

WANT OF CONSIDERATION.

Ignorance of some Catholics on Matters Pertaining to their Religion.

This prudence is certainly a very great boon to the possessor of it, and all the more so, because the people of this class generally live in quiet with all about them. This gives to them an advantage over the rest of their neighbors, who are, more or less, hot-headed, hence fall often into squabbles.

Prudence follows the footsteps of consideration. The one flows naturally from the other. The considerate soul is full of charity. It does not stop its flow of thought for the purpose of picking flaws in the conduct of others. If it weighs the actions of others, it is not to find fault with them, but to discover the principle from which such acts flow, to avoid them if they prove to be in discord with the principles of faith.

Now the truths and practices of the Catholic Church come often to those not of our faith, just in this manner, viz., mixed with the advice they like. They are acquainted with, and become acquainted with some one, or many, and these are Catholics. They are intimate, and their lives are brought into pretty close relationship.

Persons not of our faith are quick to notice the least hesitancy in answering questions about these things. They have often heard them laughed at by friends of their own way of thinking, yet they were not altogether satisfied that these things are foolish, if they do appear so to the untaught or unfaithful soul.

For want of consideration, also, how many souls are left in the darkness of error! Catholics have books of instruction explaining these very things. One would think, perhaps, the cost of them is beyond their reach. It is not so. "Challenges" Christian instruction, and kindred works can be had at almost any book store for about twenty-five cents.

HOW ONE ACT OF CHARITY MADE SEVERAL CONVERTS.

In one's journey through life, we are often suddenly brought to a realization of the inscrutable workings of Divine Providence, made manifest to us by practical evidence. We see, in the actions of men and women with whom we come in contact in our every day life, instances of the events which have transpired, and are transpiring, under our observation.

Young Major returned home, and bravely served out his term of enlistment. At the close of the war, after mature investigation and meditation, he was received into the Catholic Church. He studied theology, received Holy Orders, and was the means afterwards of converting his father, mother, and brothers to the faith.

A correspondent, who is a convert to our holy faith, sends to the Western Home Journal the following account of a visit made to Hartford, Conn., by a young priest more than half a century ago: "Recalling to mind one of the many amusing incidents which happened to me since my conversion, I thought the narration of it—as it was certainly a most ludicrous affair—would be read with avidity by your numerous readers, as the incident itself was rather enjoyed by my friends, the priest and myself, at the time of its occurrence in 1819.

"A young Jesuit priest, a relative of Bp. Fenwick, of Boston, was sent by the Bishop of Hartford, bearing a letter of introduction to me. The priest intended to visit a number of Catholic families, residing at that time in Enfield, a small place 20 miles north of Hartford, where a number of men were employed in digging a canal which was destined to extend as far as Long Island Sound.

"The majority of those engaged on the work were Catholics, and as the priest was anxious to begin his labors among them at once, I drove him to an inn just on the borders of Enfield, in which I secured a room for a day, and he immediately began preparations for opening a mission. I then went to inform the men of the arrival of the good father, and upon my return found a large number of them already assembled at the inn. The landlady, poor soul, was terribly excited over the matter; and coming forward to me, she asked: 'Ain't you the priest?' to which I replied, 'I am not.' 'Where is he then?' she said. 'There he is yonder,' said I. She immediately went up to him and told him that she should have her place at once, as she wouldn't have no sins pardoned in her house.' The priest withdrew, and the mission was opened at Enfield; one of the contractors having kindly furnished him with a room, while the canal men set to work to prepare a suitable place in which to say Mass. After Mass the priest explained the ceremonies which they had just witnessed, to the satisfaction of his hearers; not a few of whom were non-Catholics and were present for the first time at a Catholic service."

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod Liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption send two stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

PERE HYACINTHE AND HIS FINANCIAL GALICIAN SOCIETY.

Says the London Universe, March 30: Pere Hyacinthe is probably almost forgotten in this country as well as in his own. Determined, however, to sink into oblivion without a strong effort to gain at least a share of his former notoriety, the ex-Carmelite has founded a new organization. On Saturday he announced in his miserable little *locale* near the Oleno, Paris, that he had established a nucleus of a Financial Galician Society, whose object is to build him a suitable church and assure him sufficient funds to proceed with the evangelization of France.

The Archbishop of Cashel Denounces Outrages. Archbishop Croke paid a visit the other day to his old parish of Doneraile, and while there addressed a mass meeting of the people, who had assembled to welcome him. In the course of his speech, he referred to the state of the country and to recent attacks on men and animals, and spoke with much warmth. He warned the Irish people that such outrages turned against them and their cause the sympathy of all civilized nations, and robbed Ireland of her most powerful ally—the public opinion of the world.

St. Stephen teaches us never to let the devil find us an moment unemployed. How many of our past sins began in the weariness of an idle hour. "If the poverty of the place compels the brethren to gather their harvest themselves, let not that grieve them; for they will be truly monks if they live by the labor of their hands, like our Father and the Apostles. Indolence is the enemy of the soul."—Rule of St. Benedict.

