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. The necessury business and duties of life, as well as its cares and its oles_ures, oppress and weary both spirit and heart, if they do no stifle the one and crash the other. We have to be watchful. We need to rouse ourselves from time to time. The night is passing, and the day is at hand. We stand on the threshold of a new century. A man must be very indifferent and very dead to whom this thought has no appeal. We realize more vividly the mighty

March of the Ages,

with their stupendous burden of struggle and anguish, victory and defcat, 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." And we ourselves are being hurried along. We have no time for sleen: we should have no place for indifference; the night is passing; the day is at hand. I say we should have no time for indifference-we Catholics, at any rate. The Supreme Pastor and Shepherd of Christ's sucen-the vigilant Watchman that stands on the walls of the Temple that look towards the Dawn-calls to us with no uncertain voice. He has proclaimed the last year of the dying century a Holy Year; he wills likewise to sanctify the first year of the century that is born. He calls us to arouse ourselves from sleep; to cast off the works of darkness, and to put upon us the armour of light-to put on the Lord Jesus. This rousing of ourselves, this casting off of our indifference, this clothing of ourselves with new and radiant armor, means and effort on our part. And what can induce better to the effort than this very consideration,

The Night is Passing !

It is a truth that at this moment is on everyone's lips. From the watchtower of the Temple the cry comes to us; it resounds through the cities, and over far-off lands and seas. The night . is passing—the dawn approaches, when the banner of the King shall flame in the brightening skies, and heralded with trumpets of angels the Son of God and the Son of Man shall appear in might and majesty to judge the living and the dead. And now, my brethren, while there is time, the Vicar of the Son of God calls upon us to renew, to stir up within us, our faith, our devotion, our loyalty, and our love for Christ Our Redeciner and our King. Christ, my brethren, is our King, by right divine, and by right of conquest. As our Creator "He made us and possessed us;" as our Pedeemer He "bought us with a great price." That God should have made us, and so possessed us by the right of ownership, we lo not dispute; that He is our Creator and Ruler we do not deny. But that He should have become Incarnate, have "taken flesh and dwelt amongst us," and redeemed us at so great a price, is a mystery that puzzles our minds and baffles our intellects, and sets us asking why lie should have done so. We interrogate our intellect, and it can give us no answer. We readily concede that, having forfeited our birthright God was not bound to restore it to us; that if, in His clemency, He chose to do it, a thousand ways lay open to Him without the humiliation of the Incarnation or the Passion. From the pinnacle of His Heavenly Temple He might have descended to His repentant people, in some radiant, visible form, and by an Act of His own royal will. forgiven them, and compelled them to His service by the power of His beauty and majesty. Our intellect gives us no reply. It is only when we interrogate the heart that we begin to understand

The Incarnation.

There are two great powers in the world; the power of Authority and the perguasive power of Love. Under the ancient Covenant God used the first of those. He placed Houself before His people as their Creator, Absolute Ruler, and Judge. He proplaimed His prerogatives, and demanded man's service. He proclaimed His Law amid appalling thuoder 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 appealed to our intellects and our minds, and we a 'enowledge His justice Hut under the New Covenant God decermines 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 silver cords of human love and sympathy; Ills thunders

are silent for ever Intellect, Judgment, human, angelic, or Divine, could give us no adequate onswer 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. "I, if I be lift-ed up, will draw all men to Myself.". Yes, my brethren, God will no longer compel us; He will draw us, and draw us with the sweet persuasion of a love both human and Divine. So He became our Brother. His father -- as men reputed him; His guardian as we acknowledge him-was a pure-hearted working man. But henceforth there shal' be no theology, no philosophy, no system of piety or spirituality, that has any claim to truth, that isn ot based on the infinite tenderness of God for His creatures, as displayed in the Sacred Heart of His Son. The sympathy of Christ is the touchstone of true Christianity Christ became poor to sympathize with the poor. He suffered out of feeling with the suffering, He gladdened men's hearts at the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee because He sympathized with those who rejoice. He wept at the grave of Lazarus because He mourned with those who are sorrowful. If multitudes followed Him, why was it but that He attracted them by

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 furthermost 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 challenged 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 ou before His Father Who is in Heaven, and that He will give you to sit with Him on His Throne, to be clad with light for your garment, and His joy to be yours through 'he endless and undying ages of His Eternity.

