

The Hills Stained

WITH THE

Precious Blood



T was the Feast of the Precious Blood in July. The light flickering through the sanctuary lamp gave a reddish tinge to the dimly lighted chapel, reminding one that the Master in the Tabernacle loved the crimson hue for He had shed His red Blood to win our hearts. Our Master's home is poor, but He will not mind; it is our best, and our best, no matter how poor and lowly, is always grateful to Him. Our chapel is richer than His cave-stable in the hills of Juda, yet how He loved it, His first home.

The roses on the altar are blushing in His Presence. They know full well, even with all their beauty and perfume, they are not worthy to die for Him, so near His Tabernacle. The petals are dropping like silent tears on the altar-cloth where He will be born tomorrow at the dawn. One by one the red leaves fall and the roses die, but in their death there is no blood-shedding, while when He died for us, the Blood ran down even unto the last red drop from the five big crimson wounds.

The altar cover, too, in our little chapel is red with beautiful flowers embroidered on its border by loving hands. What deft fingers, made skillful by warm love, wrought them, I know not, but He knows who dwells behind the Tabernacle door and knows all things. Does the red cover remind Him of the seamless robe which, when put on after the scourging, blushed blood, red at the sufferings and shame of its Master. When Mary made that robe so long ago in quiet Nazareth in hilly Galilee, it