MARCH 14, 1925

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

permitted it, from sight of her dead | THE STORY OF CHRIST | be a good, quiet little girl, and I'll read it to you. ove's face. . . So the years of her widowhood Then with a careful emphasis befitting her theme, she read :

Out of the splendid days of Eire, Out of that grandeur far away, Radiant, golden and heart-uplift-

ing, A vision comes today.

A vision—nay, a picture living Limned in colors of deathless hue, Its background the walls of shining

Tara Poised 'gainst a sky of blue.

Tara ! The name is a spell undying To stir the blood of our Irish race, Hall of our Kings when midst the

nations Our nation held queen's place.

Hall of our Kings, when the name

of Eire Shone o'er the waters a guidingstar.

A sacred lamp whose light men followed From many a land afar.

And fair and proud upon that morning Whose fame today, as one, we sing, Had all the splendor of Erin gath-

ered At Tara to greet their King.

He, their Ard-Righ, war-victorious, Monarch by right of brain and hand,

First in council as first in daring, Lord of a warrior-land.

And there the moon to his sun's high shining,

high shining, Lo, the Queen with her mild, wise eyes, Holding within them the mist and sunshine ear. The forgetme-hot blue eyes of the little girl gazing at her with shy worship from beneath her clustering brown locks, caught at her heart in a way that brought a

And dew of the Irish skies.

Thus it was St. Patrick saw them, Thus to his message they hearkened

Thus did the soul of Erin answer To Christ her Saviour's call.

And, Holy Ireland ! Holy Ireland ! Whether at home or far away. Still to that morn we sing respon-

Upon St. Patrick's Day.

At this moment the door opened At this moment the door opened ever so gently, and a voice of vibrantly sweet quality made plea: "Pardon me-may I come in ? I have been waiting outside, hating to interrupt you-but the cold has got the better of me. Such a cold St. Patrick's Day I have never even "

seen With that the speaker was in, and old Mrs. Kiernan was ushering her to her own seat before the fire. gravity. And Eily was looking on the most beautiful vision that life had thus far vouchsafed her. For though the lady was dressed in black-a color which Eily much disliked—yet it was lovely, satiny black, and the face above it was so fair and kind, with such a glimmer of pale golden hair about it, and such kind blue eves illuming it, that the only thing a natural little girl in Eily's place could do would be to stand without so much as a word in her mouth and just gaze upon it, spellbound; which was precisely the thing that Eily Kiernan did.

Not so Eily's grandmother. Had this radiant stranger, coming so unexpectedly from nowhere, been her own daughter, she could not have been more natural in her have been more natural in her hospitable efforts for her comfort. In a minute, the lady herself gave

had begun. And because Geoffrey had loved gray old Fernwood Hall, she had remained there, playing life's game in a sort of minor key that had gradually alienated from her the circle of light-hearted friends she had formerly attracted. Little pieties, little charities, little interests of home and garden, these, with an occasional brief visit to Dublin had made up the sum of the seven intervening years.

And yet for one day at least He was to be like that King awaited by the poor every morning on the thresholds of the holy city. Easter draws near. It was the beginning of the last week which even now had not yet ended—since the new Sabbath has not yet dawned. But this time Jesus does not come to Jerusalem as in other Sometimes when the monotony of the eventless days had become too unbearable she did, as she had done today : rode out in her car, the one luxury in keeping with her former scale of living that she still per-mitted herself ; urging her chauf-feur, where the lonelines of the roads allowed it, to a speed that left thought behind left thought behind.

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI

MARANATHA

As we have seen, that intention had been frustrated today by the accident which left her stranded on the high road many miles from Yet she was not sorry for the

peasants, by the women who were later to weep, by the Twelve who were to hide themselves, by the Galileans who come in memory of an ancient miracle, but with the mishap. She was acquainted with several grandmothers and many hope of seeing a new miracle. This time He is not alone ; the vanguard grandchildren in the neighborhood of Fernwood, but Mrs. Kiernan and time He is not alone; the vanguard of the Kingdom is with Him, and He does not come unknown: the cry of the Resurrection has pre-ceded Him. Even in the capital ruled by the iron of the Romans, the gold of the merchants, the letter of the Pharisees there are Eily threw a new illumination on the relation. The reverberations of the old woman's voice (Mrs. Kier-nan was now hospitably engaged in brewing her a cup of tea) re-hearsing the ancient glories of their Ireland as depicted in the simple letter of the Pharisees, there are eyes which look towards the Mount of Olives and hearts which beat poem, lingered graciously in her ear. The forget-me-not blue eyes faster.