*********** CHILDREN'S CORNER **E444444444444444**

BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-

MAKERS.

BY S. M. A.

Written for the Register.

"O, Harry, how could you? Poor Mamie'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.

The little culprit, half pleading, half defiant, his small form trembling with suppressed emotion, big tears striving, in vain, to quench the angry flame in his black eyes, flashed out "I did throw it, and I don't eare! Now!" then vanished toward the house.

"Well, that's a mean thing to do. I didn't think he'd treat poor Mamie so, said grave-eyed, manly Arthur, as he gazed ruefully at the poor, dripping bird that lay, so stiff and quiet, in BY S. M. A.

gazed rucfully at the poor, dripping bird that lay, so stiff and quiet, in Lilly's lap.

"Poo' birdie! Poo' birdie!" lisped

"Poo' birdie! Poo' birdie!" 118pea baby, too, reaching out her chubby hand to caress the dead darling of all their hearts. "Dive me, pease," and poor Dick was transferred to baby's loving arms, cushioned on half-a-dozen very small handkerchiefs to absorb the drip, while willing hands lent their aid to dry the pretty vellow feathers. Poor to dry the pretty yellow feathers. Poor little victim! Only this morning those little victim I Only this morning those very feathers were so glossy and shone like gold, as he poured forth, with swelling heart, his aweet, glad song of love and joy. Though his broken wing hindered his flying, he hopped gaily round the room, the petted favorite of each, and the special joy of his graphle nightees.

orite of each, and the special joy of his gentle mistress.

"Give him to me; I will dry him in the kitchen. Kitty must have fire enough, still, for that," said bighearted cousin Fom, who never for a moment imagined that the dignity of his twelve years exempted him from

Little with the state of the st

his handkerchief, and trust it into Lilly'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 gold-

en hair.
"O. Mamie!" cried half-a-dozen
volces at once, then each stopped
abruptly, waiting for another to pro-

eed.
"What is it ?" and a startled expres-"What is it " and a startled expres-sion 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-inted clouds in the boson of a tran-quil lake. "Poo' Mamie! Loo' so tinted clouds in the rosoni of a tran-quil lake, "Poo' M time! Loo' so so'ey," and baby toddled to her side and laid her pretty golden nead caress-ingly against her. "We are all sorry, Mamie," said Ar-

"Poor birdie!" sighed Nellic. O, Arthur! has anything happened Dick?" gasped poor Mamie. For answer Nelhe unfolded the kerchief and held forth the stiffened form of her

dead darling.

"O, my poor birdie!" There was a world of pathos in the sweet, quivering voice as the child knelt on the soft grass, and, taking with infinite tenderness the dead bird in her hands, she laid her cheek lovingly upon it

while a great tear splashed on its golden frathers.

"It was Harry did it; wicked Harry," exclaimed Bertie, aching to be the first

"And he did it on purpose, too," indignantly added Lilly, to second her

aignanty added Inly, to second her twin.
"Oh, no," quickly replied Mamie, her fips quivering with grief, but her voice was strong and eager. "I know he did not mean to hurt poor Dick, for Harry loves me, and he knew how I loved my birdie."

my birdie."
"All the same he did it, Mamie, and didn't even say he was sorry," maintained big Tom, his heart sare for Ma-"I didn't think he could be so cruel

and mean," echoed Nellie, with fine

and menn," echoed Nellie, with fine scorn.

"Oh, don't!" pleaded the gentle, loving Mamie. "Blaming Harry won't help poor Dick. Then, I'm sure, he didn't meant to kill him."

