

~~Trappist, A Raymond, Father, 1930-~~
~~A Trappist asks: are you?~~
ADX4509

A Trappist

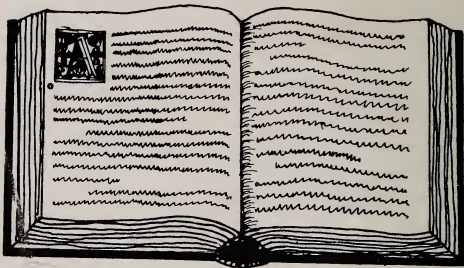
Asks

ARE

?

• YOU

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME



LIBRARIES

Yale University Archives

*A Trappist
Asks*

ARE
● YOU

NIHIL OBSTAT:

FR. M. ALBERIC WULF, O.C.S.O.

FR. M. MAURICE MALLOY, O.C.S.O.

Censores

die 15a Junii, 1939

IMPRIMI POTEST:

† FREDERICUS M. DUNNE, O.C.S.O.

Abbas, B.M. de Gethsemani

die 20a Junii, 1939

IMPRIMATUR:

† JOANNES A. FLOERSH, D.D.

Archiepiscopus Ludovicopolitanus

die 2 Julii, 1939



(Fifth Printing, 1946)

(55,000)

COPYRIGHT 1939

BY THE

ABBEY OF GETHSEMANI, INC.

FOREWORD

This little booklet was not written to be read; it must be meditated. Its one purpose is to arouse; arouse YOU to THOUGHT. Hence no effort has been made to smooth away the many roughnesses incident to rapid composition; instead, whole pages have been left with all their original jerkiness, in the hope that they will jar and jolt you into thinking about YOURSELF. You will have to think, because the ideas, for the most part, are merely suggested; YOU are to do the developing and the applying to SELF.

Some time back a man told me that, to him, sunset was music. He said that as the fiery orb hung in the hollow of the distant hills, blazing the western sky with glory, he seemed to be hearing the silent Symphony of Nature whipped to a mighty crescendo. When the sun finally sank, he said it was like the crash of a closing chord which set his whole being vibrating. Then came the afterglow. This, he said, was the lingering echo of the beauty that had been, and it soothed his tingling spirit as it gave hush to his seething soul. With something like sadness he added, "Too soon comes the night." Turning suddenly he said, "And so it is with a retreat. During it, my soul is fired to fever pitch. I leave it—then comes the afterglow; but TOO SOON comes the night! The retreat does not echo and re-echo as I want it to. Father, I need something tangible to re-awaken those grand strains that had set my being tingling. Can't we do something about it?"

Here is my answer. A booklet of personal questions, which, if frequently faced, will

keep the soul throbbing in unison with the thunderous beat of the Eternal Truths. Its main purpose is to keep "the night from coming TOO SOON." But its use is not limited to retreatants. Those who have never made a retreat in all their lives can face these questions with profit.

The questions are all turns on popular phrases. This has been done to arrest attention, arouse interest and to aid the memory. The titles are new, as new as this morning's paper; but the matter under the titles is as solid and substantial as Loyola's Exercises, from which it was taken, and as timeless as Truth. Ponder these pages and you'll never "go native."

Are YOU . . . “GOING NATIVE?”

You smile and say: “What a question to ask me! Why, I’m not even ‘going south,’ never mind to the ‘South Seas’.”

I know that. And still I am asking YOU, for it is a tragic thing to see anyone “go native.” Out there in the “South Seas,” where nights are languorous, days lazy and the seasons never change, real manhood has often been murdered and many a character slain because of ENVIRONMENT. White men go out there alive with energy, electric with enterprise and simply sparking enthusiasm. But soon the enthusiasm cools, gradually the energy wanes and finally the enterprise is dead. Environment has triumphed. Then our white man takes on the listless ways of the local blacks and browns and were you to look deep into his half-dead eyes, you would see the sepulcher of a soul . . . for he has “gone native.”

“Yes,” you say, “it is tragic”; but what has it to do with me?”

Just this — you are not breathing your native air, nor are you living in your native land. No, indeed! For you are a Catholic and therefore, a white man in the midst of blacks and browns, yellows and reds. The air you breathe is heavy with the deadening drowse of the tropics, the moral atmosphere around you is positively enervating. Actually, you are living in a torrid zone, no matter what the thermometer reads; for America is as languorous as any isle of the South Seas and more tropical than the tropics! Your environment, morally speaking, is more deadly than the air of Pago Pago or of Circe’s Isle, and remember . . . you are almost alone! So you see, the ques-

tion is most personal and most practical, for lone-fighters are usually overcome. What I am asking is: "Are you 'going native' morally?"

Oh, it is hard, it is almost impossible, to keep from "going native" in our modern world; for the atmosphere is germ-laden with atheism, paganism, communism and materialism and no one is immune to weathering.

In the business world today there are many clever policies, plenty of sharp practices, but almost no clean principles. There is much hustling, but little real honesty. "Get while the getting is good" and "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours" just about sums up the code of the modern man in the hard, fast and heartless game of business. Justice, honesty, equity . . . what are these? Good subjects for jokes perhaps, but certainly not guiding stars to success in this the Twentieth Century. So you see that some of your "natives" are black and brown and yellow.

In the social world it is worse. Home has yielded to the furnished apartment, family-life has become a memory and marriage a mockery! Pleasure is the be-all and the end-all of social intercourse; and when pleasure becomes an end . . . virtue vanishes.

Political life contributes its share of germs; for those who are not "red" are usually a pale pink, or worse still . . . colorless! So you see, your "native air" is fouled with irreligion; the "native ways" foreign to all that is Catholic and the "natives" themselves, godless. That is your environment in Twentieth Century America, and no one is immune to weathering.

You may feel strong. You may tell me

that you have a will of steel; that you are founded on rock as solid as Gibraltar. I will be delighted to hear it. . . . But . . . water is the softest thing that I know, yet by continual dripping, it can wear a deep hole into the heart of the hardest of hard granites. Uncle Sam's destroyers are made of chilled steel, yet barnacles cling to their keels and, in time, they have to go into dry-dock. I know that no one and no thing is immune to weathering, and that is why I know that even YOU can "go native."

How can you help it when pagan ways are so easy? . . . "You don't have to be always fighting your impulses and denying your throbbing desires. Reach out and take the 'forbidden fruit.' Who forbade it, anyhow?" How can you help it when materialistic ways are so delightful? . . . " 'Eat, drink, and make merry.' Why not? 'Tomorrow we die.' Go ahead! Get a 'kick' out of life. There is no hereafter." How can you help it when atheistic ways are so enticing? . . . "Lincoln freed the slaves! Why, the Declaration of Independence was written almost two hundred years ago! Be yourself." How can you help it when the very air that you breathe is heavy with godlessness, the whole atmosphere saturated and surcharged with irreligion? Newspapers reek with it, stage and screen parade it and the ceaseless radio gives you little of God, but much of godlessness. How can you help it? . . . Simply! Yes, very simply! You can keep from "going native" by taking the cure.

"What is the cure?" you ask.

Just this . . . you must become inoculated; inoculated with the saving serum of God's truth. That is the only "sure cure"; that is the only antitoxin, and if you would avoid a

deadly disease, you must take your injections. Let God's truth get into your bloodstream; let the "Thou shalt nots" of Sinai sink deep into your being; let Christianity's unshakable principles course through your entire system and you'll be IMMUNE to the deadly germs of godlessness, you'll be proof against "going native!" But that means ISOLATION. It means that you must get out of the pestilential atmosphere of the modern world for a few days. It means that you must give your soul a chance to breathe. It means that you must consult the Divine Physician. It means that you must make a retreat!

In these days of exaggerated and highly publicized hygiene, when a ten-year-old can talk, and talk knowingly, about prophylactics and antiseptics; when the cult of the body is the religion of the land, we ought to take pattern from the children of this generation, who are "wiser than the children of light," and think of antiseptics for the soul and prophylactics for the spirit. Now there is only one antidote for error and that is truth. There is only one preservative against modern paganism, and He is Jesus Christ. There is only one way to retain the health of your soul and that is by taking the treatment offered by the best of Physicians: isolation, purgation, inoculation! Three days in which you get away from the godless world, breathe a purer air and take incessant injections of the TRUTH and the BEAUTY which is JESUS CHRIST, the only MAN who was immune to weathering, the only One proof against "going native." Without Him you are fighting alone; with Him . . . what a majority you are! Get close to Christ and you can't possibly "go native."

Are YOU . . . FACING THE QUESTION OF QUESTIONS?

Death was caused to many a man by the riddle of the Sphinx. At Thebes she stood and accosted every passer-by with the question: "What it is that walks on four feet in the morning, two feet at noon, and three at night?" It was a puzzling question and countless are those who died; for when they were unable to answer her, she slew them. Then came the day that Oedipus stood before her and in answer to her riddle spat out the monosyllable . . . "MAN" . . . and the Sphinx slew herself.

Today our QUESTION OF QUESTIONS is just as deadly. If we fail to answer it correctly, we die! And countless are the dead who have gone before us. Our question has to do not with the Sphinx but with the answer that Oedipus gave. The QUESTION OF QUESTIONS is . . . "*What is MAN?*"

That doesn't sound deep, does it? It doesn't sound puzzling; but it must be a riddle if we are to judge from the replies that have been given to it. Many say: "*Man is nothing but matter.*" He is composed of a few chemical elements such as carbon, calcium, sulphur, hydrogen and oxygen. Actually, a man is 85 per cent water and his constituents can be purchased at any drug store for 98 cents." I am fully aware of the fact that that sounds very flippant; but it is the identical answer given by many a learned (?) professor in our state universities this very day. Such an answer means death—and deserves it!

Others there are who take the opposite guess (I wouldn't dignify it with the title of "thought" or "opinion"). They say, "*Man is all spirit.*" Now that sounds very foolish, I

know, but count for me the followers of Mary Baker Eddy and you have counted for me those who should die. Their answer is wrong, very wrong, but sad to say, their name is Legion.

Then I have heard some claim. "*Man is simply a higher anthropoid.*" They say that in all seriousness. Now I know that many a man has made a monkey out of himself, but I also know that the "missing link" is still missing and that the evolutionists are missing the answer to the QUESTION OF QUESTIONS.

Well, what is the answer? It is as simple as Oedipus' reply. He saved his life by using a monosyllable; we can avoid death by being equally brief. The answer to the QUESTION OF QUESTIONS is a single word. . . . "Creature" is the answer, and the only answer! *Man is a creature.* He is composed of body (a material body having all the 98 cents' worth of chemical constituents) and soul (a soul which is spirit.) Man is an animal, but he is as far removed from the ape as is the glowworm's feeble glow from the bursting brilliance of the sun. So, avoiding all half-truths and untruths, we face the QUESTION OF QUESTIONS and give adequate answer by saying: "Man is a creature."

