

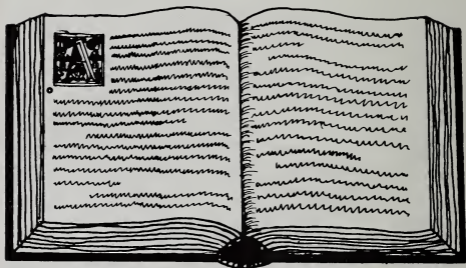
A Trappist says:

- **You**
- **Can Set**
- **The World**
- **On**
- ***FIRE!***



**Speaking to priest, religious,
and lay person**

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME



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**Speaking to priest, religious,
and lay person**

NIHIL OBSTAT:

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

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

Censores

Feast of Pentecost, 1940

IMPRIMI POTESST:

† FREDERICUS M. DUNNE, O.C.S.O.

Abbas, B. M. de Gethsemani

Die la Novembris, 1940

IMPRIMATUR:

† JOANNES A. FLOERSH, D.D.

Archiepiscopus Ludovicopolitanus

Die 15a Novembris, 1940

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TO
OUR LITTLE SISTER
"PEG"
PRAYING THAT SHE MAY
EVER HAVE
THE LIFE, LIGHT AND LOVE
OF
GOD THE HOLY GHOST

You Can Do It

Yes, YOU can do it. You can set the world on fire. In fact, you MUST do it, if you have any love for God, for self or for fellow man.

An extraordinary task? — Yes, if you mean by “extraordinary” one that is not done by the common run of people. No, if you mean that it is an impossible one. It is possible. It is practicable. It is pertinent. Now is the acceptable time!

The world is a mess. You know it and you know it better than I. Cloistered away in my hidden city of God, I seldom hear of Hitler, Stalin and the other upstarts who are shaking modern civilization to its very foundations. But these men do not bother me; it is the movement that gives me concern. For war has been declared and is being waged, not against man or against nations, but it is being waged against God. No wonder the world is an awful mess—it has risen against its Maker.

Do I need to tell you that the world needs a Messiah? Hardly. You know that just as well as I. But what I do need to tell you, and what you need to know, is that YOU can be that Messiah and help save a lost mankind.

The time is ripe and you are the person. Opportunity never loomed larger for anyone, than it does for you at this dark moment when Antichrist seems to have risen in the garb of red-, brown- and black-shirted dictators, who are demanding for the State the supremacy, sovereignty, adoration and worship that belongs to God alone.

No, names mean nothing to me, and I think

that I can pierce camouflage. Clever slogans, high-pressured propaganda and fraudulent, blood-stirring catch-phrases cannot veil the movement, even though they may cloak and clothe the man. Though the bombs be dropped on cities and the bayonets thrust into men, the march today is against God. And that is what matters. Civilization is no longer at the crossroads. It has definitely marched on, and over one half of mankind has taken the road to the left—a road that goes, not away from God, but directly against Him. And that gives you your chance.

Civilization has ever been on a seesaw. History tells of nothing but a series of ups and downs. And opportunity is always greatest when mankind is down, for then it can be lifted up. Quite definitely we are down, very far down; and I know that you can lift us up.

I know little about current history and I care to know even less. But I do know something about religion and I know very, very much, almost all, about you. So I am going to talk mostly about you. I am now going to tell you things about yourself that you have long forgotten (if you ever really knew them); and I am going to tell you them just as graphically as I can, for I want you to set the world on fire and thus save a lost mankind. You CAN do it!

I suppose you have long since abandoned all hope of ever "setting the world on fire." I further suppose that you have convinced yourself that it is not lack of confidence in your own abilities that has caused this abandonment, but a maturer realization of the tremendousness of the task. It is not that

you are weak. Of course not! It is only that the opposition is too strong. I finally suppose that you say that youthful dreams were all right as dreams and for youth, but they are never to be goals or objectives for maturity. "Let adolescence blow its bubbles," you say, "full growth will bring reality, actuality and practicality." That about sums up your attitude, doesn't it? Well, I want to reverse all that. I want to revive those hopes and recall those dreams, for I want lights to flash in your eyes, fires to burn in your heart and flames to leap in your soul; for I want you to set the world on fire! You CAN do it! You MUST do it, for the world is already ablaze!

Some Sound Strategy

Last fall a fire broke out in our woods. It had not rained for months and the leaves of many summers were the desired fodder for a devouring flame. Whirling like a demented dervish, it danced in a mad abandon among the cedars, the firs and the oaks. A slight wind chased it up the hillside, and before our blinking eyes the gold, green and brown of a gorgeous autumn woodland flashed into a swirling, snapping, angry inferno of gluttonous flames.

What could we do? Thirty summers had stored up fodder for this flame, and the slight wind that was blowing only lifted its hungry arms the higher. What could we do? —Well, I'll tell you what we did — we fought fire with fire, we pitted flame against flame, we met this wild-eyed, twisting and turning onslaught with a snarling, barking, frenzied front of flames. Then we prayed for rain.

Next morning the woods were damp and black, but no whirling dervish of destruction wove his fiery way among the cedars, firs and oaks. The fire was out, for you see, fire is best combated by fire and best put out by rain.

That is the strategy that you must adopt. You must do just as we did. You must set the world on fire because it is already wildly ablaze. Four hundred years of Protestantism, three hundred years of Rationalism, two hundred years of revamped Materialism and one hundred years of Modernism had heaped Europe high with dry fodder for the greedy flame of atheistic Communism. Like a dervish it has swept from the steppes of Russia to the sand of the English seas and now threatens to leap the ocean. It is a mad flame, a wanton flame, a demented flame; for it is a flame of hate. You must light a back-fire. You CAN do it. You must light a blazing back-fire of love and you must pray for rain. Meet atheistic Communism with Catholicity's conquerless blaze and be the world's Messiah.

I insist that YOU can do it, and I will prove it to you by showing you what you are and what you have.

You Are the King's Favorite

That is my first point, and a point that hardly needs proof; but it does call for some reflection.

Have you ever noticed that the epoch-making events and the world-changing movements of history have never been inaugurated by the kings, but always by the king's favorites? It is not the one with the power who has started things, but the ones

who are in favor with the powerful. And let me tell you that history repeats itself. What has happened before, not only can, but inevitably will, happen again. That is why I say that you can do it; you can save mankind, because you are a favorite of the King of kings. Yes, you are the favorite, for God, the All-powerful, loves you, listens to you and can be swayed by you. This is sternest fact and you know it. But I beg of you to be diplomatic. Favorites have lost their power in the past because of a lack of tact and proper diplomacy and I know that history can repeat itself in this matter, too.

