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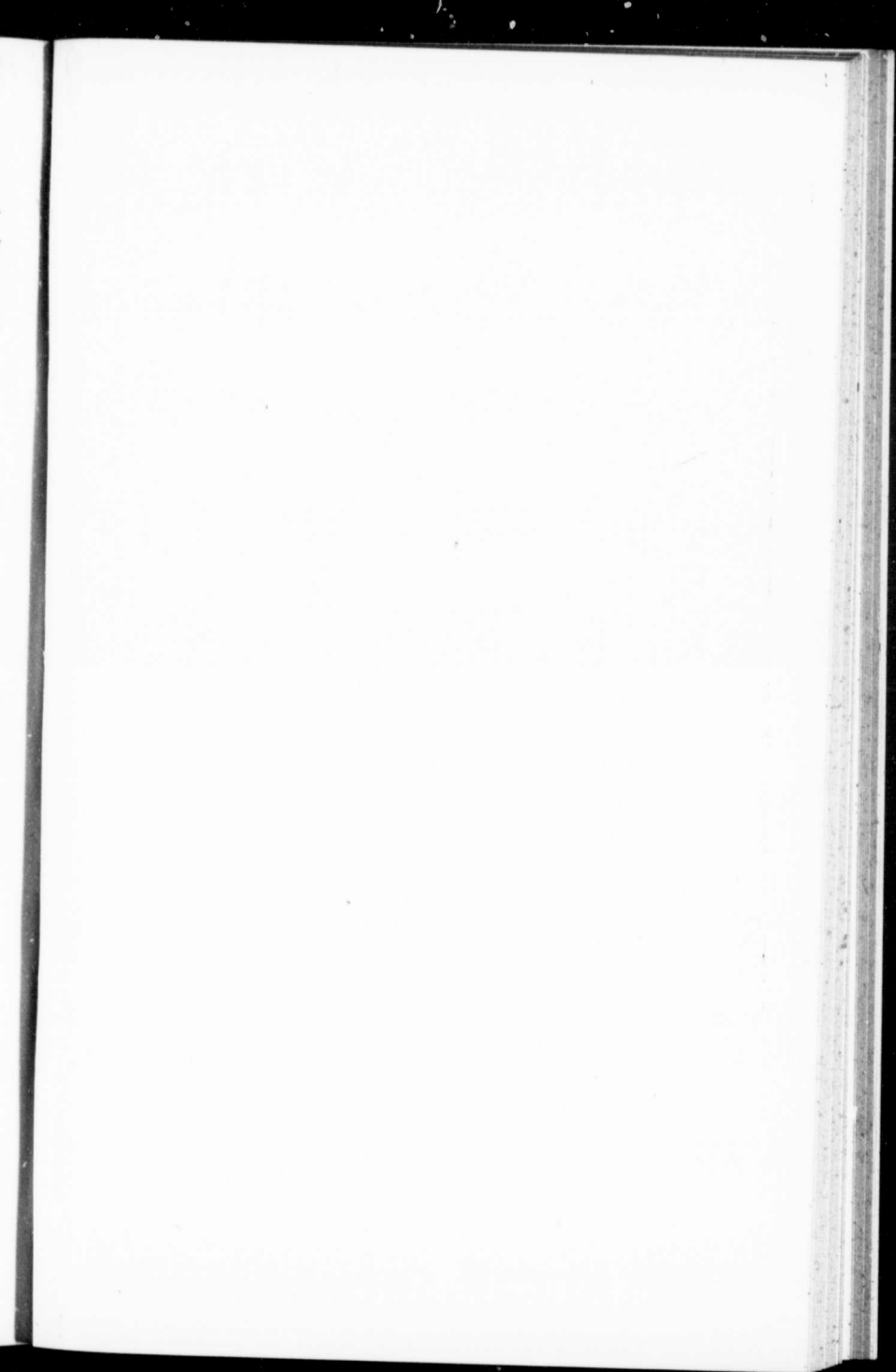
SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Offered to the Subscribers of The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament

1. They contribute by their offering to the maintenance of the Perpetual Exposition which is kept up, day and night, in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.
2. They are entitled to share in the benefits of one Mass celebrated *monthly* in this Sanctuary for their special intentions, and participate in all the prayers and good works of the Community of the most Blessed Sacrament.
3. They are entitled to share after their death in a solemn service celebrated every year during November in perpetuity, for all benefactors of the Congregation.
4. By enrolling themselves in the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Sacrament they may gain a large number of precious Indulgences.



The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament,
490, MOUNT-ROYAL AVE., MONTREAL.





THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

By F. Molitor,



The Watching Heart.

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*On our altars from the dawning  
To the setting of the sun,  
On our altars through the midnight  
Till another day's begun,  
Jesus waits to cheer His children,  
Calm and comfort to bestow.  
Bring your crosses, show your bruises,  
Here, where love and mercy flow.*

*On our altars through the week-days,  
While the workers toil at home,  
Jesus waits and longs for Sunday,  
Hoarding blessings till they come.  
Fathers, mothers, bring your children,  
Speed the grown ones, lead the small;  
Haste them onward, Jesus calls them—  
He has blessings for them all.*

*On our altars from our childhood  
Till the shoulders droop with years,  
Jesus waits, nor ever wearies,  
Lifting, helping, drying tears.  
When chill death at last broods o'er us,  
And the demons rage and foam,  
Jesus enters, calms the tempest,  
Leads the weary exile home.*

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Particular Practice for the Month of November.

Diligently procure Holy Viaticum for the Dying.



VIATICUM ! word replete with sad thoughts like a declining ray of sunlight, a lingering adieu. Word vividly recalling the remembrance of sad separations, when Father, Mother, or some loved one blessed us with a trembling hand, faintly whispering : do not grieve we shall meet again in heaven. Still another vision arises in which Viaticum, iike a consoling angel, hovers over a scene of anguish offering to all a pledge of endless reunion, accompanying the dying to open heaven for them, remaining with the bereaved to sustain them in their loneliness.

Viaticum, the Sacred Host that descends on the half-lifeless lips of the dying Christian is the true food of immortality which it is of the highest importance to receive in the last uncertain hours of life.

Viaticum, the echo of the Last Supper, faithfully repeated adown the centuries above the couch of human agony these words of supreme love : " Jesus having loved His own who were in the world loved them until the end. "

A person stricken with serious bodily illness undergoes a yet more dangerous struggle in his soul against three relentless enemies fighting for mastery : first, his suffering state combined with the proximity of death ; secondly, the future called eternity to which he can only attain by passing through the rigorous judgment of the Supreme

Judge ; that shrouded future of which we know nothing except that as the tree bends so shall it fall ; thirdly the guilty past with its sombre shadows, rising up with fearful exactitude while Satan with sinister cunning magnifies and exaggerates its sin and folly. Oppressed by these fears the soul suffers and enters into agony.