What a world of truth that single word "creature" tells me! First of all it tells me that I am *dependent*; that I do not belong to myself. Right away I start blinking and say, "What is this? I don't belong to myself?" And the answer comes back, "No, you do not belong to yourself because you are a creature." Startling, isn't it? But true! For the only titles to ownership that have ever been recognized as legitimate are those of formation, purchase or donation. If I make a garage, it

is mine; for *I made it*. If I buy a car to put in that garage, it is mine; for *I bought it*. If someone should be kind enough to give me a radio to put in the car, it is mine; for it was *given* to me. Obvious, isn't it, that all these things belong to me? Yes! and equally obvious is the fact that I do not belong to myself; for I did not *make myself*, I did not *buy myself*, nor was I a *gift to myself*! Therefore, I do not belong to myself; for I have no legitimate title to ownership.

All this jars a bit in these days of "rugged individualism," but it is undeniable fact. And further, it is the foundation of all right-thinking and the basis for all right-living. I am a creature; therefore, I *belong to God*. I belong to God because He made me and made me out of nothing. I belong to God because He bought me and paid the terrible price of His Son's Precious Blood for me. I belong to God because I was given to Him at Baptism. There is the truth: I don't belong to myself and I do belong to God. He has a threefold title to me: He made me, bought me and received me as a gift. Creation, redemption, and a baptismal donation say that I am God's and His alone.

Now look at the next obvious conclusion that follows. When I own a thing, I can do with it just as I will, can't I? If I make a garage, I can use it as a storeroom or fit it up as a sleeping-quarters; I can rent it out or let it stand idle; I can make it into a nice cozy den or I can keep the ash-barrels there. It is mine; therefore I can do with it just what I will. Now I am God's; therefore He can do with me just what He wills and I may only do just what He wills; for that is the meaning of creaturehood. I must obey the will of God. But what is that will? He has told me. . . .

He wills that I *know* Him, *love* Him and *serve* Him in *this world* and be happy with Him forever in the next. And that is all man!

That is what I should do, but what have I been doing? I belong to God entirely: body and soul, heart and mind, eyes and ears and tongue; I belong to Him in the morning, at noon and when night comes on; I have belonged to Him since birth and will be His property forever. But how often have I acted as if I owned my own life? How often have I played the usurper, using my body as if it were my very own, my eyes, my ears, my tongue to do "my own sweet will," rather than the will of God? How often have I played the independent, autocratic dictator, being a "law unto myself," instead of following the law of God? How often have I loved myself and myself alone, giving no thought to God or the love of God? How often? And yet He has said, "If you love Me, keep my Commandments!"

Time to change, isn't it? Time to face the QUESTION OF QUESTIONS and say: "I am a man, therefore a CREATURE; therefore, I BELONG TO GOD; therefore, I must do HIS WILL; therefore, I must KEEP HIS COMMANDMENTS!"

The story of the Theban Sphinx is a myth, but the QUESTION OF QUESTIONS is terrifically true. It is the sternest of stern and stubborn facts. It is the only question worthy of your consideration, for upon its answer depends YOUR life or death ETERNAL. Many a time have I seen a fog upon a mountain, but never a mountain upon a fog; and yet those who answer the QUESTION OF QUESTIONS in any but the terms of the catechism are trying to do just that: to base their lives upon a floating fog. They will fail

tian, who, paradoxical though it seems, becomes a real man by imitating the moth and flying to the Flame of the Sanctuary Lamp. Here is a flame that you can hover about always and you'll never "go native." Linger under that Lamp and you'll learn to see things in their true light. Look at all things in the light of that Lamp and you'll never be so stupid as the moth-men of this world who place gold before goodness; manners before morals; position before principle; pleasure before purity; body before soul; creature before Creator, and self before God. Flit to that Flame often, for you have lived long in an environment which is much more conducive to the hatching out of moths than to the production of men. Flit to the Flame often and you'll learn how to lash yourself to the sublime principle that God gave me all things to use **JUST AS MUCH** as they help me to heaven. Look at all things under that Light and you'll recognize means as means and never mistake them for ends. Read often these wise words of Louise Imogene Guiney; make them your prayer:

DELIGHT is a menace, if Thou brood not by;
POWER is a quicksand; **FAME** a gathering
 jeer.

Oft as the morn (though none of earth deny
 These three are dear) wash me of them!
 That I may be renewed and wander free,
 And wander free amid my new-born joys.
 Close Thou my hand upon **BEATITUDE**,
 Not on her **TOYS**!

God is your Beatitude. Heaven your home.
 You are Eternity's child!

Are YOU . . . FOND OF SWEETS?

Oscar Wilde was master of the lilting line; a poet who could charm by the very magic of

his meter. But Oscar seldom looked below the surface of things. Once he wrote on SIN and wrote, as he always did, in cadences that were captivating. He called sin "sweet Sin," and London's society lauded the poem to the skies. But when Oscar put his lines into his life, when he acted out what he had written, these very same people who praised the poem, jailed the poet. Sin was "sweet" in rhyme, but not in reality. Now you and I want reality, don't we? We want truth, deep truth, and are not going to be caught by surface appearances. So we are going to THINK.

Wilde was partly right. There is a certain sweetness to sin. Otherwise none of us would ever have become sinners. Yes, there is a sweetness to sin, but it is only surface sweetness; it is the sweetness of sugar-coated strychnine . . . poisonous! Deep down, sin is deadly; but neither Wilde nor many of us have the habit of looking deep down. Surface appearances catch us and that is why we make so many mistakes. Now sin is not ugly in appearance. No indeed. But neither is a moccasin! It has the prettiest skin imaginable; but no one prizes such beautifully colored snakes—for they are deadly. The polecat is a very good-looking animal; but no one makes a domestic pet out of it! The orchid is the most beautiful of flowers, but it is a parasite! So too with SIN . . . it is appealing, it is enticing, it is sweet on the surface; but deep down it is more deadly than the orchid or the moccasin, more foul than the skunk.

Tell me, have you been fond of "sweet sin?" Have you been often caught by the surface appearance? Then let us reflect and see how deadly "sweet sin" really is. Let us start with the principle that every effect is

proportionate to its cause. Let us remember that as we go along looking at some of the effects of sin, and then we will get a slight idea of the hatefulness and the horror of "sweet sin."

Did you know that all creation was changed because of one single sin? Yes, all creation. Paradise was polluted and changed from a Garden of Delights into a Valley of Tears. Men and women were visited with misery. Sickness, suffering and death came into being. Why, every heartache and every heartbreak of man's long history, from the day that Mother Eve held the lifeless body of Abel in her arms and knew for the first time that "the wages of sin is death," down to the latest heartbroken mother who weeps beside the cradle that has suddenly become a coffin, was caused by one single sin of disobedience. Because of it your mother and father have died or will soon die; because of it you yourself will know much distress of mind and of body and finally death itself. That single sin caused the World War just as it caused every other war of history. That single sin has made of our world one huge hospital and our earth nothing but a graveyard. The single sin of our father Adam changed the whole human race into "*a caravan on the way to death.*" And remember that no effect is greater than its cause!

Oh, God never planned thus. No. He wanted us to live in Paradise; never to know pain, sickness, suffering or death. He wanted us to live in happiness and holiness and then to fall asleep only to wake up in His Heaven. But Adam disobeyed and chaos followed. Where life should abound, death reigns supreme. Where happiness should be universal, misery is the common lot. Meas-

ure, if you, can, the mountain of misery that has been heaped up since that one sin. Count, if you will, the centuries of suffering since Adam disobeyed. Look at life today and remember that one single sin made it the awful affair it is. Go into any large hospital, walk from floor to floor of agony; go through ward after ward of sick and suffering humanity; pass bed after bed of dying men and women and remember that God never planned thus. **Man did it by his SIN!** How dare we call it "sweet"?

Ah, let me tell you that when it comes home to your very own, then you know what a hideous thing sin is. If your father rots from cancer and your mother wastes away from tuberculosis, if your sister goes insane from fever and your brother corrodes from leprosy, if your own little ones die from cruel paralysis . . . Ah! then you know that sin is not "sweet." Why, every asylum for the insane, every home for the poor and the orphaned, every potter's field and cemetery is a monument to hateful sin! **SIN is NOT sweet!**

But all the sickness, suffering and death that have been, or will ever be, are the smallest effect of sin. Look! The fairest stars of Creation's Dawn were the angels. They were hierarchies of wisdom, power and beauty; they were a radiant army shining with the splendor of spiritual glory; they had intellects that dazzled and wills that were bronze. Theirs was the grand destiny to minister forever at the Throne of the Omnipotent God. But Lucifer sinned . . . just one single sin of thought and he and all his followers were hurled like a thunderbolt from the threshold of Heaven into the very throat of Hell. That was aeons past, and yet, today,

down deep in the bottomless pit of hell, they burn, as they have burned these countless years that have gone, and there they will burn for all eternity. Oh, what a transformation took place when Lucifer sinned! From angels of light and of love they were changed into demons of hate; from friends of the Eternal God into His everlasting enemies; from beauty that was untellable to loathsomeness that cannot be imagined. They lost an eternity with Love and won an eternity of torment and of hate. They forfeited blessedness and took to themselves damnation. Oh, sin is a hateful thing for it created this Hell for Lucifer and the damned. And remember that God is a JUST God. The punishment of the angels is commensurate with their crime. Do you begin to see that sin is an infinitely hateful thing?

But, perhaps, not yet, have you caught the truth that sin is NOT sweet; then think of this: You know what a monk is and what a monk does. He is a man entirely consecrated to God, who spends his life in prayer and penance. His day is twenty-four hours of doing God's will, thus giving glory to the Trinity, winning grace for the wayward world and incidentally piling up merit for himself. Think, if you can, of the veritable mountain of merit a saintly monk piles up for himself in a single year! Now Romuald was a saintly monk. For more than a hundred years he had led the life of a monk and had led it in a very saintly manner. At the age of one hundred and twenty he died. Who can dimly imagine the whole world of merit he had piled up for himself in that century of loving service? Now let us suppose. Suppose that Romuald had committed just one single sin of thought, a mortal sin, the moment be-

fore he died and then died unrepentant. . . . Gone would be that world of merit! Gone would be that unimaginable reward! Gone would be all the glory he had acquired for himself during those long, long hundred years! The sin of a single second would have sent Romuald to Hell for ages unending! And again I say that God is a JUST God. Do you now see how "sweet" sin is?