You are a favorite, else water would never have touched your head and Baptism's seal stamped your soul. You are a favorite, else a finger of flame would never dance before a sanctuary to tell you that the King is ready for audience. You are a favorite, else the sacerdotal hand of Jesus Christ would not be stretched down through twenty centuries of time to bless you, absolve you, anoint you, consecrate for you and hold out to you Bread that is no longer bread, and Wine that has been transubstantiated. You are a favorite, else an ascetic-looking Pius would not be seated by the Tiber, looking out over the waters of the world, ready, as Peter was ready, to "let down the nets for the catch." Yes, you are a mighty favorite, else you would not be a Catholic; but you can be guilty of a glaring diplomatic *faux pas*, and of that I must warn you.

Jesus Christ is King of kings, but Jesus Christ is God; and in the Godhead there are three divine persons, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Now personality is a very puzzling and personal thing. It is that almost in-

definable, certainly indescribable, incommunicable something. It is what makes you, you; and me, me; and the other party, the other party. It is that aloneness and aloofness that complete and entire separateness, that individualizing and absolutely individualistic something. It is what makes each one of us singular, particular, special, what sets us off from all others and makes each a distinct person. So, too, with Father, Son and Holy Ghost. They are absolutely distinct and separate Persons, as individual in their personalities as you and I. Therefore, when I honor God the Father, or God the Son, directly, I do not honor God the Holy Ghost directly; and this neglect is what I call a dangerous oversight, a diplomatic *faux pas* in our dealings with the Almighty. If you are to set the world on fire, you need the Holy Ghost, and unless you cultivate Him immediatly and directly, you may well weaken your power with the All-powerful and thus spell ruin for your fondest hopes and deprive the world of its greatest need.

You are the King's favorite, but if you would be of ever greater service to God, self and society, you must solidify your position; and that calls for a special devotion to the Trinity's Third Person, God the Holy Ghost. It is true that God is one and that when I pray to the Godhead, I pray to Father, Son and Holy Ghost; but it is also true that God is three, and hence when I honor Father or Son directly, I do not immediately honor God the Holy Ghost, and that is a great mistake.

Perhaps this will show what I mean. Sometime before his death, our late lamented Holy Father, Pius XI, honored our reign-

ing Abbot with a red cappa magna and a zucchetto equally red. In doing so he honored me and every member of the Gethsemani community, for we are a moral unit. But if His Holiness had granted the use of the flaming vestments to me personally, or to any other one of the hundred and twenty, personally . . . what a difference in the honor! Personality is so personal a thing; and direct honor so vastly different from indirect! So, too, with God—when I pray to God the Father or God the Son, I do honor God the Holy Ghost, but when I pray, “Veni, Sancte Spiritus”—“Come, Holy Ghost”—what a difference!

That is the difference to be emphasized if you are to set the world on fire, because for that task you have a special need of God the Holy Ghost. Increase your influence with the Godhead, then, and enhance your power and prestige as favorite of the King by this direct devotion to the Holy Ghost and I unhesitatingly promise that you can set the whole world ablaze. Cultivate God the Holy Ghost and you will be able to break the very dykes of Heaven and deluge this sorry old world with flame. Honor, praise and pray to Him directly, personally, individually; make Him your favorite and you will become His favorite and thus be enabled to bring Him down on yourself and on our wayward world in the form of fire, the fire of Life, Light and Love, and thus save this mad, suicidal society of modern man.

It Is as Easy as Two and Two Make Four

You have neglected God the Holy Ghost because you have never made Him tangible. You have never incarnated this third Person of the Blessed Trinity and that is why you have failed to fall in love with the Spirit of Love. But it can be done! It must be done! And you can do it! It is as easy as two and two make four!

It is easy to love God the Father, isn't it? For we all know what a father is and what a father does; and daily, we feel the tangible effects of the Fatherhood of God. God the Father is concrete and tangible; His providence is at our fingers' touch.

It is easier still to love God the Son. For we have the huggable little Babe of Bethlehem, the Wonder-worker weary at the well, and the blood-splashed, Red-Cross Knight of Calvary. More. We have a Wafer of Wheat that holds Infinity and that daily can be taken down to the very depths of our souls. God the Son is most concrete and tangible; the Crib, the Cross, the Tabernacle make Him so.

So it is easy to love God the Father and easier still to love God the Son; but God the Holy Ghost—who can fall in love with a Dove or hunger to hug a Flame? And yet I say that you can grasp God the Holy Ghost just as firmly and hold Him just as fast as you do the Father or the Son. I insist that you **MUST** do it if you would amount to anything in time or for eternity. You must do it if you would be of real service to self, to society or to God. You must know and love this Spirit of Truth if you would realize

the dream of your soul and actualize the hope of your heart. If you would set the world on fire YOU must INCARNATE the third Person of the Blessed Trinity and STUDY your incarnation! In short, you must concretize and repeat.

I said that it was as easy as two and two make four; and it is! You well know that two and two make four, do you not? You do not ask me, "Two what and two what?" For you have an unbreakable grasp on a very intangible truth, an unshakable hold on a completely metaphysical verity. Now how did you get such grasp on what is so completely spiritual? How? — You concretized and repeated! Years ago, a nun or a school-teacher gave you two blocks and two blocks and told you that they made four blocks. Then came teacher's rack with its colored balls and you learned that two red balls and two red balls made four red balls. Then followed two dogs and two dogs, two apples and two apples, two roses and two roses, two men and two men, and very soon you knew the value of two cents and two cents. What were you doing? — You were concretizing and repeating. You were wrapping the insensible in the sensible, the spiritual in the material and making the intangible, tangible. It was not a difficult process, was it? Well, falling in love with the Spirit of Love is just as easy. Concretize and repeat. Put flesh on the Holy Spirit. Incarnate Him and render Grace tangible by the use of sensible signs and symbols, and devotion to the Holy Ghost will leap into flame, you will grow in favor with the Triune God and be better able to serve God, self and sinning society. Come to a full

realization to what you have and what He is to you by the use of actual pictures and you will see that you CAN set the world on fire and be a Messiah to a lost mankind by the constant use of "Veni, Sancte Spiritus"—"Come, Holy Ghost!"

