



The Sentinel
of the
Blessed Sacrament.



490, Mount-Royal Av.

Montreal.



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OUR PREMIUMS.



Our subscribers will, doubtless, be pleased to know that from this date until the 1st of January we will send the following premiums for new subscriptions to the "*Sentinel*."

Each new subscription will be rewarded by a beautiful Eucharistic Medal prettily carved with the Monstrance in its centre.

Two subscriptions will entitle you to a pair of Croisier Beads.

For *three* you will receive two nice colored pictures 4 x 7 inches.

Four will be rewarded by two pair of Croisier Beads.

If *five* are sent we will forward you a pretty prayer-book, well bound and with gilt edges.

Should any person send more subscriptions special rewards shall be given.

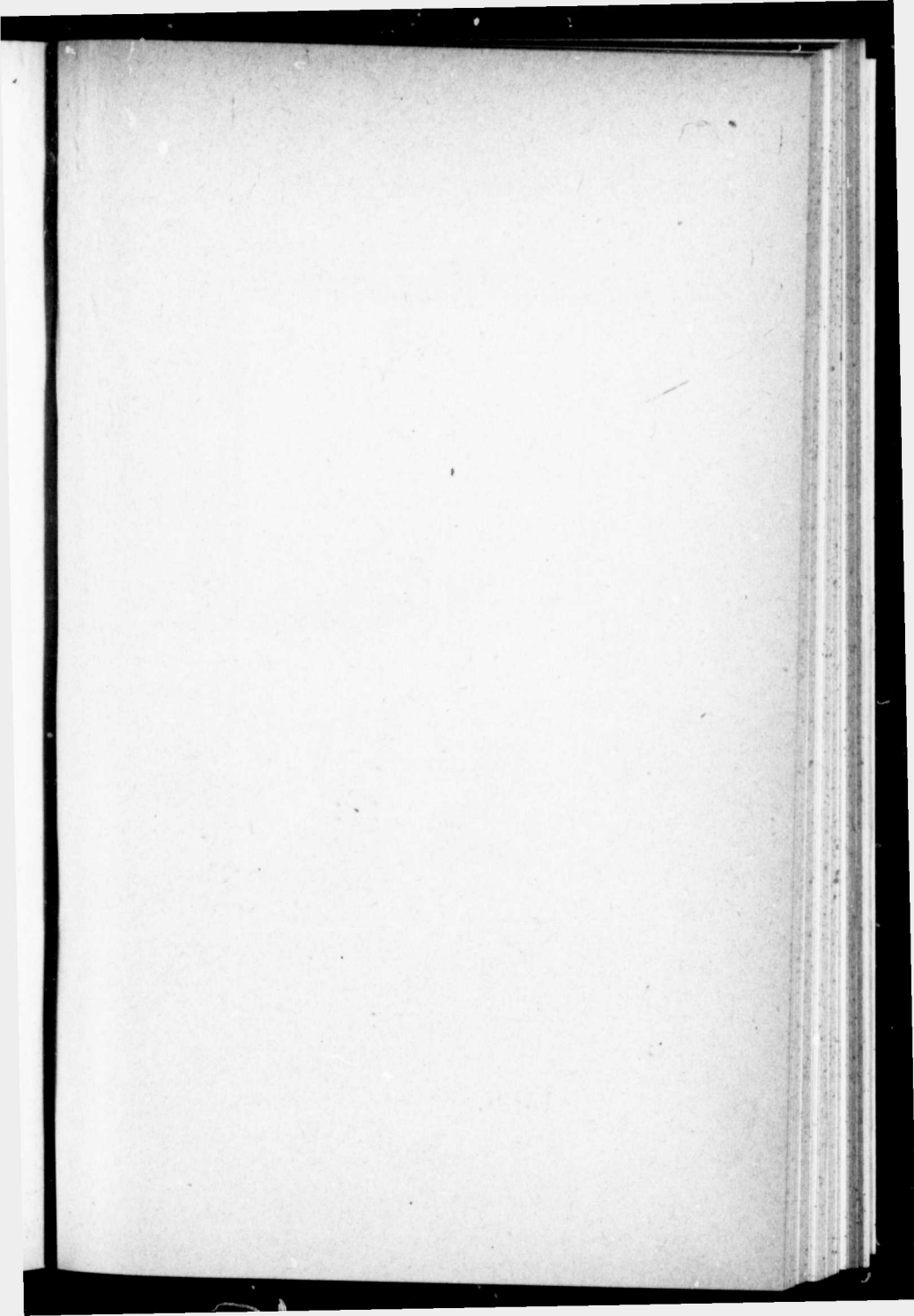
To help you in diffusing around you the "*Sentinel*" we have a certain number of *sample copies* which we would readily send you, free of charge, on request.

We hope these advantages will encourage our dear and zealous friends in spreading this pious periodical, wholly devoted to the praise and glory of our Lord in His divine Sacrament.



The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament,

490, MOUNT-ROYAL AVE., MONTREAL.





Veni... sponsa mea, ... coronaberis. Cant. Cant. IV. 8.

Prière. — Nous vous saluons, Vierge brillante de gloire dans les triomphes de votre Fils. — Le Seigneur vous a bénie dans sa puissance/ à Vierge Marie; par vous il a anéanti tous nos ennemis.



The Blessed Sacrament.

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*B*ENEATH the veil of bread concealed,  
 The Lord of Heaven above  
 Here dwells, by Faith alone revealed—  
 A Prisoner of Love.

*The troubled soul, with doubts and fears  
 Assailed, here kneels until  
 A whisper in his heart, he hears  
 The Master's "Peace! Be still!"*

*When life's rough pathway we have trod,  
 Sustained by Thy sweet grace,  
 Oh, grant us, Eucharistic God,  
 To see Thee face to face!*

C. J. S.



## Particular Practice for the Month of October.

### The Rosary and the Blessed Sacrament.



AMONG the many glorious titles earned by our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, during his admirable pontificate, one of the most brilliant is undoubtedly that of the Pope of the Rosary. For many years he had strenuously endeavoured to lead souls towards the intelligent practice of devotion to the holy rosary in the hope that a means which had already been so efficacious in redeeming the world from religious ignorance and the many evils it engenders, should not be less effectual at a period when the boasted knowledge and renowned culture of an enlightened civilization cannot prevent the world from gradually relapsing into its former state of barbarism and paganism. Latterly, the supreme doctor again issued an urgent appeal to the universal Catholic world in favor of this devotion.

But in order to cull the fruits attached thereto, we must nourish our souls by properly meditating on the mysteries comprised in the divine work of the Incarnation, the Redemption and the Glorification. This is the essential point and the more thoroughly we understand and practice it, the more spiritual profit shall we derive.