If not, then read your crucifix. That will tell you better than all the above that sin is a HORROR. Take your little cross and enlarge it, make it life-size. Take then the quivering Body of the God-Man to it, stretch Him out well on it, placard God on this gibbet of shame, spike your Jesus to the wood of the criminal. Now—read your crucifix! Look, Christ is one red, raw and bleeding wound; His skin has been whipped to shreds; He has been flayed alive! Scourges did all this. Look! Long iron spikes are through His hands and His feet; a helmet of strong, sharp thorns is on His head; His side is split wide open and His very heart has been pierced! Why this outrage? Why this wanton murder of God? Why? . . . Oh, there is only one answer. Not Pilate, not hating high-priest nor hypocritical Pharisee; no, neither Roman nor Jew did this. YOU did it and I did it by SIN. That is the only answer: SIN killed God!

Go on now and read it well. Why the thorns? . . . Sins of pride. Why the spikes through sacred hands? . . . Sins of greed and avarice. Why are the feet hammered through and through? . . . Sins of pleasure. Why has that tender Body been flayed? . . . Sins of the flesh? Why has the side been crashed open and the Sacred Heart split? . . . Sins of lust. Read it well. Read that this is God! No, rather read—THIS IS SIN!

Now pause and reflect. You have been fond of "sweet sin," haven't you? Think of the many times that you have been caught by its surface sweetness. Think of the times you have sinned—with yourself, with others; by commission and omission; against the Commandments of God and the Precepts of the Church! You have sinned as a boy, as a youth, as a grown man! On reflection, you will find that your life has been **SIN-FILLED!** What can you do about it now? There is only one thing to do . . . fall down before your crucified Christ. Tell the God whom you hammered to the cross that you are sorry, truly sorry for your stupidity, your short-sightedness and your thought that sin was "sweet." Tell Him that from this moment on your life will be **SIN-FREE!** Then tell Him that you need His Light to see below the surface; to always see through the "sweet" of sin down to its utter **HORROR!**

Are YOU . . . PLAYING WITH FIRE?

They tell me that "a burnt child dreads the fire"; so let us take the advice of St. Bernard and "go down into Hell while living so that we will not be condemned there when we die." Yes, we are all children, even the oldest of us, so let us get burnt, really burnt, by thinking long and vividly on the tortures that a just God has prepared for those who "go native," become "moths instead of men" and give themselves to "sweet sin."

I know that modern religion has done away with Hell. I know that it has succeeded in painting a sentimental God, so full of goodness that He couldn't possibly condemn one of HIS creatures to unending fire. I know all that and I further know that God, who is so good, is also absolutely **JUST** and I know

that justice demands that an infinite offense be punished with an eternal damnation. Yes, we can argue to the necessity of Hell from reason alone, but why take the testimony of our "thin minds that creep from thought to thought," when we have the testimony of Infallible Truth? Why take reason when we have revelation? Why listen to man when God is speaking? Let the modern sentimentalist insist that God is good, but don't let him make of God a liar! God tells us again and again that there is a Hell!

In both the Old and the New Testament there is reference after reference to a place of fire and of eternal fire. Jesus, who was ever so gentle, told of it time and time again, both in parable and in prophecy. Didn't He tell of Dives in Hell begging for a drop of water? Didn't He speak of the cockle that was to be bundled and burned? Don't you remember Him telling of the guest without the wedding garment who was cast out? And can you ever forget how He told of the Last Judgment and that awful sentence of God, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire!" Oh, Hell is a fact! Hell is a fire! Hell is eternal! God has said so!

Let us then think of Hell. And first I would have you listen . . . listen to the awful shriek of Hell. Did you ever hear the scream of one who has been burnt? It shakes your very soul! What then must be the shriek of Hell where not only a part, but the entire body and the entire soul are "salted" with fire. That is the word that the Holy Ghost uses—"salted." You can guess what it means . . . it means soaked, saturated, steeped, permeated through and through with fire! Can you imagine then the piercing shriek of Hell where the countless damned

are drenched, drowned, "salted" with fire? . . . And you? Why, you can't stand the flame of a single match. Then why play with fire that will "salt" you for all eternity?

The shriek of Hell may be bad, but what will be the horror caused by the bellowing of blasphemy, the loud cursing, and what the torture of the ceaseless taunting? Hell's strident symphony is made up of these three, and you will add your voice to the awful uproar if you die in sin. Think of it, you, the son of saints, will curse sanctity. You, the child of Mary, will execrate your Mother. You, the beloved of Jesus, will hurl hate at your God. You, the creature of the ever-loving Father, will blaspheme Him forever if you die in sin. Listen to the cursing; it is unceasing, for they curse themselves, they curse one another, they curse their companions in sin; seduced curses the seducer; pupil, his teacher; reader, the author of false philosophy, false history, filthy fiction; children curse their parents; husbands, their wives, and wives their husbands; and perhaps the worst of all—fathers and mothers curse their children who led them into sin. Terrible, terrible, terrible is the cursing and blasphemy of Hell!

But more trying than either of these will be the taunting that you will hear from Satan himself. Well may he taunt you, who were destined to fill his place in heaven. Well may he laugh at you for your stupidity in listening to his lies and turning a deaf ear to Truth. Can't he jeer at you for thinking that "his yoke was sweeter and his burden lighter" than that of Christ? Well may he mock you for not having taken advantage of God's mercy! But what will it be if he parodies the Sacraments? May he not baptize you

with fire that flows and tell you that now you are indelibly marked as his? May he not confirm you with a chrism made from coals that flame? And where the bishop lightly tapped you, Satan will blast you with a fist of fire and tell you that now you are a soldier of the "Lost Legion." Then he can go on and make your confession for you and in place of the comforting words of the priest and his absolution, Satan can laugh at you, drive you deeper into Hell and tell you that you are there forever! Yes, you deserve such mockery if you die in sin!

Torturous as is the taunting of Satan and the terrible chorus of blasphemous hate that ever rises from Hell, there is another sound that may very well strike your ears and torture your very soul, and that is the "tick-tock" of Hell's eternal clock. With slow, steady, rhythmic swing the gigantic pendulum ceaselessly says: "Never . . . Forever—Never . . . Forever." That is all that you will ever hear from it, and it means: "Never to get out, forever to stay; never to see God, forever to see Satan; never to know peace or love, forever to have hate; never to feel free, forever to be chained to the depths of Hell." On and on it goes, "Never . . . Forever—Never . . . Forever."

Scripture tells me, "In that wherein you have sinned, in that you shall also suffer"; and reason replies that this is only just. We have sinned in our bodies, our bodies then shall be burned. We have sinned in our souls, our souls then shall likewise be "salted." We have sinned by sight, our eyes then must be tortured and I think that the greatest torture will be to look forever into the faces of our companions in Hell. Just look at the company we will have in Hell! Who are

they? The refuse of humanity! Endlessly we will look into the repulsive faces of murderers: men and women; endlessly into the faces of the impure: men, women and children; forever into the foul faces of the drunkards: men and women, old and young. For ages unending we will have to look on the thousands and thousands of the lustful, the gluttonous, the envious and the hateful. We will see them rolling in a sea of flame, eyes bursting from their sockets, despair gleaming on every countenance, hate transforming every face. Look at them now. Look at them long and see them clearly. Then remember that these, the very refuse of humanity, will be your companions forever, if you die in sin!

You have sinned by your hearing and Hells' strident cacophony will blast upon your ears forever. You have sinned by taste. Food, and especially drink, has been your undoing many a time and the Psalmist tells me that the just God has prepared a fitting punishment for those who have so sinned. He tells me that there is prepared "a chalice, which the wrath of God has filled with fire, sulphur and the spirit of the tempest." When "the cup that cheers" is offered you next time, think of the cup that God has prepared for the "drinkers."

Ah! but all the pain of sense is nothing. Though you be "salted" with fire, though your eyes be balls of fire, your tongues lumps of fire, though you eat, drink, breathe only fire, though you live and swim and are overwhelmed in fire, all this, I say, is nothing compared to the awful "*pain of loss.*"

You have seen something of the companions you will have in Hell; did you ever think of the companions you won't have

there? You won't have God the Father, Who made you. You won't have God the Son, Who so loved you that He became a Babe, that you might know and love Him; became a Boy, that you might have a pattern and a model; became a Man, that you might have the Way, the Light and the Truth. You won't have this Jesus, Who so loved you that He buried His Infinity in the womb of a little Jewish maid, lived thirty years as the "Carpenter's Son" and then, one Friday afternoon, hid His Divinity under the red robe of a scourged Body and was hammered to a cross. Who was even then not through with love. To live and die for you were not enough. He had to *stay* with you, so He hid both Divinity and Humanity under Bread, that you might have Food for the way. You won't have the Holy Ghost, Who so loved you that He sanctified you at Baptism, strengthened you at Confirmation, came and made His dwelling place in you; Who was ever and always aiding you with good thoughts and holy impulses, and Who would have brought you to Heaven, but you would not! Think of it, you won't have Mary Immaculate who mothered you; the angels who guarded you; the saints who showed you how to live and how to die. You won't have anyone who is good, holy and true. You won't have any love; you won't have any home! That is what you will have lost and the remembrance that all this could have been yours will be Hell's greatest torture.

Horrible thoughts, aren't they? But TRUE! We've got to think often on these truths so that, if our love should ever cool, then fear will flame. We have got to sear the truth of Hell's fire into our very souls so that when the mists of "sweet sin" arise and threaten

to blind us, this fear of Hell's fire will burn away these mists and give us light to see clearly that God is love Eternal and that Hell is burning hate.

De Rancé, reformer of La Trappe (whence the Trappists get their name) listed fourteen occasions when, if God had called him to judgment, he would have been eternally damned. Make out your own list! It will convince you that you have been "playing with fire."

Were you given the choice of a year of perfect happiness to be followed by fifty years of terrible pain, would you be fool enough to take it? — Of course not! Then why, for a moment's sinful pleasure, do you "play with fire" that is *eternal*?

Are YOU . . . BRIBING THE JUDGE?

Yes, I mean YOU. For you are going to trial soon — of that I am certain. You are going to trial very soon and you will stand *all alone to be tried for life*. Of that, too, I am certain. Not a very pleasant prospect, I know; but you want the truth, don't you? Well, here it is: You are going to be apprehended suddenly, taken by surprise, rushed before the Judge and immediately your trial will be on . . . your trial for life. So take my advice and bribe the Judge now! Go, tamper with the witnesses; prejudice them in your favor. Were it a trial by jury, I'd tell you to buy the jury; for the case is black against you. But this is to be a trial before a single Judge, so bribe Him and bribe Him well. Pay the price that He asks, because your life is at stake!

