



THE LITTLE FLOWER BOOKLET

CONTAINING

HER SECRET OF SANCTITY

AND

A NOVENA IN HER HONOR

BY

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**THE LITTLE FLOWER SHRINE
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ST THERESE OF THE INFANT JESUS AND THE HOLY FACE
January 2, 1873 – September 30, 1897

FEAST DAY: OCTOBER 1ST

THE LITTLE FLOWER BOOKLET

I must begin this story with an apology to the reader. Many booklets have already been written on the sainted Little Flower of Jesus. I make bold to add another, because she came into my life so intimately while I served with the army as a soldier-priest in France.

It was Christmas Day. I had returned rather wearied to my billet after three Masses. I had come across the Autobiography of Soeur Therese in English only the day before in the library collection of one of the Army Welfare Organizations. As I read, I discovered that the birth-place of the little Saint, Alencon, was only fifty kilometers distant from my station. I found, too, that the anniversary of her birth was but a week distant, on January second. I resolved to obtain a leave, so that I might visit Alencon on that day.

On New Year's night, I reached the town, and with the aid of a little French lad, I found my way to 42 Rue St. Blaise. I rang the bell, and the door was opened by Madame Grant, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Grant, the story of whose conversion you will find in the Autobiography. Needless to say, when I told her that I was an American priest, she welcomed me most cordially. I stopped there that night, and on the following morning, the Little Flower's birthday, I had the supreme pleasure of offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the room where she was born. I speak of this as a very great privilege, because I was the first priest to say Mass there.

Incidentally, I might say that shortly after the Little Flower's beatification I received a letter from Madame Grant which will fit in very nicely here.

"My Dear Pere B.,

Praise be to God! Our Petite Soeur Therese is now Blessed. It would amuse you very much if you could only see the priests, and Bishops, too, hurrying here to say Mass in the room where she was born. Little do they think that a plain ordinary American soldier-priest got ahead of them."

I was always grateful to the Holy Father for having given us Chaplains the extraordinary privilege of setting up our portable altar wherever we found a convenient place.

This, then, was the beginning of my pilgrimages to her shrine, and I enjoyed many such visits during the following six months until the end of June, when I left for America. As I write, my memory brings me back over the events of those happy months, happy beyond belief in a land torn by war. Many were the evenings that I sat by the fireside of the little dining-room, and listened to Madame Grant speak so lovingly of the Little Flower. She knew her life so intimately. I regret now that I did not put down in writing the many things she told me. One story comes back to me clearly. It is the story of Madame Grant's husband.

Mr. Grant was a minister of the United Free Church of Scotland. It was while he was in charge of a church there, that Mrs. Grant became a Catholic. This made the situation a very embarrassing one for him. It did not look well to have him conducting his Protestant services on Sunday mornings, while his wife was assisting at Mass at the Catholic Chapel. After a time, he was obliged to give up his pastorate, and assume the duties of a missionary minister, going about from place to place. This relieved the situation considerably. Mrs. Grant spoke little to him about Catholicity. She took refuge in the intercession of the Little Flower to obtain his conversion. To this end she procured a picture of her and placed it in his study. At this time he was on the verge of becoming a rationalist. But the Little Flower intervened. As he later said himself, in a letter to Mother Agnes of Jesus, the Prioress of Lisieux, and a sister of the Little Flower: *"The influence of Soeur Therese awakened in me a genuine interest in the whole question of Catholicism, setting me to the study of it with an open mind and with no little seriousness. The result was that at last the light of conviction dawned, and I was constrained in the teeth of life-long prejudices and many dislikes to bow to an authority which I felt to be divine. It would be beside the purpose to recount the arguments through which this conviction came. It must suffice now to say that, after a short period of instruction, I was at length received into the Church on April twentieth, taking for my baptismal name that of my guide and savior under Christ-Francis Maria Theresa."*

I went with Madame Grant to his grave. On our way to the cemetery she told me of his desire to be buried close to the Little Flower. He had guarded sacredly the house where she was born, and he hoped to be near her in death. His desire could not be fulfilled, but he was buried quite close to the grave of Madame Martin.

