

would have been hopeless, now that they were polluted by sin and the slaves of it. God would have let them go, as he let the fallen angels go. Earth would have been all hateful and dark in his sight, as the home of the fallen spirits is. But it was not so. Earth was dimmed, but it was not darkened, disfigured but not blackened. God saw it through the Precious Blood, as through a haze; and there it lay with a dusky glory over it, like a red sunset, up to the day of Christ. No sooner had man sinned, than the influence of the Precious Blood began to be felt. There was no adorable abruptness on the part of God, as with the angels. His very upbraiding of Adam was full of paternal gentleness. With his punishment he mingled promises. He spoke of Mary, Eve's descendant, and illuminated the penance of our first parents by the prophecy of Jesus.

As the poor offending earth lay then before the sight of God, so does it lie now; only that the haze is more resplendent, since the sacrifice on Calvary was offered. The Precious Blood covers it all over, like a sea or like an atmosphere. It lies in a beautiful crimson light forever, a light softening the very shades, beautifying the very gloom. God does not see us as we see ourselves, but in a brighter, softer light. We are fairer in his sight than we are in our own, notwithstanding his exceeding sanctity, because he sees us in the Blood of his dear Son. This is a consolation, the balm of which is not easily exhausted. We learn a lesson from it also. Our view of creation should be like God's view. We should see it, with all its countless souls, through the illuminated mist of the Precious Blood. Its spiritual scenery should be before us, everything, everywhere, goldenly red.

This is the shape which our Father's love takes to us his creature. It is an invitation to all of us to the worship of the Precious Blood. It is through this Blood that he communicates to us his perfections. It is in this Blood that he has laid up his blessings for us, as in a storehouse. This is true, not only of spiritual blessings, but of all blessings whatsoever. That the elements still wait upon us sinners, that things around us are so bright and beautiful, that pain has so many balms, that sorrow has so many alleviations, that the common course of the daily