Who can render the agony bearable ? Who can give to the departing soul the germ of immortality ? Who can transform this hour of anguish, as, we have so often witnessed at a Christian death-bed into the evening of a beautiful day embalmed with vivifying perfumes ? Who can change the death-rattle into melody, the last sigh into a flame of love, the sad death itself into the setting below our horizon, of a sun that will rise to shine more brightly in another hemisphere ? Who ? Jesus in this blessed communion of Viaticum, Who comes to the dying to be his support, his strength, his guide in his journey from time to eternity.

The thought of your sinful past makes you afraid to meet your judge. But He who comes to you in Viaticum, your future judge, is the Lamb of God who washes away the sins of the world, who has washed away your sins in His Blood, who has paid a superabundant ransom for them even before their commission. This Host of Viaticum He gives you is the pledge of your plenary pardon, the kiss of peace on your repentant brow.

You fear Satan with his insinuations, his triumphant gestures, his open page whereon he tries to make you read the infernal lies traced by his deceitful and wicked hand. He is eternal falsehood, while Jesus is eternal truth and gives Himself to you assuring you that were your soul as red as scarlet it will become by the Blood He gives you to drink as white as snow. Despise the wiles of Satan and believe and trust in the pardon of Jesus signed by His adorable Viaticum.

Holy Viaticum is still more necessary and more powerful to combat the soul's second enemy-suffering. Apart from the remedies lessening the physical pain there is in man's power only a moral relief for suffering, namely, the strength to accept the evil and bear it patiently. Once the will bravely submits to the suffering it then loses its most cruel sting, and though our animal nature

may still rebel, the soul has found a secure refuge a stronghold where it reacts and resists. This victory won, you have given yourself more practical help than could the whole faculty of medicine combined. But to win this victory there must be a special grace from above, a supernatural strength, a light piercing and enlightning with divine clearness those clouds sickness has scattered over intellect and heart. What will confer this grace, this strength of patience, this divine light, this humble submission, this Christian resignation? Will it be the example of Christ crucified? The hope of eternal life? Yes, but still these are only exterior means consequently inadequate. It is interiorly, in the centre of his being, that the leaning point of the lever of strength which the sick person needs must be placed. How can this be accomplished but by the entrance of holy Viaticum into his soul? Then he is not alone to suffer. Then Jesus helps him, strengthens him and elevates his soul above itself murmuring in its secret depths these sacred words, "Father, Thy will be done." Little by little the petition rises to the patient's lips and animated by the desire to please the God of his heart, to resemble Him, he begins to find salutary charms in his sufferings and to esteem death a gain preferable to life.

St. Augustine's words relating to St. Laurence, the martyr, are applicable to christians who die nourished by Holy Viaticum for are they not as truly martyrs but in a different way as were those tortured by Cæsar's orders: "He lived in Christ and Christ lived in him. In this lingering death, in those endless torments, because he had eaten the Body of Christ and drunk His Blood, the strength of the sacred nourishment, the intoxication of the sacred breverage prevented him feeling his torments."

Viaticum is, moreover, a powerful shield against the uncertainty and apprehensions of the future, against the coming of Him who is to decide the happy eternity and give it to His elect. I even venture to assert that by coming to us in Viaticum, Jesus implies that He will be a kind and merciful judge. If it were otherwise would He thus come signing with His own hand our passport for heaven? Your judge: that tender Christ who un-

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tentatiously mounts the steps and quietly enters your humble home saying by his minister's lips : " May this Host of the Body of Christ guard your soul from the wicked enemy and conduct you to eternal life."

However severe His aspect after death may be, whatever fear you may entertain of His judgment, can you completely forget the sweet vision of Viaticum.

And He — will He not recognize the poor soul to whom He has just given Himself in a last pledge of love, a last assurance of salvation ; will He not see His Body still palpitating in his members, His Blood still warm on his lips eloquently pleading for grace and mercy ? Moreover, how can that soul lack confidence in a judge who gives Himself to him beforehand to be his security, his justification, even his liquidator.

Ah ! I implore of you in pity for your sick, you who love them and tend them with such unselfish care and devotedness, do not forget the sovereign remedy of Viaticum ; do not wait until the last moment, but see that they receive it as soon as the sickness becomes serious ; besides, it is never too soon to help them, those dear sufferers, whose martyrdom lacerates your own heart. In this critical time when the devil's rage is let loose, help the dying with the supreme help of Holy Viaticum, which while strengthening them in the earthly combat will open to them the dawn of a happy eternity.

Blessed are they who die in the embrace of the Lord Jesus received in Viaticum.

FAITH.

Lord, I believe ; help thou my unbelief.

My eyes are full of tears, I cannot see,

Sense fails, and flesh is weary of my grief,

Yet thou didst suffer, Jesus, more for me !

Day dawns ; and water from Thy side, my God,

Silvers the heaven before the rising sun ;

Day wanes : the clouds are tintured in Thy Blood,

Both in Thy Chalice mix, and are but one.

True sun that never sets shine on my soul.

Rock of the Desert, lave me in thy stream,

And, as the living waters o'er me roll,

Make me to know my unbelief a dream.

A Voice from Purgatory.

Have pity on me, have pity on me,
you at least who were my friends.
Job. xiv, 21.

O Sisters, O Brothers, O Friends! So long have we vainly waited for your coming, so frequently have we fruitlessly called you! We are tormented with suffering to which nothing can compare, yet you do not sympathize with us, we mourn, yet you do not console us.

Alas! Those whom we dearly loved on earth have abandoned us; while we weep in this darkness, no one commiserates us.

All is over, over forever! We are completely forgotten, not even a remembrance of us survives on earth!

Every where is forgetfulness: forgetfulness of our life, which no one recalls; forgetfulness of our name, which already is never mentioned; forgetfulness even of our grave, which no one ever visits; forgetfulness of our death, which no one mourns; forgetfulness on earth, forgetfulness every where!

Notwithstanding our sad farewells; our loving protestations, notwithstanding our promises so full of immortality, behold, nevertheless, where all terminates

De profundis!

among the living,—a universal forgetfulness of the dead. No one to pray for us, no one even to remember us!

