

HOW TO LIVE.

He liveth long who liveth well !
 All other life is short and vain ;
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well !
 All else is being flung away ;
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being ; back to Him
 Who freely gave it freely give ;
 Else is that being but a dream ;
 'Tis but to be and not to live.

Be what thou seemest ! live thy creed !
 Hold up to earth the torch divine ;
 Be what thou prayest to be made ;
 Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap ;
 Who sows the false shall reap the vain ;
 Erect and sound thy conscience keep ;
 From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love and taste its fruitage pure ;
 Sow peace and reap its harvest bright ;
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
 And reap a harvest-home of light.

A ROMISH PROCESSION IN ITALY.

In a late number of an Italian newspaper, there is a description of a procession called the *Dei Disciplinate*. It is one of the customs of Good Friday recently practised in the country of Roccatideright in Italy, but it reads more like a barbarous record of the Middle Ages. In the procession there are some twenty or thirty, sometimes many more, barefooted individuals, with their faces concealed in white hoods having only two holes corresponding to the eyes. Among the *disciplinanti* specially, the great part consists of young people between fifteen and twenty-five years, but there are not wanting children of little more than ten. Each is armed with a double instrument for penance. One, called the *horseshoe*, is in the shape of a stirrup-strap with many thin parts and strips of iron. With this they beat themselves on the back until

from the shoulders the red and livid spots unite in one long bruise. At a point there enters on the scene the other instrument called the *spurs*, formed of a bundle of little rods, in the centre of each of which is secured a long pin bent to a hook (Popery is always expressed in instruments of cruelty). If the *horseshoe* beats and bruises the flesh, the spurs pierce and tear it, and after a very little the blood flows freely in streaks on their white cloaks. Thereafter the procession returns to the church, and, as in this country and during these days the churches are open all night long, the trampling and crowding can easily be imagined, especially of women and children, to see the end of the *disciplining* which now proceeds with more force than ever in the centre of the church before the Cross or the image of the dead Christ (the peculiar Jesus of the Church of Rome). To increase the pain, a colleague, before they are dressed, washes their backs with a sponge soaked in hot vinegar and salt, a proceeding which extorts exclamations from them very different from prayers. Poor Italy ! What need she has of the Gospel ! These horrid cruelties are all that many know of the benign religion of the Cross.

A WORTHY RECORD.

The late Queen Ranavoia of Madagascar, on being asked to order the immediate expulsion of the Jesuits said: "The French say we are only barbarians, but we are Christians, and we must remember that we are so, and must act as becomes Christians. The French gave our friends at Majunga an hour. We will give these people five days, and not a hair of their heads must be harmed. If they cannot get palanquin bearers I will provide them, and will send a guard, who will see them safe to Tamatave." She was a Christian queen.

BE truthful in word and act.