

matters, letting the mind wander amid associations thus awakened ; and I found what I sought, not exactly in the things narrated, but in the startling religious prejudices of the writers. Books that are more than half a century old do not awaken disgust or anger, as if they had just appeared, and were actually doing mischief. The two forgotten volumes of travel were so grotesque, wherever religion was mentioned, that instead of exciting bitterness in my mind, they suggested the pleasant thought that modern Protestants are more sensible, or certainly less prejudiced, than their grandfathers. What I found in Marryat and Rogers, I will tell presently.

On opening Mr. Sullivan's book I had expected to find a record of the experience of a Catholic military officer. It was however soon evident that the author was no Catholic, and that, if an Irishman, as his name suggested, he had kept well aloof from his Catholic countrymen. One passage was so curious that I copied it in my pocket-book. After remarking that Protestant missionaries find it hard to cope with Catholics in the conversion of the natives of Ceylon, because the latter are at unity, whereas the former are ever contradicting each other, Mr. Sullivan hastens to neutralize this dangerous admission as follows : « The Roman Church, moreover, recognises the doctrine of allowing the end to justify the means, and does not hesitate to tolerate and even patronise a certain admixture of idolatry in her worship — by that means inducing a belief among her converts, that the dissimilarity is not so great after all, and that by transferring their faith from Buddha to some other saint, whose image is offered to their worship, they are merely worshipping him in another form. » Thus far the writer might be only borrowing a leaf from the Anglican Homily *On the Peril of Idolatry*, but his next observation has a genuine originality. « I have frequently entered Roman Catholic Chapels in Ceylon, and seen the priest seated on high at the altar, surrounded by trashy finery and blazing lamps, receiving the grovelling prostrations of the worshippers, and it could not fail to strike me that the ceremony appeared too much like the adoration of the priest himself, the substitution of an animate for an inanimate object — and