No one? Ah! I am mistaken, there is on earth a heart that never forgets, a heart ready at every hour to come to the succor of its neglected dead: it is the heart of the Catholic Church, the heart of a mother.

This mother says to her disconsolate children in Purgatory, for you I daily offer to God, the Blood of Jesus Christ, which heavenly Messengers present to Him, and by its merits you will soon be delivered from your sufferings and put in possession of the object of your desires.

O Brothers, O Sisters, O Friends! Come, we implore you, and unite your prayers to that of the Church in the holy sacrifice of the Mass, that most efficacious of all prayers, for our relief, never failing to reach the heart of God.

St. Jerome is authority for the opinion that the souls in Purgatory suffer no pain while Mass is being offered for them, and that some souls are released after every Mass that is said in their behalf.

Miserere mei!

The Spirits' Mass.



IT was evening of the first of November. After the solemnities of the glad feast of All Saints, all hurried home to escape the premature coming of Winter. This unwelcome guest was quickly advancing as if to take part in the celebration of All Souls, and was announced by a bitter, cold wind at whose touch the yellow leaves, last vestige of Springtime, flew away affrighted. An unusual sadness seemed to hang over Nature, keenly sympathetic with the many who with tear-dimmed eyes and anguished heart were awaiting the morrow's commemoration.

All was sad this evening, but nothing more so than the ruined old abbey of Elsinghen, with its broken pillars, its deserted cloister, its neglected cemetery.

Within its walls, at no very ancient date, thousands of monks had chanted God's praises by day and by night, Mitered abbots had presided each morning at the beautiful and imposing religious ceremonies. To-day, only a pile of ruins and the belfry, whose shadow still rests upon the monk's old burying-ground, remain to tell the tale of its former greatness. The devout peasants of the neighbouring borough occasionally came to pray before the stone cross in the cemetery, while in the belfry, a silvery-toned bell, overlooked by the revolutionary plunderers, still rang out its summons for divine service, as the poor village church barely restored after these evil days possessed neither bell nor belfry.

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Maclou, the sacristan and bell-ringer of the Church, whose double position was more honorable than lucrative, had prepared the mourning mass vestments and the humble sanctuary for the commemoration of the dead employing all the art of his long experience, and all the zeal of his lively devotion towards the souls in Purgatory. He surrounded the empty catafalque with fresh candles,

then contemplated his work with an air of satisfaction and as it was night-fall he directed his steps to the belfry in the monk's cemetery to toll the bell, as is the custom in so many Catholic countries, in signal for united hearts and voices to supplicate for their beloved dead.



The old bell vibrated, repeating to the surrounding country its ancient message :

“ PRAY, PRAY FOR THE DEPARTED ! — ”

And in every household the appeal was answered by a fervent *De Profundis*.

This night, the borough was unusually quiet, no song or laughter struck the ear, for in almost every family the loneliness of the empty place made itself doubly felt. Night covered the abbey ruins with its sable mantle,

silence reigned supreme, while the triple covering of moss on the sepulchral stones deadened the sound of an old man's footsteps slowly walking there, those of the venerable pastor of the Church, living wreck escaped from the persecution. In the last days of the monastery's greatness, he had been among its novices ; to-day, he guarded its ruins. Had those ancient monks all the fervor of their vocation, I know not, but I know that this old priest, formerly one of their number, had certainly all the fervor of eternal youth, daily renewed at the altar. He was surnamed the saint, and it was whispered that, at times, his brow shone while he prayed.

At the first sound of the bell, he had recited the psalm, then following a mysterious attraction, despite the coldness of the night, he went and knelt in God's acre to pray for those who in life had been his brothers. He prostrated himself before the despoiled altar, thinking of the many masses offered on its broken stones ; he prayed for the dead monks buried under its flag-stones and completely forgotten to-day. Memory recalled the many pious foundations made there for the departed and the many prayers promised the suffering souls still unsaid. He implored the Lord in reward for the charity of the founders to open abundantly the sources of His merits and pour down on the departed the help those foundations promised in the days of the monastery's prosperity.

Meanwhile, night was advancing. Little by little, the lights had gone out, the hearths were deserted, sleep had closed all eyes ; but Maclou still kept ringing his mournful dirge.

An interior voice urged him on saying : " Ring, Maclou ring, the longer you ring the more prayers will be offered for the dead." The more he rang the more he felt like ringing, while a supernatural strength sustained him, making him forget his weakness.

Whom did he wish to awaken for prayer in this night of fear ?

He kept thinking of the dead ; the young and the old, the rich and the poor, whom he had helped to their last resting place, while the rhythmic cadence of the bell changed his thoughts into dreams. " My own turn shall

come," said he slowly. "I have passed the allotted three-score-and-ten. Lord, grant that I may be ready when my hour sounds."

His head fell heavily on his breast, his limbs sank under him, he slipped down on the cold pavement, letting go his hold on the bell-cord while the last echoes of the funeral knell expired in the mist.

At the foot of the altar, the priest, in a sort of radiant ecstasy fervently prayed, unheeding earthly sounds ; he had not noticed the lateness of the hour, nor the cessation of the bell's tolling.

The clock in the distance struck midnight announcing the dawn of all All Souls Day. At the last stroke, a mysterious gust of wind passed through the cemetery, like that which astonished the prophet Ezekiel. A strange noise came out from the silent graves. The dark field undulated like a corner of the sea excited by the tempest, the willows wept, the cypresses and yews held out visionary arms as if asking assistance. A rustle of winding-sheets was heard, indefinable shocks felt, and a spectre freed itself from its grave, then another and another, ten, a hundred, a thousand at once. They came from the cemetery, the cloister, the sanctuary stalls, clad as monks. Among the number were benefactors in their worldly garb, acolytes in white surplices.

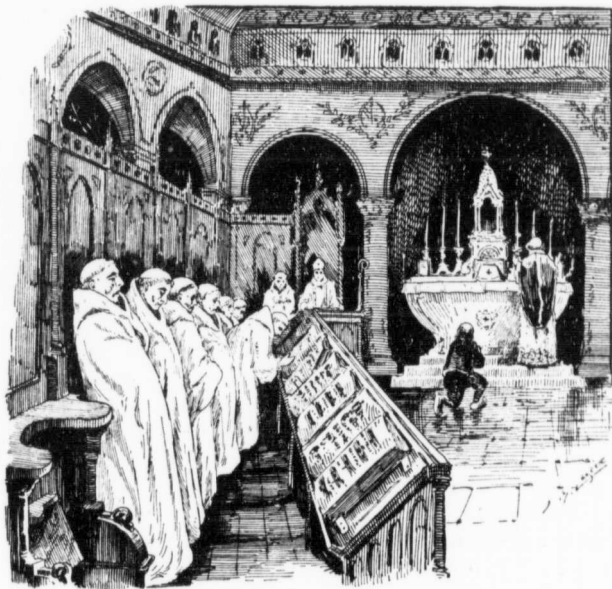
Little by little, they penetrated into the nave of the church, taking their places in the choir, in the sanctuary, near the broken pillars.