You Have the Fire of Life

You cannot give what you have not got, nor can you get blood from a stone. Sand never yet produced a stalwart man, nor a rose a radiant woman, for every effect must have its own proportionate cause. Hence, if you are to set the world on fire, you must first of all, have fire; for oaks come only from acorns and saplings spring only from seed. So flame can come only from fire. You have the cause. You can produce the effect, for you are filled with fire. In the center of your soul is a ceaseless flame, giving you life and light and love, giving you the actuality of being a man and the possibility of becoming a Messiah! As a tangible picture of this intangible actuality, I would have you look at . . .

The Head of a Still-born Babe

Have you ever seen the head of a still-born babe? It is the most beautiful and the most heart-breaking sight imaginable. Some twenty years ago a nun in a New York hospital showed me the body of a boy who had been born dead and though hundreds of thousands of pictures have come to my mind since, I can never forget the beauty and the heart-break that was held in the head of that still-born baby-boy.

Life can be cruel, very cruel; but never any crueller than when it brings forth a still-

born babe. Think of the tragedy that that baby head holds. Think of the dreams that are vanished and the hopes and possibilities denied. For nine long months, father and mother have been living in a world of dreams and baby has been living in darkness. Then came the day when dreams were to be realized and baby brought forth to light; but instead of a baby only a body came forth—a body that is structurally perfect; it has every organ necessary and organization that is exquisite; it has eyes and ears and tongue, hands the heart and feet. It is beauty incarnate; but it is blighted and heart-breaking beauty; for baby-body has no breath. No breath of God is present, so baby-eyes will never see; baby-ears, hear; or baby-tongue, speak. Baby-hands will never twine in mother's hair, nor baby-feet beat their sweet tattoo of baby-steps, because baby-heart is still. No breath of God, so baby is not a baby, but only a body, structurally perfect but organically incomplete. The cradle prepared for baby-boy becomes a coffin for a corpse and a whole world of wondrous possibilities is annihilated. Think of it!—That baby's breath might one day have had power over the Body and Blood of God. Those baby-hands might one day have been able to bless and to break the shackles of sin. That baby might have grown to be the greatest thing that man can be—a Double for the God-Man, a priest of the great high God. But no! Baby has no breath of God; structurally perfect, it is organically incomplete, so its beauty and its heart-break must be hidden from the eyes of men.—Baby is dead.

Hold that beautiful head of the still-born

babe in your mental hands often. Study it in its every detail and know that you are looking at your own soul, had not God the Holy Ghost given you the **FIRE OF LIFE!**

How we should love the Holy Ghost! You and I were still-born babes spiritually. Structurally perfect we came into life; our souls had mind and memory and will, but our souls had no soul. We were organically incomplete. We were supernaturally dead! And dead we would have remained if God the Holy Ghost had not breathed upon us. Dead we would have remained and blasted would have been the hopes of our Parent divine, void all the wondrous possibilities of our supernatural life were it not for the breath of God. Just as God the Father made the clay of Adam's body leap with life by breathing into it His breath divine, so too, did God the Holy Ghost cause you and me to spring into supernatural being by breathing into our souls His sacred breath as a priest poured water over our heads and said, "I baptize thee . . ." How we should love Him and cry, "Veni Sancte Spiritus," "Come Holy Ghost." Come and give us yet more life, fill us with a blazing supernatural energy, lest we ever slip back into the stillness of death that we saw in the beautiful head of the still-born baby-boy.

That is tangible, is it not? And it is true! You have the **FIRE OF LIFE**. Theologically it is called sanctifying grace. God gave it to you, God the Holy Ghost. Increase that fire by a ceaseless "Veni, Sancte Spiritus," for you have a whole world to set aflame!

You Have the Fire of Light

One of your gigantic assets we have seen. But it is only a beginning. Sanctifying grace is stupendous. But it is only the start. God is provident. God is prodigal. Life without light can be worse than death; it can be an agony to all who know us and a worthless waste to ourselves. The head of the still-born babe can teach you much as you ponder on the possibilities of a death that many would call life, namely, the natural without the supernatural; but the eyes of a woman will teach you even more. They will teach you about a life that is a death and they will fan your flames of love for the Spirit of Love to a brighter blaze. Look deep into . . .

The Eyes of a Woman

In one of our State Hospitals for the insane hangs a very large and lifelike painting. It is a picture of two winsome little tots, a boy and a girl, who are standing on tiptoe, stretching un-reaching hands to a table top on which rests a loaf of bread. Beneath the canvas runs that tragic verse from Jeremias' Lamentation: "The little ones have cried for bread, but there is no one to break it for them."

Before this striking picture with its telling title a beautiful woman is seated every day. She is the wife of the young American artist who has worked the canvas. On it he has placed his own home, his own table and his own tiny tots, in the hope that from this masterpiece, which he has painted from his broken heart, a spark might leap and kindle in the beautiful eyes of his truly beautiful wife the light of sanity and of material love.

Were you to look into the eyes of this woman, you would know fright; for you would be looking into the sepulchre of an intellectual soul. She is structurally perfect, organically complete, but she is functionally deranged. She has a mind, a memory and a will; but the mind does not think rightly, the will does not love rightly, and the memory will not recall. She has the fire of life, but she has not the Fire of Light. To look into her eyes is to look into a void, a frightening void, a fathomless void. Fire is there, for she has the breath of God. She has life, but it is only vegetative and sentient. She has a soul and that soul has faculties; but they are worse than useless, worse than dead; they are functionally deranged.

With the aid of your imagination, look deep into the eyes of this woman often and know that you are looking into the frightening void of your own immortal soul had not God the Holy Ghost, along with His grace, given you Faith, Hope and Charity — the mind, the memory and the will of your supernatural soul; know that you are looking into the fathomless void of your own immortal soul had not God the Holy Ghost, along with His grace, given you Temperance, Justice, Fortitude and Prudence, so that you could foundation your spiritual structure "4-square" and send it skyscraping the very heavens with its tower at the Throne of God.

What a debt of gratitude you owe the Holy Ghost! He made you structurally perfect, organically complete and functionally flawless. Human life without intellectual light is an impossibility. Supernatural life without the virtues, theological and moral, is a like impossibility. Faith we liken to the

mind. For it enables us to see truth, the revealed truths of God; and this light makes life satisfying. Hope we liken to the memory, for it enables us to recall those wondrous promises of God about glory and eternity; and such a light makes life romantic. Charity we liken to the will, for it enables us to love God and that makes life a glory. How prodigal and provident has God the Holy Ghost been in your regard! A house built of sand or shale will sooner or later fall. A spiritual edifice without the rocks of Temperance, Justice, Fortitude and Prudence would be a house on sand or shale.

