

Vol. VII. — September 1904 — No 9.

• The Sentinel •
of the
Blessed Sacrament.

490, Mt-Royal Av.
Montreal.

Subscription : 50 c. a year.

CONTENTS.

The Red Light, (*Poem*), ANNA TURNER.— Particular Practice for the Month of September: Respect for the Priesthood.— Come unto me, (*Poem*), MARY AKINS.— The Oak-tree and the Heretic of Orleans.— Jesus in the Tabernacle: Our hidden God.— The Lake of the Bl. Sacrament.— The next Eucharistic Congress.— Subject of Adoration: The Lord's Prayer.— An Apostle of the Eucharist: Rev. Peter Julian Eymard.— Perpetual Adoration.— To our Readers.— The Ciborium borne on the Waters.— Ven. Jean Baptiste Marie Vianney, curé of Ars.— Pen Picture of a Priest.— Daily Helps for Daily Needs.

OUR PREMIUMS.

Our subscribers will, doubtless, be pleased to know that from this date until the 1st of October 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 Crosier Beads.

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

Four will be rewarded by two pair of Crosier 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.

The same premiums are also offered to all our readers renewing, during the present month, their subscription for another year.

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.

ce
ne
tic
he -
he -
n. a

源

m -
e -

r -

s -

ll

s

o

r -

i -



The Last Communion of Saint Jerome.

After a painting by Domenichino.



THE RED LIGHT.

*In the first gray dawn of a winter's day,
 To the Church I come, with quickening pace :
 Yet, though dark, the door all unfastened stands,
 For the time of Mass is drawing nigh.
 All the Church is black, and the windows dim,
 And the chill of night is there, around,
 And a deeper chill seems to strike, my heart,
 For I feel, with awe, I am alone.
 All alone ? Ah, no ! for a ruby light
 Right above the Altar-Throne I see,
 And I know that He, our own dear Lord Christ,
 In His Flesh and Blood, is there — for me.
 And the chill of night I have all forgot,
 And the dark and cold of winter's day ;
 All the thoughts of earth, and of earthly things,
 They have melted and are fled away.
 There is one sole thought, as I bend the knee,
 'Tis the same she had, who saw Him first,
 When from death He came and she worshipped Him,
 And she knew that all His words were true.
 In another tongue 'twas for her to speak ;
 In our own, to-day, I breathe the word,
 As I bow me low to the Host, and say,
 As she said in turning, " MASTER ! " — Lord.*

ANNA TURNER.



Particular Practice for the Month of September.

Respect for the Priesthood.



THE priesthood is the administrative body of the Church established to carry on the work of Christ; created to administer the Sacraments and spread the truth. Our Lord instituted the priesthood and the Sacraments for the people; consequently, no one has so much right to our respect, obedience and love as the ministers chosen by Jesus Christ to represent Him on earth. Souls devoted to the Blessed Sacrament have a still greater obligation to love and venerate the priesthood since the Eucharist is the principle and the object of their sacerdotal calling. How great is the priest of God! The Curé of Ars says, "a priest is a man who holds the place of God, a man invested with the power of God." "Go," commands Our Lord to the priest. "As my Father has sent me, I also send you. All power is given Me in heaven and on earth. Go, then, teach all nations, He who hears you hears Me, he who despises you despises Me."

When the priest forgives sin he does not say: "God forgives you; but, I absolve you." At the consecration he does not say: "this is the Body of the Lord, but, this is my Body." According to St. Bernard all has come to us through Mary, we can equally assert all comes to us through the priest. Yes, all happiness, all grace, all heavenly gifts.

If we had no priesthood, neither should we have Our Lord abiding in our midst. Who has enclosed Him there in that tabernacle? The priest. Who has received your

so
giv
pe
cle
Th
wh
pea
nu
pri
ang
the
gin
hur
can
E
only
we
fav
use
oper
gold
rer,
and
tribe
Lord
the
pries
Th
absol
self.
God
for t
into
go a
Churc
no lor
Far
by ba
priest,
Wh
where
nouris

soul at its entrance into life ? The priest. Who feeds it giving it the necessary vigor for life's pilgrimage ? The priest. Who will prepare it to appear before God, by cleansing it a last time with the Blood of Jesus Christ ? The priest, always the priest. If a soul dies through sin, who will resuscitate it, who will restore its purity and peace ? Again, the priest. Can we recall one of God's numerous benefits without associating therewith, the priest ? Go to confession to the Blessed Virgin or an angel : will they absolve you ? No. Will they give you the Body and Blood of Our Lord ? No, the Blessed Virgin, powerful as she is, cannot consecrate a Host. Two hundred angels could not absolve you, one humble priest can, saying, "go in peace, I forgive you."

How noble is the priest's dignity ! He himself will only understand it in heaven. If we could understand it, we should die not of fear but of love. All God's other favors would be worthless without the priest. Of what use would a house full of gold be if there was no one to open its door ? The priest has the key of the heavenly gold, it is he who opens its door, he who is God's treasurer, God's administrator. Without the priest the passion and death of Our Lord would be of no avail as the savage tribes fully prove. Of what use was it to them that Our Lord suffered and died ? Alas ! they cannot have part in the benefit of the Redemption as long as they have no priests to apply to them the merits of the precious Blood.

The priest is not ordained for himself : he does not absolve himself, nor administer the sacraments to himself. He is not for himself but for his fellow-men. After God the priest is all. Leave a parish without a priest for twenty years and the inhabitants will inevitably fall into idolatry. If the missionary Father and I were to go away, you would say : "what shall we do in this Church where Mass is no longer offered, where Our Lord no longer abides ? As well say our prayers at home."

Fanatics trying to eradicate religion begin by attacking, by banishing the priests, realizing that where there is no priest, there is no sacrifice, no true religion.

When the bell summons you to Church, if I asked you where you are going, you could answer. I am going to nourish my soul. If pointing to the tabernacle, I ques-

tioned : what is that little golden door ? you could as truthfully answer, it is my soul's provision-house. Who holds the key thereof, who makes the provisions, who prepares the banquet, who waits on table ? The priest. — And the food ? — It is the precious Body and the precious Blood of Our Lord... O my God ! my God ! How Thou hast loved us !...