The old priest still prayed on while, wonderful to relate, this unearthly sight caused him no fear ; on the contrary, it seemed to inflame his charity the more. The saints live familiarly in the supernatural world, so he understood that under visible forms the souls of his former confrères implored suffrages from him the only living representative of their ruined monastery.

One of the spectres, who was mitred and held a crosier, advanced towards the priest saying in a tone of authority: "Living priest of the living God, in the name of Jesus Christ, take these vestments, this chalice and offer at the altar the holy sacrifice for the dead who surround you. The altar, as you see, is ready, the candles lit, the vestments prepared." A wave of happiness flooded that mul-

itude as the venerable monk, obedient as of old, robed himself and began at the foot of the altar : *Introibo ad altare Dei*. But there came no response from among that vast number, for the sacrifice of the living cannot be served by the dead.

Again and louder the priest repeated : *Introibo ad altare Dei*. Still the silence remained unbroken, while anxiety took possession of all, changing happiness into sorrow,



hope into fear ; the sacrifice granted them could not be offered.—

Meanwhile Maclou the bell-ringer slept, the quiet tread of the dead does not disturb the living. He had not heard the shuddering wind that accompanied the entrance of the dead monks, but when the priest repeated a third time and louder still : *Introibo ad altare Dei*, Maclou awoke. He saw the church filled, the priest alone at the altar and without questioning he understood his pastor was waiting for him and immediately came his response.

Ad Deum qui lætificat juventutem meam. Then, passing through the silent crowd he knelt at the altar to serve a Mass such as in the long years of his double function he had never seen before.

At the *Dies iræ*, voices of ineffable pathos sang unfamiliar strains, while the organ touched by an invisible hand gave out sad and mournful sounds to which the granite arches of the vault and the columns under the moulding vibrated in unison, like the chords of a sublime harp.

Deep silence reigned as the Sacred Host was upraised, then the chalice, and all bent low in adoration. Afterwards, smiles of heavenly peace lit up those faces and an angel appeared who marked each with the blood of the chalice.

Soon, the priest faced the congregation saying : “ *Requiescant in pace.* ”

“ *Amen !* ” responded Maclou and instantly the vision disappeared, the candles were extinguished, the altar laid bare and in the depths of the skies souls were seen rising like radiant stars, at the moment the celebrant finished the last gospel : “ *Et vidimus gloriam ejus — plenum gratiæ et veritatis.* ”

“ *Deo gratias !* ” answered the server. —

Of that vast multitude there remained but the Abbot who had commanded the living monk to offer the holy sacrifice ; he advanced majestically with his white mitre and black crosier, blessed the celebrant and turning towards Maclou said, “ My son, you have helped us by serving the mass wherein God’s mercy has condensed the graces and merits of all the functions suppressed by Satan’s malice ; the Lord allows us to reward you by taking you to heaven with us. ”

And with his right hand colder than ice he touched the faithful old sexton’s brow.

“ And me — will you not take me also ? ” asked the priest. “ No, you must remain yet awhile to open heaven to others who cannot follow us now ; you must remain yet awhile to increase the number of those who shall receive you up there. ”

The next morning the villagers, summoned by their

saintly pastor, came to seek the bell-ringer Maclou who had died while tolling the bell on all souls eve. The office of the dead was sung and under the catafalque he had so well prepared the previous day, his corpse alone reposed in peace, for his soul had followed the blessed spirits into everlasting life.



FREQUENT COMMUNION.



Saint Catherine of Sienna received Holy Communion every day and, like most of the Saints, believed and thought that after a sinner has carefully purified his conscience from all guilt of sin, he should not stay away from Holy Communion under the pretext that he was unworthy of the great favor.

She wrote a remarkable letter on that subject to one of the senators of the Republic of Florence, in which she says :

“ Do not act like so many imprudent persons who do not comply with the commandments of the Church, claiming that they are unworthy of receiving Jesus Christ in Holy Communion ; under that pretext they remain a long time in a state of mortal sin, unable to partake of the nourishment of the soul. — O fatal humility ! Who does not know that you are not worthy ? But why wait ? You will not be more worthy at the last hour than you are at the first. — We will never be just enough to be worthy ; but God is the one who is worthy and who makes us worthy by his own infinite worth which ever purifies and never ceases to do so.”

Her union with the Holy Sacrament of the altar was of every minute of the day ; so intimate and strong that the mere view of it satisfied her often, and frequently caused ecstasies. Many a time the Sacred Host rose from the paten or escaped the hand of the priest to rest on the tongue of the holy virgin whose soul was athirst after the Body and Blood of the God Man, the Spouse of virgin souls.



SUBJECT OF ADORATION

An Hour of Adoration before the
Blessed Sacrament.



Thy Kingdom Come.



I. — Adoration.

O my God I adore Thee as the King of Creation, the sovereign Master and Ruler of all things ; Him of whom the prophet said : “ The Lord measures the waters in the hollow of His hand, weighs the heavens with his extended arm and with three fingers He upholds the vastness of the earth and puts the hills in the balance.” All the nations are before Him but as a drop of water ; all the islands but as a little grain of sand. The sun of the firmament and its myriad stars lost in infinite space obey Thee as promptly as the speck of dust blown by the lightest wind. To this absolute, sovereign reign, I can add no wish, my Jesus, only admire in silent adoration.

Divine Saviour Jesus, Thou art the indisputable Master of all created beings though Thou dost not act with them as with inanimate nature, Thou dost respect their souls liberty so much that Thou wilt reign over them only in as much as they wish. O King of hearts, reign over all hearts. May Thy reign of grace and love conquer us all.

This sweet and blessed sway of Thy heart over all hearts, Thy will over all wills exists only in paradise Thy heavenly kingdom ; so for its earthly realization we should specially pray when saying : Thy Kingdom Come ! When shall I behold Thy beauty ; O Jesus ? When shall I contemplate the glory of Thy Kingdom ? When shall I be among the innumerable multitude of the elect seen by the well-beloved disciple, who prostrate before Thine immortal throne, unceasingly sings : “ He is worthy, the Lamb Who was slain, to receive power and divinity,”





wisdom and strength, honor and glory and benediction.