Many excellent ways of practising this devotion have been suggested by zealous propagators, but to our idea the best is that which consists in bringing the Rosary and the Eucharist close together and in a certain manner reviving and actualizing all the mysteries, joyous, sor-

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rowful and glorious, in this living and central one to which converge all the thoughts of God, of Mary, of the Angels and Saints, and from which radiate all the knowledge, all the graces and all the blessings which are the joy, the life and the sanctity of the Church.

The Pope does not explicitly mention this method, though he seems to indicate it sufficiently when during a month, called the month of the Rosary, he earnestly urges Christians to assemble at the foot of the altar and there meditate on our holy Mysteries, in union with Mary, before the Blessed Sacrament exposed.

However that may be, deep reflection is not necessary to understand how sweet and profitable it should be for the devout soul vividly to recall the birth, the childhood, the hidden life of the Saviour in presence of this true Body born of the Virgin Mary and more hidden still under the veil of the holy species, in the ciborium, and in the tabernacle than It was in His Mother's womb, in the stable of Bethlehem or in the workshop of Joseph at Nazareth.

The relations existing between the sorrowful and the eucharistic mysteries are still more striking. Is not the holy Host the living memorial of the Passion? Does it not give us the bruised Body of Jesus and strength to bear the cross without murmuring; for who would dare to complain, however heavy the burden, in the presence of this adorable Victim who by remaining on our altars has only changed the scene of His Calvary?

What happiness, on the other hand, to be able to say with full assurance: He is there, my risen Saviour, my glorified Jesus. He is there,—He who is the joy of the Angels and Saints and of Mary His Mother whom He has exalted above all creatures for all eternity. He is there on that altar in that small white host. Filled with this belief, how easily heart and soul soar upwards and how eagerly while awaiting everlasting joys we sigh after the infinite treasures enclosed in the Blessed Sacrament.

In other words, it is in the school of the Eucharistic Christ that we shall most efficiently learn these lessons of humility, charity, devotedness, sacrifice and detachment so indispensable to fraternal intercourse; and only in that school and under the tuition of Our Lady of the

Rosary and Mother of the Eucharist shall we gather the necessary strength to practise those virtues even unto heroism, for if we can do nothing without Him, we can do all in Him who strengthens us.

Our readers and auxiliaries should ponder seriously on these beautiful thoughts and endeavor to spread them, by becoming the Apostles thereof for the glory of their divine Master and the honor of the Virgin of the Most Holy Rosary.



## The Miraculous Mass.



T. BONET, Bishop of Clermont in Auvergne, furnishes an astonishing example of the special favors the Queen of Heaven reserves for priests who worthily celebrate the holy mysteries of her Divine Son. This devoted client of Mary who was equally devoted to the Blessed Eucharist, retired one night, the vigil of the Assumption, to the Church of Saint Michael in order to give himself up more freely to contemplation. He was already in a state of heart and soul bordering on ecstasy when suddenly he heard sweet harmonious melody and saw the Church gradually fill with brightness as vivid as if the sun's rays were all concentrated there. As he raised his eyes to contemplate this spectacle, he saw coming towards him the glorious Mother of God accompanied and followed by a numerous cortege of Angels and Blessed Spirits marching in perfect order and singing sacred canticles to the glory of Jesus Christ and His Virgin Mother. This admirable procession slowly marched up the body of the church halting before the main altar. One of the saints then asked who would have the honor of celebrating the Mass on this great solemnity. The Queen of heaven, who presided the ceremony, replied in a sweet clear voice : " It will be Bonet, my

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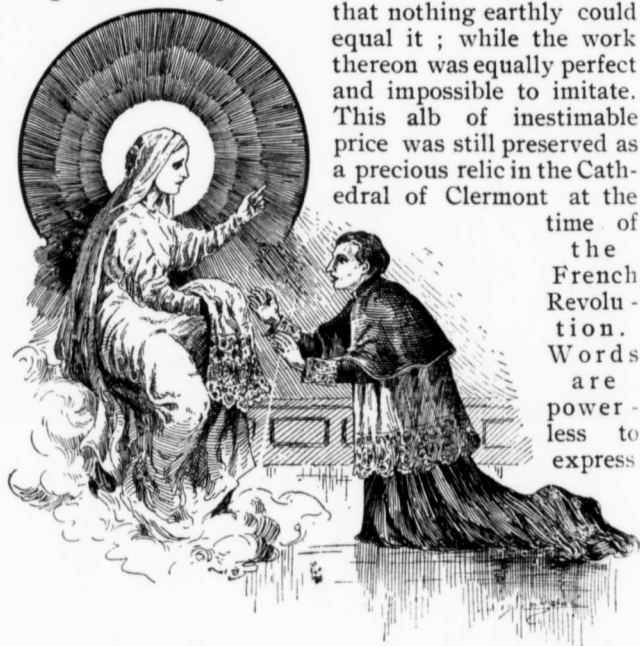


well-beloved servant and Bishop of this city, who is here in some corner of the Church wrapt in prayer." The holy priest hearing these words began to tremble at the sight of this august company and the thought of his unworthiness. To avoid the honor he tried to conceal himself by lying flat against a large stone in the wall, which



instantly gave way softening like wax and taking the impression of the form of the holy bishop which is still preserved and venerated by the faithful. In vain his hiding, the angels easily discovered and drew him from his retreat. Thus, forced to appear before the holy mother of God, he humbly submitted to her command and began preparations to execute it.

He was escorted to the altar and robed in sacerdotal vestments, he celebrated Mass in presence of that glorious multitude, served by those saints as ministers and acolytes. After Mass the Queen of heaven did not depart without leaving a memorial of this thrice blessed night. She gave the Bishop an alb of linen so fine and delicate



that nothing earthly could equal it ; while the work thereon was equally perfect and impossible to imitate. This alb of inestimable price was still preserved as a precious relic in the Cathedral of Clermont at the

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the respect, the devotion, the love with which Saint Bonet celebrated Mass in presence of such an assemblage. Would to God that such were the dispositions of all priests celebrating the holy mysteries, surrounded as they are by the Angelic choirs, who tremblingly adore their immolated God. This is a truth too little known but which Saint Chrysostom and other ecclesiastical writers confirm by convincing proofs and incontestable facts.

No one can calculate the results of one Communion less in the life of a christian.