The house in which St. Therese was born is located at 42 Rue St. Blaise, Alencon. This street is the main street of the town. The house is owned by the Carmelite Nuns, and is kept as a shrine. It is like most of the French houses, a modest two story structure, with pretty French windows. After my first visit, I discovered that there were in and around Alencon some Army Hospitals belonging to the British and Americans.

Since there was no English-speaking priest stationed at any of these, and since this town was in our Area, I was ordered to go from time to time to minister to the sick soldiers. Each time I would stop over night at the house of the Little Flower. My sitting-room was one that had been used as a dining-room. It was kept just as in the days when Mr. & Mrs. Martin were alive. My bedroom was the one next to the room in which Soeur Therese was born. Each morning I said Mass in the Church of Notre Dame, just a block away on the same street, the Church in which the Little Flower was baptized.

I used to read my breviary in the garden where she played as a child. I remember one day suffering from a great distraction. I was sitting against the arbour of which she speaks in her Autobiography, where she tells of a dream she had. *“I thought I was walking alone in the garden when, suddenly, I saw near the arbour two hideous little devils dancing with surprising agility on a barrel of lime, in spite of the heavy irons attached to their feet. At first, they cast fiery glances at me; then, as though suddenly terrified, I saw them, in the twinkling of an eye, throw themselves down into the bottom of the barrel, from which they came out somehow only to run and hide themselves in the laundry which opened into the garden. Finding them such cowards, I wanted to know what they were going to do, and, overcoming my fears, I went to the window. The wretched little creatures were there, running about on the tables, not knowing how to hide themselves from my gaze. From time to time they came nearer, peering through the window with an uneasy air: then, seeing that I was still there, they began to run about again looking quite desperate. Of course, this dream was nothing extraordinary; yet I think Our Lord made use of it to show me that a soul in the state of grace has nothing to fear from the devil, who is a coward, and will fly from the gaze of a little child.”*

HER LIFE

Marie Françoise Therese was born in the town of Alençon, in the department of Orne, France on January 2nd, 1893. Her parents, Louis Joseph Stanislaus Martin and Zélie Guérin, were deeply religious people. Both of them, in their younger years, had had the great desire of consecrating their lives to God in religion. Divine Providence had planned otherwise. The desire of their youth was to find its fulfillment in their five daughters, four of whom became Carmelites at Lisieux, and one a Visitandine nun at Caen.

The early childhood of the Little Flower was much the same as that of the average child reared in a truly Catholic home. She loved God, she loved her parents and her sisters, and she loved her toys and playmates. She had one failing, and that was her temper. Having conquered this one fault, she was really a child of perfection.

Picture to yourself this girl, for she entered religion at the age of fifteen, with all the impulsiveness and impetuosity of her high-spirited nature setting out on her religious life behind cloistered walls of the Carmel. There she was to meet with all manner of trial, and contradiction and reproof. She would even have to accept often the blame for mistakes made by others. Picture this child enduring all this with a calm and peaceful resignation, yes, even with gratitude. Once, when one of her Sisters asked her how it was that none of these things seemed to disturb her, she replied: *“It was not always so, but I have learned to forget self, and since then I am at peace.”* Her desire for the religious life came to her while very young; one might say it was born in her with the coming of reason. Indeed, she received the holy habit at the age of sixteen.

I think the whole life story of our little Saint could be summed up in three words: SHE LOVED GOD. She loved Him intensely. She saw Him in everything. She adored Him in everything. This may not seem wonderful. To love God was the very life of every saint. But her love of God was unique. At the age of seven she had the heart of a missionary. All her life she longed to be one and when she realized that this, for her was impossible, she adopted a special plan. In spirit she followed the missionary into distant lands. When he instructed the heathen, she prayed, when he administered the Sacraments, she prayed; when he stood at the Altar, she prayed. Prayer was her weapon. With it she would overcome difficulties; with it she would save souls.