In the Cistercian abbeys nothing was allowed to interfere with allotted portions of manual labor. The priest, on finishing Mass, exchanged his chasuble and stole for the pickaxe and spade. St. Bernard broke off one of his sermons on the Canticles because the monks must go to work in the church, and the lay brothers the distant farms. When he bell rang for the Office, the latter knelt down in the fields, and said such vocal prayers as they knew by heart. So acceptable to God was their lowly service, that St. Bernard was preaching on the feast of the Assumption, angels brought him tidings of the humble lay Brother who in a lonely farm was repeating the Ave Maria with extraordinary devotion.

"The slothful hand hath wrought poverty, but the hand of the industrious getteth riches."—(Prov. x, 4.)

A Buddhist Convert.

Allahachawate Amomanhuna Unashe has been received into the Catholic Church at Morawatta, a few miles from Colombo. He was a Buddhist priest. On being baptized and received into the Church he took the name of Clement Feix. He is an accomplished scholar, and intends to write a book setting forth the fallacies of the Buddhist religion.

Burns and Scalds.

Are promptly cured as well as all flesh wounds, sprains, bruises, callous lumps, soreness, pain, inflammation and all painful diseases; by the great Rheumatic Remedy, Haggard's Yellow Oil. For external and internal use. Price 25c.

FATHER BURKE ON GOOD FRIDAY.

One of the largest congregations that was ever gathered within the walls of St Saviour's Church, Dominick Street, Dublin, crowded that edifice on Good Friday evening to hear the Passion Sermon preached by the Very Rev. T. N. Balfour, O.P. The central aisle was packed from the altar to the door with the people unable to find seats; even on the altar itself the congregation was so thickly gathered as to leave little more than bare room for the clergy taking part in the office of the Tenebræ, and all other parts of the church were inconveniently crowded.

THE HORRIBLE CROSS RAISED UP by the strong man who bore it, the cross that is to bear her own Divine Child. She sees the blood upon His face; she sees the blood upon His hands; she sees the blood upon His feet. No, the rule arm of the Roman soldier interposes. "Back," he says, "back; this man is condemned to die; I care not if you be His mother; forward, forward to Calvary." The woman with a broken heart follows, and the Lord Jesus is not allowed to speak to her mother the word of comfort that He had given to the other pious women who ventured to follow Him. And now the rugged hill is attained. What manner of place is this to which they have led the Saviour to die? It was a solitary hill just outside the walls of Jerusalem, and was the place where slaves and criminals were put to death; and in the very place where they were executed their bodies were buried—were buried so carelessly that the night wolves easily tore them out of their graves, and the whole place was covered with human skeletons, and bones and skulls. The very name, "Calvary" means the place of the skulls. The stench was horrible, for the place was defiled and polluted. There it was they laid down the cross upon the ground. The cruel men, with great spikes and with heavy hammers, drove the nails through the palms of His hands and through His sacred feet—drive the long mercurial nails that pierced reluctantly and slowly through the hard wood of the cross, until He is fastened securely to it. Then the cross is lifted up with the united efforts of men with the aid of ropes. That cross rises slowly, swaying hither and thither in the morning air—that cross rises slowly with its living burden, until at length it stands erect, falls with a dull sound into the hole in the earth that was made to receive it, is speedily fastened there, and then all men withdrew from Him who was crucified. There in mid-air, hanging by these three terrific nails, hanging out so that the strain of every nerve increases the agony into the breaking of His heart; there, for three hours, hung Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men; Behold Him! Don't turn away your eyes; remember that, though it was the Roman soldiers and executioners that nailed Him to the cross, it was your sin and mine that placed Him there. We in our sinfulness have nailed our Blessed Saviour to the cross, and found no better treatment for the Son of God when He came to us than to put Him to this disgraceful and ignominious death. For three hours did He remain, and now the guards, relaxing somewhat their vigilance, permitted the people to come in and approach the foot of the cross. Scribes and Pharisees are thus delighted.

THE WILD HERBIB OF THE CROWD is heard—cries, blasphemies, urging the Roman guard to hurry on—for they are afraid their victim will die on the road. Jesus moves on, and now the rugged side of Calvary is in view, and He has come along the Via Dolorosa, from Jerusalem. Oh, what cry is this that falls upon His ear? Oh, what lamentable sound is this, the sob of a woman's breaking heart that falls upon His ear and causes Him to stand and to tremble. He turned, and there, almost within His reach, His eyes fall upon His Virgin Mother—the mother that bore Him, the mother that loved Him as no mother ever loved a child, as no creature ever loved God—the mother who had no one in this world but her own dear child Jesus—the mother to whose life His presence had been a joy and a happiness in all the sorrows and the miseries of her poverty. Oh, the mother in whose warm heart all the maternal love that ever prompted a daughter of Adam to sacrifice was collected in her child. She sees Him now so disfigured, so faint. She watches Him as with tottering steps He goes along.