All! if they could have seen as I saw, the passionate object of their ind'anation crouching behind a snowball bush, listening to every word,—could they have seen the little form quiver with main as each cutting expression with pain as each cutting expression reached his ears,—but, above all, could they have seen the flush of tender feeling and deep regret that swept over his poor little tear-stained face as Mamie's kind voice floated to his

over his poor little translation as Mamie's kind voice floated to his breaking heart, they would have understood how easily gentle, loving words penetrate the sould while cold or unkind ones harden the heart.
"Would you not like to bury him, Mamie ?" asked Arthur, gently passing his arm, with the tenderness of a girl, around her shoulders, and caressing the silken waves of golden hair.
"Thank you, dear Arthur, you are always kind," and Mamie lifted her tearful eyes to his face and tried to smile. "I would like him buried injsome pretty spot that we all like."
"And where we go often, so that he won't be lonesome," said six-year-old Nellie, whose one horror was being alone.

alone.
"Down by the beach where we have our castle," suggested Tom.
"Or near the maples where we have our swing," said Lilly and Bertie together.

cur swing, said liny and better logether.

"I think I would like it better under the tall rose tree," spoke Mamie's soft voice. "I would like to think of poor Dick sleeping with the rose leaves falling on his grave."

"Just the place," said Tom, heartily. "I knew you'd think of the prettiest. Come, Arthur, we'll make a lovely grave, and we'll come to tell you when its finished, Mamie." And kind-hearted Tom drey Arthur away.

its finished, Mamie." And kind-hearted Tom drew Arthur away.
"I wish I had a pretty coffin for him!" sighed Mamie, trying bravely to repress the tears that wanted so much to fall.
"Take my box, Mamie."
"O, Nellie! your lovely box? Don't you like it too much?"
"Not so much as I like you, dear sister," was the loving response, as Nellie flew to her room for the treasure. sure.

sure.
It was, indeed, a dainty box; the whitest of enamelled paper outside, and so cunningly lined with puffs of pink silk; such a box, indeed, as would charm a childish heart. Birdic was kissed by the loving lips of each, then laid away in his rosy bed, more than one pearly tear glittering like a dewdro-p on his pretty yellow feathers. Mamic's silk handkerchief, the most dearly prized article of her wardrobe, because of its embroidered forget-me-nots, was folded over him. Lily must give something, too, so she get-me-nots, was folded over him. Lilly must give something, too, so she provided the ribbon which fastened the precious casket, from her dolls' clothes drawer, a lovely crimson satin, as dear to her haby heart as the box to Nellic's. The two boys now returned and the funeral was organized.
"Would you like to carry him, Mamie for shall I f" asked Arthur, ever thoughtful.
"Oh, yes, Arthur, please let me. It will be the last time, you know," and the sweet lips quivered sadly.

the sweet lips quivered sadly.

Tom and Arthur walked together in front; Mamie followed, bearing the thrice precious casket; the twins tripped after her, their arms lovingly twined around each other. Nellie and Hilda gravely marched behind them, while I closed the rear with baby toddling by my side. The tall rose tree was soon reached, with the open grave beneath its shade. The two loving-hearted boys, with poetical delicacy, hadl ined it with roses, and almass cft the same royal flower lay near to pile

his twelve years exempted him from sympathizing with even baby's griefs and fear. With a kiss from Loo's rosy lips the bird was resigned to his care.

"How could Harry be so wicked?" sighed Hilda.

"And so mean!" chimed in mischiefloving Bertle.

"How Tamiel I'm so sorry!" said sympathetic Nellie.

"How are we to tell her? We must do it nicely; it will hurt her so dreadfully," and Arthur looked round as if expecting someone to suggest a plan.

Just then Tom returned with the bird nicely dried, and its pretty golden feathers eneatly smoothed.

"O, Tom!" exclaimed Nellie, in a loud whisper, "Here's Mamie; hide the bird."

Quick as thought Tom wrapped it in

by for the mastery of a lovinghearta. The hymn ended, we turned gravely homeward, where nurse awaited the children to prepare them for bed. Bechildren to prepare them for bed. Be-fore I resigned them to her, Mamie caught my hand and whispered, "Do you know where Harry is, Auntlef?" 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 kins. I bustoned to the narlor wintheir mother's room for her good-night kiss. I hastened to the parlor win-dow to see how Harry would receive his little sister. What a farlorn lit-tle waif it was that lay, face down-ward, on the grass. Mamie called him softly; he shivered, but did not an-swer. She went nearer and, kneeling beside him, laid her hand on his shoul-der, saying softly, with such a world of tenderness in her voice, "Harry, dear, I'm so sarry."

dear, I'm so scriy."