Behold the power of the priest, changing bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ ! It is more than creating the world. It was remarked of St. Philomena how she obeyed the Curé of Ars. Well, indeed, she might, since God Himself obeys him.

Whenever you see a priest, you can say : it is he who has made me a child of God, he who has opened heaven for me by Baptism, he who has purified me from sin, he who gives food to my soul.

At the sight of a Church steeple you inquire, what does that Church contain ? The Body and Blood of Our Lord.—Why is He there ? Because a priest has celebrated Mass therein. The priest feels the same joy when he holds Jesus Christ in his hands as did the Apostles when the beloved Master appeared to them radiant and glorious after His triumphant Resurrection. We greatly value relics which have touched the sacred sanctuary of the Child Jesus and His Blessed Mother at Loretto. But the priest's fingers which have touched the adorable flesh of Jesus Christ, which have been immersed in the Chalice of His Blood, in the Ciborium wherein was His Body,— are they not far more sacred. The priesthood has been justly styled the love of the heart of Jesus. When you see a priest think of Our Lord whom he represents and act towards him as you would towards Our Lord.

These words of the venerable Curé of Ars, so full of faith show us with what respect and affection we should treat the priesthood in itself and in its ministers. During this month let us meditate on the sublimity, the grandeur, the divine power of the priest's mission, and let our conduct towards him be actuated by the sentiments of obedience and veneration which we owe to God whose place he holds and whom He immolates daily on our altars.





COME UNTO ME.

SOME time the day will come for thee, My dear one !
When naught will seem as precious as my grace ;
And e'en the fairest of all earthly beauty
A faint and dim reflection of My face.

For I am God ; the world is my footstool ;
Earth, sea and sky are balanced in My hand.
To me the ocean is a drop of water,
The highest mountain but a grain of sand.

The countless stars which shine o'er hill and valley
Are lights which ever twinkle at My feet ;
The sun whose warmth brings forth the golden harvest,
A feeble ray where life is more complete.

The grapes that are in sunny vineyards growing
Contains the wine My power shall change to Blood ;
My precious Blood, that from a God's heart flowing
Doth cleanse a world of sin in saving flood.

The wheat that bends beneath the gleaming sickle
Shall in another form yet plead for thee ;
When as a spotless Host, by priestly hands uplifted.
It is the Body of the Deity.

Oh ! come to me before the shades are falling
And earthly things are fading from thy sight ;
Draw near, while gentle mercy tempers justice ;
Come in life's morning, linger not till night.

Give me thy heart ! I wait upon the altar
My majesty is veiled ; have thou no dread ;
My nail-pierced hands, outstretched in loving welcome,
Will rest in benediction on thy head.

MARY AKINS.



THE OAK TREE and the Heretic of Orleans.



PIOUS tradition relates that during the flight into Egypt the trees of the forest bent low in mute expression of adoring love at the passage of the divine Child tenderly cradled in His Mother's arms. The following fact illustrates how the same marvel was repeated centuries afterwards to confirm the real presence of the same divine Child in the Blessed Eucharist:

Father Pacific of St. Gervais, a celebrated Capuchin preacher, whose eloquence worked several notable conversions, in the City of Orleans and whose reputation for learning and sanctity was widespread, was interviewed by a notorious heretic, one of the most enthusiastic members of his sect, who was eager to engage in religious controversy. Without delay he led the conversation to the discussion of the sacraments, especially the sacrament of the Eucharist. He denied that the person of Jesus Christ is really contained in this sacrament and obstinately maintained that these words "this is My Body" should not be taken in a literal sense, but in a mystical or allegorical one.

The monk endeavored by solid reasoning, by clear and convincing texts of Holy Scripture to convince him of the truth of the Eucharistic mystery, but the heretic

the
pro
sub
wit
so
tha

under
demon
" All
bend t
indicat
sible t
down i

though crushed under the testimony of such evident proofs and not able to refute them, yet tried a thousand subterfuges to escape, while loudly protesting that notwithstanding the subtily of the proofs, which were only so many snares to entrap him, he would never believe that the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ are contained



under the appearances of bread and wine unless such was demonstrated by evident facts. Thus he concluded : " All your clever reasoning cannot make this tall oak bend until its top touches the ground " (as he spoke he indicated an oak of unusual height) " nor is it more possible that words of yours can make Jesus Christ come down in the sacrament of the Eucharist." The Capuchin

courageously replied, " you then, wish for a miraculous proof. What would you think if at the priest's command you saw the tree act as you describe? Would you then believe that this same priest by the same power of God could cause the Redeemer to come down from heaven to enclose Himself under the sacramental species?" The question excited his opponent's anger, who seeing therein only an audacious mockery, fearlessly made all kinds of promises, swearing on oath that if such a phenomenon did occur, he would unquestioningly believe and acknowledge the truth of the Eucharistic mystery. At this assertion, the minister of Jesus Christ fell on his knees and with joined hands and eyes uplifted to heaven, besought the Divine Goodness to assist him for the honor and glory of His Sacrament and the conversion of souls. Then, rising up full of confidence, in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ he commanded the oak to prove the truth of the Eucharistic mystery by humbly bending its bushy top to the ground. " Such," added he, " is the will of God who by a still more wonderful prodigy humbles Himself unto enclosing His Body and Blood under the appearances of bread and wine, at the voice of an unworthy priest like myself." Oh, wonderful sight! As if this great old oak had had ears to hear the command, it immediately bent till it touched the ground and laid its head on the grass at the monk's feet. The heretic was dumbfounded, his incredulity completely vanquished by the marvellous fact, he made the sign of the Cross, while publicly avowing his belief in the Eucharistic mystery and abjuring his error by humbly submitting his intellect, until then stubborn as rock, to faith in the Real Presence of God in the Blessed Sacrament. His example was followed by a great number of his sectarians, who like him and with him recognized and adored the Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ under the sacred species.



The Mass for the subscribers' benefit will be celebrated Thursday September 15th at 6 o'clock, in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.

Ch
ma
sta
Mo
or
hea
alre
hun
our
first
arou
lone
is F
men
His
pass
solit
life,
you
see
repu
that
your
in gi
not s
to sa
humb
emba
a ten
fragil

Jesus in the Tabernacle Our hidden God.