sudden strange mist to her own. . Once she had dreamt of such a little girl. Being a lady of good courtesy, she had immediately upon her entrance exchanged the offices of

introduction with Mrs. Kiernan. Now she spoke to the little girl, say ought unto you, ye shall say, The Lord hath need of them." drawing the curly brown head close Even up to our days it has been to her own silken shoulder, whence the heavily furred wrap had fallen, said that Jesus wished to ride on an ass as a sign of humble meekness, as she did so. And wasn't Eily glad then, that her grandmother

had allowed her to wear her new gingham frock ! "Eily," she said, "I haven't had a single shamrock this day. You

see I was frightened of the snow. But the minute I have swallowed burden of today, weary bones in flogged and ill-treated skin, brought this tea-(thank you, Mrs. Kiernan, it's sheer nectar) you and I will go by many centuries of slavery, used only to carry baskets and bags over the stones of steep hills. The out and pluck a whole nosegay. Mayn't we, Mrs. Kiernan ?"

Mrs. Kiernan regarded the discreetly silent Eily with humorous

gravity. "And do you think it's to this time o' day that little speck o' mis-chief would be without her sham-rocks? It's up she was before mywhen he likened him to an ass. The Jews moreover used untamed asses self this morning, and stealing out unknown to me, and thrusting the snow aside with her bare little man would be wise though man be born like a wild ass' colt." And Daniel tells how Nebuchadnezzar, as explation of his tyrannies, was hands to get them-

Here Eily interposed. "And I have got something else besides. Oh, come, come, come, and see what I have got !" driven from the sons of men, and his heart was made like the beasts.

The child pointed to the four-and his dwelling was with the wild leaved shamrock, where in tiny, lone glory it rested at Our Lady's asses. snow-white feet. The beautiful mortal lady bend-

ing over, touched it caressingly with her finger-tips.

ght, 1923, by Harcourt, Brace & Company Published by arrangement with The McClure Newspaper Syndicate so bursting with hope and adora-tion. The cry of Peter became the cry of the fervent little army wind-ing its way down the slope towards

the queen-city. "Hosanna to the Son of David !" said the voices of the young men and of the women, in the midst of this impetuous exultation. Even the Disciples almost began to hope, although almost began to hope, although pears, an obscure wanderer min-gled with the crowd of pilgrims, into the evil-smelling metropolis almost began to hope, although they had been warned that this would be the last sun, although they knew that they were accom-panying a man about to die.

gled with the crowd of pilgrins, into the evil-smelling metropolis huddled with its houses, white as sepulchers, under the towering vainglory of the Temple destined to the flames. This time, which is the last time, Jesus is accompanied by His faithful friends, by His fellow-necessnts by the women who were by a moving forest, as if they had wished to carry a little country freshness inside the noisome walls, into the drab alleyways. The boldest had cut palm branches along the road, boughs of myrtle, clusters of olives, willow leaves, and they waved them on high, shouting out the impassioned words of the Psalmist towards the shining face of Him who came in the name of God.

Now the first Christian legion had arrived before the gates of Jerusalem and the voices did not

faster. This time He does not come on foot into the city which should have foot into the city which should have foot into the city which should have for the Lord : peace in heaven, and glory in the highest !" Their shoutfoot into the city which should have been the throne of His kingdom, and which was to be His tomb. When He had come to Bethpage, He sent two disciples to look for an ass, "Go into the village over against you, and straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her; loose them, and bring them unto me. And if any man say ought unto you, ve shall say learned ears and troubled those suspicious hearts, and some of them, well wrapped up in their doctoral cloaks, called from among the crowd to Jesus: "Master, rebuke thy disciples." And then He, without halting, "I tell you that, if these should hold their nearce the stones would immediate

ass as a sign of humble meekness, as if He wished to signify symboli-cally that He approached His people as the Prince of Peace. It has been forgotten that in the robust early periods of history asses to use any periods of history asses to change into loaves of bread at to change into loaves of bread at the challenge of the Adversary ; the hostile stones of the street which twice had been picked up to stone Him ; the hard stones of Jerusalem would have been less hard, less icy,

for other comparisons : Z phar the Naamithite said to Job, "For vain man would be wise theorem