"O, Mamie! Mamie!" he wailed. There was such passionate grief and repentance in his voice as he flung his grims round his little sister, and sobbed as it 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, sunay ringlets mingled with his jetty curls. At last he gasped out; "I didn't mean to hurt Dick, though they all said so but you. 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. Mamie comforted him, and by her caresses drew him first to their mother's side to fell the sad tale to her ever sympathetic ear, then to the nursery, where dear, I'm so sarry."
"O, Mamie! Mamie!" he wailed. to fell the sad tale to her ever sympa-thetic ear, then to the nursery, where the children were grouped before the window, having persuaded nurse to let them sit up awhile to watch the beautiful moon now bursting from the heart of the ocean. They turned as Marale entered and in her sweet, pleading voice, her arms around her Manie 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

looked grave, and Tom more than doubtful.

"If he did not do it, why did he say he did it, and didn't care?" he demanded, scornfully.

"He was so hurt because you blamed him before knowing if he really did do it, that it made him too angry to explain. O, Tom, it was really a mistake!"

"I believe it. Mamie." said Arthur.

plain. O, Tom, it was really a mistake!"

"I believe it, Mamie," said Arthur, who saw truth written on the tearstained face of his little brother. "And, Harry, I'm sorry I was so hasty." Even Tom was satisfied and said heartily, "It's all right, Harry, and I'm glad I was mistaken."

His little sisters and Bertie now crowded around him with words of joy and fond kisses. Baby Loo was already among angels in the fair realms of dreamland, but Harry softly kissed the sweet, cherub face that lay ar idits frame of clustering curls on its white pillow. Then they resigned themselves to nurse's waiting hands, and, after a last "Hail, Mary," cach small form was stowed away in its little white cot while angel hands beckoned each sleepy wanderer to join baby Loo in the beautiful land of dreams.

An hour later I glided into the room.

dreams.

An hour later I glided into the room.

The full moon had risen in the clear. blue heavens and was flooding the now silent, apartment with showers of melsilent apartment with showers of helfow, silvery light. With a strange,
sweet feeling of awe I felt the mysterious presence of the holy unseen
spirits bending over each loved sleeper
wrapped in the sweet, untroubled relose of innocent childhood. The moonbeams danced amid Mannic's golden
curls and formed a soft halo around
her fair brow as she lay, one little
hand grasping her medal, the other
her pear rosary. The mile of happiness and love still played around her
sweet lips and half involuntarily I
murmured as I guzed, "Blersed are the
peacemakers for they shall be called
the children of God."

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 lust 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. Mr. O'Donnell continued to speak in the Erse tongue, greatly to the delight of the Nationalists around him. The Speaker severely requested him to desist.

Mr. John Redmond, the Nationalist leader, said ;-"There is no written or unwritten rule against a member using the language which is most familiar to him. I once heard a member of the New Zealand House of Representatives speak in the Maori language.

The Speaker ;-There is no rule on the subject, but there is no precedent during the existence of the House of Commons for a member speaking anything but English.

thing but English.

Mr. Edmund Leamy, Nationalist member for North Kildare, pointed out that the Irish chieftains before the act of union were invited by the House of Commons to speak Irish.

The Speaker—Not ... the one hundred years of union has an Irishman tried

years of union has an Irishman fried to speak Irish in this House until now. Mr. John Redmond inquired whether Mr. William Abraham, one of the Welsh members, had not addressed the House in 1888 in Welsh.

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Welsh members, had not addressed the House in 1886 in Welsh.

To this the Speaker replied that Mr. Abraham had merely introduced a quotation from the Welsh language, and he insisted that Mr. O'Donnell could not be allowed to proceed.

Mr. O'Honnell proceeded to speak in English, and prasected his right as the representative of an Irish constituency and a member of a nation still possessing a language of its own to address the House in his native tongue. At this point the Speaker stopped him peremptorily.

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