I suppose you don't believe me. I suppose you are convinced that you are in no danger of being apprehended and tried for life. I

suppose you think me quite insane when I insist that you are going to be tried and tried very soon and that the trial will be for your life. Well, don't believe me; but do take the word of God for it! He says: "It is appointed man once to die and after death, *the judgment.*" So you see I am talking fact! You are going to die, and after death you are going to be tried and the trial will be for your life eternal.

Oh, death is certain! Men have denied almost everything that is; no matter what the evidence against their denial. They have denied the existence of God, though His name is clearly written in the sunrise and the sunset; though His majesty is seen in the mountains and His power in the ceaseless sea; though His eternity is seen in the never-failing seasons, His infinity in the countless stars that are ever on the wing and His gigantic love in life! They deny the existence of the soul, though they can look upon the corpse of their dearest and nearest and see that something has gone, something that was spiritual, something that gave life. Yes, they have even denied the existence of matter . . . but no one has ever dared to deny the existence of death. That is too obvious! That is too certain!

Just look at the *certainties* of death. That it is coming to YOU is certain. That it is coming SOON is also certain. Your past life has sped, hasn't it? Your future years will go even more quickly. Yes, death is coming very soon and the terror of it is that it is coming only ONCE. There is no second chance at life; and that is what makes death so terrific. God has said, "It is appointed man *once to die.*" We may fail in business—we have another chance. We may fail in

social, political, even domestic life—we have another chance. We can even fail in health and there is another chance. BUT fail in life and all is lost! There is no other chance! And the startling part about death is that it is going to take you by SURPRISE. God says: "I will come like a thief in the night." Experience tells me that every death is sudden. Men have been on their deathbeds for months, even for years, yet when death finally did come, they were taken by surprise. Yes, in a very true sense, death is always sudden!

Now those are the certainties of death. It is coming to you, coming soon, coming once, coming suddenly to take you by surprise. Add to these the facts that it will *strip you of everything*, for "there are no pockets in shrouds" and you go down into the grave alone. There you have the certainties of death. Don't they make you think?

Now look at the *uncertainties*. WHEN will you die? . . . I don't know. Maybe in fifty years, maybe in fifty days, maybe in fifty seconds! I don't know, for death is *uncertain*. WHERE will you die? . . . I don't know. Will it be at home, in the hospital, on the street, in the air at sea? I don't know, for death is so *uncertain*! IN WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES will you die? . . . I don't know. Maybe alone, maybe surrounded with friends, maybe suddenly after a terrific accident, maybe quite naturally after a long illness. I can't tell, for death is so very *uncertain*. HOW will you die? . . . Will you be praising God or cursing, will you be fearful or unafraid, will you be sin-filled or stainless? I don't. . . . OH YES, I DO know! For *as you live, so shall you die!* If you live praising God, you will die that way. If

you live close to God through prayer and the Sacraments, if you hold fast to the friendship of God by keeping His Commandments, then you will die fearlessly and unafraid. But if you live otherwise . . .! As you live, so shall you die; and as you die, so shall you live *eternally!* For “after death . . . the judgement.”

Oh, that judgment is a soul-shaking thought! Think of it—YOU will stand alone, stand as *the accused* before the bar of God’s Justice. There, in all His majesty, but without any of His mercy, will sit *the Judge*, Jesus Christ. With dread solemnity He will call *the witnesses* against you, and the whole host will marshal themselves there pointing an unanswerable finger at you. The devil will be there, the angels of all those with whom you have sinned, of all those whom you have in any way scandalized; the angels of parents, family and friends, the angels of foes, of wife and little ones, the angels of all whom you have led into sin. Then the creatures of God whom you have abused will be there — food, drink, time, pleasure; your own body will be there along with the faculties of your soul and finally your own conscience. What an array of witnesses! Christ will demand the entire *testimony*, every thought, word and deed of your life from the moment that you reached the age of reason until the moment that you lost the use of that reason, as death approached.

Suppose you were called this moment, could you face the Judge? The record is pretty black, isn’t it? Think of what the devil could say! Could he not laugh at Christ and say: “This man is mine! He made a mockery of Your Sacraments. At Baptism he renounced me and all my works, but in every-

day life he followed me closely; he listened to all my lies; he sinned and sinned and sinned. Actually he renounced You, Jesus Christ! He 'went native,' he was a 'moth instead of a man,' he was most fond of 'sweet sin.' Come, Christ! He has 'played with fire' all his life, give him to me now forever. He was mine in time, I will take him for *eternity!*" What would angels of others say against you? What would the angels of your own family testify? Tell me, what would your own Guardian Angel say of the places to which you have been, the people with whom you were, and the things that you have done? Yes, the record is mighty black; and *the sentence* must be given according to that record! What could Christ say at the moment? Would it be, "Come, you blessed," or "Depart, you cursed?"

There is your complete picture; there you have the accused, the Judge, the witnesses, their testimony and the sentence. Does it scare you? Well, remember this . . . you are writing the sentence NOW. Christ can read only what you have written. It is up to you whether it be "Guilty" or "Not guilty of Hell."

What is to be done NOW? Just what I told you at the beginning of this paper . . . **BRIBE THE JUDGE!** Pay His price; for your life, your eternal life, is at stake. Need I tell you the price He asks? Need I tell you how to bribe Him? There are Ten Commandments. . . . Keep them! There are six Precepts. . . . Observe those! There are two Sacraments that you can frequent—Confession and Communion! There is one Sacrifice in which you can participate—The Mass! That is the price that will buy this Judge; and let me add that He is most

anxious to be bought. Simple, isn't it? Yet so *eternally* important!

Then the witnesses. . . You can very easily prejudice these in your favor. Be the man, the Catholic man, that you should be. Give the good example to family, friend and foe that your faith demands that you give. Let them see you frequently at the church and at the altar-rail! Repair the past by a Catholic present and future, and the entire trial will be in your favor! You will have the Judge, the witnesses and the sentence all for you! But start NOW for the trial will be SOON! Remember, "*As we live, so shall we die; and as we die, so shall we live forever.*"

Zeno, the Grecian philosopher, was once asked: "How shall I live?" He answered: "Ask the dead." There is a world of wisdom in that reply; let us use it! Ask the soul of one dead and damned in Hell, "How shall I live?" and he will tell you: "Bribe the Judge; keep far away from sin." Ask the soul of one dead and now in Purgatory, "How shall I live?" and he will tell you: "Bribe the Judge; go to Confession and Communion often." Ask the soul of one dead and now in Heaven, "How shall I live?" and he will tell you: "Bribe the Judge; stay very close to *Christ.*"

Are YOU . . . A CONFIDENCE MAN?

By that I mean a man full of confidence in the goodness of God.

"Well," you say, "I know that God is good, but, Father, after looking into memory's mirror and seeing there the lapses of my life from youth to my latest years, I am afraid. My life, as you say, has been sin-filled."

Then I tell you that that is the greatest

reason for you to be a "confidence man," a man full of confidence in the almost unbelievable mercy of God. I say "almost unbelievable," because if any but the Holy Ghost had been author of the Bible, I'd say that the tales of God's mercy were all fiction!

Let us take a good look at our God, *this side of the grave*. Let us look at Him as delineated, not by man, but indelibly done by the Spirit of Truth. It will make us "confidence men"; and if there is one thing that we poor mortals need in this battle of life, it is confidence. We will go first to the Old Testament and look at our God, *this side of the grave*.

Our first picture is that of the Israelites. They show us God in all His beautiful mercy. Look at them there in Egypt. Slaves! Burned all day by the merciless sun and slashed by the heartless lash. Their nights were nights of weeping, longing for their native land and for liberty. Pharaoh was a monster and the Jews were living a veritable Hell. Then God came to them in the person of Moses and through Moses secured for them the liberty they longed for and started them on their way to the Promised Land. Oh, what a journey that was; just one long miracle! There was the cloud by day, the pillar of fire by night; there was the passage of the Red Sea, when stormy waters stood up as stalwart walls; there was the manna and the quail in the desert and the water from the rock. Wonder after wonder for almost forty years . . . and yet these people, favored by God as never were people before, thanked God for His greatnesses by ingratitude and apostasy! When Moses was up on the mountain talking with God, these people gathered all the gold that was theirs, melted it, molded

it into a silly calf and then fell down in adoration before the senseless, lifeless and silly-looking thing. What an abomination! What an insult to God! Moses was so wrought up over it that in holy anger, he smashed the very Tables of the Law. But God? . . . He forgave these people, led them through the midst of their enemies, on and into the land flowing with milk and honey. Such is God, this side of the grave . . . all mercy!

Now think of David. . . . How God blessed that man! Anointed by Samuel while still a mere boy; while yet a child he was made armor-bearer to the King; still a stripling, he slew Goliath the Philistine giant and all Israel loved him. To him was given the King's daughter, Michol, as wife and Jonathan, the King's son, was the other half of his soul. At thirty this former shepherd boy was made King of Israel. What more could mortal man want; and yet David fell! Fell horribly! One day he looked at the wife of Urias and lusted after her. With her he sinned and when he learned that she had conceived by him, he sunk even lower. He sent for Urias, who was fighting the King's war for him, and tried to get him to go down to his wife. But the valiant soldier refused. As long as his men were in the field, their captain would not go down to his home. Then David made him drunk, hoping that alcohol would fire his passion and, thus aroused, he would seek his wife. But not this soldier! In desperation, David did a dastardly thing: he sent Urias back to the front, but with him he sent secret orders to the effect that Urias was to see service in that sector where death was certain. These secret orders were obeyed and David was a

murderer. What did God do to such a man? . . . He sent Nathan, a prophet, who stood before David and told him the story of the rich man, who, though rolling in wealth of cattle, stole from a poor man the one and only lamb he had and which he loved exceedingly much. In kingly wrath, David rose at the story's conclusion and swore, "By the living God, that man is a child of death." Yes, that was man's judgment, "He is a child of death." What did God say? . . . Nathan pointed to the King and said, "Thou art the man!" And David for the first time recognized his awful sin. God forgave David and that is why we have the beautiful "*Miserere.*" God, this side of the grave, is all mercy!

Come now to the New Testament and look at Jesus in parable and in practice. You all know the story He told of the lost sheep. How one eventide, the shepherd counted only ninety-nine of the flock that was one hundred. Straightway he leaves the ninety-nine and hurries off up the mountainside; through brambles that tear and cut, he rushes; up over stones that bruise, he goes; and is ever calling, calling. Finally, there, on the very edge of the precipice, he sees his little lamb, wounded, trembling and half-dead from fright. Tenderly he bends down, gathers the little lamb in his hands, raises it to his bosom and starts off down the mountainside whispering soothing words to the trembling little thing as he staunches its flowing blood. And when he gets home, the first thing he does is to call his neighbors to rejoice, "for he that was lost is found." Then Jesus said, "I am the Good Shepherd."