*Lacordaire.*

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## Venerable Jean-Baptiste Marie Vianney,

### Cure of Ars.

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Prayer before the Blessed Sacrament.
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ESUS CHRIST is not satisfied with immolating Himself daily on the altar and applying to us the merits of His mystic oblation, the sacrifice of the Cross ; He wishes to remain with us always in His mystery of divine love, the Blessed Eucharist. It is true He is hidden there under the appearance of death, divested of all visible splendour or pomp, nevertheless in this annihilated state He is still the King of heaven and earth, the divine Friend of humanity, Our Saviour and our Father ; and as a natural sequence, the King must have His court, God His adorers, the divine Friend devoted hearts, the Father the society of His children, the Saviour wounds to heal, sick to cure, chains to break. The venerable curé of Ars understood this fully and for a long time, he himself, night and day, fulfilled these functions beside Our Lord.

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His ardent love was satisfied only when he had gained the attendance of his entire parish at the evening devotions as he had previously done at the morning sacrifice. Addressing them for this purpose he said, in his inimitable way, so simply eloquent, so tenderly persuasive : My dear children, Jesus is there, hidden in that tabernacle, waiting and longing for you to come and visit Him and ask Him for your spiritual and temporal neces-

sities. See how good He is ! How He accommodates Himself to our weakness ! In heaven where we shall be triumphant and glorious, we shall see Him in all His glory, but were He to manifest Himself thus to us now we should not dare approach Him ; so, He hides Himself like a prisoner saying : You do not see me, but that does not make any difference. I am truly here and I see you. Ask for what you want, I shall surely grant it to you. He is there in the sacrament of his love unceasingly praying and interceding for poor sinners. To what outrages does not His stay among us expose Him ! Yet, He remains there to help and console us. Why not, then, come and lay the burden of our weariness and sorrow at His sacred feet, more especially since we have from His own lips the assurance of His powerful help ? How agreeable to Him is a little quarter of an hour snatched from our work or amusements and spent in prayer in His living presence in loving reparation for the ingratitude He receives ! When Jesus sees pure souls eagerly coming to visit Him, He whose delight is to be with the children of men, smiles on them, pure souls coming with the simplicity that so pleases His heart, asking pardon for all sinners, for the insults of the ungrateful. What restful peace and unutterable happiness yet mingled with reverential awe do we not feel in God's presence when we find ourselves alone at His sacred feet. Every fibre of our being seems to say : my soul redouble your ardour, you are alone to adore your God, His looks are bent on you alone... This good Saviour is so full of love for us that He seeks us everywhere.

Trying to persuade his parishoners to lengthen their visits to the captive of the tabernacle, he said : Ah ! if we could see, as the Angels do, Our Lord Jesus Christ who is here present on this altar and who is looking at us, how we should love Him ; we would not want to leave His dear presence, we would wish to remain always at His feet ; our life would be a foretaste of heaven — all the rest would be insipid. But, we lack faith. We are blind, we do not see, there is a mist before our eyes which faith alone can clear away...

In simple, practical words he teaches his little flock how to entertain themselves with Jesus in the Eucharist:

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When we are before the Blessed Sacrament, instead of looking around us, let us shut our eyes and open our hearts ; the good God will open His also. We will go to Him, He will come to us, the one to ask the other to receive, it will be like a breath of one and the other. What sweetness shall we not find in forgetting ourselves to seek God ! We do not need to speak so much to pray well. We know the good God is there in the tabernacle, we open our heart to Him, we are delighted to be in His holy presence, that is the best of all prayers.

He often condensed his doctrine in his examples, forgetting that in relating them he was depicting himself and his long hours of adoration, as in the following instance when talking about the exemplary Mr. de Vidaud who was accustomed to rise very early and go to adore the Blessed Sacrament as soon as the Church was open. One morning, he was obliged to be called from the chapel of his castle three times for breakfast ; the mistress of the house becoming impatient at the third summons, he came forth from Our Lord's presence, saying : My God, we cannot then remain a moment in peace with Thee. A moment, the curé added with visible emotion, and he had been there since four o'clock in the morning. There are fervent Christians who could pass their whole lives thus absorbed before the good God, hours seeming like moments to them. Ah ! how happy they are !

We can imagine how this seraphic language influenced his parishoners. His soul was in his words and it was a soul of gently persuasive accents inflamed with a tender, generous and strong love for the God of the Eucharist. Miss Ars was the first to respond to his appeal, being joined shortly afterwards by three or four others. This group of souls, conquered by grace and tasting the delights of the real presence, increased so rapidly that soon at every hour of the day, in the formerly deserted church, as are so many in poor country parishes, numerous adoring angels were always seen, one in the sanctuary, the others in the nave or Chapel of the Blessed Virgin. One of the witnesses for the curé's process of beatification testified : I have known some of the villagers, who, so to speak, spent their whole lives in Church.

Thus was the cherished dream of the curé of Ars rea-

lized almost beyond his dearest expectations, even the men were drawn by his enthusiasm towards the tabernacle, their piety rivaling that of the women. To these men the curé often related the following fact : I knew a poor laborer who never passed the Church without entering, even in the early morning when hastening to his work, his hurry was never so great that he had not a few moments to devote to his God, while every evening when returning he would leave his spade and shovel outside the Church door and entering spend a long time in fervent adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. I loved to watch him and many a time unknown to him I joined my prayers to his craving a special grace and blessing on that loyal, faithful heart. One day I asked him what he said to Our Lord during those long visits. "Father," he answered, "I do not say anything. I think of Him and He thinks of me, I look at Him and He looks at me." Was it not beautiful, my dear children, concluded the curé while sobs broke his utterance.

A greater number of the fervent adorers assembled in the Church every evening and thus the day begun by the offering of the holy sacrifice was ended by the recital of the beads and night prayer in common. This reunion so simply begun soon became a public exercise at which an ever-increasing number of parishoners assisted until at length it was ranked among the regular church services, and the zealous pastor's joy was at its height when every evening he saw his dear children hastening to the church in crowds, seeking the Master's blessing and a few minutes rest at His sacred feet. Who can doubt the fulness of the blessing or the sweetness of the rest? During the lenten season the attendance was even greater, while a sermon and benediction were added to the ordinary devotions. From this date the curé of Ars never missed this eventide service, that is to say, he never spent and evening away from his parish except when duty called him to minister to the wants of the neighbouring population.





## A Canticle of Love and Desire.

*IT is in Thee, O Holy Eucharist !  
That I my best and truest treasure find ;  
To give me life, my dearest Saviour, Christ,  
As in a living death, remains enshrined !*

*And He hath wounded my poor wretched heart,  
Beneath the shadow of the Host Divine,—  
Hath made it victor of His life and Heart,  
That He might pour His graces into mine.*

*Ah ! were it requisite that I should die,  
That this dear God of love might with me*

*Alas ! I should be ravished with delight,* [stay,  
*To yield my life a hundred times a day !*

*Or, if in order to possess His wealth,  
My heart should be, from all attachments,*

*Behold ! I flee from all,—yea, quit myself* rent,—  
*For Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament !*

*And wouldst Thou have me suffer for Thy love,  
My tender Spouse ? Oh ! spare me not, my*

*For should I but Thy sweet enjoyments prove,* [Friend !  
*I fain would suffer gladly to the end.*

E C. D.