WHEN we meditate earnestly on Jesus Christ, His birth, His life, His death, but, above all, His Divine Eucharist, we are struck with the force of the expression in the Canticle of Canticles : " I sleep and my heart watcheth." It explains to us Jesus Christ entirely. In the fulness of time the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. He was born in a poor stable ; behold Him an Infant asleep on the bosom of His Mother ! Scarcely a motion announces life, scarcely a sigh or a tear. I sleep, says the Infant, but fear not, My heart watches. His heart watches ; yes, truly ; for already what love in this little child ; what love in this humiliation ; what love in this Mother, who is to be ours ; what love in this crib, in this first sigh, in this first tear ! Already His heart which watches, has gathered around Him the rich and the poor, the great and the lonely. The voice of the angels, which calls the shepherds, is His heart that watches and says to them : " Peace to men of good will." The star that conducts the Magi is His heart, that watches and guides them. Jesus Christ passes thirty years of His life — a hidden life — in the solitude of Nazareth ; there you might believe that His life, thus hidden and obscure, is a slumber. I appear to you to sleep, does not Jesus Christ again say to us ; but see how my heart watches ; I know that obedience is repugnant to the independence of your nature ; I know that meekness and humility are opposed to the pride of your heart ; it is not too much for me to pass thirty years in giving you examples of these sublime virtues ; I do not sleep so profoundly, that My heart does not watch to say to you : " Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart." In His public life, Jesus one day embarked with His disciples on the Lake of Genesareth ; a tempest arose, the waves threatened to engulf the fragile vessel ; " But, " says the Evangelist, " He was

asleep". The terrified apostles surround Him and waken Him, crying : " Lord, save us we perish " ; and Jesus answers : " Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith " ? As if He had said : " I slept, it is true, but my heart was watching over you." Then He arose and rebuked the winds and the waves and there was a great calm.

When finally, the Saviour of the world, to accomplish the will of His Father and to finish the work of our redemption, is raised on the Cross of Calvary, does He not seem to say to us : " I sleep and my heart watches." But this death is a slumber, which reaches not My heart ; all My bones are dislocated, a lance opens My heart, and from this heart, thus opened, and always watching, gush forth for you two fruitful fountains of salvation — water and blood.—Baptism and the Eucharist. Ah, the Eucharist ! Let us draw near to the tabernacle ; let us contemplate Jesus Christ under the eucharistic veil. What annihilation ! What uninterrupted silence ! What profound slumber ! Be not deceived, He says once more to us. The more I annihilate myself, the more I love you ; the greater My silence, the more I listen to your voice ; the more I conceal Myself under these veils, the more I discover Myself to you ; the more I seem to sleep, the more I watch.

O men ! whosoever you may be ; how great soever may be your desolation and your misery, your anxieties or your pains, your infidelities and your faults, before the altar and in presence of the Eucharist be consoled, be calmed, be reassured. In the tabernacle Jesus Christ, the God-man, is hidden ; He sleeps that His lonely slumber may soothe the terror that His majesty would excite ; here the heart of Jesus watches, that this vigil may give you confidence. Weak, unhappy, sinful though you be fear not, in the Eucharist the heart of God watches. Here is your strength, your joy, your salvation. O my Jesus ! grant that I may never be wanting in that confidence, which Thou seekest in Thy faithful followers. O Heart of Jesus ! watch over me ; give me grace to love Thee more and more.

From the Meditations of Mgr. De La Bouillerie.

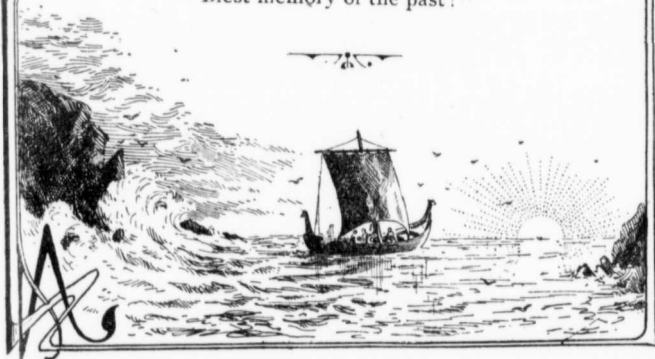
The Lake of the Blessed Sacrament.

Albert Danker has a poem in the *Boston Transcript* which recalls the fact that the beautiful sheet of water in New York State, now known as Lake George, had originally a title far more befitting and religious. Its native name was Horicon, but like so many places in this country discovered by Catholic missionaries a religious title was bestowed upon it, in this case by none other than Father Jogues, the martyred priest, its discoverer, who called it the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament. Mr. Danker's poem recounts the various battles which took place upon its waters, but concludes his poem with these stanzas:—

“ O silver lake, St. Sacrament,
Thy beauteous name was won
From lips of messengers of peace
And not from war and gun.

“ So though with clear and stirring voice
Thy sweeping waters told
Of savage hate and warring tribes,
And passions uncontrolled,

“ Yet still, yet still, sweet Horicon,
That earliest name shall last,
Thou sainted lake, St. Sacrament,
Blest memory of the past !”





The Next Eucharistic Congress

We are happy to inform our readers that the next Eucharistic Congress will be held in New York from the 27th day of September until the 29th inclusive.

The most Reverend J. M. Farley, D.D., Archbishop of New York has kindly invited the next Eucharistic Congress to his metropolitan city. With his consent the last week of September has been selected as a very appropriate time to hold it, and he has graciously consented to celebrate a Pontifical High Mass on Tuesday, September the 27th, at 11 a. m., for the opening of the Congress.

He has likewise been pleased to appoint the Very Reverend Michael J. Lavelle V. G., Rector of New York as the head of the Committee of Preparation for the event.

The Religious of the Blessed Sacrament, 185, East 76th Street, New York, will set to work immediately under his direction, to make up the Committees to whom the various sections of the Congress will be entrusted.

The Congress will be presided over by Mgr. Camillus Maes, Bishop of Covington, who will endeavor with commendable zeal to insure to the United States, a Congress notable in numbers and memorable in vast results. The great work accomplished by the last Congress held in St. Louis Mo. three years ago, leads us to hope that the present one will also greatly help to extend the Eucharistic reign.

