

## TO FATHER VINCENT McNABB, O. P.

Mr. Baring writes: 'I once had a letter from a New Zealander who wrote a beautiful book—not a Catholic. He attended one of Fr. Vincent's Conferences and wrote the enclosed, on which I base what I send you. . . "March, 1931. *I have twice heard Fr. Vincent preach. It was each time the most exquisite, intimate, unique experience. When he began in his halting and wandering way I was disappointed; but in five minutes I had learnt to attune my ear, and my attention was closely held. I was entranced and hardly felt human when I came away—I felt so light—that is memorable; the lightness—the taking flight that had happened—something divine. . . I noticed that he often did not remember the exact words of his text, or of many parts of the Bible—when he wanted to repeat them—but must find and read them anew. He was so filled with remembering that the actual words meant nothing to him—but their meaning only. Now at last I have heard what I always have longed to hear—a man inspired. D'A.C.*''

A poet heard you preach and told me this:  
 While listening to your argument unwind  
 He seemed to leave the heavy world behind;  
 And liberated in a bright abyss  
 All burdens and all load and weight to shed;  
 Uplifted like a leaf before the wind,  
 Untrammelled in a region unconfined,  
 He moved as lightly as the happy dead.

And as you read the message of Our Lord  
 You stumbled over the familiar word,  
 As if the news now sudden to you came;  
 As if you stood upon the holy ground  
 Within the house filled with the mighty sound  
 And lit with Pentecostal tongues of flame.

MAURICE BARING.