THE HORRIBLE CROSS RAISED UP by the strong man who bore it, the cross that is to bear her own Divine Child. She sees the blood upon His face; she sees the blood upon His hands; she sees the blood upon His feet. No, the rule arm of the Roman soldier interposes. "Back," he says, "back; this man is condemned to die; I care not if you be His mother; forward, forward to Calvary." The woman with a broken heart follows, and the Lord Jesus is not allowed to speak to her mother the word of comfort that He had given to the other pious women who ventured to follow Him. And now the rugged hill is attained. What manner of place is this to which they have led the Saviour to die? It was a solitary hill just outside the walls of Jerusalem, and was the place where slaves and criminals were put to death; and in the very place where they were executed their bodies were buried—were buried so carelessly that the night wolves easily tore them out of their graves, and the whole place was covered with human skeletons, and bones and skulls. The very name, "Calvary" means the place of the skulls. The stench was horrible, for the place was defiled and polluted. There it was they laid down the cross upon the ground. The cruel men, with great spikes and with heavy hammers, drove the nails through the palms of His hands and through His sacred feet—drive the long mercurial nails that pierced reluctantly and slowly through the hard wood of the cross, until He is fastened securely to it. Then the cross is lifted up with the united efforts of men with the aid of ropes. That cross rises slowly, swaying hither and thither in the morning air—that cross rises slowly with its living burden, until at length it stands erect, falls with a dull sound into the hole in the earth that was made to receive it, is speedily fastened there, and then all men withdrew from Him who was crucified. There in mid-air, hanging by these three terrific nails, hanging out so that the strain of every nerve increases the agony into the breaking of His heart; there, for three hours, hung Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men; Behold Him! Don't turn away your eyes; remember that, though it was the Roman soldiers and executioners that nailed Him to the cross, it was your sin and mine that placed Him there. We in our sinfulness have nailed our Blessed Saviour to the cross, and found no better treatment for the Son of God when He came to us than to put Him to this disgraceful and ignominious death. For three hours did He remain, and now the guards, relaxing somewhat their vigilance, permitted the people to come in and approach the foot of the cross. Scribes and Pharisees are thus delighted.

THEY HAVE ALTOGETHER TRIUMPHED over their great enemy, and they look up into that Divine face and into those dying eyes, and they spit upon Him, and they say, "So you were able to save others, now save yourself. You were able to raise Lazarus from the grave, come down now from that cross, and we will believe in you." There were two thieves crucified with Him, and even these poor dying wretches joined with the crowd in insulting the Saviour, until with one glance of His neck, Divine eyes, He converted one of them. The people came around him, "Ah, thou blasphemous, ah, thou deceiver, why didst thou seek to destroy us, and lead us astray?" At length there fell a silence upon them all, a silence the most terrible, and it came to pass thus. In the midst of their reviling of the dying Saviour, in the midst of their insults and blasphemies, suddenly the sun in heaven refused to shine any more upon the earth, and darkness like midnight fell upon the city. Men looked around in terror; it was just twelve o'clock in the day when the Lord was raised upon the cross; it was a bright spring day, and there is no light in the heavens, and the very stars that appear in the darkened firmament appear as if they were trembling at beholding so terrible a sight. Far away on the other side of Jerusalem.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON BEING before a terrific storm that sprang up, Lebanon itself, and Olivet, groined and reeled, those great hills, and were broken by earthquake; the streets of Jerusalem were filled with crowds of people rushing from their houses; the earth was shaken beneath them; and graves around the city opened, and their dead arose in all the terrors of death and walked sively through the city, confronting the living and frightening them almost to death. Now, who will revive!—now, who will insult the Lord God, who even in the hour of His weakness thus asserted Himself while He was dying upon the cross? Scribe and Pharisee, and all who are silent. Then Mary and John approach, Magdalen comes and puts her arms around those feet that she loved so well to wash with her tears, and she is privileged once more to pour forth upon the feet of her Saviour the blessed tears of her repentance and love, for well she knows how large a share she the sinful woman, had in the terrible work she now sees fulfilled. The Virgin comes, and puts up her cry of sympathy, of sorrow, and of commiseration to her child. But from the lips of the dying man comes the word, "Oh, mother, behold John; he is my friend; let him be thy son." To John he said, "Oh, son, behold my mother; let her be thy mother; be all in all to each other." He said, "Leave me in my utter desolation to die."

FRIENDS HAD FLED FROM HIM. Honour He was deprived of, reputation for sanctity He had lost. Everything he had in this world was gone but the mother that loved Him, and here He gave her to His dearest virgin friend, St. John. What remained to Him? That which He could not lose—His Father's love and His consoling power, and so lifting up His dying eyes from all things on earth, He sought that consolation in heaven. My God! right over the cross, right over the head of the dying Saviour, there is a cloud blacker than the midnight darkness that fell upon the earth. Through that cloud He beholds mystically the face of His eternal Father inflamed with anger and with wrath, doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, with wrath doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross—"God! my God! why hast Thou fors