We trust our readers and associates will make it a duty to pray for the success of this Convention, which



MGR C. P. MAES, BISHOP OF COVINGTON,
APPOINTED BY THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF
AS PRESIDENT OF THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

will unite so many earnest men in the interests of our Eucharistic Lord. Moreover we cannot too ardently desire for our American Continent the reign of this Sovereign, who offers in the Blessed Eucharist His Body and Blood, as the best preservative against the evils which have desolated so many European countries. Let us then lovingly repeat the wish of our Venerable Father Eymard : " Thy Eucharistic reign extend," or the prayer our Blessed Lord Himself said to His apostles : " With desire have I desired to eat this Pasch with you " He can as truthfully say to each one of us : " with desire, I greatly desired that my reign may be in you " glorious desire ! the fulfilment of which will be the pledge of numberless graces.



The Sessions of the Eucharistic Congress will be held in the Hall of the Cathedral College, on Madison Avenue, situated one block from the Cathedral.

The city of New York will be divided into three sections : the lower district of the city, the middle district and the upper one — each containing some twenty parishes.

The Most Reverend Archbishop has readily granted one hour's night adoration with benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and an instruction on the Holy Eucharist. By having such services the Catholic population of the whole city will be enabled to take part in the Eucharistic celebration during the Congress. Thursday night, September 29th, will be reserved to the Cathedral of New York for the closing celebration. A procession will be held of all the attending priests bearing lighted tapers and escorting the Veiled King of Glory in a last and most solemn act of Adoration and Triumph.

Should Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken join in the Congress two million Catholics would be stirred up to the very inmost recesses of their hearts. Theirs would be an act of faith in Jesus Christ, in the Sacrament of His love, which will set the most beautiful and strongest centre of Catholicity in the world ablaze with spiritual life and with zeal for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ upon earth.





SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An Hour of Adoration before the
Blessed Sacrament.



The Lord's Prayer.

I. — Adoration.

My God though Thou art my Father, Thou art also the Father of all mankind and for this reason when praying Thou dost wish me to address Thee in the name of all saying Our Father and not My Father. At first sight, it might seem that this vast idea of Thy universal paternity would in a certain sense limit Thy affection for each, but we know Thy power of loving is infinite and in consequence no one need fear the least diminution of Thy love under pretext of its being shared among a multitude of beings equally loved.

God is our common Father. If we are thoroughly penetrated with this fundamental truth, we shall necessarily draw the self-evident conclusion that we His children are and must be brothers. His sacred lips have asserted the truth: "You are all brothers, having a common Father who is in heaven." We are such because being God Thou didst abase Thyself to our level, to take our flesh, to become one of us, our eldest brother, deigning to call us Thy brothers. And that is why, according to St. Paul, Jesus Christ was not ashamed when addressing His Eternal Father to call humankind his brothers by saying: "I will announce Thy name to my brothers." This fraternity he reasserts the very day of His glorious Resurrection. "Go, said He to the holy women, and tell my brothers to go into Galilee, where they will see Me."

His triumph over death, His elevation to the highest heavens have not changed this relationship. From His Father's throne whereon He is seated in power and majesty, He maintains towards us now and forever the love and affection of a brother. "In truth I say unto you, what you do to the least of these My brothers, you do



unto Me." Thus He speaks to His elect. Whereas, to the reprobate, to those who were not charitable to the poor, He says, "In truth I say unto you, it was to Me you refused what you refused unto the least of these."

Our fraternity with Our Lord Jesus Christ is twofold founded on nature and on grace, on our human nature which He takes, and on His divine nature which He gives. Or as in the Eucharist Jesus though risen still retains our flesh, our blood, our human soul, so in the Eucharist He equally gives, entertains and develops unceasingly His divine life in us, it naturally follows that the Eucharist is by excellence the sacrament of fraternity, of our fraternity with the Son of God Himself, of our fraternity with our fellow-men; who have become children of God by Jesus and in Jesus. How is it possible, O Jesus, our heavenly Brother, not to love Thee with fraternal love! and how is it possible not to love with the same love all men, without exception, since Thou dost teach us that Thou art hidden under the form of each, as Thou art under the sacramental species.

II. — Thanksgiving.

"To become our brother," says St. Paul, "Jesus wished to resemble us in all things, sin excepted, in order to find in the trials and temptations of His own life the knowledge, the compassion and the power to help us in ours."

We have seen Him during His mortal life share our humble dwellings, our daily food, our many hardships, our laborious work. He has endured our weariness, He has suffered from hunger, thirst, heat and cold; in a word He felt and endured all the sufferings and sorrows to which humanity is prone. How true and tender seemed Thy kinship, dear Jesus, in those days; well might we envy them hadst Thou not given and left us the priceless legacy of Thy divine presence in the Eucharist by which Thou dost still abide with us, O Elder Brother, as loving and powerful as when Thou didst walk among men. Yes, we believe that Thou art there, on our altars, in Thy tabernacle to protect us, to help us, to speak to us of our Father and His paternal home awaiting us. And until then, Thou dost wish Thy house, which is the Church, to shelter us, that our table be



Thine, and that the same Blood nourish us. Incessant thanksgiving be to Thee, dearly loved Brother, for such an honor, for such an incomparable favor.

Moreover, on this divine Sacrament is founded and definitely established the loving Christian fraternity in virtue of which we should all call God, Our Father. Is not the Blessed Eucharist the sign and the secret of union, of our union with Thee, dear Jesus, only Son of the Father, and of our union with our fellow-men, adoptive children of the same Father? Was it not after having instituted the Eucharist that Thou didst proclaim the grand law of fraternal charity: "I give you a new commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you."

Was it not from this mystery of love that the saints drew their unselfish devotion to every good work? Was it not from the habitual contemplation of Thy divinity and humanity under the appearance of bread that they acquired such incredible facility in finding brothers, friends, other Christs hidden under the beggar's rags, under the wounds of the sick, and even under the traits of their most cruel enemies? If we had a little of their lively faith, we should be, like the first Christians, but one heart and one soul and life would be a foretaste of heaven; thanks to Thee, Lord Jesus, to whom be all honor and glory and praise.

