




It Must.

N the steep banks of the Jordan, the Precursor's voice rang out making the mountain echoes vibrate with his enthusiastic cry : " There is One in your midst whom you know not ! It is the Messiah ! May His kingdom come ! It must ! "

It must repeats the Church adown the centuries. There is one in the Tabernacle whom you know not. It is your God, and you do not visit Him. It is your strength and you do not receive Him. It is the sacrifice of your salvation and you are indifferent to It. His kingdom must extend. He must be better loved, more honored and more frequently visited and received.

It must the *Sentinel* repeats in its turn to its many readers, yearly increasing in numbers and devotedness in whose soul it aims to instil the blessed Eucharistic tidings.

And we see parishes transformed by the reading of the *Sentinel* ; Communion become more numerous and more fervent ; deportment in church more devout and respectful, Christians no longer satisfied to bow when passing a church but entering if only for a moment to pay homage to the divine In-dweller of the Tabernacle.

Nevertheless, how many parishes there still are, some populous ones, too, where devotion to the Blessed Sacrament languishes where the church during the week is nearly always deserted, where the daily mass is said before empty pews, where old and young approach Holy Communion scarcely, two or three times a year. We must rouse those relaxed souls to a better knowledge of their duties towards the Blessed Eucharist ; we must recall them to devout soul lest they grow careless, we must infuse them so deeply into the hearts of the children that they may never forget them... We must.