The contemplative life is lived simply and solely for God. The worship of God is sufficient to occupy all the energies of His creatures. What, after all, is the end for which we were created ? Jesus asked expressly for an ass not yet broken, never before ridden, earth He is known by faith, and His



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THREE

the explanation of her surprising entry. Her car had broken down some distance up the road, and growing restless over the time her lately-hired chauffent took to road i are going to become be lately-hired chauffeur took to repair

it, she had decided to walk a bit-with the result that, pretty thoroughly chilled, despite her wrappings, she had arrived before wrappings, she had arrived before Mrs. Kiernan's door, just as the St. Patrick's Day poem drew to its climax. She did not say aloud the thought that was in her breast— that the reading of that newspaper poem by the old grandmother to the little girl, Act of Faith in God and country as it was, had given a new significance to the day for her, had touched her spirit with the glow of a warmer life.

A warmer life! It was that she needed. Why, she had been letting life drift away from her all these long years—these seven slow-footed years filled with the echoes of one years filled with the echoes of one ineffaceable memory. It was a memory associated with St. Patrick's Day too—not such a St. Patrick's Day as this, which found her warming her chilled fingers at a peasant's hearth—but a very blossom-day of mid-March, sweet with sun and wind and the assemblage of pleasant friends about her.

Not indeed that they gathered so much about her as they did about her husband, Geoffrey Carleton, and the fine young horse he was putting through his paces,—the diabolical-tempered young chestnut who would add unstinted new laurels to Geoffrey's hunting stud, when his taming was accomplished. realm of dreams.

Eily ?" Would she ? And what answer Would she ? the lovely lady,

today was tied to a post as Israel was tied with the Roman rope; vain and foolhardy as in the Book of Job; fitting companion for an did she give, when the lovely lady, very slowly and tenderly, pressed evil king; slave to foreigners, but at the same time rebellious to the end of time, the Hebrew people had finally found its master. For one her in the encircling fragrance of her arms? Anyhow, at that moment the great and good friendship which had since meant every-thing most blest in life to Eily's grandmother and to Eily's self day only : it revolted against Him, its legitimate master in that same

grandmother and to Eily's self began. Before the middle of April came, that puissant friendship had trans-ferred them from the wind-swept little hous on the crest of Glen. over all the face of the earth.

ferred them from the wind-swept little hous on the crest of Glen-mullet Road to the sheltering com-fort of Fernwood Hall. And throughout all the ensuing time, in The ass's back is hard, and Christ's friends throw their cloaks throughout all the ensuing time, in which each new day brought some fresh revelation of their new friend's thoughtful solicitude for them both, Mrs. Carleton would insist that it was she who was the person benefitted and blessed. over it. Stony is the slope which leads from the Mount of Olives and the triumphant crowds throw their mantles over the rough stones. This, too, is symbolical of self-con-secration. To take off your mantle is the beginning of stripping your-self, the beginning of that bareness But old Mrs. Kiernan knew it was otherwise. For here, without any merit of their own that she would recognize as such, she found which is the desire for confession and the death of false shame ; barewould recognize as such, she found herself and her grandchild sur-rounded by present comfort and the assurance of future well being. And all accomplished in a way, that had the evidence of her area. give what we have on our backs, "If any man . . . shall take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also." had the evidence of her new pros-perity not been so solidly unmistak-

able, might have made the whole transition seem a happening of the Then began the descent in the heat of the sun and of glory; in the midst of freshly cut branches and

who would add unstinted new laurels to Geoffrey's hunting stud, when his taming was accomplished. Then the wager passed—how clearly every light-hearted give-and-take phrase rang yet upon her ears! And Geoffrey himself had accepted the dare, and mounted the mettlesome, quivering creature. Like they had gone, laughter and plaudits speeding them. She hands with the best of them. Then . disaster, bitter, black, unbeliev-able. . White - faced people standing about her, screening her from the sorrow that would surely engulf her . . pitful - hearted shelded her to the end, had she

stiff-necked, when no prophet and no monarch had mastered and who