III. — Reparation.

Because we are children of the best of Fathers, of our Father who is in heaven, we should love one another as brothers, but, unfortunately, such is not always the case; on the contrary, how frequently we violate the divine law of charity. Besides, where is the practical faith causing us to see our neighbor in the bosom of the Saviour, as says St. Francis of Sales. Where is the union of hearts, necessary proof of true charity? Union, how seriously we lack it nowadays! What discord, disunion and contention prevail; and how the very best, or those who should be such, dispute and disagree whether the question at issue be Religious, Patriotic or Social! And in consequence, what inexpressible misery and unhappiness in the world, what sterility in good works, what ruin already accomplished or in course of preparation. This disunion, this moral disorder is caused principally by




two things which we must deplore at the foot of the tabernacle. The first is that the greater number of Christians neglect to have recourse to the divine symbol of union, the link of charity, the Most Holy Eucharist; therefore, where outside this adorable center can their souls meet and be perfectly united?

Moreover, are we not transgressors in these great duties of charity called fraternal correction, forbearance, kind service and the edification of our neighbor? We shall, doubtless, find abundant matter for reparation when contrasting our conduct with that of the divine Model perpetually abiding on the altar, in the permanent act of sacrifice and love carried to the highest limit.

IV. — Prayer.

What practical conclusion must we draw from the meditation of Our dear Saviour's paternal and fraternal love. What must we do to show our appreciation thereof, if not to pray that the ardent desire of His Sacred Heart, "O my Father, that They may be one as we are one," be more and more realized. It was the prayer of the apostles and of the saints, let us make it ours also. By exercising charity, we shall become more closely united to Our Lord, while each act of kindness we perform gives us a fresh trait of resemblance to Our heavenly Father.

So we must be resolved to work by assiduous and fervent prayer at the foot of the Tabernacle, and especially by frequent and fervent Communion to imbibe as it were, the goodness of our adorable Brother Jesus. St. Francis of Sales says, "we shall become good by eating of goodness, as the Alpine hare becomes white by constantly eating snow." Ah, Christians! do we ever realize how good, kind and fraternal we should be, we who are so often fed with the food of love? The Venerable founder of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament was so filled with this divine charity that he was surnamed the good father. In speaking of a very charitable person we often hear the remark, "he is as good as good bread." May we become good as the good Bread of the Eucharist! Amen.



A
in in
H
of th
care
and
its c
appr
"
titud
moth
beco
us tr
"
macu
for t



An Apostle of the Eucharist,

Reverend Peter Julian Eymard.

~~~~~  
Approbation of the Congregation. Foundation of  
the Servants of the Blessed Sacrament.



~~~~~  
ÈRE Eymard's great ambition was to see the Society of the Most Holy Sacrament canonically adopted by the Church. In this approbation he placed its life, its future prosperity. "Anything attached to the vigorous root of Holy Church," said he, "has growth and stability, whereas any congregation or work outside its pale is more or less in imminent danger of failure."

His joy may be imagined when on the eighth of May of that same year the Sovereign Pontiff after having carefully examined through the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, the Constitutions of the Society, its object, its capabilities, the results already obtained, solemnly approved and confirmed it.

"Behold us," writes Père Eymard, "filled with gratitude and joy at our admission into the family of holy mother Church. The Pope is our first superior; we have become minors, while canonical approbation has taken us under its paternal guardianship."

"To be approved by Pius IX; the Pope of the Immaculate Conception! the Pope who has done so much for the Church! What a grace! What a happiness!"

And what an incentive for the Venerable Founder and his community !

The following years several new Churches were built and the membership increased so rapidly that before his



death Père Eymard could present to Our Lord, a militia formed by him composed of devoted members keeping incessant vigil around seven altars of Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

On his return from Rome, he wished to give independent existence to another religious family founded by

his
the
we
be
the
fie
Eu
an
Fa
ho
sel
oth
rul
tru
an
wil
ing
Lo
lik
par
cha
Its

A
sad
firs
Inf
com
cho
mis
the
tha
Jes
hap
staf
on

T
tute
of a
que
may
retu
for

him to continue before the Eucharistic King, the life of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple. Mgr. Angebault, whom the diocese of Angers still mourns, consented to become the father and guide of this new community of the Servants of the Blessed Sacrament. The name typifies the object of their vocation ; to serve the Blessed Eucharist through love by working for Its reign in prayer and immolation at the Master's feet. For them as for the Fathers of the Most Holy Sacrament the sole means of honoring Jesus in His sacrament of love is to annihilate self. Père Eymard did not think there could be any other way, and the spirit of the order contained in the rule composed by him and reiterated in numerous instructions is resumed in these few words : " Exalt. Jesus, annihilate self." The Society though recently founded will, we are sure, gradually increase, as the silent preaching of its service towards the adorable Person of Our Lord will powerfully attract noble, generous souls, who like Mary at the Master's feet, will choose the better part ; while contributing to reanimate faith in the Eucharistic mystery and in the necessity to devote self to Its service.

About this time in one of his sermons, Père Eymard sadly exclaimed : " Is it possible, O my God, that the first temple which sheltered the Blessed Sacrament is in Infidel hands ? This venerable sanctuary where Jesus consummated the excess of His love, where He bade His chosen disciples farewell and where He fulfilled His promise and sent the Holy Ghost, the spirit of truth, to teach them all things... Mahomet reigns there... Ah ! would that I might redeem the Temple to expose Our Lord Jesus Christ, Its lawful possessor therein !... When that happy day comes I shall gladly walk Europe barefoot, a staff in hand, begging alms to erect a sumptuous basilica on its site."

To expose the Blessed Sacrament where it was instituted, what a grand thought, what a sublime inspiration of a loving heart who doubts of nothing when there is question of glorifying the Lord ! Yes ! God grant we may see its dawn, the glorious day when the King will return to take possession of His own. Day of triumph for the Eucharist, day of joy for the universal Church ;

day of glad Alleluiah in heaven, where, we his children believe our venerable founder's soul, dilated by the sight of God, prays with unceasing desire for the advent of this memorable day.

Retreat at Rome. — Virtues of Père Eymard.

In 1865, important business recalled him to Rome where he remained several months. He was pleased and edified at the piety and faith evinced by the people towards the adorable Eucharist and the Blessed Virgin. During his sojourn in the city of the Blessed Sacrament, as he surnamed Rome, Our Lord inspired him to make a retreat to which he gave himself up entirely for a month. Alone with God, he rigorously questioned self, scrutinizing his most secret thoughts and motives, seeking what yet remained to be sacrificed in order to follow the counsel, be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect."

