

Under the Sanctuary Lamp

THE HILL OF THE SACRIFICE



O thought can compass, no mind conceive the "Charity of Christ which surpasseth all knowledge." On that holy hill His Heart is aglow with a fire which has burned from all eternity. Men can with scientific precision, reach out to the planets and measure their distance; the plummet can search the depths of the sea and find its deep places,

but our feeble imaginings can never rise to the heights nor delve into the depths of the Sacred Heart in the Tabernacle of the New Law. We know indeed what human love is. Mothers' hearts are warm with it, as they stand over the cradle of their first born and look with glances of love into the eyes of their children. It blushes on the cheeks and glints in the eyes of the bride and groom when they kneel before God's altar to pledge their troth till death and beyond. In the heart of a self-sacrificing sister love for an erring brother is strengthened beyond the power of any tension of ingratitude to break. We are all familiar with the story of the strong love which knit and welded together the hearts of Damon and Pythias; and the tender affection of David and Jonathan we learned at our mother's knees in childhood days when we read the story of their attachment.

Now all the love of mother for child which has ever burned in human breasts, all the self-forgetting affection of devoted sisters which has ever served brave hearts for noble deeds and true, all the devotedness that has ever

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huma
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