Look long and often into the eyes of this woman and just so often will you thank God the Holy Ghost for kindling beside the Fire of Life, the FIRE OF LIGHT. And ever more earnestly will you cry, "Veni, Sancte Spiritus" — "Come, Holy Ghost," give us more light, for the way is often dark!

You Have the Fire of Love

What would life and light be without love? From baby-days till death we must have love, else life is empty. A man may have a grand physique and a mind that is brilliance itself, but giant and genius though he be, he will be hungry, lonely, and in misery, if he is not in love. Hands may be strong and head may be powerful, but it is the heart that means the most. Life without love is torture.

A baby's head and a woman's eyes have concretized and rendered tangible two invisible fires of the Holy Ghost; but the Fire of Life and the Fire of Light without the FIRE OF LOVE might well be agony. Look

now at a more pleasant picture. Look closely at . . .

The Hands of a Man

I want you to look at the hands of Jesu Maria San Roma. Jesu Maria not only possesses a name that is beautiful and musical, but he is himself a beautiful musician. San Roma is piano soloist for the Boston Symphony Orchestra and a concert artist par excellence. One evening some years ago, he gave us a private recital lasting about three hours; and on that evening, for the first time in my life, I listened to a piano's eloquent soul. I had never heard a piano really played before and I never want to hear one played again, unless it is played by Jesu Maria San Roma. Great Lord! How that man can play! Under his talented touch the soul of the instrument warmed to life; it wailed and it wept, it laughed and it shouted, it crooned and caressed. With consummate wizardry he grasped those keys and, from the breast of that piano, brought forth chords that had a beating heart; chords that went down into your own soul, telling you tales that one moment had you weeping and the next tingling for heroic action. The man is a magician!

After the ecstasy of the evening, we chatted. Naturally San Roma was asked how he had attained such mastery. Laughingly he held up his two hands and said, "Cleft hands. Cleft youth." And looking, we saw that both hand had been deeply cleft between the middle fingers to give this delicately built man a greater spread on the keyboard. "Cleft youth" he explained by saying that he had spent his youth at the

piano; four, eight, ten and even twelve hours a day, and every day. When asked how he stood such drudgery, he exclaimed: "Drudgery? Oh no! It was not drudgery. It was a delight. For you see, God gifted me. He gave me a hunger for the beautiful, a thirst to bring out from the heart of a piano the marvel and the mystery that is hid in that mystical thing that we call music. He gave me a love for every note. Without these gifts of God, I could never have arrived; but with them, what would have been drudgery was easy and often a real delight."

Look at the cleft hands of San Roma and realize that without the gifts of the Holy Ghost you could never arrive. You could have been structurally sound, organically complete, functionally flawless, but you could never have been dynamically and actually efficient if God the Holy Ghost had not cleft the hands of your soul with four gifts for the intellect and the heart of your soul with three gifts for the will! Small wonder that you should love the Holy Ghost. He lit the Fire of Life by His grace, the Fire of Light by His virtues, and now He lights the FIRE OF LOVE by His gifts. Small wonder that your ceaseless cry should be, "Veni, Sancte Spiritus," for . .

You Must Have the Spark

Do not wonder and say, "If I am organically, functionally and dynamically complete, why should I always be calling on God the Holy Ghost to come?" For you know that we can always have more life, more light and more love. You yourself have seen people who were—well, just not

dead. They have life in them, but it is a sad and sorry thing. They are just about able to drag themselves through an existence. But there are others who are simply bursting with vitality; energy, eagerness, enthusiasm vibrate from their being; and everything they do is done with verve, spirit and dash. Such people really live, the others only exist. You want a supernatural life, not a mere supernatural existence; you want to be vibrant with supernatural energies and to radiate supernatural force. That is one reason for your ceaseless cry of "Veni, Sancte Spiritus." But there is another and a deeper reason! You need **THE SPARK TO LIGHT YOUR FIRES!** That spark is known as **ACTUAL GRACE.**

Is that too intangible? Well, then, listen. . . . You know that your eyes can be perfect in every sense of the word: muscle, nerve, ligament and lens, retina, artery, humors and processes—and yet, you will never see unless there is *light*. Your ears can be absolutely flawless, outer, inner and middle ear, everything connected with auricle, tympanum and labyrinth can be without derangement or defect—and yet, you will never hear unless there is *ether* to carry the waves of sound. Your lungs can be completely spotless, upper, middle and lower lobe—and yet, you will never breathe unless there is *air*. So, too, your soul: it can have grace, the virtues and the gifts, be absolutely flawless in every detail—and yet, unless the Holy Ghost gives you those tiny impulses that are called *actual graces*, you will never function! They are the light, the ether and the air for your soul; they are the impulses from on high that set all things

in motion; they are the SPARKS that ignite your FIRES!

How like a candle is your soul! It has purest wax that has been rolled; it has wick that is but waiting to break into bloom; it has substance and shape and shining potentiality—but wick will never blossom to tenuous flame-flower, nor wax give love's tribute of its substance and its all, that the golden blossom blow and bend, unless a burning taper touches candle's tip and breaks it into flower. Actual grace is the burning taper that sets your soul abloom; and that you may ever be in flower is the real reason for your ceaseless cry of "Veni, Sancte Spiritus."—"Come, Holy Ghost, Thou Font of Life and Fire of Love!"

You Are a Very Gifted Person

Life's greatest tragedy, according to my way of thinking, is not the frustration of one's hopes or the paralysis of one's powers, but the non-realization of one's gifts. Many a man and many a woman are limping in their walk of life because they have never known, appreciated or properly evaluated their talents. Misfits are due, not to misfortune or to mishaps, but to misapprehension. That is why there is many a struggling lawyer who should have been a superb musician and many a weary dentist who should be expressing his passionate and poetic soul in verse. And that is precisely why many a Catholic is only mediocre; simply a good soul, when he or she should be a mighty saint! They have never been conscious of their wondrous gifts of intellect and will, never fully conscious of their seven-fold gifts of the Holy Spirit, which refine,

elevate and render ever more sensitive the natural faculties.

