

the mouths of gainsayers. I implore of the Catholics of Dublin to reflect upon this state of things!"

Abolition of barbarous Religious Customs in India.

An order has just been promulgated by the magistrate of Poona, under instructions from Government prohibiting hook-swinging, and other barbarous practices throughout the Poona Zillah. Such a measure has long been desired by all who wish for the improvement of the natives. Of old it was dangerous to meddle with any native practice, however immoral or revolting, that was connected with or claimed the sanction of religion. But times are changed, and innovations which might not safely have been attempted a century or a half ago, the age is now ripe for. Sutteeism has long been suppressed. Female infanticide is no less interdicted, and now Government sees its way to the abolition of hook swinging at fairs and religious festivals. It has not acted hastily or without making inquiries as to the extent which the practice is carried on, and the light in which it is regarded by the enlightened portion of the community. On the latter point the information received is stated to have been highly satisfactory. Another barbarous custom, also prevalent at Jejourree, is interdicted. A man runs a sword through the fleshy part of his leg for about a foot, and, drawing it out, sprinkles the blood on the entrance of the temple. For this feat he receives large free-will offerings, and the right to perform it is vested, as a valuable privilege, in a body of about fifteen families, to each individual of which it comes round once in about six or seven years. These men, however, long ago declared that they would be glad to discontinue the practice (which is a remnant of the rite of human sacrifice) if their incomes could be assured to them.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

The Beauty of Forgiveness.

"How beautiful falls from human lips that blessed word
FORGIVE"

If there is any thing which has power to bind the heart of man with a firm, enduring affection, it is forgiveness, called forth by meek, sincere, unconditional repentance.—Every one of us, however short our lives and slight our experience, can, perhaps, remember, when having done injustice to some one near and dear, pardon has been implored, and forgiveness readily and affectionately granted—can remember, I say, the magic with which it swept away any lingering trace of alienated feeling and bound with renewed strength every sentiment of regard and esteem. The faculty of forgiving and receiving forgiveness is one of the finest in human nature. It is the main point in every noble, every refined and elevated character. Dark, sinister, and intriguing men can never forgive, and the consciousness of being forgiven is sufficient to arouse their darkest passions. An illustration of this may be found in the Rash-

leigh Osbaldistone of Walter Scott, when in his dying moments he calls his cousin, and pours into his ear a torrent of impotent, scornful hate, and in the face, too, of kindly manifestations of forgiveness. That very manifestation, so superior in its manliness to his own malignity, caused him to realize his own worthlessness, and aggravated his hate.

If a man wishes to live a peaceful, rational life, he must call forgiveness often into action; and he will find it has the magic of a charm to allay all bitterness, reconcile all differences, dispel all those petty quarrels which so often embitter the intercourse of even good men. It is the glorious element in God's government over man, the essential life-giving principle of the plan of redemption. It is the leading feature in Holy Writ, and finds an ardent, sincere response in the bosom of every high-minded man.

It is the strongest link in the chain that binds the heart of every Christian to his Lord and Master. It is the consciousness of being forgiven, that awakens all the nobler emotions of his soul, and rouses his dormant energies to active service in the cause of his Redeemer. Forgiveness from God or man lays an individual under obligations that to a sensitive, delicate mind are anything but unpleasant or humiliating. A certain degree of pride of character is far from being reprehensible—it gives force and dignity; but the pride that cannot ask forgiveness is obstinacy, is stubbornness; and the mind that it will not melt and subdue, must be dead to all that is noble. Could the world at large be induced to enter upon the practice of forgiveness, alike whether it were sought or unsought, its use would soon be obviated, and the millenium dawn upon us in all its splendor and glory.

Let us, then, remember that as in the ocean the greatest commotion is produced by the action of small particles, one upon another, so we, although insignificant members of an extensive community, are constantly coming in contact one with another, and transmuting our thoughts, feelings and opinions. And, however our feelings may be injured, our character assailed, our tempers vexed and tried, let us remember it is God-like to forgive.

And let us remember that, if destined for a better state of existence, where none but the higher and more elevated faculties of our immortal nature will be called into action, that the more cultivation they receive here, the better prepared we shall be to enter at once upon the enjoyment of their practice in futurity. Let us, then, as far as possible discard all our conflicting propensities, everything that is debasing, and elevate our standard of moral and intellectual character, as far as can be, to that which must be ours when inhabitants of that perfect realm of stainless purity and perfect bliss.

Fanny and Amy.

In a great city, not many years ago, in a pleasant house facing one of the parks, lived two little girls, named Fanny and Amy. They had another sister, but she was a great deal older, and they had several brothers, but the two youngest girls were the youngest of the house, the first of brothers and sisters. These sisters, Fanny and Amy, did not resemble each other in appearance. Fanny, who was nine years old, had eyes blue as the sky; her cheeks were round and as rosy as the sunny side of a peach; her hair curled around her face and neck, and the sunlight looked like gold, so rich and beautiful was its colour. She was a joyous, happy-looking child, quick in all her movements, intending to do right, but alas! often forgetful, and thus grieving the hearts of those who loved her. Amy, precious, holy Amy! had neither Fanny's blue eyes, nor golden hair, nor rosy cheeks. She was exceedingly beautiful, but 'twas a beauty not of earth, though she was very fair to look upon. Her features were singular,—her eyes, large, dreamy, hazel, gaze-like in their softness. No color ever varied the marble whiteness of her cheek and brow. She was a child of God, and it was almost as if she had impressed his own signet upon her countenance, making it lovely as the face of an angel. Fanny was the picture of health,—Amy was delicate and slender; and friends, as they gazed upon her sweet face, and her temples, where the blue veins looked through the transparent skin, felt in their inmost hearts she would long be spared to them.

In the summer of Amy's seventh year, it was thought best for her to pass a few months with an aunt in a distant and beautiful country town. So with many tears and kisses, and loving words the two sisters were parted. Amy had never before been on a steamboat, and the novelty of all around her soon caused her to forget her sorrow of separation. She could not understand what made the boat go, nor why every day she looked at upon the shore or river seemed to pass away from her. Her papa watched her troubled face for some time without speaking, at length he said, "What is it? What troubles my Amy?" "Why, papa," said she, "I want to look at the pretty houses and gardens, and they move away before I see them, what makes them do so?" Then her papa kindly explained to her that the houses did not move, but the motion of the boat made it appear as if they did. She could not comprehend it, but looking up into his face with sweet simplicity, she said, "That is one of God's wonders which mamma tells me about. I will understand it one of these days, when I am a big lady; won't I, papa?" Her father kissed her with a sad smile, but thought "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and he felt in his inmost heart that his precious child was only lent to him for a short season. Worn out with the unusual excitement, she fell asleep, and it was not till the early morning at the door of the white house among the trees where she was to pass the summer, that she awoke, to find herself among comparative strangers.

And now it was a beautiful sight to see this lovely child not only winning her way into the hearts of relations, but gaining the love of those who witnessed the daily charming life of the pure, lovely, and teachable spirit which dwelt within her. For two months she grew in beauty, both of body and spirit, till, returning one afternoon from school, she complained of soreness of the throat. As she had often before had slight attacks, friends were not alarmed, and applied the usual remedies, but with-