-: Jesus in the Tabernacle :-  
Our Hope, Our Confidence.

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THE apostles were naturally weak and timid. They were little according to the world, without power or honor ; for God "chooses the weak things of this world to confound the strong," and hence, in His communications with them, their divine Master often said : " Fear nothing ; confide in Me ! "

These words should inspire us also with hope and confidence in Jesus. Not to His apostles only, but to all Christians Our Lord says : " Fear not ; I am with you." What could be a more unshaken support, a stronger assurance of safety amid the dangers by which we are surrounded, the trials to which we are exposed, than this pledge of His love, this promise of His abiding presence among us ? The honor, the wealth, the pleasures of the world cannot be trusted. They are deceitful — "vanity of vanities, all is vanity." But how about my friends ? If they are weak, they cannot assist me ; if they are powerful, they forget me : one is terrified at the difficulty of serving me ; another is torn from me by death and in the end I find not one who can say to me : " Fear not ; rely on me."

Jesus Christ on the contrary, addresses to all this consoling promise and He keeps the word He has pledged. " Fear not," He says to the sinner ; " it is I ; " I who am the Lamb of God, immolated on Calvary to blot out thy sins ; I, Whose heart sighed for thee ; I, Whose eyes wept over thee ; I, Whose feet are weary, running after thee ; I, Whose hands are stretched out to thee ; I, Whose blood has flowed for thee. " It is I ; fear not." " Fear not," He says to the timid and doubtful soul, " it



is I, — I, thy Saviour, I, thy Light and Salvation. Of whom shalt thou be afraid? If enemies trouble thee, they themselves shall be weakened and shall fall; if armies should encamp around thee, if battle be drawn up against thee, fear not, I am with thee — fear not, it is I."

"Fear not," He says to the just soul; "it is I — I Who try thee sometimes, it is true, but only to increase thy merit; I, Who chastise thee often, but to preserve thee from evil, and because I love thee and desire thy love and therefore draw thee close to My Heart; I, Who in heaven will by thy reward, exceeding great."

The Blessed Eucharist is our hope and our confidence. The voice of Jesus comes from the tabernacle: "It is I; fear not." Fear nothing; for behold the humble veils that conceal Me. Here I am more lowly than in the crib of Bethlehem; and the shepherds did not fear Me. Here I am more docile and meek than in the house of Nazareth; and Mary and Joseph did not fear Me. Here I am more destitute than during My mortal life; I had not then where to repose My head; and now I only ask to rest in your tabernacle and in your heart. Fear nothing; for in this Sacrament I have concealed My power, yet I bring with Me My grace and benediction. "Ask and you shall receive; seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." I listen with delight, O my God, to these consoling words and I do not hesitate to yield to this appeal for confidence. Yes; when I approach Thy tabernacle and hear Thee say to me: "It is I; fear not, I praise and adore Thee; I humble myself profoundly; I love and thank Thee but I do not fear. I gaze calmly on the enemies of my soul; I despise them and fear them no longer; I resign myself to the sufferings of life, the storms of the world, the tribulations of the flesh, I resign myself and I fear not. I find that this sweet confidence renders it easy to avoid sin and to practise virtue; and I say often to myself that as the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, so its perfection and consummation is a blind confidence in the God of the Eucharist.

O Jesus! strengthen my hope; fortify my confidence. O my soul, how canst thou fear? O fair hope, last refuge

of the miserable, already thou cheerest me ! If my God be with me, whom shall I fear ? " If God be for us, who is against us ? " O my God, I thank Thee for so much good ; I love Thee and I will love Thee forever, and this love shall be the child of that sweet hope, wherewith Thou inspirest me. Strengthen this hope in me with Thy fatherly benediction, and may it be a benediction of mercy and sweetness enabling me to serve Thee ; a benediction of grace, which shall enrich me with all blessings ; a benediction of power which shall strengthen me and prepare me to receive the fulness of Thy glorious benediction consummated in heaven.

*Rev. Francis Xavier Lasance.*

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## How to Make Adoration

On one virtue in particular.



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I. — Adore that virtue in Our Lord Jesus Christ. Recall to your mind the circumstances of His earthly or Eucharistic life, in which He practiced that virtue. Proceed then to consider the principles whereupon are grounded the obligation of carrying it into practice. This leads you to the contemplation of the Divine Attributes that stand as the Eternal foundation of all virtues.

II. — Give thanks — First, for the help given to every Christian by Our Lord through the Holy Eucharist for the fulfilment of their special duties ; second, for the particular assistance you received personally during your life in this respect ; third, for the good it already did and will do you in the future.

III. — Detest the vice contrary to the same virtue. Ponder on the motives that will arouse in you a true hate for this vice. Lament over your falls. Pray the Holy Ghost to know your sins against the aforesaid virtue, and regret them all in particular.

IV. — Ask for that virtue . . . for assistance in particular occasions that may occur this day, on which you will be expected to elicit acts of that very virtue. Take resolutions to that effect, and beg for grace to observe them faithfully.



## SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An Hour of Adoration before the  
Blessed Sacrament.



Hallowed be Thy Name.

### I. — Adoration.

Hallowed be Thy Name! Lord J sus what dost Thou wish us to express to Thy Father and our Father by the first petition of this prayer composed by Thee and transmitted to us by Thy sacred lips? Is it not that we should ask for and endeavor to procure what is most important on earth, God's glory before our own interests? It is absolutely necessary and for us the only source of salvation and happiness that God be glorified, that His kingdom come, that His will be done on earth as it is in heaven; hence the three first petitions of the Lord's prayer.

Teach us, good Jesus, how holy and terrible is Thy name, while at the same time how admirable and full of sweetness; disclose to us the means whereby to sanctify it. Holy Scripture abounds with praise of Thy holy name: "My God, Thy name is admirable everywhere. From the rising to the setting of the sun Thy name is great among the nations. Let the earth adore the Lord and sing a hymn to His name. Let all creatures, let fire and snow and tempests; let the mountains, the hills, the trees of the forests, the animals of the field; let kings and people, princes and judges, young and old praise and exalt the name of the Lord for His name alone is great. May the name of the Lord be blessed now and forever."