"I am not ambitious to become virtuous for myself," he said, "but my vocation exacts that I render myself skilful in my Master's service and agreeable and pleasing in His sight." With this end in view, he endeavoured during his retreat principally to acquire the qualities necessary in a good servant, and the virtues sympathetic to the Heart of Jesus.

First, modesty which is nothing else than proper bearing, or the etiquette of the royal service of the Eucharist. He possessed this virtue in a rare degree. It had become easy and natural to him as the result of patient struggles, of long combats with self. From this modesty resulted the habit of never directly facing his interlocutors, but always — yet without affectation or constraint — contriving that his gaze should rest upon some religious picture or sacred object. His presence invariably inspired respect and reserve; his sight recollection. In community when addressing his young novices, he often said to them, "become shy." This advice was given to me by the Chartreuse General when I was only eighteen years of age and it has been very useful to me since. Having been taken to task for not recognizing a dear friend on the street he replied with simplicity, "I did

not see him, I never look sufficiently to distinguish one pedestrian from another." To this modesty he joined the two principal virtues of the heart of Jesus humility and meekness; charming flowers growth of divine love and admired even by those lacking courage to practise them. His was an agreeable humility, always seeking to hide itself. Outwardly he accepted praise, but saying to his confrères: "when I am praised, I feel insulted, I think people are ridiculing me; yet, I prefer taking the flattery quietly than protesting, for many by their protestations of humility help to put a crown upon their own heads."

He clothed himself with kindness and meekness. It was the predominant trait of his physiognomy, the rule of his government. "Let others," said he, "be fathers, as for me, I only wish to act towards you as a mother."

Elsewhere he says, "to see the evil and wish to correct it immediately is the way of narrow minds. I prefer waiting until Our Lord makes the guilty person feel his infection, then only I admonish; otherwise, it is I that see the fault and not he that labors under it. Moreover, of what avail to precede grace? Shall I be more skilful than Our Lord? Shall I do what He has not yet done, or has not seen proper to do?"

Such was Père Eymard's lofty and noble character; such he was to us his children, invariably kind, gentle, humble, modest and forbearing; with a kindness without limits, a sweetness always equal, an amiable humility, an unaffected modesty. Such were the virtues of his life of death in Jesus Christ, such the perfumes with which he embalmed his sepulchre in the Eucharist.



A sufficient explanation of the absolute want of unction which characterizes all that the Reformation has produced is to be found in its denying the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, which is the centre of all Religion. Protestants have no Liturgical Prayer, inasmuch as the Liturgy is so essentially and intimately connected with the Eucharist. So true is this that wheresoever the dogma of the Real Presence has ceased to be believed, there also have the Canonical hours ceased, and could not but cease.

Dom Guéranger.



PERPETUAL ADORATION

THERE is much written, in various Catholic publications, on the inspiring subject of "Perpetual Adoration" and much is preached from pulpits the world over, on the same great topic. We read and we hear all these beautiful things but for very many among us they are but pictures of what we have come to consider as far away possibilities. Few are aware that here in the city of Montreal, in the vast and busy metropolis, where so much time is spent in the pursuit of purely material interests, and so little heed is given to the great, all-important work of salvation, here where pleasure usurps the time that is left from business, and where sin utilizes the time not consecrated to innocent enjoyment : here we have the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament practised in the most practical of all manners. Up on Mount Royal Avenue, near the northern confines of the city, where the Amherst street cars pass at every five minutes, and where thousands go by on their way to the Mountain, either to visit the cemeteries, or to seek fresh air, there is a magnificent church that belongs to the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament. Never are the doors of that church closed : never is that temple empty. Day and night, from year's end to year's end, the Blessed Sacrament is exposed on the High Altar, and perpetually is it adored. Throughout the long vigils of the night saintly men kneel there, relieving each other at regular intervals. Incessantly do prayers go up to the Saviour, in the Real Presence on the altar. When the city is hushed in slumber, and the weary toilers after earthly gain are snatching repose, when in the dark hours of the

long night, others are gliding down the incline that leads to death ; when good and bad are alike oblivious of the great fact we mention, these holy men are kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament and imploring the mercy of heaven upon all who are outraging God's goodness, are praying for graces of strength and perseverance for those who have but little leisure to devote to religious duties, are constantly intervening between man and God, shielding the former from the wrath of the latter and meriting for the world a protection that it would otherwise never deserve.



Throne of Perpetual Adoration,
490, Mount-Royal Avenue, Montreal

We know of no spot in all Montreal where there is such constant and effectual adoration. We may not be aware of it, but nevertheless it exists, and frequently, if we only knew it, our very preservation is due to that secret, silent, unceasing influence that is being exercised by the perpetual adorers before the Blessed Sacrament. In these long summer evenings, when the heat is suffocating and people seek the fields towards the mountain for repose and refreshment, it would be a happy thought of some, if they were to pass along Mount Royal Avenue on their way homeward and stop for one moment in the

fine Church of the Blessed Sacrament. Were it only for a moment the visit would be sufficient to impress them with the solemnity of the place and with the reality of that perpetual adoration that is going on beneath that splendid roof. Many of us, perhaps, owe our preservation from dangers to those very prayers.

(From "The True Witness.")

TO OUR READERS.

FOR the benefit of our many unknown friends we shall henceforth publish monthly in the SENTINEL all the prayer intentions transmitted to us by our readers. Persons sending in petitions to be prayed for would oblige us, if the requests are granted, to acknowledge the same by writing to us so that we may publish it in the list of "Thanksgiving." All are invited to make use of the pages of the SENTINEL to request prayers for their particular intentions. Twice every day, after Benediction, special prayers are offered in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament by the Religious of our Community and the faithful attending for the recommended intentions. We would deem it a personal favor if all our subscribers should unite with us in petitioning the Sacred Host to grant all the favors requested.

* * *

The Editor of the SENTINEL is forced to beg the kind indulgence of its readers for the many errors in the August number, resulting from an omission in the transmission of the printer's proofs.

