

FRANCE.

SPAIN.

ITALY.

GERMANY.

According to the Berlin correspondent of *The London Times*, Germany is preparing for all eventualities by defensive measures on an extensive scale.—Metz is having fresh fortifications added to it, and is just provided with a lot of guns scarcely inferior to the celebrated monster domesticated on Mont Valerien during the siege of Paris. Belfort and the other French fortresses still occupied by the Germans are placed in a state of defence, which indicates an apprehension that they may have to be defended before the stipulated term of surrender arrives. The entrance to the Weser is protected by colossal fortifications, a precaution to be speedily imitated at the mouth of the Elbe. Simultaneously with this, unwearied attention is paid to the efficiency of the troops.

strike him still." And there they had been exercising their arms until sixty men retired, fatigued and worn out with the work of the scourging of our Lord.

Now, behold him, as senseless he hangs from that pillar, one mass of bruises and torn—one open wound, from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet—all bathed in the crimson of his own blood, and terrible to behold! If you saw him here he is he stood there—if you saw him now, standing upon that altar—there is not a man or woman amongst you that could bear to look upon the terrible sight! They cut the cords that bound him to the pillar; and the Redeemer fell down, bathed in his own blood, and senseless upon the ground. Behold him again, as at Gethsemane: now, no longer the pain from within, but the pain from the terrible hand of man—the instrument of God's vengeance. Oh, behold him! You have heard those stripes, and yet she could not save her son. Mary's heart went down with him to the ground, as he fell from that terrible pillar of his scourging! Oh, behold him, you mothers! You fathers, behold the Virgin's child, your God—Jesus Christ! The soldiers amused themselves at the sight of his sufferings, and, if we believe the relation of the blessed writers, they actually abused him while he lay there upon the ground. Recovering somewhat after a time, he opened his languid eyes and rose from that ground—rose, all torn and bleeding. They throw and old purple rag around his shoulders and set him upon a stone. One of them has been, in the meantime, busily engaged in twisting and twining a crown made of some of those thorns, twisted, which they had prepared for the scourging—a crown in which seventy-two long thorns were put, so that they entered into the sacred crown of our Lord. This crown was set upon his head. Then a man came with a reed in his hand

And where is John? John, beloved Disciple is following him. A few of his faithful disciples toil along. But there is one who traces each of his blood-stained footsteps; there is one who follows him with a breaking heart; there is one whose very soul within her is crucified, and torn with the sword of sorrow. Oh, need I name the Mother, the Queen of Martyrs! At this hour of his martyrdom, Mary the Mother, of Jesus, followed immediately in his footsteps, and her whole soul went forth in prayer for an opportunity to approach him, to wipe the blood from his sacred limbs. Oh, if they would only let her come to him, and say, "My child! I am with you." If they would only let her take in her maternal arms, from off the shoulders of her dear son that heavy cross that he cannot bear! She must witness his misery; and she must witness his pain. To tolls along he takes the first few steps upon the rugged side of Calvary. Suddenly his heart ceases to beat; the light leaves his eyes; he sways for a moment to and fro; the weakness and the sorrow of death are upon him; he totters, falls to the earth; and down, with a heavy crash, comes the weighty cross upon the prostrate form of Jesus Christ! Oh, behold him, as for the third time he embraces that earth which is sanctified and redeemed by his love! Mary rushes forward; Mary thinks her child is dead; she thinks that terrible cross must have crushed him into the earth. She rushes forward; and with rude and barbarous words the woman is thrusting him aside. The cross is lifted up and placed on the shoulders of Simon of Cyrene; and with blows and blasphemies the Saviour of the world is obliged to rise from the earth; and worn with the sorrows and afflictions of death, faces the rugged step, on the summit of which is the place destined for his crucifixion. Arrived at the place, they tear off his garments; they take from him the seamless garment which his mother's loving hands had woven for him; they take the humble clothing in which the Son of God had robed himself—saturated, steeped as it is in his blood; and in removing them they open afresh every wound; and once again the saving blood of Christ is poured out upon the ground. With rude, blasphemous words, the God-man is told to lie down upon that cross. Of his own free will he stretches his tender limbs, puts forth his hands, and stretches out his feet at their order. The executioners take the nails and the hammer, and they kneel upon his sacred bosom; they press out his hands till they bring the palms to where they made the holes to fit the nails. They stretch him out upon that cross, even as the Paschal Lamb was stretched out upon the altar; they kneel upon the cross; they lay the nails upon the palms of his hands. The first blow drives the nail deep into his hands; the next blow sends it into the cross. Blow

The moment the cry came forth from the dying lips of Jesus Christ, the devil, who stood there, knew, as it were, that it was the Son of God who was crucified, and that his day was gone. Howling in despair he fled from the Redeemer's presence into the lowest depths of hell. The world is saved! The world is redeemed! Man's sin is wiped out. The blood that

For further particulars apply at the Institute.
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Director

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