I recall one day going to the home of an old lady in Alencon. It was to this good woman that Mr. Martin used to entrust Therese and her sister when he returned from Lisieux on business trips. She knew the child well, and she told me that often she would find her on her knees hidden away in some nook or corner of the house. If you ever go to Alencon, and should have the good fortune of meeting this lady, you would learn more about the Little Flower than you will ever be able to read in books. To this day she keeps the little bedroom with its twin beds in which Therese and her sister slept. On the dresser you will see a photograph of Therese when she was quite a child. It is the best likeness of her ever taken.

One might pause here and say: “Well after all, this Saint did very little to reach such heights of sanctity. Any one of us could have done the same things.” Yes, that is true. We read the lives of many great saints, and we are simply amazed at their wonderful mortifications. Personally, when I read of those hours spent in prayer by some of the saints; when I read of the few hours spent in sleep, and that usually on the hard floor; when I read of their fastings, and their merciless treatment of their poor bodies; when I read of their visions, and their ecstasies, and their miracles, I am tempted to say to myself: “Oh, well, God must never have meant for me to follow in such ways, or He would not have made me out of the sinful clay that I am.” And therein do I make my mistake.

THE SECRET OF HER SANCTITY

We are so apt to confuse ourselves, and make all these wonderful things the essentials of sanctity. We could make no greater mistake. After all, visions and ecstasies, austerities and miracles, the greatest possible spirit of prayer and devotion are not the sole ingredients in the formulas that produce saints. In the life of the Little Flower we discover no great austerities. We do not read that she ever performed any miracles during her lifetime, no do we find that she experienced any moments of ecstasy. What we do find is that she was a most simple, and a most ordinary person, with all the weaknesses of a fragile human nature; so much so, that when one finishes the reading of her Autobiography, he is apt to exclaim: "Well, certainly, she became a saint in a most easy, ordinary fashion." And that is perfectly true.

Some time ago I read the Life of Father William Doyle, the Irish Jesuit-Chaplain, who was killed in the late World War. It was made up chiefly from a Diary which he kept, and which, I am sure, he never intended for eyes other than his own. What struck me most in his life was the fact that this good missionary priest had never done anything extraordinary. One day, not long ago, I met a Good Shepherd nun who had known Father Doyle very intimately in Ireland. I asked her if she could tell me anything about the secret of his holiness. She told me that holiness was as natural to Father Doyle as wings are to a bird. She had known him in his youth, and she had greeted him upon the occasion of his ordination. Like Sister Therese, he had always the desire of going on a foreign mission where he might suffer martyrdom.

He was never singular. In a gathering he was just one of his brethren, earnest in his work, and just as eager as the rest in his play. He practiced mortifications, but they were simple ones. For example, he ate everything at table just as it came from the kitchen. He refrained from using salt, and only when he was away from home did he take butter. This he did to avoid being noticed. This may all sound very childish, but have you ever noticed that those who appeal most to the worldliest and busiest of men are the orphan child and the old man who has been reduced once more by the ravages of age to a second childhood? The charge our nuns in the orphan asylums, and those Little Sisters of the Poor in our homes for the aged never want sympathy.

Hence we find that our little Saint performed no exterior works of greatness. She used to speak of her way to holiness as "*The Little Way for Little Souls.*" Like the holy Jesuit whom I have just mentioned, she did the common things of life uncommonly well. Herein lay the secret of her sanctity. Herein lies for us the happy thought that we, too, and will become saints of God, if we but perform the ordinary duties of our state in life extraordinarily well.

In one of the booklets of the Irish Messenger Series on “The Little Flower of Jesus,” by Leahy, the writer tells the story of the great Refomer of the Carmelites; “Saint Teresa on one occasion spent some days in the convent of the Capuchin Nuns of Madrid, of which Community of the sister of St. Francis Borgia was Superioress. Having heard much of the wondrous sanctity of her visitor, the Lady Abbess was quite surprised at St. Teresa’s perfect simplicity; indeed, it was a relief to find her so natural, so like everyone else in her ways. “*God be praised,*” *exclaimed the Abbess, “for having allowed me to know a Saint whom we can all imitate. There is nothing extraordinary about her; she eats, sleeps, speaks, and laughs just like anyone else, without affectation or the slightest singularity, and yet one can see that she is full of the spirit of God.”*