Here is what I mean: You and I have seen rocks and rain and roses; we have seen the snow, the stars and the sea. But have we ever seen them as Thomas Plunkett saw them? He said:

“I see His Blood upon the rose,
And in the stars, the glory of His eyes.
His Body gleams amid eternal snows;
His tears fall from the skies.

“I see His face in every flower.
Thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but His voice. And carven by His
power,
Rocks are His written words.

“All pathways by His feet are worn;
His strong Heart stirs the ever-beating
sea.
His crown of thorns is twined with every
thorn;
His Cross is every tree.”

“Poetry,” you say. “A man of the muses.”

And I say, “No! — A gift of the Holy Ghost. Oh, the rhythm and the rhyme came from training; but the concept, that rising from the creature to the Creator, that going from the visible to the Invisible, that seeing God in His world—that is nothing but the conscious use of a gift that you and I have; the gift of the Holy Ghost called *Knowledge*.”

Have you ever made conscious use of that gift? A tiny flower of the field could put Ignatius of Loyola into ecstasy. The delicate, almost imperceptible, needlelike tube of an

insect could trap the great St. Augustine in awe. The silent march of the planets across a midnight sky has bent the head of many a saintly scientist in adoration. All nature mirrors our Maker, and if we but use our gift of Knowledge we will see how near is our God.

Oh, you use your gifts to an extent; but you do not use them consciously, and that is why you have not yet set the world on fire.

Thomas More was a conscious user of his gifts. When he was in prison, friends gathered round him and by pleasantry, lengthy argument and strong emotional appeal, tried to persuade him to take the oath that he considered a truancy from God. Thomas laughed as he always laughed. "Willingly," he said, "if you will only answer me one question." Then his well-meaning friends rejoiced and eagerly asked, "What is it?" And with a merry twinkle in his eye but a solemnity and sobriety in his tone he said, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?" There was no answer. Friends' faces fell, but Thomas grew the more merry, for by the conscious and continual use of the gift of *Understanding* he had attuned his soul to God, he had grasped with a viselike grip the truths of our religion. He had the fire of the Holy Ghost and with it he burned away the mists that rise from our materialistic world, and he looked beyond Time's near horizon.

Another time his daughter "Meg" came to him, she whom he loved beyond all others, and with faultless stroke she painted for him the picture of all that he could have and all that he could do if he would only take the oath that many another good man had

taken. She showed him home, his library, his family, friends and acquaintances, she showed him life. The merry gentleman of God listened closely; then he asked, "Meg dear, how many years do you think I could have those things?" And Meg exclaimed, "Why, father, you are still a young man. Certainly twenty or thirty years are left you." Meg should have been watching closely; if she had been, she would have seen the merry little twinkle kindle in her father's eyes as he asked, "And then?" Meg stopped. She knew. And then . . . Death . . . Judgment. More laughed at his daughter's silence and said, "Meg dear you must consider your old father a very poor lawyer indeed, if you would persuade him to exchange the friendship of the King of kings for the questionable favor of our very vacillating sovereign."

That is the sort of *Wisdom* that should be native to you, for God the Holy Ghost sharpened and refined your intellect for just such perceptions by His glorious gift of *Wisdom*. To quicken your intellect to a conscious grasp of God He gave Wisdom, Understanding, Knowledge and Counsel; to strengthen your powers to pierce appearances and see God in everything that our wondrous world holds, from a sub-electron to a mighty sun, He gave you a fourfold gift and thus enabled you to look through men and matter and movements and see, in what looks like a topsy-turvy world, the orderly ways of the ruling God.

Yes, you are a very gifted person. You have four gifts for the intellect and three gifts for the will, shoring up and buttressing every faculty and fiber of your soul so that

neither the world, the flesh nor the devil, neither Satan, sin nor self might deprive you of grandeur, glory and God. You can be as faithful, fearless and merry as was St. Thomas More; you can be as adoring, awe-filled and ecstatic as was Augustine, Ignatius or any of the saints; you can and you must set the world on fire. But to do any or all of those things you must make a more constant and conscious use of your gifts.

You have made some use of them, else you would not be what you are today, a Catholic. It takes some Wisdom, Knowledge, Counsel and Understanding to be even a mediocre member of our glorious religion. More! It takes "grit" to live an uncompromising Catholic life in a world that is pragmatic, in a century that is sex-saturated, and in a land that loves every form of independence, true and false. Yes, it takes "grit," great "grit," and theologically that is called *Fortitude*. You have used it, thank God; and I know that you will continue to do so. I also know that down deep in your soul is a burning love for your Faith. Let me tell you that it is there because God the Holy Ghost gifted you with *Piety*. I further know that you will live and die a staunch supporter of your Faith, if you but use the gift of *Fear of the Lord*, which in common parlance is LOVE!

Yes, you have used the gifts, but I am anxious for a more constant and conscious use of them; for then I know that you will be better equipped to set the world on fire. Such a use will insure a more rapid growth and promote a faster and a fuller flowering; and, you know, the gifts of the Holy Ghost flower into the *Fruits of the Holy Ghost*—

those wondrous fruits of which St. Paul speaks, and mere enumeration of which makes one grasp and dream; for they conjure up the picture of perfection that everyone desires. Who does not long for Charity, Joy and Peace? who does not want Patience, Benignity, Goodness? who does not wish to be known for Longanimity, Mildness and Fidelity? and who would not give all to be conspicuous because of Modesty, Contenance and Chastity? Those are the fruits we all want and those are the fruits we all can have IF . . . IF we make constant and conscious use of the GIFTS!

This Is Preeminently Practical

I know that because of the muddle of our modern world, the temptation will come to you to say, "Who wants to be writing poetry as Plunkett or making clever scriptural repartee as More? We want something more practical, something more pertinent to ourselves and our times. All this talk about the gifts and the fruits is very pretty, very pious, but not too practical!" Unless human nature has greatly changed since I left the world, or the devil has taken a long holiday, that temptation will come. But do not yield to it, I beg you. Be deeper than the shallow sophisticates of the day. I am not asking you to write poetry or to quote scripture, I am asking you to be happy; and that I consider of preeminent practicality.

