

nifold sweet graces has gone by, we find the month of July with us — to what is it then dedicated ?

Our thoughts turn naturally to the Precious Blood of Christ — in this month dedicated to its honour. How little men think of it ! No wonder that the sad complaint, "What use is there in My Blood ?" is put upon the lips of Him who shed all His blood for men ! He shed His

blood, the infinite price of the redemption of all mankind, for He would have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth. But He does not *force* men's free will. He pleads, but does not compel. Man's co-operation is necessary for his salvation. In every way does Christ bring man to realize this, and the value of his soul. What is its redeeming price ? This will tell its value. But it is not to be estimated by corruptible things — gold and silver, filthy lucre — but by

the Precious Blood shed for its ransom, something incalculable by human valuation ; something divine and infinite. Nor was it only once that He shed it, but seven times. First, in His circumcision ; second, in the bloody sweat in the Garden of Olives ; third, in the cruel scourging ; fourth, in the crowning with thorns ; fifth, in carrying His cross and in the halls long the way to Calvary ; sixth, in the nailing to the cross ; seventh, in the wound of His Sacred Heart. Moreover. He applies His Precious Blood to our souls through the sacraments in