What was Christ in practice? Recall the woman taken in adultery. The Jews were

going to stone her and they had the law on their side. But Jesus bent over and wrote in the dust the secret sins of all the band. Rising, He spoke and said, "Let him cast the first stone who is without sin among you," and bending over He wrote again. They left then! Every one of them, from the oldest to the veriest youth. When they were alone, these two, Jesus and the woman, He spoke again, asking, "Doth no man condemn thee?" and the answer with shame came back, "No man, Lord." Then Jesus said, "Neither do I! Go now and sin no more." How merciful Jesus is!

Think of Magdalene . . . the woman of the streets, Magdala's notorious courtesan! One day she came to a banquet where Jesus was and flinging herself at His feet, wept the hard, bitter, heart-wrenching tears of the penitent. Pharisees mocked that day, mocked Him and her; but Jesus said, "Much is forgiven her, for she hath loved much."

How did Jesus deal with Peter, the man who had denied Him and denied with an oath that he knew the Man? . . . A look, that was all. A look that gently reprov'd and yet spoke full forgiveness. "And going out Peter wept bitterly." Now remember that Peter was the Prince of the Apostles. Remember that he was the foundation stone of the Church. Jesus only looked!

Think of Judas. Oh, how Jesus tried to save that traitor! When Judas had blistered His lips with the traitor's kiss, Jesus gently said, "Friend, dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?" To the man who had just sold Him for the price of an ordinary donkey of the Jerusalem streets, He said, "Friend," and into that word He put all the tender mercy and the promise of forgiveness that

lies in the Sacred Heart. That is your God, this side of the grave, all mercy!

Look last at Calvary! Hate, malice and cruel ingenuity have done their utmost. They have hammered Jesus to a cross and raised Him high to be the sport of the vulgar rabble. What does your God, this side of the grave, do? He prays and pleads for His persecutors! "Father," he cries, "forgive them, for they know not what they do." What wonder of mercy is this!

Ah, but the tenderest, most touching and truest picture of our God, this side of the grave, is found in the story of the prodigal. How we love that parable! And why not? Haven't we all been prodigals? Haven't we wanted to know what it was all about? To be independent? To be free from our Father's house? To know the "sweets" of sin? Yes, this parable is precious! Can't you see the Father at eventide, standing at the front of his house, shielding his failing eyes against the glare of the setting sun as he looks away down the road to where it bends, looks longingly for his boy? Can't you hear him sigh as the sun sinks, the purple shadows deepen and the road is empty? Can't you hear his aged heart ache?

But one evening there IS one who takes that bend in the road, a ragged, weak and footsore thing, hardly a man at all. But the father knows! and he is off the porch like lightning. Love gives strength and youth to his aged limbs and an old man runs down the road. Coming to the ragged thing that is limping along, he falls on his neck and kisses him while tears of joy rain down upon a dust-covered face that is trying to tell his father that he is sorry.

Now, remember, this boy has squandered a

fortune. Remember that he has dragged the illustrious name of the family in the mud and the mire of sin. Remember that he has been living with harlots and then with swine. . . . But what does the father care? Let the fortune go! Let the family name go! Let everything go! What cares he? His boy is back! His boy is still alive! That is all that matters. So the neighbors are summoned to feast on the fatted calf. The best robe is brought out and the ring for the finger; "for he that was dead has come to life again; he that was lost, is found." That is God, *this side of the grave*. A tender Father, who will run to meet you if you but take the bend in the road.

Now there are some of the reasons why you should be a "confidence man," because God, *this side of the grave*, is all mercy. Let me call your attention to the fact that I have used nothing but the Word of God to depict God; for if I, or any other human, were the author of the above stories and incidents, who could believe them? Such mercy is beyond our ken and above our invention. You couldn't believe man were he the author, but you can't help believing God; and He is the One who wrote the stories! Nor have I exhausted the stories or the facts, for there is the story of the Good Samaritan and the fact of the Good Thief. But I need not tell you all, for it is most evident that God, *this side of the grave*, is all mercy. But I must say that God is waiting for you to take advantage of that mercy. He is waiting for you to take that bend in the road. The sands in Life's hourglass are trickling through . . . before the last grain falls, take that bend in the road! Say a sincere "I'm sorry, God," and then be A CONFIDENCE MAN!

Are YOU . . . HOLDING THE WINNING HAND?

Now I don't know too much about "poker"; but I am told that you need a straight face, a lot of nerve and quite a little "bluff"; but above all you need good cards. I am further told that if I should pick up an ace, I have a good card; that if the next two should happen to be the king and the queen, I had better set my face and grip my nerves. I am finally told that if the next card should be a jack, I will need all my nerve to pick up the fifth card with a straight face. But suppose I do, and suppose that I find it to be the ten and that all the cards are not only the same color but also the same suit! To tell you the truth, if that happened to me, my face would not be straight, though my "hand" would; my face would be more royally flushed than my "hand." But you know that real players could sit back with such a "hand" and just wait for the betting to start; for they would be holding "the winning hand."

Well, you are sitting in at a game; they call it the "*game of life*." And at times it really seems as though the "deck" was stacked against you, doesn't it? Aren't there times when you feel that the dealers are saving all the useless cards just for you? Then let me deal you a real "hand," a "winning hand," one you are to hold, to bet on, to bank on. I am going to deal you five perfect cards; I am going to deal you a Royal Straight Flush. If you hold it always in this "game of life," you will go home, when the "game" is over, a very rich man!

Here is the first card: it is an ACE; it is known as FAITH. It is yours. It has been

yours for years; but what have you been doing with it? Do something with it NOW. Make it vital; make it virile; make it a red blooded belief that God is! that He made you; that He loves you; that He works for you; that He waits for you; that He has a handsome reward all for you. Make it an effective Faith; one that spurs you on to do good, because God wants good done; one that makes you avoid evil, simply because evil offends God. Make it a Faith that gives you HOPE in Time and for Eternity. A Faith that tells you that there is no such thing as life; that the cards in the "game of life" are not stacked against you; a Faith that tells you that all things come from God, and hence, all things, even sickness, suffering and death, are good. A Faith that tells you that there is only one real evil and that is sin! A Faith that urges you to look up, up beyond the earth, beyond the sky, beyond the stars themselves, up to the "hid battlements of Heaven" where love, long, endless years of life and love await you for keeping the Faith here on earth! Such a Faith makes life worth living. Hold it fast!

The second card that I deal you is the KING. This card is PRAYER. Did you ever know that the most manly act that a he-man can perform is prayer? Well, know it now! and know that by it, man uses his highest faculties for the highest end possible for a human to attain this side of the grave. Prayer is contact with Divinity! Prayer is the noblest act that we can perform, for in it we acknowledge the real truth. We acknowledge God as our Maker, our Redeemer and Rewarder, our Provider, our Master and our King. By it we say that God is our ALL! Prayer is nothing but a trustful turning to God in weal and in woe. When things go

well, we turn to Him and thank Him; when things are all wrong, then we turn to Him and tell Him to put them right. Prayer is a mighty virile thing. There is nothing soft or sentimental about it, nothing "old-womanish." Real prayer is a straight-from-the-shoulder, reverent, heart-to-heart talk with God. Pray, then, that kind of prayer, at all times. Pray at the dawning that the day go well; pray at the noontide, and at the night-fall a longer prayer, to tell Him that you are grateful for the day and sorry for your slips. Pray all kinds of prayers. . . . Use vocal prayer, your beads; use mental prayer, just think long and lovingly of Jesus; use ejaculatory prayer, just whisper to God. Pray always, for prayer brings Grace and Grace is the life of the soul. Prayer is easy, prayer is pleasant, prayer is necessary. . . . Use it more often!

Here is your third card: it is the QUEEN. And what is this? . . . The Mass. Ah, here you have the very heart of our religion. Get to know your Mass and you will come to love it; love it and then, no matter what the blows and the buffetings that this world may send, life is all sweetness.

Faith is a grand thing, for it gives you belief in God. Prayer is a powerful thing, for it unites your mind and heart with God. But the Mass! . . . Ah, that gives you God! Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, really and truly present in the Holy Sacrifice. The Mass is your everything. It is your redemption, your sanctification, your glorification. It is the most direct means that you have of fulfilling the end for which God made you. Look! You are a man, therefore you've got to adore God . . . you do it through the Mass. You are a dependent man, therefore you've got to

give thanks for all that you have received . . . you do it through the Mass. You are a sinful man, therefore you've got to make reparation for your offenses . . . you do it through the Mass. Finally, you are a very weak man, therefore you need help mightily . . . you get it through the Mass. The wonder of the Mass is astounding, but think what happens when you communicate at the Mass, a thing you should always do! Why, then you undergo a Blood-transfusion, and into your soul courses the Blood of Jesus Christ, true God and true Man. And oh, how you need Jesus! Remember, away back in our first paper we saw that He alone is proof positive against "going native"? Remember that we also saw that no one is immune to weathering? So I wisely say that you **NEED** the Mass, you need *Jesus Christ!*

But you are looking for two more cards to fill out the "hand," aren't you? Well, here is the JACK. This card is PENANCE, the Sacrament and the virtue. Through Penance you get clean and through it you keep clean in this very dirty world. The Sacrament has been established just for you and how little you appreciate it. Suppose for a moment that there were no confessional. Suppose that there were no priest to whom you could go and get absolution, advice, encouragement and consolation. What a weary, weary world this would be for you! Birds might sing and the sun might shine, but for you the whole of creation would wear only a gray, if not a dismally black, look; for guilt would hang heavy on your soul! You've got to thank God for this Sacrament, and the very best way to thank Him is to go to it often!

When will you appreciate God's goodness to you? When will you learn that the Sacra-

ment of Penance is not only to forgive sins but also to give Grace? When will you realize that the priest is in the "box" not only to forgive but also, in a very special manner, *to give!* He has spent long years in study to perfect himself in the science of the soul; he is your soul's doctor, and just as you consult a doctor for the ills of your body, so, too, you must consult your "doctor" for the ills of your soul. Now it is the part of wisdom to have only one doctor for your body, a man who knows your "case history" from beginning to end; it is equally the part of wisdom to have one "doctor" for your soul, a single confessor who knows your soul from A to Z. That is the only way to insure proper prescriptions and real health; and the health of your soul means holiness.

Concerning the virtue of Penance . . . never worry. As long as life is, opportunities to practice this virtue will never be wanting; for life is action and where there is action, there is bound to be friction; where there is friction, there is sure to be heat! If you keep cool, if you keep your head and your tongue in the midst of all life's frictionings, and do it just to be like Christ, you will be practicing heroic Penance!