Practical? Is it not most practical to have charity, peace and joy? Why, that is all the hungry human heart seeks. It craves happiness: a heart that is joy-filled and a mind that is at peace. Men do not work for money, nor women for a home; these are only means

to the one end: peace, charity, joy. Is it not supremely practical to be patient, benign and truly good? Why, every tear that has stained a human face, and every ache that has come to a human heart can be traced to impatience, unkindness and evil. And what could be more practical in our mad Twentieth Century than the cultivation of longanimity, mildness and fidelity? Oh, if we only had more faithful men and women and children! More individuals who knew, appreciated and manifested Christian mildness! What a different story historians, both lay and ecclesiastical, would have to tell of our day if every Catholic was conspicuous for his fortitude and longanimity! And oh! what a different world we would be living in if all possessed and practiced modesty, continence and chastity! Practical? Why, you will search the wide world over, page through every book ever written, consult every sage that is, was or will be, before you will find anything as preeminently practical for self, society, domestic, conjugal, civil and ecclesiastical, as the cultivation of the fruits of the Holy Ghost!

I have named but twelve of the fruits for you, the twelve of which Paul makes mention. There are others; but why enumerate? Why not sum them up in the one word that they represent? Why not say that the conscious use of the gifts of the Holy Ghost flowers into GODLINESS? And remember—Godliness is our only goal!

That shows you how practical is love for the Spirit of Love. It is the answer to that puzzling "Why?" of life. It is the only answer to that still more puzzling "How?" of living. You know that Omnipotence did not

fashion clay and breathe into it a breath divine that you should sweat and strain a few short years in this valley of tears and then crumble into dust. No! God made you for God. God made you to be godlike. Scripture tells you this again and again, it says that we are gods and the sons of the Most High. Your own heart tells you so. Listen to it sometime. Listen closely and its every beat will tell you that there is only one thing that you want in life, death, or after-life; and that is—godliness.

Practical? Why, the purpose of Catholic living is summed up by St. Paul in the words, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." Life on earth has no other purpose. We are not here to become rich, famous, popular or powerful. We are not here for a good time. We are here only for a good eternity and the only way to earn that is to **FORM JESUS CHRIST IN US!**

Is that too big an order? — Yes, indeed! That is an impossible order . . . without the Holy Ghost. We are here to be "other Christs." That is what "Christian" means. But no Christ, be He a physical, mystical or religious replica, was ever formed except by the Holy Ghost. He overshadowed the Virgin and the Physical Christ came into being. He overshadowed the disciples and the Mystical Christ was born. Get Him to overshadow you and the Religious Christ will be brought forth. Do it by a ceaseless cry of "Veni, Sancte Spiritus!"

You Are a Magnificent Temple

Am I tangible enough in the portrayal of what the Holy Ghost means to you? I have not told you all. I have not told you half.

But I do hope that I have made a beginning. God the Father was your Creator, God the Son, your Redeemer, but God the Holy Ghost is your Sanctifier; and that makes Him tremendously important and devotion to Him of paramount practicality. Can you keep from loving Him as you think on all that He has done, is doing, and will yet do for you, for tiny you? Do you realize that He has made you magnificent?

Do you ask, "How?"

Let me show you.

Some months ago, my mother, brother and sister visited me here at Gethsemani. Every day they assisted at Mass in our abbatial church, and as always happens, the sublime simplicity of the Cistercian edifice whipped them into exclamatory admiration. It is inevitable. For anyone with a soul and the slightest sense of beauty must grow exclamatory.

You stand at the back of a long narrow nave and look up the dim reaches of the vaulted ceiling, and you know a strange feeling of far distances and comforting nearness. The sculptured loveliness of the massive columns with their figured capitals catch your eye, and you see strength and grace that is wedded to beauty. The spacious, stained-glass windows enrapture you; for there in the front is Mary with her Babe, and instinctively you think of Alpha, the beginning; turning, you see this window's counterpart, you see Mary's Assumption, and you can only think of Omega, the end. Round the apse you read that story, ever old, ever new, of Benedict, Robert and Bernard. When you tear your eyes from the windows, the gigantic cruciform of the entire structure en-

trances you, but your gaze is finally held and riveted by the heart of the whole grand edifice—the altar.

An artist dreamed a dream and some sculptors framed that dream in the modified Gothic glory that is a Cistercian Abbatial Church. The sublimity and ethereal loveliness of it all are really breath-taking. The interlacing, interfolding, intertwining arches, the farflung reaches of the ribbed and vaulted ceiling, the stately grandeur of the tapering, towering side-windows and the revelations and the raptures of the storied stained-glass cause most to exclaim, "Great God! How beautiful!"

My brother and sister actually grew eloquent on the occasion of their last visit and terminated their remarks by saying, "That IS simplicity that is sublime. That is modified Gothic that merits the name of grandeur. That is one church that can truly be called a frozen prayer, a doxology in stone, a worthy temple for the living God." And they were right.

But then came a quiet word from a lovely little lady whose hair is snow—my mother. "Yes," she said, "It is truly a magnificent church; and yet, I saw more magnificent temples of God; and I saw them today as I knelt in that church of which you speak. Some were old and bent with age, some were only boys, and all were dressed in Trappist brown. They are the living temples of the living God! And the inspiration of inspirations that I take with me as I leave Gethsemani is the sight of your saintly lay Brothers, shuffling in to High Mass in their robes of patched and faded brown, after their morning's work. These are the temples of God

that I admire, and I know that when the very last stone of your Cistercian Gothic magnificence has crumbled into dust, your Cistercian lay Brothers will be living; living in the presence of the Ever-living God, Whom in life they templed."

Wasn't that a magnificent tribute? And isn't it true? Do you realize that every syllable of it is applicable to you? Your body of flesh and blood and bone, of sinew, muscle and tendon, is the glorious temple of the great High God. The Holy Ghost made it so! How pure you should keep it; for temples polluted and ruined are heart-breaks to the Triune God. Realize your dignity and destiny. Every time you look at a church remember that you are a living temple of the Living God and say a heart-sincere, "Veni, Sancte Spiritus," for you must keep the magnificence of your temple intact, and "without Him you can do nothing." Winds will blow and rains will fall, storms there will be aplenty, but you can weather them all and live worthy of your Artist, your Architect and your Sculptor by a constant cry of "Come, Holy Ghost."

You Are the Adopted of the Almighty and the Heir to Omnipotence

Do you now feel equal to the task of setting the world on fire? If not, then realize this—you are the adopted of the Almighty and the heir to Omnipotence; God the Holy Ghost made you so.

Those words are not new, are they? We have heard them since childhood and they stimulate us little. There is a reason for their lifelessness; it is this—we have never

grasped their full significance. Perhaps Eileen and Marie will help us.