May I bring you still further into the lives of the saints and ask you to read with me the “*Story of the Human Mind,*” taken from Canon Sheehan’s’ “*Under the Cedars and Stars,*”

“What a wonderful camera is the mind! The sensitized plate can only catch the material picture painted by the sunlight. The *tabula rasa* of the mind can build or paint its own pictures from the black letters of a book. Here is a little series that crossed the diorama this afternoon. A great bishop, reading his own condemnation from his pulpit, and setting fire with his own hand to a pile of his own books there upon the square of his cathedral at Cambrai; and then constructing out of all his wealth a monstrance of gold, the foot of which was a model of his condemned book, which he thus placed under the feet of Christ, so that every time he gave Benediction, he proclaimed his own humiliation.”

“Number two picture is that of a great preacher of world-wide reputation, going down into the crypts of the Carmes, while the cathedral was still echoing with the thunders of his eloquence; and whilst the enthusiastic audience was filing from the doors, and every lip was murmuring; “Marvellous!” “Wonderful!” “Unequaled,” stripping himself bare and scourging his shoulders with bitter discipline, until it became clogged with his blood, he, murmuring, as each lash fell: “Miserere mei Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.”

“Number three is that of a lowly village church, hidden away from civilization in a low lying valley in the south of France. It is always crowded, night and day; and the air is thick with the respiration of hundreds of human beings, who linger about the place, as if they could not tear themselves away. No wonder! There is a saint here. He is the attraction. It is just evening. The Angelus has just rung. And a place, withered, shrunken figure emerges from the sacristy and stands at the altar rail. Insignificant, old, ignorant, his feeble voice scarcely reaches the front bench. There is seated an attentive listener, drinking in with avidity the words of this old parish priest. He is clothed in black and white. He is the mighty preacher of Notre Dame, and he sits, like a child, at the feet of M. Vianney.

Have we gone far enough into the story of these simple men and women, human beings, brothers and sisters of ours, to be convinced of the fact that we can all really imitate their example? No? Well, let me introduce just one more—this time, a sickly girl. Go sometime to your Public Library, and ask for the Life of St. Lydwine, by Huysmanns, if you would read a most extraordinary book written in a very extraordinary fashion.

I do not know if there is in any language a book written about the life of a saint that can equal this one from the pen of a man who was himself at one time an agnostic. I cannot begin here, in the space of this small work to give you the complete story of St. Lydwine's life. Suffice it to say that this girl became a saint of God not from any great helps from those who should have assisted her, but rather in spite of these very people. She did nothing remarkable; she merely suffered through practically all the years of her life from various maladies that Almighty God saw fit to send her. These maladies embraced nearly all those that could afflict a human body. In the beginning she complained; she even reprimanded God Himself for what she deemed a glaring injustice. But once she realized the divine reason behind her sufferings, she repented of her fault, and spent the rest of a long and painful existence in praising and thanking Almighty God. Was this an extraordinary act of heroism? I think not. If you find leisure sometime to visit the wards of a public hospital, or the homes for incurable diseases, you will find people who have suffered equally as much and just as long as St. Lydwine and many other canonized saints of the Church. You might also find among the cases, whose cause of sainthood might readily be introduced to Rome.

Now, then, we begin to discover the Little Flower's secret, and we find that, after all, her life was nothing out of the ordinary, and that we ourselves can, if we will, imitate her on every step of the road to sanctity.

She was the first servant of God to be beatified by Pope Pius XI. This great event took place on April 29th, 1923. So great had been the devotion to her, and so general, that this same Pontiff, only two years later, on May 17th, 1925, raised her to the Sainthood, twenty eight years after her death. Her four sisters, mentioned in the early part of this booklet, were still alive. Her body now rests in a beautiful shrine in the Chapel of the Carmelite Convent, at Lisieux, where she died.

A visit to Lisieux is worth while. Since many of my readers may never have the opportunity of going there, I will endeavor to give them an account of my visit. Leaving Alençon, I went by railroad through a most delightful country. It was in the month of May, "*the apple blossom time in Normandy.*" Lisieux is an ancient town lying in a valley, and not very large. The Carmel is located in its centre. Like most Carmelite convents, the entrance is unpretentious, and the convent itself a very plain structure. If you have never visited a Carmelite house, you cannot imagine the interior.