Now I don't say that the cards come in the order I have dealt them. But I do say that the four I have given you are necessary, very necessary, and yet, without the fifth, they are useless. You need that most necessary "ten." Well, here it is, for without it, the other four are so much pasteboard. The TEN is AVOIDING THE OCCASIONS OF SIN. Now you have your Royal Straight Flush. Now you have the "winning hand." Of all the cards, perhaps the most important is this

last. It makes the "hand" and it will save your soul!

I want you to study this last card. I want you to notice that I say, "Avoid the OCCASIONS of sin." I do not say, "Avoid sin." No, that would be poor advice; for if a man wants to avoid colds, he keeps out of drafts; if a man wants to avoid drowning, he stays out of the water; if a man wants to keep from being burnt he avoids fire; so YOU . . . if you want to keep away from sin, avoid the people, the places and the things that have in the past led, and may again in the future lead, you into sin. That is what I mean by avoiding the OCCASIONS of sin!

My good fellow, hold this "winning hand" and you'll be a saint. Not a mystic or a miracle-worker, but that other more common and more attractive kind . . . a real man, a he-man, Catholic to the core. That is what a saint is . . . a MAN who does WHAT he ought to do, WHEN he ought to do it and IN THE WAY he ought to do it. By your Baptism you promised to be such a man. Redeem your promise then by holding the "winning hand." Play it "close to your vest." Better still, put it into your heart!

Are YOU . . . A SLACKER?

Loyalty to a CAUSE and devotion to a LEADER has changed the face of the world many a time. It can do the same thing today!

Do you remember the World War? Do you remember how we rallied to the call of "make the world safe for democracy?" Ah, that was a CAUSE that fired the soul of the nation. It stirred us to the last atom of our being; it straightened the back of all and sent the very flower of our manhood to Flanders fields. Patriotism was at its peak in those

days and all of us were fighters—men, women and even little children. We were all most anxious to do “our part” and “our part” was small, even for the biggest of us. But we were convinced that if everyone did “his bit,” the war was won and the “world was made safe for democracy.” The CAUSE really captivated us. It stirred the blood of the most sluggish, made even an amoeba of a man, noble, and the anemic, red-blooded. It was a CAUSE that called for sacrifice, and with ready will we all did sacrifice. There were sugarless days, heatless days and meatless days; there were Liberty Bonds and dollar-a-year-jobs. All tiny things in themselves, but when mounded together, did just what we wanted . . . had “the boys out of the trenches by Christmas” of 1918.

Yes, the CAUSE was captivating, but we also had LEADERS who were magnetic! There was the wise Wilson with his scholarly ways; there was “Black Jack” Pershing, a soldier to his finger-tips; there was Marshal Foch, Catholic to the core, a God-fearing, man-inspiring commander-in-chief. There was a whole host of others whom we could follow with confidence and courage. Small wonder, then, that we were all stirred to brave daring and to even braver doing!

Yet, despite the CAUSE and the LEADERS, there were “slackers” . . . men who turned a deaf ear to the call, dodged even the draft and, able-bodied though they were, hid behind overalls in some shipyard, instead of being behind a gun at the front. How we despised them! And weren't we right? When tiny tots would give their pennies for bonds and babies would shiver one day a week and take their porridge “straight” weren't we justified in holding as despicable every able-

bodied man who did not answer the call and do "his bit" to "make the world safe for democracy?"

Ah, but tell me, have you ever listened to the call of Christ? Have you ever thought of His CAUSE? He wants to "make the world safe for God," and to do it, He needs YOU.

"But," you say, "what can a tiny thing like myself do to 'make the world safe for God?' What can I do to help Jesus Christ?"

Tell me, what did you do in the World War? Not much, was it? Even if you had captured a trench or, better still, a whole sector, what would it have been when there were miles and miles of other trenches and at least three other "fronts" in Europe alone? Ah, you played a very tiny part of the great World War; we all did. Even the biggest of us was only an atom. Yet every bit helped! So, too, in the World War for God, every tiny bit will help tremendously; and you can at least do a tiny bit, can't you? Think of it! Tiny you, sinful you, weak and wayward you, can really HELP God Almighty. Could you want a nobler Cause? And as for the LEADER . . . look at Him . . . He is Jesus Christ, the GOD-MAN! What a Cause! What a Commander! What a challenge to YOU!

But here we must pause to point out a great difference. In the World War, leaders gave the command to "Advance!" "Go ahead!" they were saying; for Wilson stayed at home; Pershing never fired a shot from a front-line trench, and even Foch directed things from a distance. But Christ . . . never! He is your King and your Commander, but He is more . . . He is your Comrade. His command is never, "Go ahead"; it

and fail miserably. They will fail to live rightly, for they are failing to think rightly. Thought always precedes action. That is why man is measured by his ideas and his ideals. If you think rightly, there is high probability that you will live rightly; and there is only one right way to think of man . . . He is a creature.

Take the truth then, that you belong to God, and inject it into your system; then you'll never "go native." Get that into your very blood-stream and you can let the atheist rave and the communist rant, you can let the materialist be flippant and the spiritualist foolish . . . for you will be safe! You will live the life of all-living. You will act like a MAN, which means being a CHILD OF GOD!

Are YOU . . . A MOTH OR A MAN?

A moth is a very stupid animal. Flame is not its food nor its home; it can't live in flame, it can't eat flame, it can't get a single thing from flame . . . yet light a candle and watch the foolish moth. It flits round and round, dips in and dips out, shoots up, then down, flies near, then far, yet ever and always back to the one thing that can do it no good. Be it a feeble candle glow or a tremendous torch, it makes no difference; as long as it is flame, the moth will come. And what happens? Well, most moths get their wings singed—and many die. Foolish, foolish moth!

Men are like moths. Just as stupid. Just as foolishly flitting about flames. Yes, I said just as stupid, for when facing the question of questions we saw that man was made by God and for God. It follows then that "we have not here a lasting city," that earth is not our native land, that we are Eternity's

children. Yet there are men who devote themselves to things other than God. There are men who, though made for Eternity, give themselves and their entire life to things that are of Time. Yes, men are like moths, just as stupid, just as foolishly flitting about flames!

Here is my proof: Flames are tenuous things which soon die away; so too are all things in this wondrous world of ours; just as tenuous; just as soon passing away. Yet men flit about them! One man flies to the "spotlight." His end is FAME. To get into the headlines he will sacrifice anything and everything, risking even life itself. If you think that an exaggeration, recall the many who tried to fly the Atlantic before Lindbergh. Oh, how many have lost, not only their names, but even their lives, flitting about the spotlight of fame!

Others are attracted by the blaze of POWER. They want to be "up on top," to be mighty, or at least friends of the mighty, and to attain this end they will sacrifice principle, self-respect and honor. Why did Pilate condemn Jesus Christ? He admitted that "he found no cause in the Man"; he knew that "the Jews had delivered Him up out of envy." Pilate was convinced that Jesus was innocent, yet he condemned Him to death because, "if you free this Man, you are no friend of Caesar's." Ah, how many have made themselves other Pilates, flying about the consuming blaze of power!

Some there are who never go near big flames. These play around the dim and the dull. These find the "red light" enough for them. PLEASURE is their end and passion their finish! And how many men become moths flitting about the "glow" of ALCO-

HOL? Yes, the "glow" that it gives attracts them, but they usually end up—luminous!

Often it is the light in some woman's eyes that makes a moth of a man, and, as you well know, the "glitter" of gold has frequently been the light that made misers and maniacs of rational beings. But why multiply examples? You know as well as I do that money has been the "flame" for millions and still is. You know that pleasure, power, passion, fame, excitement, food, drink, health, happiness . . . all have made moths of men. And you further know that most have had their wings singed and not a few have died! Foolish, foolish moths of men!

Now don't think of the "other fellow." I am asking YOU this question. And, remember, the light that attracts, does not have to be great. When I say that money is a flame, I do not mean millions . . . thirty pieces of silver ruined Judas. When I say that pleasure is a flame, I am not thinking of a whole long life in luxurious debauchery . . . one dance by Salome made a murderer out of Herod. Think then of yourself, for there is no man who has not his own particular "flame," there is no man who is not moth-like.

"But how be man?" you ask.

Well, at the outset of this paper, I was going to ask you, "Are you lashed to a mast?" and tell you the story of wily Ulysses. He had to sail through the waters where the Sirens sang, but he knew the strength of their song and the weakness of his own will, so he lashed himself to the mast of his ship, for he well knew that if he were not roped, he'd be ruined. You have to sail past many an isle and listen to many a siren song, so you must be just as wily as Ulysses was and lash

yourself to the mast of the solid principle, "*Use a means as a means; don't make it an end.*" It is the only principle that will save you from ruin. It is the only principle that will ensure you sanity and ultimately lead you to sanctity.

Here is what I mean: We are living in a wondrous world, surrounded on all sides by creatures that are mightily enticing. Every one of these creatures is good, for God made them, and He makes only good things. **BUT** He made them as means, not as ends. He made them as means to help us get to our real end . . . Which is God. Wealth, health, power, good name, even great name, are all good things and they will all help us to our end, **IF** we use them **ONLY INASMUCH** as they help us to God. Money is necessary; get it, but don't make a god out of it! Pleasure is desirable; enjoy it, but don't adore it! Power is a great good, but it is not essential for our soul's salvation, and that is our only end.

God made all these things and He made them for our use, but the "great boob man" abuses them. God made them as means, man makes them ends. Food is a creature of God and we eat to live; but there are those who make it an end and who live only to eat. Drink is a gift from God and it will set the whole being aglow; but man, in his stupidity, is not satisfied with the glow, he wants a blaze. Physical well-being is a grand thing, but tell me, why adore it? Why worship the body?

Oh, don't be like the stupid moths around you who have made ends out of mere means. Be a **MAN** who lives by the principle, "I will use things **ONLY INASMUCH** as they help me to God." Don't be a moth that flits about flames that burn and even kill; be a Chris-

is always, "Come, follow Me!" And let me tell you that you will never be asked to do one-half of the things that your Leader does in this World War for God. I must again insist that you will never have to do the HALF. Then what manner of man would you be to refuse the little that He does ask? No, you can't shirk in this War, you can't be a "slacker." The Cause is too great, the Leader is God. So whatever He asks, you will do.

Here are the things that you can do as you "follow the Leader." He had actual poverty for three and thirty years; you can at least be poor in spirit. He was hidden away in a despised town, of a despised province, of a despised people all His life; you can at least be humble of heart. He had pain at His birth, in His flight into Egypt, in His hidden life; He had obloquy in His public life; He had Calvary, the Crucifixion and Death as the consummation to a Scourging, a Crowning with Thorns and the Carrying of the Cross. You can accept a little suffering, a little sickness, a little set-back with silence, even with resignation. He was Purity Itself, who clothed Himself in clay and walked the ways of men, looking on foulness and sin with eyes that were divine; you can at least be clean of heart. He suffered agonies silently; can't you be meek? He did even more than love allows. Won't you do your duty? Again, I ask, can you be a "slacker" when there is such a Cause and such a Leader?