Some years ago I was confronted by a very puzzling contrast. Eileen and Marie, two sisters whom I had known since their baby-days, called on me. One was in tears, the other, alight with smiles; but you could see that the tears rainbowed real joy and the smiles cloaked an impatience that was almost anger. Marie could only sob, "Oh, Father, it's awful . . ." for Eileen would always snap, "It is not, Father. It's wonderful!" Finally between such sobs and snaps, I got the whole story. It was one with which I had been acquainted for years, but which the girls had just heard for the first time. It was the story of their origin.

Eileen and Marie had been begotten by a pair of criminals. Placed in an Orphan home, they had the great good fortune to be taken when they were still very tiny babes by a childless couple who legally adopted them and had them most carefully and Catholicly trained. The woman whom they had always called "Mother" had just followed her husband to the grave, leaving the two girls to learn from their lawyer that they were the fairly wealthy heiresses to a couple who had saved them from a sorry lot: a life that most likely would have been criminal and a death that most probably would have been desperate.

The news of their origin had come as a shock to the girls, leaving Marie in tears and Eileen impatient with those tears. The contrast was very sharp, but when the story came out, it ceased to be puzzling. Marie was thinking of her real parents and could not keep back the tears. Eileen was think-

ing of her adopted parents and could only say, "Marie, you ought to be glad. Ma and Pa took us from an awful life. They gave a home, a name, an education. They made us respectable, fitted us for life in every way, and now have left us their all. I say that is just too wonderful!"

I calmed them both that day by telling them a fact, a fact which they had just revealed to me, a fact which their situation had made most tangible. I told them that I, too, was an adopted child and the son of criminals. This shocked them out of their shock and as they bent to listen, I told them a truth that is true about YOU!

You are an adopted child and you are the child of a pair of criminals. Yes, YOU! Adam and Eve begot you, and Adam and Eve were the world's worst criminals, for when time was most young, they broke the Law of God. So you were brought forth to a life that most certainly would have been criminal and to a death that, in very fact, would have been desperate, had you not been adopted through the Grace of the Holy Ghost, given a name that is respected, an education that fits you, not only for this life, but also and most especially for the after life, and made the very heir to Omnipotence. Yes, YOU are a *child of God* and *heir to Heaven*, but only because Grace is in your soul!

Weep, if you will, and as you should. Weep, as did Marie, when you think of your sinful origin. But then, like Eileen, see how truly wonderful it all is, and thank the Holy Ghost.

I will not amplify nor develop that truth. The **FACT** is clear. I leave you to dwell on, to dream over, it. YOU are the adopted

of the Almighty and the heir to Omnipotence. For it all you must thank God the Holy Ghost!

Your Candle Burns at Both Ends

Divine adoption is a breath-taking fact and the deeper we penetrate it, the more wondrous it grows. Legal adoption is one thing, but divine adoption quite another. Eileen and Marie got a new name when they were adopted, but they kept their old natures. That truly Catholic and Christlike couple who adopted them gave them a home, an education, a social standing, shared with them the family fortune and the family name, but, loving and generous as they were, they could not give the two girls their family blood. There is the limitation which exists in legal adoption but not in divine! You and I are "children of God" not by any mere extrinsic denomination or legal form; we are truly the children of God not only by name but also by NATURE!

Yes, that is the astounding thing that the Holy Ghost has done to you and to me. He has granted us not only a participation in the divine name, but also a participation in the divine nature; and this prodigious fact almost paralyzes the intellect. You and I, creatures of clay and spirit, entities of a few hurried years, participate in the very nature of the Uncreated, Eternal God. Now we are at a height where senses and spirit reel, where the atmosphere is almost too rarefied to sustain life. Now we are at the heart of the mystery of Grace. Yes, mystery it is, and no man can fully explain it.

Theologians halt here, and can only stammer and stutter. They fly to analogies and

tell you of "the thought in the thinker" and "the beloved in the loving one." All of which explains a presence very well, but hardly a participation. How can we clarify or exemplify? I had almost despaired of a concretion when I met with this happy accident: I was in church. It was just before High Mass. I was facing the altar when a sentence from Father Leonard Feeney's latest book, "You'd Better Come Quietly," leaped into my mind. He says, "A mystery is not something we can know nothing about; it is simply something we cannot know everything about." And that sentence kept saying to me that I should puzzle out this "participation" effect of Grace; then my eye was caught by the sacristan, who approached the altar and with a lighted taper, was touching off a few candles. At once I knew I had my concretion. There it was glowing before me. Now I had my apt illustration. Now I had something really tangible and true. The analogy seems perfect. It is A LIGHTED CANDLE.

Flame has always fascinated me. It is so tenuous and so tremendous; so frail, fragile and yet so frightful. It is so entirely beautiful that I can well understand the fatal fascination it holds for the moth and his continual flirtation with it. Of all the non-living things that are, it seems to me that flame most nearly approaches the living. It almost has an individuality. It bends and blows and seems to breathe. It waves and weaves and dances. It does seem to live, doesn't it? For life, you know, is action, and if anything can be justly predicted about flame, it is continual action.

Do you begin to suspect my analogy?—

What flame does to the candle, the Holy Ghost does to your soul. Before the lighted taper touched the candle's tip, it was a stately, tall, but a cold, formal and dead thing; just wax and a wick. But the moment the golden flame touched it, it was entirely transformed! It took on life, a new mode of being, it vibrated with activity and radiated beauty. Flame had elevated it from the state of mere wax and wick to that tremulously lovely state of a lighted candle; and oh! what a world of difference between the two! It became a warm, glowing, gracious and graceful thing. Why?—Because it partook of the nature of the flame.

Study a lighted candle closely. See the wax, the whiteness and the wick so participating in the nature of the flame as to be entirely transformed. Look closely and you will see that the candle has retained its individuality; you can see the wick and the wax, but you will see that both partake of the nature of the flame. They are both transformed and become truly beautiful.

You, too, under grace are transformed; you break into flame. You are elevated and take on a new mode of being. You retain your rationality, your animality, your individuality; but at the top-most tip of your soul a beautiful Flame is burning and that Light renders you entirely changed. If you peer closely, you will see that you participate in the nature of that Flame. You see things differently, feel things differently, desire things differently, love all things differently, because you have been made differently, very different, from what you were, once you have been touched off by the Flame of the Holy Ghost. Your nature becomes super-

nature, your human partakes of the divine.

