

was white; they say it grew with His growth. Now it is red, not from the costly dyes of the distant East, but red, for it has been dyed with blood, when, with bruised feet and aching heart, He trod the wine-press.

How often He shed that blood before the sad, but for us happy, day, when it trickled in red drops out from the big wound in His Sacred Heart.

Just after His first birthday, when hardly warm, for the bleak winds blew cold over the Judean hills, through the chinks in the wall of His stable home, the night He was born--His Mother had Him circumcised. As yet He had no name. By what sweet title did Mary call her Child? He was only eight days old, yet He was born endless ages and everlasting years ago; He was in the Father's bosom before the angelic hosts fought that awful fight on the battlements of heaven; now He is only a short week and a day old, and He is to receive a name marked with His blood, Jesus is the name. It has been brought from Heaven and means Saviour; but a Saviour He can only be when the blood flows from the five wounds, pledges of His love.

All those years Mary saw that blood on His lips, lips that were later on to speak such words of melting love to all who would come to Him and listen. Those same lips speak to us from out the Tabernacle, not in words audible to human ear, but in words that our hearts cannot fail to catch. His Mother saw the blood in His bright red cheek, that cheek which the mailed hand of the rough soldier was to strike. Perhaps that hand was tinged with the Blood of Mary's child. Do we ever make His cheeks red by an indelicacy or a rudeness towards Him or towards those He loves, and who is it He does not love?

In the Cenacle His Blood has flowed for the first time into the chalice. Who can count the times it has flowed since? At the foot of Mt. Olivet His Sacred Heart forces the red Blood through the pores of His Body till it trickles to the ground. How impatient that Heart has become! In a few hours every drop shall have been poured out.