

are simply professional exorcists, and as everything untoward—bad weather, sickness, and what not—is the direct result of devils, they are in continual request. It speaks ill for Buddhism that 2,000 years of influence over the Cingalese has not destroyed this base and grovelling superstition, which has rooted itself so deeply that even native Christians will resort to it secretly in great emergencies.

The Roman Catholic Church has been at work longer than the Protestants, having entered the mission field with the Portuguese conquerors 350 years ago, who brought with them the usual army of ecclesiastics. Their methods of conversion were bound to succeed more or less. The Inquisition played its part, "conversion" was the only gate to employment open to the natives, and the priests didn't object to these converts "bowing in the house" of Buddha, if they were reasonably often at mass. But whatever the methods pursued by the Roman Catholic missionary, they managed to get and keep disciples.

The Dutch cleared out the Portuguese in 1656, and although they had no Inquisition, they refused employment to any native who refused to make profession of the Protestant religion. In 1796 the English cleared out the Dutch, and in 1815 were in possession of the whole island. There was not much missionary spirit in English churches during the dawn of this century, but as early as 1812 the Baptist Missionary Society commenced operation in Ceylon, followed in 1818 by the Church Mission Society, and a little later by the Wesleyans, who are now the most active of all in the island.

Seventy years of Protestant missionary enterprise has produced 22,000 Episcopalians, 20,000 Wesleyans, 13,000 Presbyterians (a large proportion of whom, however, are descendants of the Dutch); and 5,000 Baptists, in all 60,000 Protestants, old and young, of all sorts, as contrasted with 220,000 Romanists.

TRUST IN GOD.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

TRUST in God! be calm and fearless,
 Though the shadows darkly loom;
 Never night so black and cheerless,
 But a light shall pierce the gloom.
 Though the hours be filled with sadness,
 Joy and morning song shall come:
 Pain shall but prepare for gladness,
 Storms are sent to drive thee home.

VICTORIA, B.C.