable fairy lands, all capricious with scarlet and crimson, and deep, and pearly and dusky gold. Each tree seems more vividly, more glowingly attired than its fellow when we fasten our attention upon it. But there is nothing discordant in all the display; the little imp has done his work so that all is as restful as it is pleasing to the eye, autumnal delicate modulations of tint and hue making the sense of slight experience the same exquisite delight as is produced upon that of hearing by the finished symphony of a great composer.

The old "Father of Waters," rolling down his mighty flood, is always an interesting sight; but the stream looks lonely now that the day of the steamboat is over. Its current is seldom broken now by the paddle wheel of a passing steamer, and we cannot help but regret it. The old river captain, remembering the palmy days, feels disconsolate.

It must not, however, be inferred from the above paragraph that I am going to write you a "Harry Freshman's letter;" but one cannot get out of habit, and to think of the road leading to a place is one of ours.

Chicago, the city of high buildings, beef and pork; how it does sweat and toil! The Chicagoans mean to be on the top at all hazards. They are pugnacious, yet, withal, courteous. They want you to praise their city, to be astonished, to say you have never seen anything else like it! Wonder how they can do it? Say that it is ahead of New York, and the Chicago citizen is your friend.

New Yorkers, on the contrary, are, let me say here, the very reverse of this. They are alike indifferent to what you think or say of the metropolis by the sea.

Two on a tower, that is what we were a short time after arriving in Chicago; two on the tower of the Auditorium. Without exaggeration this is an astounding building; perhaps, take it for all in all, the finest in America at the present time. It is massive, high, elegant; in short, a marvel. It faces the Lake Front and, oh! what a place it will be to take in the grounds and buildings of the World's Fair. The height of the main building is 145 feet, and that of the tower or observatory 270 feet. It might be interesting to some of your readers to know that it was designed by Messrs. Sullivan and Adler, who are preparing the plans of the proposed Hotel Ontario. But from the perfect symmetry of the Auditorium building I gather that there were no changes made in the plans originally proposed by the architects.

Referring to the World's Fair, I suppose your readers have already learned what will be one of its principal features. If the project is carried out it will be fine. Even New York admits that it would be worthy of the occasion. It is proposed to build a vast globe, how many feet in circumference I have forgotten; but, anyhow, its top would be higher than the Eiffel tower. Upon this globe would be