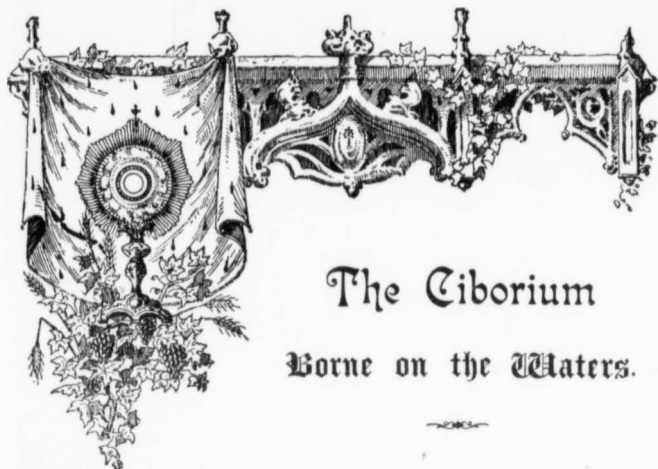
* * *

We are obliged to remind some of our readers that their subscription are due and has been so for some time. This, of course, is a cause of anxiety to us and hinders us in the progress of our work. We would therefore be very grateful to those who are thus in arrears would they remit the small subscription fee at their earliest opportunity.

* * *

We have a certain number of copies of the SENTINEL which shall be sent, free of charge, on request, to any of our subscribers wishing to circulate them among their friends and acquaintances.

See our beautiful premium-list for new subscriptions on the second page of the covering.



The Ciborium

Borne on the Waters.

IN a small Island in Ireland lived the Abbé Senan renowned for his great sanctity and as closely united to heaven as he was widely separated from worldly intercourse. In another part of the same country on the banks of the river Senyn was a small hermitage in which dwelt St. Brigit serving the Lord in solitude and tasting a thousand delights in her peaceful abode so far from the haunts of men. Nevertheless, one great sorrow with its ever present longing desire akin to pain marred her happiness, that of not being able to receive Holy Communion. To soothe this sorrow, to quiet its yearning, she employed her time in making a beautiful chasuble with the materials she had at hand, and which she intended for St. Senan whose dwelling place was known to her. But when the chasuble was finished, she was at a loss how to send it having neither boat nor carrier. In her dilemma she resolved to trust to divine Providence — and not in vain. God inspired her with an admirable way of attaining her end ; she conceived the idea of making a light cradle of small boughs, in which she carefully enclosed the sacred vestment accompanied by a letter beseeching the Saint to use the chasuble she had made for him and to send her in exchange, in the improvised boat, a consecrated Host, for said she : “ I burn with the desire for Communion.” She closed the deposit carefully, made the sign

of the Cross over it, fearlessly launched it whilst earnestly recommending it to the God who commands the winds and the waves. Wonderful sight ! This little boat of unusual shape, without pilot or rudder, slowly descended the river, meeting a projecting arm of the sea, quickly crossing it and landing on the shore near the oratory of the holy Abbé. Warned by a revelation from above he sent his deacon to the shore to search for the heavenly gift which he easily found and carried to his master, who after reading the letter, rejoiced greatly over his timely present and used it the following morning at Mass. Wishing to thank his benefactress, he felt interiorly moved to accede to her desire to send her a consecrated Host by the same way the chasuble had come. He then performed an action, which in those days of ardent and child-like faith, the canons of the Church had not prohibited and which the saints used at times by divine inspiration. St. Senan placed the consecrated Host in its Ciborium, which he carefully packed in the little boat, blessed it, recommended it to the care of divine Providence, then ordered the little craft to return to St. Briget. The little boat, piloted by divine guidance, sailed steadily along over the blue waters until it reached the island on which stood the saint's hermitage and there stopped. St. Briget who was anxiously watching for its arrival, ran to the shore to greet and welcome the treasure she so ardently desired. *Te-Deum* she sang with the Angels while her whole being was filled with unutterable joy as in transports of reverence and love she adored her hidden God who had come to her in such a miraculous manner.

Having satisfied her tender devotion in preparing for the heavenly repast, she took the sacred Host and with lively sentiments of faith, respect, humility and love carried it to her mouth to nourish her soul, to quench her thirst, to allay her ardent desire.

Thus, the Lord Jesus borne by the waters went to visit His well-beloved servant, to give Himself to her as food ; verifying the promise made by His prophet : " I Myself will seek my sheep, I will visit them, I will be their food."

the
Go
ma'
nity
F
of h
shir
will
C
in l
tho
don
can
hav
ceiv
ask
His
not
can
inve



Ven. Jean-Baptiste Marie Vianney
Cure of Ars.

Thoughts on Holy Communion.



WHEN God willed to give nourishment to our soul to sustain it in the pilgrimage of life, He looked over creation, and found nothing that was worthy of it. He then turned to Himself, and resolved to give Himself . . . O my soul, how great thou art, since nothing less than God can satisfy thee ! The Food of the soul is the Body and Blood of God ! Oh, admirable Food ! If we considered it, it would make us lose ourselves in that abyss of love for all eternity !

How happy are the pure souls that have the happiness of being united to our Lord by Communion ! They will shine like beautiful diamonds in heaven, because God will be seen in them.

Our Lord has said : " Whatever you shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you." We should never have thought of asking of God His own Son. But God has done what man could not have imagined. What man cannot express nor conceive, and what he never would have dared to desire, God in His love has said, has conceived, and has executed. Should we ever have dared to ask of God to put His Son to death for us, to give us His Flesh to eat and His Blood to drink ? If all this were not true, then man might have imagined things that God cannot do ; he would have gone farther than God in inventions of love ! That is impossible.

Without the Holy Eucharist there would be no happiness in this world ; life would be insupportable. When we receive Holy Communion, we receive our joy and our happiness.

The good God, wishing to give Himself to us in the Sacrament of His love, gave us a vast and great desire which He alone can satisfy. In the presence of this beautiful Sacrament, we are like a person dying of thirst by the side of a river—he would only need to bend his head ; . . . like a person still remaining poor close to a great treasure—he need only stretch out his hand.

He who communicates loses himself in God like a drop of water in the ocean. They can no more be separated.

At the Day of Judgment we shall see the Flesh of our Lord shine through the glorified body of those who have received Him worthily on earth, as we see gold shine in copper, or silver in lead.

