

MY BEADS

BY A. J. RYAN.

Sweet, blessed beads! I would not part  
With one of you for richest gem  
That gleams in kindly diadem;  
You know the history of my heart!

For I have told you every grief  
In all the days of twenty years,  
And I have moistened you with tears,  
And in your decades found relief.

Ah! time has fled and friends have failed,  
And joys have died, but in my needs  
Ye are my friends, by blessed beads!  
And ye consoled me when I wailed.

How many and many a time in grief  
My weary fingers wandered round  
Thy circle chain and always found  
In some Hail Mary sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell  
Of inner life to all unknown!  
I trusted you and you alone,  
But ah! ye kept my secrets well.

Ye are the only chain I wear —  
A sign that I am but a slave,  
In life, in death, beyond the grave,  
Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

*The Catholic Youth.*

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The great men and the useful men,  
The worthy and the true,  
We love to praise and imitate  
In much they say and do.  
Yes, great names and the cherished names  
That glow in history bright,  
They shine like lone and stationed stars  
Or burning suns of light.

*Allen Dorman.*