While awaiting the inexpressible plenitude of this happiness, we may largely participate therein, because we possess Thee, Jesus King and God really, truly and substantially in the sacrament of the altar, wherein it is the wish of the church, Thy spouse, and moreover Thy right, that Thou shouldst be treated royally, that day and night Thou shouldst be honored, that all men should kneel at Thy feet to render Thee the homage of adoration which they owe Thee.



II. — Thanksgiving.



Divine King Jesus, how good Thou art to oblige me to pray for the coming of Thy reign and while so doing to increase my own happiness inasmuch as I unreservedly submit to Thy sweet empire, to Thy holy laws ! Thy reign even now is in reality the triumph of peace, peace surpassing all sentiment : of joy, but a perfect joy, pure and deep, compared to which all worldly pleasures are but vanity and affliction ; of liberty, but true liberty, that of the children of God, who can fearlessly act as they wish, since they only wish for righteousness while their will is lost in Thine.

If I had the least idea of what to say about Thy heavenly reign, O Jesus ; If I knew what treasures of beatitude Thou reservest for Thy faithful servants, how I should aspire to its immediate possession, rejoicing beforehand, with the prophet at the glad tidings : we shall go into the house of the Lord.

How good Thou art, dear Jesus, to have prepared a glorious kingdom for us and especially to have purchased it with Thy precious blood ! Until Thou dost call us hence, Thou dost wish to reign in our hearts, to this reign Thou didst refer when saying : the reign of God is within thee.

Moreover, Thou dost wish to abide on our altars in a sensible and permanent manner in Thy Most Holy Sacrament. There, Thou dost plead for our homage of adoration, of thanksgiving, of reparation and of prayer in order to increase our happiness, which happiness here below depends principally on our fidelity in recognizing the sacred rights of Thy sacramental royalty ; as our supreme joy, the nearest to eternal beatitude, is that we







taste the solemnities of Eucharistic worship. Hence, Holy Church in her wisdom enjoins on us, as it were, a command to bring this holy joy to the celebration of the royal feast of the divine mysteries. My Jesus, how happy should we be, what heaven upon earth if all obeyed Thy will, that is to say if all were faithful to Thy law of adoration and communion, if all generously tried to respond to Thy thirst to be adored and loved in Thy sacrament of love. What thanksgiving should we not render Thee for having taught us to ask daily for the coming of Thy kingdom! Thy kingdom come first and above all Thy Eucharistic kingdom since it is the condition of Thy reign of glory.

III. — Reparation.

Thou art our Sovereign Master and eternal King, O Jesus. We petition daily, Thy kingdom come, but are we really sincere in this desire? Do we really wish for the coming of Thy reign in ourselves, in our fellow men in the universe? Do we really sigh after the joys of heaven? Are we really zealous in procuring Thy Eucharistic glory and satisfying the desires of Thy heart? Does Jesus reign in our intellect? Does He regulate its thoughts? Does He govern its judgments? Have we no leaning towards worldly maxims which we know are opposed to God's? Does Jesus reign in our heart? Is He master of its movements and affections? Do we endeavor under the guidance of the Holy Ghost to purify ourselves as much as possible from self love, that inveterate enemy of charity? Perhaps we are not guilty of criminal affections, but what of dangerous, vain or useless ones? Do we not entertain merely natural fondness which it is our duty to supernaturalize and which Jesus would infallibly sanctify if He reigned in us? If we wish for the reign of God, individually and universally, do we work according to our vocation and opportunities to establish this reign?

And heaven, this beautiful home prepared for us from all eternity, what place does it hold in our affections, in our life? Alas! are we not among those who say: Thy kingdom come, yet, who by their attachment to worldly goods and pleasures clearly prove that their earthly desires for surpass their heavenly ones?



If we examine ourselves seriously on these vital questions at the feet of Him Who will one day not only judge our words, but also our actions and even our most secret thoughts ; we shall, doubtless, find abundant cause for reparation.

Besides, have we nothing to reproach ourselves with concerning the Eucharistic reign ? Alas ! how many christians violate in Its regard, the most formal commands of the divine Master ! They do not assist at Mass even on Sunday, In heartfelt reparation for so much indifference, coldness and neglect let us frequently and fervently pray, Thy Kingdom Come. It is the countersign of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament, may it be that of its numerous auxiliaries and of all lovers of the Blessed Eucharist.

IV. — Prayer.

How ardent would be our zeal to procure the coming of the Kingdom of God, how earnestly our petitions would all tend to the same end, if, on the one hand, we considered the glory of God depending thereon, and on the other, our own happiness and that of our fellow-men both in this world and in the next!

We pray Thee, O Jesus, that Thy reign of grace may dawn for the greatest possible number of souls ; that the world may accept Thy sweet and gentle yoke ; that it may escape the tyranny of Satan and the awful scourge of Thy outraged justice. Thy Kingdom Come.

We pray Thee, O Jesus that Christians in general may become more worthy of their holy vocation, which is to be children of God ; that they may not cling to earth ; that their tastes may be more spiritual ; that they may dream oftener of heavenly than of earthly things ; that they may not fear death so much, but like the saints greet its coming with gladness. " I die, not being able to die," says St. Teresa. While Saint Bridget lovingly exclaims : " I burn with the desire to see Thee, my Jesus, I am Thy spouse, do not delay Thy coming." Saint Francis of Assisium greets the dread guest saying, " May she be welcome, my sister death." O Lord, enkindle in us an ardent desire for heaven. Thy Kingdom Come.





An Apostle of the Eucharist,

Reverend Peter Julian Eymard.

HERE EYMARD was drawing near the end of his earthly career. In two short years the Master will call him home to bestow on him the reward earned by his loyal, devoted service ; but, beforehand, he shall lead him through the crucifying paths of interior and exterior tribulation, purifying him by the diamond of suffering, loving him too well not to beautify him with the finishing touch which it alone imparts.

He was pursued by an overruling desire to fly from the world, men and the manifold miseries the sad reality of which he encountered so often in the discharge of his ministry ; but at the Master's bidding he sacrificed this longing and remained faithfully at his perilous post, though feeling still more keenly, day by day, its burden of responsibility, care and anxiety. Thus, self was annihilated while all things rebounded to his greater sanctification under the skilful touch of the unerring hand which even went so far as to deprive him of the sweetness and consolation of His presence, so that he who until then had found in the peace of adoration superabundant solace in all sorrows utters this touching plaint : " Alas ! God has abandoned me. Formerly a quarter of an hour passed before the Blessed Sacrament restored my soul's serenity, whereas now, entire hours in the sacred presence still leave me desolate."

