

TO AN INNKEEPER

PIUS SULLIVAN, O.P.

"AND THOU BETHLEHEM Ephrata, art a little one among the thousands of Juda: out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel:" Mich. V, 2.

*Had you never read, nor heard, this prophecy of Micheas
How, at some distant date, it would come to pass
That the ruler of all Israel should come
Out of Bethlehem? You were neither deaf nor dumb.
You could exchange the greeting of a friend,
And jingling coins delighted you no end.
Blindness was not yours. We know that you could see,
For you welcomed with broad smiles and practiced courtesy
Those wearers of the much-embroidered, flowing dress.
And yet you turned away a pleading pair, penniless,
Who could have offered you a blessed peace.
Had you but known, you would have gained surcease
From every care. But when, on that misty night,
You watched that humble pair depart, you lost the right,
In days to come, to tell with a triumphant ring,
"When no one else would, I housed my King."*