Thy name is also the Admirable, the Strong, the Father of the future century, the Prince of peace. Thy name is Jesus. At the name of Jesus every knee must bend, in heaven, on earth and in hell. Hallowed be the name of God means to love, exalt and glorify God Himself, because here the name expresses His divine essence, His glory, His majesty, His holiness.



How hallow the holy name of God and Thy sacred name, O Jesus, if not by always pronouncing them with the most profound respect, the greatest love and tenderest confidence, and besides and especially by living in such a manner that our lives lead those who witness them to glorify Our Father who is in heaven ?

## II. — Thanksgiving.

Hallowed be Thy Name ! It is by blessing and praising Thy Name, O my God, that I can most befittingly discharge my great indebtedness to Thee ; because praising Thy name is the most meritorious service I can render Thee, the greatest joy I can give Thy paternal heart.

We learn from St. Thomas who has so beautifully sung Thy Eucharistic praise, O Jesus, that God seeks not His glory for Himself, but for us and further that the glory of God is the manifestation of His goodness. Similarly, when holy Scriptures speak to us of Thy glory, in one sense it does not deal with Thee but with our poor humanity. Thy glory is man's happiness, Thy glory is that he render himself worthy of Thy benefits and give Thee opportunities to confer them with lavish hands. Is it not in reality a father's glory when peace, order and calm reign in his household ? Is it not a mother's glory when all her children are happy ? Reasoning thus, when Thou dost say that Thou art jealous of Thy glory, it means that Thou art jealous of our happiness ; when Thou dost assert that Thou wilt not cede Thy glory to another, it means that Thou wilt not yield to another the happiness of doing us good ; when the Apostle exhorts us to do all for the glory of God, it means in a certain sense we must do all for our own happiness.

An admirable divine law explains these words of St. John Damascene : God is grateful to us for our salvation as if He were personally interested in it, and those others of St. John Chrysostom on which we cannot sufficiently meditate : God wishes us to glorify Him, not that He has need of our glory, He has need of nothing ; but He wishes us to glorify Him in order that we may give Him the opportunity to grant us new benefits. Since by giving glory to God we constitute Him our debtor, consequently we thus satisfy His desire and entitle Him to bestow more favors on us, The greatest proof of love God can

give us is to command us to love Him, nothing assures our salvation like the love of God.

What love and thanksgiving do we not owe to a God who loves us so ardently and so tenderly and whose paternal goodness ever guards us with such watchful care! We shall endeavor to cultivate these noble sentiments especially by meditating before the Blessed Sacrament on this ingenious and appropriate remark of a great lover of the Eucharist: To what artifice has not the tender love of Jesus resorted in trying to persuade us that when we say Mass or receive Holy Communion, it is He, more than we, that gathers the merit thereof; that therein His glory more than our souls finds its aliment; in a word that it is less our interests we seek than His. And why his ingenuity of divine love if not that our devotion to the Blessed Sacrament be at the same time a worship, and still more an affection than a worship?

### III. — Reparation.

Hallowed be Thy Name! By piously pronouncing those words and sincerely desiring their realization, we repair the injury done to God by those too numerous, even among Christians, who blaspheme God's holy name, or pronounce it in vain, or without the least respect. Apart from blasphemy of the lips, there is blasphemy of action of which many Christians are guilty who while repeating the Lord's prayer, yet by their conduct flatly contradict the sentiments voiced therein: who say hallowed be Thy name while dishonoring and profaning it by their disorders. How many by their bad example cause the sacred name to be blasphemed and cursed, never attending Church, or if they do, showing no respect for God's dwelling, not assisting at Mass on Sunday changing the Lord's day into Satan's day by devoting it entirely to worldly amusements; despising Thy love, O Jesus, so far as refusing to approach the Holy Table even at Easter and thus authorizing the violation of human and divine law. St. Paul speaking of those unhappy Christians says: "Through your fault, the name of God is blasphemed among the nations."

Unbelievers seeing Christians give themselves up to all kinds of vices, incriminate religion itself as if it favored lying, intemperance, avarice, etc. They judge very

erroneously ; still, often they have apparent cause to say that religion is not a serious matter in the lives of many, but merely a vain pretext, a cloak to amuse their fellow-men and to deceive themselves.

St. Matthew the apostle says : " If the neighbor of a Christian sins, it must be the Christian's fault, for if he had lived as a disciple of Christ, his neighbor would not have sinned." " In reality," rejoins St. Chrysostom, " if our life is conformable to our name of Christian, unbelievers will be forced to exclaim in admiration : the God of the Christians is truly great ! What men He makes ! Not men, but angels." Elsewhere the same doctor says : " If we were practical Christians there would be no unbelievers. All would be converted if our lives were conformable to the name we have the honor of bearing." O my God ! make us realize what a great responsibility is ours and how careful we should be to avoid giving our enemies the slightest excuse to blaspheme Thy Holy Name ; but on the contrary how earnestly we should endeavor to make it respected and loved by our conduct, all holy, all angelic, all eucharistic.

#### IV. — Prayer.

Hallowed be Thy Name ! The sublime petition giving expression to so many and such ardent longings and desires saying, I believe, O my God, in the power of Thy name ; I believe on Thy word that all petitions asked in Thy name will be granted ; I believe that at the sound of Thy blessed name the demons will be put to flight ; I believe with St. Peter that no other name has been given man whereby to be saved.

Hallowed be Thy name ! Beseeches, implores, asks that just souls become more just, that sinners be converted, that holy souls become more holy, that religious, sacerdotal and eucharistic vocations be multiplied, that legions of zealous apostles may arise to conquer the world, that every where may shine the rays and the fire of the divine Sun of the Eucharist.

Hallowed be Thy name ! This my soul's ardent prayer I will repeat very often and especially whenever the sad sound of blasphemy falls on my ear, adding with the fervor of the Angels ; Blessed be Jesus Christ. Amen.

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An Apostle of the Eucharist,

Reverend Peter Julian, Eymard.