"Of course not!" you blurt. "But tell me how to follow Christ."

That is simple, for His first command is a request. "My child," He says, "give Me thy heart." That is what He is asking of YOU. Oh, it is His. He made it. He redeemed it.

And it was given Him at Baptism. But He wants volunteers, only volunteers. There are no "draftees" in the service of Christ.

"How am I to give Him my heart?" you ask.

You already know! Love thy God. Love thy neighbor. Keep the Commandments and the Precepts. Perform the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. Oh, you know how! Keep that heart of yours clean. It is a tiny thing, a very tiny thing, but it has a tremendous hunger. Keep it clean by modeling it on the meek and humble Heart of the meek and humble Jesus. Do as He has done. He made a frontal attack on pride by His humility; on riches by His poverty; on pleasure by His purity! Follow your Leader and keep your heart clean. See that nothing clings to it and that it clings to nothing but Christ and Christianity. The world with its wealth, its honors and its good times will appeal to you; the flesh with its passions and its lusts will torture you; the devil with all his wiles will try to trap you . . . but you keep your heart clean. Keep close to Christ and all will be well. The devil will camouflage everything—it is his way—but Christ is the light and if you stay near Him, you will see everything clearly and truly.

But perhaps as yet I have not been specific enough. Then I say, "Use the positive means that I gave you in 'the winning hand.' Go to Mass more often than once a week; and when you do assist at Mass, always receive Communion. Never allow a week to pass without confession; for God gives Grace through that Sacrament and Grace is the air and the sun of your soul. Finally, pray! Pray morning, noon and night; for prayer is the dynamo which keeps the soul running."

Really, it is all as simple as playing the child's game of "*Follow the Leader.*" Follow Christ, He is your Leader. He was an example for all . . . you, too, be an example for all. In the business world, let your associates see Christ and His principles in action; in your home, let your near ones see the sweetness, the gentleness, the loveliness of Jesus in your words and in your ways; in your social life, let friends and acquaintances see the nobility and the graceful charity of Jesus, who ever "went about doing good."

Now; all the above are little things, just the ordinary Christian duties. But let me tell you that when they are mounded together, they produce that rarity of the world . . . a real follower of Jesus Christ, a he-man, in the best sense of the word . . . *a saint!*

You can't be a "slacker," with such a Cause and such a Leader. Never! So play "follow the leader"; it is a miraculous game. It makes saintly he-men out of have-been "slackers." It will make you a good soldier of *Jesus Christ.*

Are YOU . . . USING YOUR HEAD?

I am willing to wager that, as you faced the last question and read about the Call, the Commander and the Cause, you said within yourself, "This is all fine fiction, but it is far from fact." I am further willing to wager that you have reasoned in this manner: "I am living and yet I do not feel that I am in any army. I don't feel as if there were a war. In fact, I don't find life such an awful battle." Many have reasoned that way before you and that is the reason why I am asking, "Are YOU using your head?"

It is a challenging question, I know, almost an insulting one, but here are my reasons for

asking it: War has not only been declared, but it is actually being waged. At this moment, a very real battle is going on; and your soul is the prize that the opposing parties seek! I am not spinning fancy, I am talking facts! Scripture and tradition, reason and experience all testify that what I say is true. God, speaking through Job, says: "Life is a warfare." Tradition tells me that Satan hates God and everything pertaining to God, and I know that your immortal soul is the very image of its Maker; I know, and by this time you ought to know, that you belong entirely to God. Then reason tells me that there is no victory without a struggle, no reward without an effort, no crown without contention, no Heaven except by violence. Ah, but if I had not reason or revelation, I would know that life is a battle from my own daily experience. Look within yourself and try to find any other explanation for what goes on. How can you explain the many contradictions that every day take place within your very soul? You long for sanctity, yet you sin. You want to be good, yet you do evil. You desire purity and yet are dirty in mind, in desire and in heart. You aspire to the very heavens and yet grovel in the filth of the earth. The things of eternity are your goal and your ambition and yet you are entirely taken up by the things of Time. You want to be a man, a real man, a saintly man and yet find yourself little better than the beast. Why these cruel contradictions? Why this ceaseless struggle in your soul? Because WAR has been declared. Because war is being WAGED!

Come now and "use your head." Recognize obvious facts. The War is on. God wants you. Satan wants you. God loves you, Satan hates

you. God is your Changeless Friend, Satan your implacable enemy. God longs to have you in Heaven for all eternity, Satan is determined to have you damned in Hell forever. Is it any wonder that there is a war? You were made in the image and likeness of God, you were made to take the place of Satan in Heaven and that is why you will never know peace until your immortal soul is separated from your body and you are eternally judged. Christ and Satan, Love and Hate are contending; these two have been in pitched battle for that soul of yours since reason's dawn and will be battling for it until the day of death. Recognize the fact! And further recognize the terrible truth that YOU are the one who decides the issue! YOURS is the final verdict whether God shall win or lose, whether you will go with Satan or with Christ.

"But," you say, "no one is going to prefer Satan to *Christ*."

And I answer: "YOU have done it." Yes, every time that you were "a moth and not a man" you preferred Satan to Christ; every time that you sought the "sweets" of sin you preferred Satan to Christ; every time that you "played with fire" you preferred Satan to Christ. Oh, it is a stupid choice, for there is no comparison between the leaders, there is no choice between the camps. Christ is infinite Love, Truth and Beauty; Satan is nothing but Hate. Christ gives you everything in Time and promises you much more in Eternity; Satan takes everything from you here—first, light of intellect, then strength of will and finally health of body—and hereafter he will give you only torment. Satan is a liar; Christ can neither deceive nor be deceived. Jesus says: "My child, give Me

thy heart that I may bless it forever in the happiness of My Heaven." Satan says: "Give me your soul that I may 'salt' it with the eternal fires of Hell." And you choose Satan! You've done it time and time again. Why? . . . I'll tell you why . . . Because you did not "use your head." You did not challenge everyone who approached your soul with the cry: "Who goes there? Friend or enemy?" I'll tell you why . . . You were not wise to the wily ways of Satan. Oh, I know that you did not mean to choose Satan. I know that you want God here and hereafter; so I am going to give you what I know of Satan's strategy so that, in the future, you will "use your head."

Satan's entire campaign is DECEIT. He is a liar and the father of lies. But he is clever! Almost infinitely clever. For all the long aeons since Hell was created his one work has been to capture human souls, and experience, added to his angelic intellect, makes him almost unbeatable. He knows human nature down to its last atom; he is well acquainted with its every flaw and failing, he knows its strength and its weakness, and he uses his knowledge well. Why, he knows you better than you know yourself. He knows just exactly what will appeal to you and how much it will appeal to you; he knows what you will resist and how long you will resist. He has been following your every move since you were born and has studied you with all the zeal that hate can inspire, so that today he knows your soul from A to Z. You have never seen Satan, have you? No; and most likely you never will; for it is not his way to appear in the light. Deception is his method. Never yet has he put evil before an individual *as evil*; he presents it as *good*. If

he showed sin in all its horror, he would never get anyone to sin; so he shows it as "sweet." Were he to appear himself, he would never capture a single soul, for he is the personification of hatefulness; so he appears through his helpers and they are far from hateful.

Let me acquaint you with a few of Satan's helpers so that you can "use your head." The "movie" is his helper as it portrays sin in all its seductiveness; making a heroine out of a harlot and an idol of a roué; making divorce delightful and marriage a mockery. The "talkie" is his helper when it fashions pretty speeches, which, when stripped of their fine phrases, mean only passion and sin. The "tabloid" is his helper when it prints pictures that bring the blush to any real man, but stir the passions of youth. The daily paper is his helper when it reports filth and scandal, when it gives you all the rot of humanity, when it falsifies facts just to have a flaring headline. The magazine is his helper when it makes a hero of a murderer, an idol of a clever thief and a glory out of a "gangster." Poets have seen Satan's songsters, and novelists his right hand. Wine, women and song have all done the work of the devil, and especially do I say wine! Truly, his name IS "Legion." There are some of his helpers; and knowing his helpers, you know something of his ways. He appeals to the animal in man, cleverly, subtly, surreptitiously and makes of most men . . . animals! Think of it! All this ingenuity, all this clever subtlety, all this intelligence of Hell is hurled against tiny, little you. What chance have you got? Alone, you have none! None whatsoever! So "use your head" and "follow the Leader"; get close to Christ, for

He is a Conqueror! He has subdued the world, the flesh and the devil. He has vanquished Hell. He has conquered Death. Stay close to Christ and you will win. Without Him—you die, and die eternally.

Now you have heard all this before. You have made other retreats and left them with the fixed resolve to stay close to Christ. What happened? I'll tell you what happened . . . You were not thorough. You only half-believed. You only half-resolved. You know there are three classes of men: The "do-nothings," the "half-way fellows" and the "go-through men." Now, if you belonged to the last named class, the truth that you are a soldier of Christ would have so seared itself into your soul that religion would have been a twenty-four-hour-a-day proposition with you and not a Sunday-morning affair. Christ and His Cause would have been a heart-interest and an everyday concern to you. Confession would have been a weekly matter and Communion a daily delight. Yes, I say DAILY. Tell me, are you strong enough to battle Satan alone? Are you strong enough to live in twentieth century pagan America and not "go native"? Don't you really need the strength of Omnipotence? Tell me honestly, have you one valid reason for not becoming a daily communicant? Oh, I hate to say it . . . but God will understand . . . if ten-dollar bills were being handed out at the altar-rail, you'd be there every morning, you and your whole family! Then what price do you put on God?

What class of man are you going to be in for the future? Oh, get out of that terrible mediocre class of "half-way fellows" and become a "go-through man."

They tell of a young French soldier who

was to be shot at sunrise because he had been found asleep at his post. Day was just breaking on the morn appointed for the execution and the youngster was looking sad-eyed at his last gray dawning, when he heard the steps of soldiery along the prison floors. With an effort, he straightened himself, stiffened his quivering lip, set his teeth and made ready to face it all "like a soldier." The cell door opened, the youngster made a perfect military turn and looked straight into the eyes of . . . his King. The monarch smiled and said, "My boy, you are young. I know that you slept out of fatigue. Tell me, what will you do if I give you back your sword?"