Without apparent cause friendship's sweet tie was severed by dear and respected friends, while calumny

added its venomous sting to his already sorely afflicted heart. Yet still greater suffering was reserved for him by direct contact with some of the crimes of which Paris is so prolific ; as, for example, when one day a priest handed him a pocket-book containing several consecrated Hosts which he had received from an unfortunate member of some secret society, who after having robbed and profaned a Tabernacle, did not dare like his guilty accomplices, to throw the precious particles into a sewer but had kept them concealed for more than ten years, until finally remorse overcame shame and he confessed his crime. This was an unutterable anguish, an inexpressible sorrow to Père Eymard. "I will never forget it," he said, "it has made me sick." In reparation, he solemnly exposed the sacred hosts during two nights and spent long hours weeping over the outrage at the Master's feet.

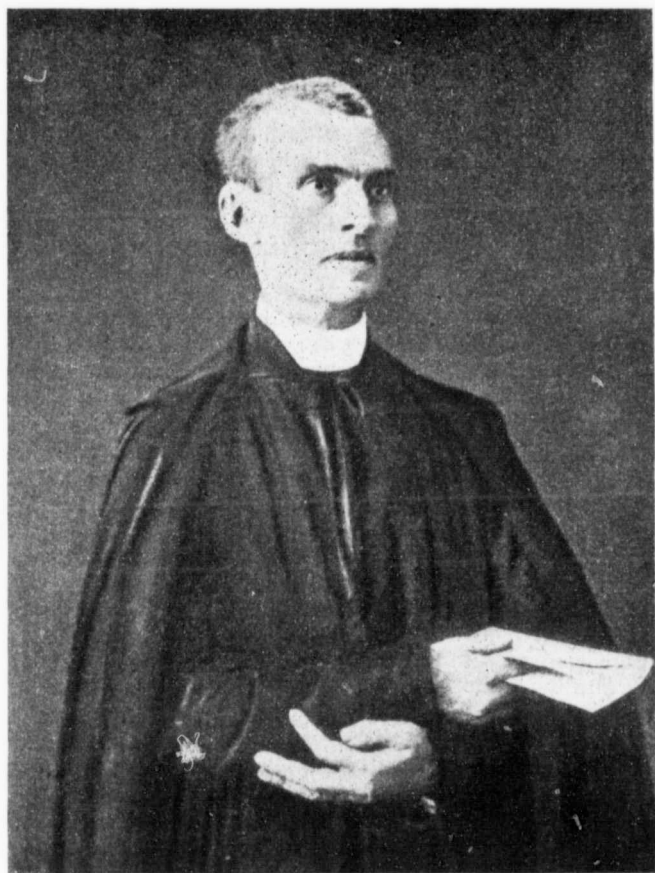
Occasional, vague presentiments of his approaching end both consoled and disquieted him. "I have still so much to do," he pleaded. "Ask the good God to give me a little more time for myself ; it is all stolen from me. I have not a minute of my own." In fact, incessant visitors called for him at all hours of the day. He was all in all to each ; but their demands were unreasonable leaving the kind father absolutely no leisure for himself.

"Do" said a well-meaning friend "have fixed hours for the confessional and the parlor outside of which refuse all calls." "But," replied Père Eymard "but— Our Lord has no special hours. If I were to act as you suggest I would no longer be His servant : since my Master receives all graciously, kindly and at all hours, I, His servant, must likewise be ready to respond at all hours in His name."

"Moreover" said he in another circumstance, "Our Lord knows what He makes me do and, besides, I am not at task-work but day-work." "You are overburdened with trifles," we insisted. "What may appear trifling to you," he answered in his gentle way, "is, doubtless, very important to those who come to consult me."

We do not exaggerate in saying that, especially during his last years, the cross was Père Eymard's daily bread.

Yet he was not surprised. "God loves us dearly," he said, since crosses are not wanting to us, the sure token



REVEREND FATHER PETER JULIAN EYMARD.

by which He rewards His followers. St. John the Baptist preached Him and served Him faithfully ; still, He allowed him to be beheaded, while St. John submitted

without murmuring. Likewise with us, crosses are not rare.— It is a good sign. Every morning I ask : What blows do you reserve for me to-day, good Jesus ? I say blows, for crosses being such constant, familiar companions are not worth mentioning.”

Those numerous sharp trials were as nothing compared to the interior agony and anguish which Jesus Himself directly inflicted on his soul. Union with God is cemented by fire and those interior sufferings God in His inscrutable designs imposes on all souls whom He wishes to transport into Himself.

The year preceding his death, Père Eymard passed through the purifying crucible of serious illness, emerging therefrom ripe for heaven. He was attacked by a most painful rheumatic gout, nearly always in an acute state which alternately paralysed every member, working slowly his body without sparing any part. “This is,” said he smilingly, “a very profitable suffering not showing itself much exteriorly yet causing intense pain ; consequently less sympathy and compassion is lavished on me, and Our dear Lord has all.” This illness crowned his patience, while a more amiable or tractable patient could not be found. Neuralgic pains from which he had suffered more or less all his life now became more frequent and more violent. A sleepless night any anxiety or sorrow was sufficient to bring on an attack during which stretched on his bed he was as incapable of speech as of movement ; notwithstanding this, his indomitable courage enabled him to conquer himself and show a smiling face to his visitors.

After a sleepless night, I sympathetically remarked, “I am afraid you will have a sick headache to-day Father.” “Well, it will be welcome if Our Lord sends it,” was his characteristic reply. His great desire was to die at his post, on his *prie-dieu*, but this supreme consolation was refused him : the disciple must drink deeply of the Master’s chalice, the Chalice the pitying angels of Gethsemane held to the agonizing Christ’s lips, wringing from His anguished heart the sublime cry of resignation, “not My will but Thine,” the cry which won for His children grace and strength to murmur their *fiat* when Gethsemane’s darkness envelops them.

¶ MEMORY AND A HOPE.