The Servant Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

WE may date the foundation of the Congregation of the Servants of the Blessed Sacrament, from the time when the Fathers were transferred to the rue St. Jacques from the rue d'Enfer. While they resided in the latter place, four pious ladies had formed a little community near their residence and inaugurated regular exercises of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament ; but none of them were to persevere, and the Father himself, while admiring their zeal and encouraging their piety, failed to find in them the requisite qualities to form the cornerstone of the projected edifice. God had selected for this work Margaret Guillot, whom the Father had met in Lyons for the first time twelve years before, and in whom he had at once discovered the foundress marked out by the Lord. Henceforth he displayed all his zeal in directing this chosen soul in the ways of sanctity by the most perfect abnegation and unreserved devotedness to God, encouraging her in the continual trials and sufferings which served as a preparation for her mission. Through obedience, she accepted from him the direction of the Third Order of Mary, wherein she found, without suspecting it, an efficacious formation in the art of guiding souls. By degrees, while the Father was being more and more enlightened

about the Eucharistic vocation, he acquainted her with his designs, imparting to her his own devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and drawing her after him in this work of love. Then he invited her to come and share his joys and sorrows in the Eucharistic vocation. Secular duties had so far detained her in the world ; but now she was to be left free to consecrate herself entirely to her God in the Blessed Sacrament, and the Father exhorted her to be faithful to her vocation. While in search of a location for his new Cænaculum he looked at the same time for a house near it where the Sisters could reside, and his desires were realized. The Fathers occupied the house No. 68 in the *faubourg St. Jacques*, and No. 66 was purchased for the Sisters. "The preparation of your little Cænaculum is progressing," he wrote to her ; "in two weeks everything will be neat and ready to receive you. When I think of this I am quite surprised, and especially I cannot help seeing there the finger of God. You will see that God has loved you much in calling you to this noble vocation."

He encouraged her to a life of sacrifice, not concealing from her the trials which she had to encounter in this new foundation.

"Be strong, like Jesus going to meet His Cross, like Abraham leading Isaac, like your blessed Mother. Your sufferings and the sorrows of your heart are priceless flowers that grow on the soil of Calvary, made fertile by love. The day will come when you will gather them with joy. Yes, my good daughter, the Good Master wants you in His service, and for this reason His providence has managed everything to set you free."

And a little later :

"Truly, then, a decisive moment is approaching, a solemn hour of sacrifice, agony and death, then life, the Eucharistic life. You are coming with us to share our grace, our life, our happiness, and also our crosses : for wherever Jesus dwells, there also is always to be found His good and amiable cross. It is the traveling staff of a Christian, his sword for the battle, his sceptre and his crown. Oh ! yes, to love God is to suffer for Him, to love Him with a great love is to wish for great sufferings, to love Him perfectly is to die for Him. Well, we shall

journey together following our divine Master. We shall help each other to carry our little crosses, to love and serve Our Lord as He deserves."

Finally, some days after, he gave the signal for departure. The Master was waiting for her on His throne.

"Come! Come! offer up this great sacrifice which is offered only once in life, of land, house, field, brothers and sisters. And then what peace and happiness after having given up everything!"

Before leaving Lyons, Miss Guillot and one of her sisters, who wished to follow her in her Eucharistic vocation, went to pay a farewell visit to the saintly Curé of Ars, who for a long time had been their spiritual director.

The Curé of Ars knew Father Eymard. He used to call him "his saint." He had approved and blessed the foundation of the Society, and promised to pray for it every day.

"Adoration by the priests!" said he, "oh! how beautiful! Ah! for the priests!" and he wept. "Ah! the noble work! Ah! what a happiness! It will succeed, it will stand, yes, yes. How could it be that it would not succeed? Why! it is He." And he added: "Father Eymard is a saint. People in the world oppose his work, they do not understand it. This work will give a great amount of glory to God."

The saintly Curé welcomed with no less enthusiasm the foundation of the Servants of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

"Yes, my daughters," said he to the two sisters, "go obey *my saint*. This work was wanting in the Church. It is a work blessed and desired by God. You will meet, it is true, with many trials, but have confidence. You will triumph. Go, do not even take time to get your baggage ready; be in Paris on the day and hour marked out by the Father. Tell good Father Eymard all that true friends tell each other when they meet, and that we shall be together in Heaven."

Courage! Have a little patience, writes P. Eymard about the same time, soon the Bridegroom will call you to the wedding." And appealing to her generosity and spirit of sacrifice, he added: "Have courage and

confidence, you are earning your dowry ; it is bright and rich, just as I desire it for you. I understand what a Calvary is yours. Poor daughter ! You have to win your alliance and title of nobility ! Suffering is the blood of divine love. It is the agony and death of this wretched nature of ours."

He called her attention to Our Lord promising the Holy Eucharist and meeting even among His Disciples, with nothing but unwillingness and scandal. " But," said he, " I am confident that you feel within you an invincible force to persevere faithfully in your resolution." Another person asking to come and try the Eucharistic vocation, he answered : " If she is fond of the external show of a religious costume, if she expects to find here a community fully equipped with complete regulations, she must wait, for we are as yet doing nothing but laying the foundation of ours. Yet one thing is settled ; it is our end, our rule ; it is, in a word, the Divine Eucharist. In that there is nothing new to be invented, created, perfected ; there is nothing to do but to adore, love and serve."

At last the new Cænaculum is ready. Our Lord took possession of it on Easter Sunday. So often had the Father repeated to Him during the whole year the words of St. Peter and St. Paul : " Where wilt Thou that we prepare for Thee to eat the Pasch ? " And it was during the solemnity of the Resurrection that Jesus commenced to eat the Pasch with His Disciples in this new Cænaculum, where he was to be so prodigal of His graces that the Father would call it the Chapel of Miracles.

" Here you are finally in our own house," wrote Father Eymard, " or, rather, in the house of Our Lord, for the servants dwell in the house of their Master."

" Do not fail to thank Him, for you were like the Hebrews in the wilderness.... We are eight in number at present. Everything is going on well.... What suffering could seem excessive to establish the Eucharistic reign of Jesus ! "



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The Legend of the last Host.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

*When earth's last dreadful day hath come,
And all the world to ruin falls—
Our Hidden God shall quit His home
Within the Tabernacle's walls;*

*For, when the last sweet Mass in read,
The consecrated Host shall rise;
And, borne by angels' hands, 'tis said,
Shall seek Its home in Paradise.*

*Where shall It there a refuge find,
A tabernacle, pure and blest?
Where shall It evermore be shrined,
If not in Mother Mary's breast?*

*In her unspotted heart alone,
Shall earth's last Host, secure, abide;
That crystal vase shall Jesus own
As His fair Pyx, love-glorified!*

*And, gazing on Him, all the Blest
Shall praise, shall thank Him, and
The shining Host in Mary's breast
Their joy shall be for evermore.* [adore.

*In that pure ostensorium,
They shall behold, at last, fulfill'd:
"Nobis post hoc exilium
Ostende"; yea, with rapture th'ill'd.*

*They shall exclaim: "O Virgin Queen!
Thou showest us in this sweet shrine,
Our heart's desire, our hope terrene—
Jesus, thy womb's blest fruit divine!"*





Bis Lordship Mgr. J. A. Archambeault.