I know that St. Thomas has used an analogy closely akin to the above, when he speaks of metal in a fire and partaking of the nature of that fire. But I like the candle better; very much better; for metal in a fire is most passive, while in a lighted candle, I see the height of activity. The wax and the wick do something. They cooperate with the flame. They make its glow bigger, better, brighter and most steady. You, too, must cooperate with the Flame of the Holy Ghost. You can make it bigger, better, brighter. You can make it eternally steady, by sacrifice and service, by prayer and penance, by the constant and conscious use of the grace, the virtues and the gifts He has given you. You can give body and soul in such a way to the Holy Ghost that you will be the wax and the wick for His Flame of Life, Light and Love!

The analogy is good, very good. I like it immensely. You have it in you to set the world on fire, because you can become the flaming candle for God the Holy Ghost.

All of which, because of those peculiar laws of association of ideas, makes me think of Thomas Butler Feeney, S.J., Father Leonard's younger brother. I think of the song he often sang to me when life was younger. Striking his zither and calling for a sweet chord, he would sing:

“My candle burns at both ends;

It will not last the night.

But oh! my foes, and oh! my friends,

It gives a wondrous light.

It gives a wondrous light!”

Do you not see how you can sing that song, and sing it of yourself, if you will but make

your life a life of service and sacrifice, a life of penance and prayer? Do you not see that by giving your body as the wax and your soul as the wick, you can become the candle of the Holy Ghost and can sing:

“My candle burns at both ends:

It will not last the night.

But oh! my foes, and oh! my friends,

It gives a wondrous light.

It gives a wondrous light!”

There is your ideal! Partake of the nature divine in such a way that you may burn on and on, and finally burn out! Burn out for God and you will be lighted again in a land where candles always burn but are never consumed! Yes, you can do it. But you must take the necessary steps!

You Must Take the Steps

In my effort to incarnate the Holy Ghost I have given you many pictures. All are connected, however, all are progressive. From the baby's head, that was Grace, to the lighted candle that is Godliness, there is an absolute and essential interdependence. It is not very difficult to remember the pictures: a baby's head, a woman's eyes, the hands of a man, the temple of God and the burning candle; but to sum up and perhaps simplify, I will say that if you want to set the world on fire, you must first attain to Godliness and to do that you **MUST** take the **STEPS!**

To reach God, as He rests in our tabernacle here at Gethsemani, a priest has to tread on four steps, each of which depends upon the other; for our high altar is elevated. So, too, you, if you would reach God, you must take the necessary steps, each of which is interdependent. The first step is Grace, sanctify-

ing, elevating grace; the second is the virtues, theological and moral; the third is the gifts, all seven of them; the fourth is Actual Grace, those impulses from on high that set all things in motion. Use those steps and you are at the altar of God—the fruits of the Holy Ghost!

Walk those steps and you'll set the world on fire. Walk those steps steadily and you'll walk straight into Heaven and into the very arms of God. And remember that it was God the Holy Ghost who built those steps *for* you and *in* you. Can you keep from loving Him?

Pit the "Red Mass" Against the Red Masses

I have called upon you to set the world on fire, and I gave you my reason; namely, because it is already ablaze. I have shown you that you CAN do it, for within you, you have the Fire and the Flame. Throughout I have aimed at tangibility and I will not cease now that I am at the end. I show HOW to set the world on fire as I point to the "Red Mass."

There is a theory in phonetics, according to which, no sound, once made, ever completely ceases. Now what in the physical order is only theory, in the spiritual order is sternest fact. No sound ever made in the realm of the spirit ceases!

Seven hundred years ago, the judges and justices of France, realizing their utter inability to carry out their divinely appointed task, knelt with bowed heads and burning hearts at the first "Red Mass" and prayed for rain. These men knew their spiritual phonetics and this was their method of catching an echo of the roar of wind and the

rain of flame that fell one Pentecost in Palestine, just twelve hundred years before.

When Louis IX, their saintly king, heard of their action, he not only sanctioned the "Red Mass" but he set aside La Sainte Chapelle for its annual celebration. Then was seen a glorious sight: God's anointed priest was in vestments red; God's anointed King was radiant in his royal robes, all red; God's appointed justices were brilliant in the crimson cloaks of their office. And priest, prince and people prayed for rain, the Pentecostal rain of fire, so that France might have the Fire of Life and Light and Love.

That sound never died. Across the snow-covered Alps, Italy caught it up as did England by the ever-moving sea. No, indeed! that sound never died; for though seven hundred years have rolled away and four thousand miles of watery space intervene, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania on our eastern coast, Illinois in our mid-west, and California on our Pacific slope ring with its echo, as every year judges, justices and lawyers kneel at the "Red Mass," the Mass of the Holy Ghost, and pray for rain.

Five of our states have it. Forty-four others need it! Across the water Italy, France and England echo and reecho with their annual "Red Mass." But so should Ireland and Scotland, so should Denmark and Sweden, so should Russia, Germany, Portugal and Spain. So should the whole wide world; for the whole wide world needs the "Red Mass"—it is the ONLY antidote to the red masses!

Set the World on Fire by Praying for Rain!

Communism can be conquered only by Catholicism. Fire is best combated by fire, and Communism's fierce fires of hate can be put out only by lighting the fiercer fires of love. Atheism can be killed only by the Spirit of Truth.

Our bewildered world needs God the Holy Ghost to "convince it of sin, of justice, and of judgment!" And YOU can bring Him down in a roar of wind and a rain of flame if you will often assist at the "Red Mass" and pray for rain—the Pentecostal rain of fire—that we may have Life and Light and Love.

You CAN do it. You can set the world on fire if you will only pray for rain! You can revolutionize our mad, modern, chaotic society by a constant cry of

"Veni! Veni! Veni Creator Spiritus.

Mentes tuorum visita!

Imple! Imple superna gratia

Quae Tu creasti — pectora!"

"Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest.

And in our hearts take up Thy rest.

Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid

To fill the hearts which Thou has made!"

YOU can do IT! You can make every Mass a "Red Mass" and every day a Pentecost, if you will really think of the vital needs of God, self and society. Christ said, "I am come to cast fire on the earth; and what will I but that it be kindled." YOU can help Jesus Christ kindle that fire! He also said, "I am come that they may have life and have it more abundantly." He meant the life of grace, the superlife, the life that leads to

glory and to God. That life is only lit by the flaming fire of the Holy Ghost. YOU can kindle it! Yes, YOU CAN DO IT! YOU can set the whole world on fire and thus save it from destruction, if you will only pray God the Holy Ghost for a ceaseless rain!



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