*Often, 'tis true, on my day's horizon,
I see in the East the clouds arise ;
But within my heart I carry a whisper
That brings a light o'er the darkest skies.
A memory bright as the golden sunset,
A hope as sweet as the fields in May ;
I am going to Holy Communion to-morrow,
I went to Holy Communion to-day.*

*Many a time I am weary of labor,
Vexed with a life of work and worry ;
Tired of giving myself to others,
Worn with the fret of this age of hurry.
Then o'er my heart's unquiet waters
Comes my Lord's sweet whisper to say :
" We shall meet at Communion to-morrow,
We have met at Communion to-day."*

*Sometimes others are rough and thoughtless ;
Sometimes it may be hard and cold ;
I long to pour out on the first impulse
All the pain my heart doth hold.
Then my hope and my memory, blended,
Plead in my soul with a note of sorrow —
" Jesus lay on your tongue this morning ;
Keep your story for Him to-morrow."*

*All day long, like a ballad burden,
Rings in heart that musical chime,
All my minutes swing backward and forward
Between the two points of time.
And I know that the grateful Heart on the Altar
Is touched to think that my own is gay,
Just because He is coming to-morrow —
Just because He has come to-day.*





Legend of St. Malacky.



WHEN St. Malacky took possession of the Archbishopial See the state of religion in Ireland was at a very low ebb. Piety seemed dead, and the whole country was given up to gross wickedness. But by his indefatigable zeal and fervent prayers he succeeded in rekindling the faith in the hearts of the people and in restoring Christian discipline amongst the clergy as well as the laity. Like his friend, St. Bernard, he was quite dead to the world, and had it been possible he would also gladly have laid aside his dignity and retired into solitude. Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament was the object of his most ardent affection, and, since he knew that without Jesus he could not win his people to practise their religion and lead a decent, God-fearing life, he sought by all means to bring them to more frequent Communion. He erected beautiful churches, and took pains to make the service of God as grand and imposing as possible, so as to create the greatest possible reverence for the Holy Sacrament of the Altar. Nor was he less careful for the welfare of the dead, but prayed incessantly for the holy souls in Purgatory, and offered for their relief the Sacrifice of the Mass.

Now it happened that his sister died, who in her lifetime had often upbraided him that as Archbishop he had so far condescended as to visit personally the poor sick, and to encourage and maintain their funeral feasts. For this she received her due punishment. After her death her brother offered for her the Holy Sacrifice on many successive days. Thirty days followed, at the expiration of which he had a dream. He thought he heard a pitiful voice, which gave him to understand that his sister clothed in mourning, stood under the porch of the church

awaiting her deliverance by his help and reminding him that for thirty days he had afforded her no relief. At these words the saint brought to mind his neglect, and



reckoning the days, he found that for that number of days he had neglected to offer the Holy Sacrifice for his sister's soul.

The next morning, therefore, St. Malacky offered the Sacred Mysteries for the relief of his sister. That same

night she appeared to him again with a sorrowful countenance, and clad in an ashen gray linen garment. She had now approached a few steps nearer the church, but the entrance was still withheld from her. For some days the Saint continued to offer the Mass with special devotion for his sister, when one day she appeared to him clothed in a fair white garment. She had now entered the church, but could not by any means approach the altar. Consoled by this apparition. Malacky continued to offer the Holy Sacrifice for her, until at length she did indeed appear to him with a radiant countenance, clothed in a shining white robe, and accompanied with many other souls who had equally completed their term of purification, she was able to approach the altar. They came in order to return thanks and homage to their Saviour in His Sacrament of love before entering into their rest in glory.

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 among your friends and acquaintances 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, Mt-Royal Avenue, Montreal.

Before the Tabernacle.

Sister Anthony.

*I draw the crimson veils aside,
And ope the little golden door;
Within the gleaming chalice there
The Sacred Bread, and shining o'er
The golden rim, I wondering see
One sweet White Host that waits for me.*

*He watches from His prison, mute
With yearning love, as here I kneel
Through the long night His heart will* [throb
*With waiting. O could words reveal
What were my life—could I not see
That sweet White Host—all, all for me!*

*It might have thrilled a Saint's great heart
With seraph fire, it might have sent
Swift pulsings through the loved waked
Of some grace-hallowed penitent.* [soul

*It might have flamed in burning words
From chrismed lips, or blossomed sweet
In harvest sheaves of selfless deeds
That make our earth with heaven meet
In God-like priestly ministry:
But no, He waits for me—for me.*

*I draw the crimson veils aside
And ope that little golden door,
Knowing that Heaven's richest dower
In that strait prison is my store.
Whate'er for others there may be
One sweet White Host is there for me.*





CROZIER BEADS.

OUR subscribers have often questioned us regarding the indulgences and other spiritual advantages attached to the Crozier Beads given by us as premiums. Consequently we thought a public reply through the "Sentinel" would be useful to the greater number of our readers especially as those spiritual favors are generally known but in an imperfect way.

By a special privilege whose authenticity no one can question, since it was solemnly acknowledged and confirmed in 1884 by the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and approved by his Holiness Leo XIII; the RR. Crozier Fathers can enrich all the beads they bless with an indulgence of 500 days, applicable to the Souls in Purgatory, for each Our Father or Hail Mary recited on these beads.

This indulgence while being the richest is certainly the easiest to gain; since it is not necessary to meditate on the mysteries of the Rosary, nor to say all the beads, not even a full decade, a single Hail Mary recited between two occupations, in holding any grain of any decade suffices to gain the indulgence of 500 days.

Moreover these beads are enriched with the Papal and Brigistine indulgences, the cross bearing a detachable Christ has the indulgences of a happy death and of the way of the Cross.

Let our readers not fail to note that all these indulgences can be gained only by the first owner of the beads, and that in consequence they cannot be sold, exchanged, or even lent without forfeiting the indulgences.

We hope these few remarks may encourage those who already possess the beads to use them frequently. As for those who wish to obtain a pair, let them please read our premium list, and doubtless they will consider the slight effort demanded of them in securing two new subscribers to the Sentinel amply rewarded by the immediate receipt of a pair of these precious beads.

The Lighthouse of the Blessed Eucharist.—Such is the name given to the tower of the Church of the Sacred Heart at Mazzara del Vallo in Sicily. The tower, high enough to be seen along the neighbouring coasts, is terminated by a crystal cupola, in which the Blessed Sacrament is constantly exposed for perpetual adoration.

* * *

Resolution Adopted by the Eucharistic Congress.

THE delegates of the Eucharistic Congress, acting on the suggestion made by Rev. Jas. Dougherty, New York, on the first day of the session, the congress, without a dissenting voice, adopted the following :

"The Third Eucharistic Congress of the United States, composed of prelates and priests, representative of and giving expression to the sentiment of Catholic America, having in view recent events in France, affecting religion and liberty, before adjourning, decides to put itself on record by the following resolutions :"

First. — We tender to our Holy Father, Pope Pius X., our reverential recognition and profound admiration of his apostolic stamp in favor of true human liberty and essential human rights, as against the behests and threats of an infidel faction that has for the time being unfortunately possessed itself of the government of a once great Catholic nation, and a sister republic.