IN the twenty-fourth of August, Mgr. Joseph Alfred Archambeault was consecrated Bishop of the new diocese of Joliette, amidst an immense assemblage of Bishops, priests and laity. The event so long expected, so eagerly looked forward to, caused universal joy, while at the same time it would be difficult to imagine a promotion more enthusiastically received.

No one could be more perfectly gifted for this great dignity; no one could have been better prepared by the very nature of his various occupations; by his persevering study of all the specialities of ecclesiastical science, by his earnest deep spirituality to take upon his shoulders the glorious but at the same time heavy burden of founding a new diocese.

Our Holy Father was divinely inspired in his choice of the first bishop of Joliette, who is eminently adapted for the position, the chosen of God possessing the necessary qualifications for the initiation of this new see.

The *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament* in union with the entire country warmly welcomes this episcopate, seeing in it, clearly assured beforehand, the good of souls and the glory of Jesus in the Eucharist; and as a special faithful interpreter of the sentiments of its numerous readers the *Sentinel*, in their name, respectfully offers to the first Bishop of Joliette, the assurance of their most profound veneration and their most ardent wishes, which they will unceasingly form, for his happiness and the complete success of a reign inaugurated with such universal joy and sympathy.

Ad multos annos.



HIS LORDSHIP MGR. J. A. ARCHAMBEAULT,
THE NEW-CONSACRATED BISHOP OF JOLIETTE.



THE GOOD GOD ABOARD.



NE Sunday in October as the excursion train from Paris was discharging its living freight of pleasure-seekers, I was sauntering on the pier amusing myself by watching them and listening to the more or less senseless remarks of those city people, when a storm which had been threatening since early morning burst forth in all its intensity. The already strong wind against which the women vainly tried to protect their skirts and the men their white hats grew into a perfect hurricane. The sea was white with seething, foamy billows, while the waves, swelling to an enormous size, dashed themselves against the dock, drenching the promenaders, who nevertheless, remained there fascinated by the majestic beauty of the angry sea, laughing and screaming every time the salt spray overstepped its domain to intrude on theirs.

But soon every emotion of pleasure gave place to fear. The weather had changed so suddenly as it does too often on our mountains, while no semaphore signal had announced the change in time to prevent several boats from going out to sea, not, however to cast their nets or their lines. Fishermen generally observe the quiet of the Sabbath, but merely for pleasure. Those Parisian excursionists with their love of adventure could not forego even that of testing the maritime sensation of sea-sickness; the storm king satisfied them so completely that to reach dry land once more was now their eager desire, but the strong wind and the violent agitation of the waters rendered their entrance into port very difficult, and even dangerous. It was a sight to make the bravest heart

quake to watch these boats roughly tossed to and fro, now raising their bowsprit towards the leaden sky, then plunging downward until the keel almost touched bottom, finally reappearing without sails with only a part of the jibboom left to protect them against the violence of the wind. Besides, they were overloaded with frightened and drenched passengers, the greater number of whom were sea-sick. The pier was crowded by anxious spectators eagerly watching every move of the struggling boats, whose pent up emotion burst forth in rousing cheers as boat after boat successfully accomplished the landing, owing to the skill and bravery of the pilot all, except one, the last of the little flotilla. The sea must have used it more roughly than the others as its broken jibboom was twisted like a rag, while four sturdy sailors plying the oars with all their might slowly brought this cargo of distressed Parisians into the right track, where it was in its turn about to land safely when a tremendous wave caught it sidewise, lifted it with irresistible force and ran doubtless to wreck itself and it enveloped in foam against the pier-wall. The spectators hid their eyes, thinking the little boat would be dashed to pieces, but when the spray fell, a long sigh of relief, like a mighty thanksgiving arose, for by a lucky stroke of the helm combined with the presence of mind of the starboard men whose broken oars had helped to ward off the shock, the catastrophe had been averted and the Jeanne-Marie, as it was called, stood erect and unharmed...

The emotion of the crowd quickly subsided when the boat was securely anchored, and the pier constantly washed by the sea was no longer a comfortable promenade ; so, the pleasure-seekers with one accord retraced their steps homeward and, judging from the conversation I overheard, the danger of the Jeanne-Marie and her crew was already forgotten by those fickle Parisians.

I turned my attention to two of the village matrons, the noise of whose wooden sabots had attracted me and I heard the elder say : " You see, my child, I was not afraid, no harm could come to Cauvin or the Jeanne-Marie, at least this year." I learned afterwards Cauvin was her husband and the owner of the Jeanne-Marie.

"You remember... that boat had had the good God aboard."

"The good God aboard." That sentence excited my curiosity, and raising my hat I asked the woman what she meant. My question, though perfectly polite, must have displeased her, for after staring at me a moment she answered abruptly. "If I told you, you would only ridicule me... You are sceptics, you gentlemen of Paris." Then she hurriedly drew her companion away and left me. Puzzled by her strange conduct, I continued my walk and ascended the steps leading to the church, a delicious flower of Gothic art, half-hidden by a cliff where I met the vicar returning from vespers, and him I asked to explain the old woman's words. "The good God aboard, he replied," is an ancient and pious custom of this place in which it is decided by lot which ship shall be honored by the repository on *Corpus Christi*. In the chosen one, at the foot of the main-mast, a temporary altar is erected, resplendant with lights and flowers. It is a beautiful sight, I assure you when the procession wends its way along the harbour and the Pastor enters the privileged ship blessing with the Ostensorium those brave mariners, kneeling with uncovered head, and surrounded by their wives and families. The *Tantum Ergo* is intoned and taken up by the choir, which, thanks to my confrère who is a musician, is well trained, while some of the young girls among the children of Mary have beautiful voices, to which the glad feast seems to lend even more sweetness and clearness. Oh! all those heads bowed under the Eucharistic King's blessing, that sublime hymn sweetly, triumphantly rising to heaven, that atmosphere of simple faith... It is truly an exquisite moment of Christian emotion... Needless to tell you that our navy consider it a very great honor to receive the visit of the Blessed Sacrament. From this custom no doubt originated the woman's idea that the boat which had had the good God aboard was exempt from the sea's danger for that year at least."

"It is a very poetic custom," I replied. "What a pity Chateaubriand did not know of its existence, had he done so, he would have written one more charming page in his *Genius of Christianity*. That the Jeanne-Marie

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was not wrecked is miraculous, I admit ; still " questioned I laughingly, " must we trust this belief when the semaphore hoists its warning signal."

