



What to say TO THE Prisoner of Love.

THERE was once a mother, whose one ewe-lamb, a winsome, blue-eyed, fair-haired girlie of ten summers, a picture fair as artist ever drew, lay in her snow-white cot awaiting that mother's never failing chat in the gloaming followed by her good night-kiss and a little drop of holy water just to keep the bogie man away:

Since the child's first Communion, just a month ago, her mother often noticed how Marguerite, as her little one was called, tightly held her beads in her chubby hands or pressed them closely to her heart, said to her on one of these occasions: "My child, you seem to have grown very found of your beads,"

"Ah, Mamma dear! if you only knew why. Formerly I used to say only the Blessed Virgin's beads, but since my first Communion I fall asleep and wake up saying those of my Jesus." "Tell me dearie," said the slightly puzzled mother, "tell mamma what you mean and how you say what you call those beads of my Jesus."

Instantly Marguerite closed her eyes, joined her hands and as bead after bead slipped through her fingers repeated on each: "My Jesus is all mine and I am all His..." "My Jesus is all mine and I am all His..." And on the Our Father: "My heavenly Mother teach me how to love Him."

"That's all, mamma dear, they are short but I love to say them again and again."

The mother's eyes overflowed with happy tears and she folded the child in a loving embrace close to her heart, whose every beat echoed a *Deo gratias* to that Jesus who had Himself inspired her Marguerite what to say and who so well understood all the child meant when she said "the beads of My Jesus."