"Second, — We sympathize deeply with our much-trying brethren across the water, in the land whose glorious record for so long has been "Gesta Dei per Francos," and we assure her bishops, priests and people that we are heart and soul with them in their battle for right, truth and religion."

"Third, — We condemn with all the emphasis which not only the dictates of natural law but the instincts moreover, of Catholic faith itself, puts upon the actions of a clique inspired by the secret societies in exiling and persecuting the religious orders and communities of men and women, whose only crime was they had made a sacrifice of their whole selves, their belongings, their faculties, and their very lives to interests of charity, of education and of the common weal of their native land. May the Divine Helmsman, whom to-day in deepest adoration we hail as our Eucharistic King, rise up again and say as He once said to the storms and the waves, "Peace, be still."

* * *

The Blessed Sacrament in South Africa.

The *Catholic Magazine for South Africa* gives an account in its August issue of the first public procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the Transvaal, which took place on June 5 at Johannesburg. This procession is certainly an event of more than usual historical importance, and is also significant as indicating the large tolerance in religious matters that characterize the bigger centres of population in South Africa.



THANKSGIVINGS.

- Mariapolis* : — I acknowledge with gratitude favors granted through the Blessed Sacrament. A subscriber.
- Sandford, Me.* : — Mr. P. T. sends an offering for a cure obtained after promising two years' subscription to the "Sentinel" and a novena to the Blessed Sacrament. A favor granted, H. J.
- Hancock* : — Heartfelt thanksgiving to the Sacred Host for the restoration to health of my son without undergoing a dangerous operation. Mrs. P.
- Roxton-Falls* : — A very particular favor granted.
- Dover, N.H.* : — A great favor received after prayer and promise to publish in the "Sentinel." F. B.
- Cedar-Hall* : — Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for the cure of an illness. E. D.
- Quebec* : — A longed-for conversion obtained.
- Ottawa, Ont.* : — Thanksgiving to the Blessed Sacrament for restoring peace and happiness in my family.
- Fall-River* : — A cure. J. B.
- St-Sébastien* : — I was cured after a novena and on promise of a life subscription to your publication. E. T.

OUR BELOVED DECEASED.

- Toronto* : Mr. Paul Hogan, Rev. Lawrence Brennan. — *Waterbury, Conn.* : Mr. Théophile Coderre. — *Woonsocket* : Mr. Joseph Racine, Mr. Gagnon. — *St-Vincent of Paul*: Rev. A. Brault accidentally killed last month. — *St-Alexis, Matapédia* : Mrs. A. Arsenault. — *Detroit, Mich.* : Mr. Vincent McCarthy, J. McRae. — *Lonsdale, Ont.* : Mr. Alexander McCullough. — *Pittsburg, Pa.* : Mrs. Carr. — *Northampton* : Mr. A. Tremblay. — *Amsterdam, N.Y.* : Mr. J. Liddane. — *Montreal* : Mrs. H. Quintal. Mr. D. Boulanger, Mr. M. Stewart, N. Nantel. — *Aylmer, P.Q.* : Mr. X. Paradis. — *Quebec* : Mr. Edward Connolly, Mr. L. Sansfaçon, Mr. P. O'Brien. — *Manville, R.I.* : Mrs. Philippe Lacroix.

R. I. P.

PETITIONS.

Casapadiac :— A lady requests through the Blessed Sacrament recovery from illness and promises five years subscription if better health is granted to her.

Duhamel, Atto. :— A convalescent, B. R. — A sick mother of a large family, Mrs. W. — That I may not lose my home and homestead through debts or other cause ; that I may be free from debts at the end of the year. A subscriber.

Franklin Falls :— I promise a subscription to the " Sentinel " if two longed-for favors are granted to my family. — The restoration of my health, Mr. R.

Haverhill, Mass. :— Success in a settlement. — Recovery of my son, Adjutor, stricken with paralysis. — Poor families in critical circumstances. — The conversion of several protestants and especially of a young mother, Sr. B.

Burlington, Ont. :— A subscriber sends a new subscription to the " Sentinel " and requests the prayers of the associates for his brother who lost his sight during sickness. — The return of a negligent young man to his religious duties.

Montreal :— A family in great trouble. — The conversion of a drunkard. — Prayers to the Blessed Sacrament are requested for the grace of perseverance for a young religious. — For three colleges and their pupils. — For the restoration of my health, F. G. — For special intentions. — Two favors if it so please God.

Holyoke :— A family in danger of losing the Faith.

Three-Rivers, P.Q. :— The recovery of a young man. — The vocation of a student. — The conversion of a mother and of several protestants, Sister St. S.

Vancouver, B.C. :— Please pray for the conversion of five men ; three of them are taking instructions. — Steady employment for a young man. — Spiritual and temporal favors, Mr. B. — The conversion of a man addicted to drink, H. B.

Lowell, Mass. :— I wish to ask through the Blessed Sacrament that relatives of mine who have recently gone into business without success may have better luck in future or at least be able to dispose of the business successfully. If the favor is granted I promise a life subscription (\$10.00) to the " Sentinel " Mrs. N. W.

Vancouver :— Prayers to the Blessed Sacrament are requested for nine conversions. — For the success in business of seven persons and for grace and strength to overcome a temptation, F. H.

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



DAILY HELPS for DAILY NEEDS

Always to communicate, always to consume and to be consumed, always to raise and always to descend--behold our eternity! To lose one's self, to be abysed in God and in the arms of Jesus--behold heaven prefigured in the Eucharist.

Rusbrock.

*Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are Thy rest;
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts;
Thou makest there Thy nest.*

How pleasing to the heart of Jesus are those who visit Him often and who love to keep Him company in the church where He dwells in His Sacrament.

St. Alphonsus Liguori.

The Eucharist is the ladder, not of Jacob, but of Jesus continually ascending to and descending from heaven for us and always in motion towards us.

P. Eymard.

*Thou stoapest in Thy deathless love to me,
Thou fillest all the House of God for me,
Thou crownest all the years with grace for me;
Long-suffering Spirit, how I cling to Thee,
And love and bless and praise and worship Thee.*

Jesus in the Eucharist is a consuming fire. His desire is to enkindle this fire within our hearts; let us beg of Him that we may no longer remain insensible to the ardent flames of His divine love.

Jesus comes to us by Communion in order that we may not forget our true country, or that in thinking of it we may not die of desire.

P. Eymard.

Published with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal.



“ O Lord, save me ! ”

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