

Our Weekly Sermon SYMPATHY.

The Secret of the Incarnation.

In the Church of the Sacred Heart, Edinburgh, the Rev. Father Lawless, S.J., lectured on "Sympathy the Secret of the Incarnation," to a large and attentive congregation.

March of the Ages, with their stupendous burden of struggle and anguish, victory and defeat, joys and sorrows, laughter and tears—the long procession of humanity through the centuries, with its aspirations, hopes and fears—a procession marching onward with resistless force, approaching the mighty sea, whose far-off murmurs reach us even now in "This, our bourne of Time and Place."

The Night is Passing? It is a truth that at this moment is on everyone's lips. From the watch-tower of the Temple the cry comes to us; it resounds through the cities, and over far-off lands and seas.

are silent for ever. Intellect, judgment, human, angelic, or Divine, could give us no adequate answer to the Incarnation. But the human heart, with its love and its sympathy, gives us the key. God will become Man to draw us to Himself. "If I be lifted up, will draw all men to Myself."

There are two great powers in the world; the power of Authority and the persuasive power of Love. Under the ancient Covenant God used the first of these. He placed Himself before His people as their Creator, Absolute Ruler, and Judge. He proclaimed His prerogatives, and demanded man's service. He proclaimed His Law amid appalling thunder and lightning; He punished with severity its violation. And standing before Him, the creatures of His hand, we declare His right in so dealing with us. God appeared to our intellects and our minds, and we "knew His Justice. But under the New Covenant God determines to appeal to our hearts. The power of Authority is to be succeeded by the power of Love. God Incarnate will draw men by the inner cords of human love and sympathy; His thunders

his handkerchief, and trust it into Lily's arms, who hugged it closely. Then, there stood on the grassy threshold, such a fair, childish figure, in a loose robe of snowy white, and flowing golden hair.

His Sympathy and His love! He fed the hungry in the desert; He healed the sick and the maimed, and the blind. He had mercy on all. The broken reed He would not quench, and the smoking flax He would not extinguish—He went to the furthest end to which Love could carry Him—He left us Himself in the Sacrament of His Love, and He died for us on the Altar of the Cross. Will reason, or logic, or intellect, or philosophy account for this? We say no. We have challenging reason, and intellect, and philosophy, and they could give us no answer. Our hearts alone can tell us that the reason and the secret of the Incarnation is Love. He loves us. Shall we not love Him in return? Out upon the man who stands indifferent in the market place and heeds not the voice of the singer! Shame upon the man who feels no echo in his heart! Awake! Arise! It is now time for us to arise from sleep. Behold, the night is almost past and the day is at hand. God calls you. Cast off, therefore, the works of darkness and put ye on the armor of light. Walk honestly and fearlessly, as in the day. And He whom ye have confessed before men has promised you that He will confess you before His Father Who is in Heaven, and that He will give you to sit with Him on His Throne, and be clad with light for your garment, and His joy to be yours through the endless and undying ages of His Eternity. Amen.

CHILDREN'S CORNER BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.

BY S. M. A. Written for the Register. "O, Harry, how could you? Poor Mammie's birdie!" This was the refrain that closed a wild chorus of pity and indignation, as I peeped into the children's tent one soft June evening down near the sunny beach where we had gone to spend the summer.

"What is it?" and a startled expression stole into the innocent eyes—those eyes, so deep, so blue, so sweetly pure, where every shade of feeling was as plainly mirrored as are the golden-antle clouds in the bosom of a tranquil lake. "Poo! Mammie! Loo!" so sweetly, and baby toddled to her side and laid her pretty golden head caressingly against her.

"All the same he did it, Mammie, and didn't even say he was sorry," maintained baby Tom, his heart sore for Mammie's grief. "I didn't think he could be so cruel and mean," echoed Nellie, with fine scorn. "Oh, don't!" pleaded the gentle, loving Mammie. "Blaming Harry won't help poor Dick. Then, I'm sure, he didn't mean to kill him."

IRISH IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Thomas O'Donnell Carries the Old Language into Parliament. Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, Nationalist member for West Kerry, began to address the English House of Commons in the Irish language last Tuesday, and the Speaker called him to order after he had spoken three or four sentences, reminding him that to speak Irish was an unknown practice in the House of Commons.

ly for the mastery of a loving heart. The hymn ended, we turned gravely homeward, where nurse awaited the children to prepare them for bed. Before I resigned them to her, Mammie caught my hand and whispered, "Do you know where Harry is, Auntie?" With a glance I indicated the place, and she quietly vanished behind the tent while nurse led the others to their mother's room for her good-night kiss. I hastened to the parlor window to see how Harry would receive his little sister. What a far from lively wait it was that lay, face downward, on the grass. Mammie called him softly, he shivered, but did not answer. She went nearer and, kneeling beside him, laid her hand on his shoulder, saying softly, with such a world of tenderness in her voice, "Harry, dear, I'm so sorry."

"O, Mammie! Mammie!" he wailed. There was such passionate grief and repentance in his voice as he flung his arms round his little sister, and sobbed as if his poor heart would break. Gently she tried to soothe him, holding him close, resting her fair, soft cheek against his hot head, while his bring, sunny ringlets mingled with his jetty curls. At last he gasped out; "I didn't mean to hurt Dick, though they all said so but, I just wanted to make him swim, like Cliff Howard's young duck, that he found. Cliff told me he would, but when I dropped him in the tank he got right down in the water and wouldn't stay on top. Then I tried to take him out but I could not reach the water. I got a stick, but poor Dick was dead—Oh, so dead!" And Harry ended with a great sob. Mammie comforted him, and by her caresses, drew him first to their mother's side to tell the sad tale to her ever sympathetic ear, then to the nursery, where the children were grouped before the window, having persuaded nurse to let them sit up a while to watch the beautiful moon now bursting from the heart of the ocean. They turned as Mammie entered and in her sweet, pleading voice, her arms around her little brother, she told the story of his sad mistake. His little sisters were easily convinced, but Arthur still looked grave, and Tom more than doubtful.

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