" Dont say any more, I beg of you, interposed the young priest. I know you are not, as said the peasant, one of those Parisian sceptics ; but if the superstition of those villagers surprises you somewhat, you must at least admit it is perfectly innocent and cannot offend the God whose mysterious designs unlooses and calms the tempest... " Would they not be happier," said he, sadly pointing to the crowd of Parisians whom from this elevated spot we could see walking beneath, " would they not be happier, all those unbelievers, if they had like my humble parishioners preserved divine hope ? I pray with all my heart that my people, at least, may never lose it, even if their piety does remain slightly childish. For Jesus Christ, whose humble minister I am, is truly the God of Sailors ; He who walked on the lake of Tiberias, He who appeased with a word those angry waters, He who raised up miraculous fish, He who chose fishermen as his first ministers to spread throughout the world His law of love and consolation." He grew excited and was continuing when, touched by his religious enthusiasm, I already reproached myself for my thoughtless sarcasm. Gently touching his arm I said, " Pardon me, Father. You know it is hard to completely forget a long life of scepticism, but I admit, you are right, faith alone can save us. I ask that precious gift from God earnestly and incessantly. Yes, I believe, I wish to believe, and I shall be content only when I believe with the confidence and simplicity of heart of your mariners... And rest assured I will attain it. Because you know," I concluded, striking my heart, *the good God is aboard.*

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No tongue can express the greatness of the love which Jesus Christ bears to our souls. Hence that His absence from us might not be an occasion of forgetting Him, before His departure from the world He left us, as a memorial of love, this Most Holy Sacrament in which He Himself has remained.

*St. Peter of Alcantara.*



### THANKSGIVINGS.

*Brownsville* : — Heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Host for recovery after the doctors had failed to cure me.

*Granby* : — Mrs. N. B. wishes to give public thanks to the Blessed Sacrament for a favor granted after promising a life-subscription (\$10.00) to the "Messenger of the Blessed Sacrament."

*Manchester* : — A promoter gives thanks to the Blessed Sacrament for important favors granted.

*Ottawa* : — Mr. Baresse sends a subscription to the "Sentinel" for employment secured recently.

*St John* : — A lady having given a subscription to the "Sentinel" and made a novena to the Blessed Sacrament was cured of an illness.

*St Sébastien* : — I return thanks to the Blessed Sacrament and subscribe to the "Sentinel" for having received news from my father away since four years, Mrs. J. M.

*Waltham* : — I acknowledge with gratitude a favor obtained after a novena to the Blessed Sacrament, Mr. J. C.

### OUR BELOVED DECEASED.

Mr. N. Brault; M. J. Dunn; Mr. J. Racine, Bristol, Conn. — Mr. St-Onge, Fall-River. — Miss Lydia Harvey, Jonquières. — Mrs. Zoé Bedeau, Magog. — Mr. Jean-Baptiste Thibault, his father and little brother who died in the shipwreck of the "Canada" as he was coming to consecrate himself to the Blessed Sacrament in our Community. — Miss Zoé Richard, Portneuf. — Mr. Louis Côté, Quebec. — Mr. Arsène Desrosiers; Miss Vincent Cyr; Mr. F. Chapdeleine, Richford. — Mr. Ovila Langlois; Mr. Joseph Racille; Mr. Gagnon, Woonsocket. — Mr. Théophile Coderre Waterbury, Conn. — Mr. N. Paradis, St. Sébastien d'Aylmer. — Mrs. Etta Hannan; Mr. McLaird, Collinsville, Conn. — Mrs. Annie Waldron, Toronto.

R. H. P.

## PETITIONS.

- Biddeford* : — I subscribe to the " Messenger " to obtain the recovery of my health.
- Beauharnois* : — Please, pray that I may obtain continual employment, Miss A. L. — That I may be cured of a dangerous illness.—For the conversion of two persons, A. C.
- Berlin, N.H.* : — A man addicted to drink requests prayers.—The cure of a poor mother.—A family in danger of losing the faith.
- Central-Falls* : — Mrs. Olive Paris subscribes to the " Messenger " to obtain special favors.—Families in poor circumstances.—The grace of perseverance for a convert.
- Providence* : Miss A. Kruger asks the restoration of her mother's health and requests personal favors.—That my child may reform and be saved from harm and accident, P. C.
- Holyoke* : — The restoration of my health, Mr. B.
- St-Hyacinthe* : — Miss D. R., sick for the last 15 years, requests better health through the intercession of Père Eymard.
- Pembroke* : — I subscribe to your publication and promise a life-subscription if I receive news from my husband, Mrs W. G.
- Lebanon, N.H.* : — The cure of a sickness, A. X.
- Lewiston, Maine* : — I promise two years' subscription if my husband becomes well enough to be able to work, Mrs. C.—I will send many new subscriptions if I recover from illness, Mrs. E. T.—A young girl promises a life-long subscription to obtain a temporal favor.—Many conversions.—Success for a student.—A young person threatened with blindness.
- Rochester* : — A family in danger of losing the faith. — Several men given to drink.
- Montreal* : — A sick lady.—A religious for perseverance.—Success for many young men.
- Bromptonville* : — Two young girls send a subscription to the " Messenger " to secure a good position.—A person in ill health.—A man addicted to drink.
- Seymour, Conn.* : — I request your prayers for my husband seriously wounded last month, Mrs. C. Racicot.—A reconciliation.—That my husband may stop drinking and be good Catholic, Mrs B.—That my brother may be successful in an examination, Miss A. B.



The Mass for the subscribers' benefit will be celebrated Thursday October 20th at 6 o'clock, in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.



To serve, the Eucharistic God is to reign! Love carries with it its recompense.—He is sufficiently happy who loves Jesus and who is loved by Him.  
*Père Eymard.*

*The word, within the Host,  
Gives me the pledge of peace;  
The promise well assured,  
Of joys that never cease.*

Mary served Jesus with the purest, the most devoted, the most disinterested love, loving and serving Jesus only for Himself. Thus ought we to serve Jesus, our Master.  
*Père Eymard.*

I find that the spread of daily adoration is the best adapted means to the end of winning victories in the actual struggles, and awakening languid faith in the hearts of the faithful.

*Mgr. Richard.*

*The fleeing hart, by hunter's prest,  
Thirsts for the lake, the brook, the spring;  
So yearns my soul, so pants my breast,  
For Thee, O living God, my King:  
Come and abide with me.*

Oh, what a gift! What can be said of the Eucharist. We adore, we possess, we live, we love; the soul, speechless, loses itself in an abyss of happiness.  
*E. de Guérin.*

*Apart from the surging thousands who throng the city street,  
From the noise and glare and tumult and the tramping many feet;  
I seek Thee, my heart's own Treasure, upon Thine altar-throne,  
For here would I lay my burden and speak with Thee—alone.*

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