

such as those we have cited, of showing that the leviathan must be something else than a crocodile. All difficulty from this source is obviated by the explanation which has just been given; and we can, without any doubt or misgiving from other texts, conclude that the word does here denote a crocodile. Those generally who have questioned this, conceived that it must be a whale, not because they denied that the present passage more obviously refers to the crocodile, but because they perceived that in some other places, where the name occurs, the whale was more clearly denoted, and thought that, therefore, it must bear the same meaning in this place. —*From Dr. Kitto's Daily Illustration, Evening Series, pp. 259, 263.*

### Devil Worship in Ceylon.

We extract the following from the United Presbyterian Juvenile Magazine, communicated to that monthly, by Mr. John Murdoch, dated Kandy, Feb. 11, 1852. Mr. Murdoch, we presume, is a printer, the young people of Edinburgh have sent out and support in the laudable work of enlightening the population by the press, who from time to time gives an account of the work in which he is engaged. The following, he says, in writing to his friends, are the next three books to be published at your expense:—

*First.*—An Account of Angels. According to the Singhalese, there are 330 millions of gods, demi-gods, and devils. They suppose every mountain and rock, every jungle and cave, to be tenanted by malignant spirits, to whom they ascribe sickness and other distresses. Every large tree is the abode of a demon, whose wrath would be incurred by any attempt to injure it. A few years ago, many of the primeval forests, which clad the summits the mountains of Ceylon, were cut down by European planters to form coffee estates. The natives affirmed that the unhappy spirits, thus dislodged from their favorite retreats, roamed wailing through the country, vowing vengeance against the white man, who it was predicted, would soon fall victims to their rage. To their surprise, however, the anticipations of the people have not been realised, and the first settler, although ever and anon engaged in his work of destruction, travels about uninjured in spite of the hatred

of the demons. Although the Singhalese live under the continual apprehension lest those evil spirits should inflict on them some temporal calamity, they do not suppose that they tempt them to commit sin; instead of resisting them, depending upon God's help, they strive to propitiate them by costly ceremonies. These are performed by a class of men called devil-priests. They deceive the ignorant people in various ways. The Singhalese believe that the death of an enemy may be caused in the following manner. A small image is made, pierced with nails, to represent the individual whose destruction is sought; certain charms are repeated, after which it is buried, and should the object of their hatred chance to step over it, he is attacked by a lingering disease, and pines away till life is extinct. Occasionally, when a devil-priest is called to attend a sick man, he tells him that some one, from malicious motives, has had this ceremony performed, but he offers for a large sum to find out the charm, and cause the impending evil to return upon the head of its contriver. This proposal is eagerly accepted, and great preparations are made. The devil-priest, having previously concealed a small image, uses many incantations, pretends to be inspired, and while under the afflatus, orders the people to dig at a certain place. They do so; and lo! the source of all the mischief is discovered. The devil-priest is praised to the skies, and departs loaded with presents.

At other times the devil-priest pretends by his charms to expel the demon who has caused the disease. A promise is made at first only to depart for a few months. With this the devil-priest is not satisfied; he repeats more powerful charms, and the evil spirit engages not to molest the person for some years. The priest, however, again mutters his spells, and the demon is reluctantly obliged to agree to leave the sick man for ever. The devil-priest demands a sign that he will keep his word; and the vanquished spirit promises, when going away, to break the branch of a certain tree. The devil-priest bids the people examine whether the pledge has been kept. They run in haste, and find the broken bough—the inference is unquestionable, the magician has triumphed, who can doubt his mighty power? Of course the devil-priest himself broke the branch before the ceremony commenced.

The Singhalese in their folly imagine they can deceive the demons. An effigy of the sick man whose cure is sought, is made of clay. Under the pretence that the person is dead, a great outcry is raised, and with much lamentation the image is taken to the jungle and buried. The evil spirit, thinking that his object has been accomplished, returns no more. We ask the people if they suppose the devil to be more stupid than a crow, for even that bird knows the difference between a corpse and a piece of clay.

Many of the native doctors are the chief