



The Precious Blood.



to the mind of the Catholic who is able to grasp in some measure the meaning of the words of the great Apostle St. Paul, "*Jesus Christ yesterday, and to day and the same forever,*" there seems a grand continuity in the calendar of the Catholic Church, which, beginning with the Advent Season, preluding His Birth, brings us through all the periods of His Human Life to the Awful Day when He became indeed the Visible Central Point of all History, which appears really aimless if it do not tend upwards to that Crucified Form, and then go down through succeeding ages from It.

Not *there* does our calendar end ; it goes with Him into Heaven, even though like Him, still on earth with us. Do not our feasts on from Easter say this to us ?

Therefore, if He be really, *as He is*, "ever living to make intercession for us," by ever showing those Five Most Precious Wounds to His Eternal Father, — their voiceless pleading more powerful than words — for us, what then is more in unison with all that has preceded, but that the Most Precious Blood which flowed from those Five Divine Fountains when our ransom was paid, should find allotted to It a time of special honour, as it has in our calendar, delayed though it may seem to have been ?

Yet, it can never be too late : "*and the same forever.*"
Now that the month of the Sacred Heart with its ma-