The boy's head came up, two big tears stole down his cheeks as with all the pent-up emotion of his young heart, he blurted out: "Sire, I'll *die for you.*"

Now Christ has given you back your sword time and time again. Wont you "use your head" and *live* for Him? Won't you be always on your guard? Won't you ever be mindful of the fact that Satan never sleeps; that he wants you; that he is going to use every possible means to get you? Oh, be wise and know that he will appeal through the plausible and the pleasurable. He has many, many helpers and among them are these:

"There is no danger here of YOU" . . .
"Just this ONCE" . . . "Everybody does it"
. . . "Just ONE more," and finally and
worst of all . . . "By and by."

All are liars! Jesus has said, "NOW is the ACCEPTABLE TIME."

Are YOU . . . LIVING UP TO YOUR BLOOD?

“Blood will tell.” So the saying goes and I have found it true. Blood always tells.

Hence, as a parting question, one that will serve as a preview and a review, I ask: “Are you living up to your blood?” I am asking it because I want you to crystallize your entire retreat in the one resolve, “I will live worthy of my blood”; and in that resolve you will have everything!

What am I talking about? Simply this . . . that once you have been baptized, you have been “blooded” with the noblest of all noble blood; you have been received into a family of heroes and made the scion of saintly sires. Look at your ancestors and you will see that they are wonderful. Look and learn that you can be as they. Look and really resolve to be just what they have been.

First, look at the bravery of your martyr-sires. Many of your ancestors preferred to become living torches in the garden of Nero than drop a tiny grain of incense into the brazier that was burning before the image of some false god. Then there were those who rejoiced when the blood-thirsting Roman mob roared, “Christians to the lions!” Yes, actually rejoiced and then walked out into the sands of the arena confident and unafraid. Starving lions charge down on them; they knelt, signed themselves with the sign of the cross and died talking to God. Countless are the members of your family who have died for God and are called martyrs; not only under the pagan Caesars and the barbarians, but under the Caliphs of the seventh and succeeding centuries; under the Reformers of the sixteenth, the Revolu-

tionists of the eighteenth and the atheists of the twentieth century. Your brothers and sisters died bravely under Nero and his ilk, under Saladin and Henry VIII, under Cromwell and Robespierre, and they are dying today in far-off Russia and nearer Mexico under Lenin and Calles. *Your* turn may be next. Will you "live up to your blood?"

Look now at the love of the Confessors and the Virgins. It takes bravery, great bravery, to die for God, but it takes a greater bravery, one that we call "love," to live for God, and to live for Him alone; and, oh! how your lineage bespeaks this love for God! Millions of your family have so loved God that this wondrous world of ours was weariness to them; they so loved God that they hated themselves; they so longed for God that this life on earth was to them . . . death.

Now do not think that this nobility of bravery and of love was limited to full-grown men and women? You would have reason to glory and to blush were I to name only the elders; but what will you do when I tell of the mere boys and girls? Look at Tarcisius, shielding with his boyish body the helpless Christ in the Host. Listen to Pancratius, *calling* for the panther that had given his father the martyr's crown. Watch Stanislaus and Aloysius as they sign away principedoms in order to be poor with the poor Jesus, and look at Berchman's "filling up a long span in a brief interval of time," because he loved much!

I suppose you are wondering how you can ever measure up to the stature of such mighty men and women, such giants of boys. Well, it can be done and it must be done. You can do just as they have done. Love the Sacred Heart of Jesus as your sister Mar-

garet Mary has done. Be pure as your little sister Agnes was. Be a knight of the Blessed Sacrament and a Child of Mary as your "kid-brothers," the "boy-saints," were. Be an heroic follower of Jesus Christ, for you have the identical blood that flowed in the veins of such heroes as Benedict, Bernard and Ignatius; you have the same ancestry as Oliver Plunket and Thomas More. Be brave, be loving, for you can claim kinship with Monica, Cecilia and the Little Flower. Be generous, for you have been sired by the same parents as Louis of France and Elizabeth of Hungary. "*Noblesse oblige*" is your motto, for you are sprung from a stock that is noble.

But why do I linger with your brothers and sisters? Tell me, who is your Mother? . . . Your Mother is the Immaculate One, the only sinless one, the all-pure Mother of God. Then it follows that Jesus, the Son of God, is your Brother. Yes, that is true, as true as the Gospel of God! Then can you be anything but a "go-through man" from now on? Can you be anything but a "hundred-percent," a man who lives life to the hilt, the Catholic life, the life of God? Resolve a man's resolve today "to live worthy of your blood" for you are a brother of Jesus!

Shhh! For as yet I have not told you all. To have a God-man for your Brother is thrilling, but it is not all; for if Jesus is your Brother, then God must be your Father and you must be a son of God! Think of that . . . you are a son of God Almighty!

Have I gone too far? Have I bewildered you with your nobility? Does it all seem too good to be true? Well, I have not finished; I have not told you all. But let me come to more tangible things, things that you can

see and feel and touch. Let me tell you of your body. Do you know what it is? It is the temple of the Holy Ghost, the Tabernacle of the Most-High God, the Monstrance for Divinity. That is a staggering thought, isn't it? and one that is terrifying in its consequences. You wouldn't dare defile a consecrated chalice, would you? You wouldn't dare even to touch a ciborium containing the Sacred Host . . . then how dare you sin in that body of yours? It is a chalice consecrated to the omnipotent God; it is a living Tabernacle for the ever-living God; it is the very Monstrance in which is to be seen Divinity. Then never again dare sacrilegiously to defile that body of yours with foulness, impurity, drunkenness . . . SIN!

Oh, I despair of ever telling you all the wonders of your Catholic manhood; but I must add this last truth as the crown of the retreat. It is a truth that will keep you from ever "going native," from ever being "a moth instead of a man," from ever "playing with fire" as you go after the "sweets of sin"; it is a truth that, once grasped, will have you always "using your head" and being a "go-through man" instead of a "slacker"; a thought that will cause you so to live that you will always be "ready for trial" because you will always "hold the winning hand." What is this climaxing and unifying truth? What is this actuality which will make you "a man full of confidence"? It is this . . . you are a *living member of the Mystical Body of Christ!* Your blood is really divine!

This brief glimpse at the glory that is your lineage makes your past look pretty black, doesn't it? But I tell you to FORGET IT! It is PAST! Look to the future and plan for that. Are you fearful that you cannot "live

up to your blood"? If so, then let me insist that you **BE CONFIDENT**. Paul was converted from hate, Magdalene from impurity, Peter from weakness. You, too, can be completely changed, but only by doing what they did. Only by getting *close to Christ!*

You've got to make a resolution and it has got to be kept. The years are flying fast and you are getting nearer and nearer to the Judgment . . . You can't stand there empty-handed, for Eternity is too long! Resolve, then, to "live worthy of your blood," and the only way that you can put that resolve into execution is by clinging close to Jesus Christ. But you will never get closer to Jesus this side of the grave than you do in Holy Communion. So your practical resolve is a man's resolve to go to **CONFESSION** every week and to **COMMUNION** every day! That will be "living up to your blood."

My man, you can't handle pitch and come away clean! You can't play with fire and not be burned! You can't live in the midst of this foul world and be sinless. You can't keep from "going native" . . . **UNLESS . . .** you stay close to Christ, your Captain, your Comrade, your Brother and your God. Do it through Holy Communion!

I sum it all up for you and put it in easily-remembered words when I say: "**BE A 'G' MAN!**" By that I mean, "Be a Man of God." It is the only sane, the only honest thing to do; for God made you, God redeemed you, God is your beginning and God is your end; you were given to God in Baptism, your soul is the image of God, your body is the Temple of God; in life you are sustained by God, in death you will be judged by God and by God you will be rewarded with God for all eternity, if from now on you be what you

should be . . . A "G" MAN . . . A MAN OF GOD! That is the resolve to take this day and that is the resolve to KEEP! If you do that, I promise you PEACE here and PARADISE hereafter. Could even YOU ask for more?

BE A "G" MAN, then, and God will bless you!

U. I. O. G. D.

Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani
Feast of The Visitation of Our Lady
Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-nine

**BOOKS AND BOOKLETS SUPPLIED BY
THE ABBEY OF OUR LADY OF
GETHSEMANI**

THREE RELIGIOUS REBELS.....	\$2.75
THE FAMILY THAT OVERTOOK CHRIST.....	2.75
THE MAN WHO GOT EVEN WITH GOD.....	2.00
LIFE OF DOM EDMOND OBRECHT.....	1.50
LIFE AND TIMES OF ST. BERNARD.....	4.75
ST. BERNARD ON THE LOVE OF GOD.....	1.50
THE SOUL OF THE APOSTOLATE,	
paper	1.00
cloth	1.25
leather	3.00
THE REAL DE RANCÉ.....	3.00
HOLY ABANDONMENT.....	3.50
HISTORY OF THE CISTERCIAN ORDER.....	4.00
RADIATING CHRIST.....	1.00
JOSEPH CASSANT, TRAPPIST PRIEST,	
paper75
cloth	1.00
YVO POUSSIN, TRAPPIST LAY BROTHER,	
paper75
cloth	1.00
LOUISE TESSIER, TRAPPISTINE LAY SISTER	1.00
LIEUTENANT MICHAEL CARLIER, MONK.....	2.00
WAYS OF MENTAL PRAYER.....	2.00
DIFFICULTIES IN MENTAL PRAYER.....	1.50
SPIRITUAL DIRECTORY (Cistercian),	
2 vols., each.....	1.75
JESUS, KING OF LOVE (Fr. Mateo).....	1.00
THE FAITH OF MILLIONS,	
paper50
cloth	1.50
HOLY RULE OF ST. BENEDICT.....	1.00
DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET OF GETHSEMANI ABBEY.....	.25

ARE YOU? BOOKLETS

FIAT! REMAKE YOUR WORLD
LIFE IS A DIVINE ROMANCE
THE GOD-MAN'S DOUBLE
WHAT'S WRONG?
SET THE WORLD ON FIRE
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO JESUS CHRIST?
DOUBLING FOR THE MOTHER OF GOD
WHISPERS FROM THE WINGS
DO YOU WANT LIFE AND LOVE?
HAVE YOU MET GOD?
FOR YOUR OWN DEFENSE
TO MOTHERS WHOSE SONS ARE IN THE SERVICE
A MESSAGE FROM THOSE KILLED IN ACTION
HELP GOD BE A SUCCESS
24 HOURS A CATHOLIC
AN HOUR WITH CHRIST
EVENTUALLY: WHY NOT NOW?
A STARTLING THING FOR YOU
APOSTOLATE OF THE CONTEMPLATIVES
ST. BERNARD, MASTER MAGNET
LET'S BUILD A HOME

Ten cents each. Reduction for Quantities.

ABBHEY OF GETHSEMANI
Trappist, Ky.

YALE UNIVERSITY
JUN 10 1946
LIBRARY.