When we have just communicated, if we were asked, " What are you carrying away to your home ? " we might answer, " I am carrying away heaven. " A saint said that we were Christ-bearers. It is very true ; but we have not enough faith. We do not comprehend our dignity. When we leave the holy banquet, we are as happy as the Wise Men would have been if they could have carried away the Infant Jesus.

Take a vessel full of liquor, and cork it well, you will keep the liquor as long as you please. So if you were to keep our Lord well and recollectedly, after Communion, you would long feel that devouring fire, which would inspire your heart with an inclination to good and a repugnance to evil.

When we have the good God in our heart, it ought to be very burning. The heart of the disciples of Emmaus burnt within them from merely listening to His voice.

When you have received our Lord you feel your soul purified because it bathes itself in the love of God. When we go to Holy Communion we feel something extraordinary, a comfort which pervades the whole body, and penetrates to the extremities. It is our Lord who communicates Himself to all the parts of our bodies, and makes them thrill. We are obliged to say like St. John. " It is the Lord ! "

T
age
wit
it ;
and
cra
wh
knc
and
pos
wh
and
at v
his
mac
him
—to
he l
the
and
com
has
wor
auth
and

Th
wher
ful cl

If
becau
God's
which

Pen Picture of a Priest.

THERE is in every parish a man who has no family, but who belongs to every family, a man who is called upon to act in the capacity of witness, counsel or agent in all the most important acts of civil life ; a man without whom no one can enter the world or go out of it ; who takes the child from the bosom of its mother and leaves it only at the tomb ; who blesses or consecrates the crib, the bed of death and the bier ; a man whom little children love and venerate, whom even unknown persons address as " Father," at the feet of whom and in whose keeping all classes of people come to deposit their secret thoughts, their most hidden sins ; a man who is the consoler and healer of all the miseries of soul and body, through whom the rich and poor are united ; at whose door they knock by turns, the one to deposit his secret alms, the other to receive it without being made to blush because of his need ; the man who, being himself of no social rank, belongs to all indiscriminately—to the inferior ranks of society by the unostentatious life he leads, and often by humble birth and parentage ; to the upper class by education, often by superior talents, and by the sublime sentiments his religion inspires and commands ; a man, in fine, who knows everything, who has a right to everything, from whose hallowed lips words of divine wisdom are received by all with the authority of an oracle and with entire submission of faith and judgment—this man is the priest.

Selected.



The reign of the Holy Eucharist is the reign of the Church : wherever the Eucharist is forgotten, the Church has but unfaithful children, and is about to lament over new ruins.

Père Eymard.

If I met an angel and a priest, I would salute the priest first because the angel is only God's friend whereas the priest holds God's place. St. Teresa in her great faith kissed the ground over which a priest had passed.

Vén. Curé of Ars.



Two tables are spread before man : one laden with tempting viands, but tainted with pollution that brings us into communion with hell ; the other offers us the Sacred Bread of Life that puts us in touch with God.
St. Cyril.

O Sacred Host we Thee implore
To bless our earth again ;
Assert Thy rights, call up Thy power
And o'er the nations reign.

While your soul remains in recollection, in the hushed calm of His Holy Presence, do not seek to disturb it. It is the sleep of the soul upon the breast of Jesus, and this grace, which strengthens and unites it to our Lord, will be more profitable than any other exercise.
Père Eymard.

The Catholic Church possesses the Eucharist, the most complete and perfect gift of God to man ; the Catholic Church produces virginity, the most complete and perfect gift of man to God. I think perfect truth must be where there is perfect love.
Harriet Shillette.

Many a shadow may enshroud the dreamer,
Many a cry may fall upon his ear,
But the sweet voice of his Divine Redeemer
Softly insistant he must always hear ;
And though his days be filled with strife and sadness
And though he sings but in a minor key,
Still there remains to touch his life with gladness
Ever the words of Christ : "*Come unto me.*"

A visit to the Blessed Sacrament is like a stile between the fields of toil where we can kneel and pray or sit and rest.

~~~~~  
Published with the Approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal.





**THE PRODIGAL SON.**

By F. Molitor.

S  
Is  
St  
CO  
I  
you  
N



= 20 =

**YEARS SUCCESS !**

Prevents Blindness and Restores Eyesight

By Perfect Adjustment of

Spectacles, Eyeglasses, Lenses,

Artificial Eyes, Etc.

MADE to ORDER "Up-to-date"

Sight Tested

**FREE**



Open Day and

Evenings

1st. Class Work, Quality and GUARANTEED for Marvelous SIGHT at a LONG and SHORT distance.

Duplicate and Repairs at low PRICE. Call and See.

Specialist ↗

**BEAUMIER**



PHYSICIAN

-- AND --

OPTICIAN

GRADUATE

AT U. S. A.

**1824 St. Catherine Street 1824**

CORNER CITY HALL AVENUE, MONTREAL, P. Q.

Terminal and M. St. Ry. Stop at the Door

NOTICE, this page worths 15c for every \$ dollar you buy Optical goods by showing this book

==== NOW LOOK OUT ====

**NO AGENT ON THE ROAD FOR US**

**American Optical Institute.**

**Father Eymard's Valuable Work**

ENTITLED

**Month of Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament**

With a Letter of Approbation from His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

**...Price, Cloth Bound, Gold Titles, 50 Cts...**

**Thoughts on the Institution of the  
Holy Eucharist**

By Rev. Father Tesniere, S.S.S.

**Translated by a Visitandine of Baltimore,**

**44 PAGES, 32MO, 3 CENTS.**

**Encyclical of Leo XIII, on the Holy Eucharist**

A pamphlet of 24 pages in 12mo, 5 cts per copy.  
\$3.00 per Hundred.

**WEEKLY COMMUNION**

BY REV. WM. J. KINSELLA, S. J.

16 Pages in 12mo, 4 cts per copy. \$2.00 per Hundred.

**Treatise on Confession and Communion**

BY REV. FATHER FRASSINETTI.

Translated by a Visitandine of Baltimore.  
86 Pages in 32mo, 5 cts per Copy.  
\$4.00 per Hundred.

Orders may be sent to the Fathers of the  
Blessed Sacrament.

**490, Mount-Royal Avenue, MONTREAL.**