I entered the parlor to await the coming of Mother Agnes of Jesus, the Prioress, and the Little Flower's sister who was known at home as Pauline. The name parlor may make the reader picture this room as like to the parlors we have in our own home. This is not the case. It is a small room with two kitchen-like chairs. Before you is a grating behind which falls a heavy black curtain. When Mother Agnes came, she asked for my blessing, and then spoke to me for about twenty minutes regarding her saintly sister and the great devotion of soldiers to her. I will make mention of this later on. When I left, the good Mother gave me a very precious relic. It was some strands of the Little Flower's hair, which had been cut on the day of her reception. After the visit, I went to the Chapel, which is entered from a small courtyard. There is nothing much to describe here. It was the usual convent chapel. At that time there was, of course, no shrine altar there in honor of Sister Therese, since she had not yet been beatified.

Leaving the Carmel, I climbed the hill that leads to the public cemetery, and there I found the Carmelites' plot with its little iron fence, and with its two rows of simple white crosses. It was not hard to distinguish the grave of St. Therese, for this was bedecked with fresh flowers, and its cross was larger than any of the others. At the grave I found a French soldier kneeling. Strange to relate, they told me that her grave is rarely without a soldier of some nation. There was a story at the time among the French soldiers that she was seen among them on the battlefield. This, of course, may or may not be true. At any rate, this is surely true, that the soldiers loved her, and they showed their love almost incessantly at her grave. I remember one day meeting an American doughboy in the K. of C. hut at LeMans. He showed me a medal of the Little Flower, given to him by one of the nuns at home just before he left for overseas. It was all bent. He told me that in one of the battles at the front he had been hit by a machine gun bullet. He had sewed the medal inside his jacket over his heart. The bullet struck him in this very place, and fell at his feet. The medal had saved his life. I sent him to Lisieux to leave it there as a silent thank offering to his heavenly friend.

Now comes the thought that I am sure has come to many a mind. How explain this wonderful widespread devotion to the Little Flower of Jesus? Surely in this Holy Year of Jubilee there have been raised to the service of the altar many other servants of God, whose lives of holiness have been at least as great, and who lived and died out in the world known to many more. Recently I heard of a very holy priest say he thought the explanation might be that this servant of God would do something that would affect the whole Church, and he offered the opinion that he felt that she would obtain the conversion of France. Please God, may this be so, before her beatification, I spoke to many in France who had never even heard of her. If France comes back to the Church, what a great spiritual good must come to the whole world! Another explanation given was that just as the child appeals to the whole world, so does she who loved to be known as the Little Flower.

Whatever the reason might be, we must all admit that devotion to her is world-wide, and may God keep it so for His own honor and glory, and for the salvation of souls.

Would to God, that we, both of the clergy and the laity, who glory in the name of Catholic and of Christian, could but slip into our hearts even the tiniest grain of littleness which brought to her the greatness of Sainthood. So small was her opinion of herself that she prayed for God to so crush her, that after death nothing of her would remain. Some time after her death, her grave was opened, and there was found nothing but a mere skeleton. She had obtained her desire.

Novena

TO

*Saint Therese
of the Infant Jesus
And of the Holy Face*

THE LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

PRAYER FOR EVERY DAY

Sweet Jesus! for how many ages hast Thou hung upon Thy cross, and still men pass Thee by, and regard Thee not, except to pierce anew Thy Sacred Heart. How often have I passed Thee by, heedless of Thy great sorrow, Thy many wounds, Thy infinite love! How often have I stood before Thee, but to add to Thy sorrow, to deepen Thy wounds, to scorn Thy love! Thou hast stretched forth Thy hands to comfort me, to raise me up, and I have taken those hands that might have struck me into hell, and have bent them back on the cross, and nailed them there, rigid and helpless. Yet I have but succeeded in engraving my name in Thy palms forever! Thou hast loved me with an infinite love, and I have taken advantage of that love to sin the more against Thee; yet my ingratitude has but pierced Thy Sacred Heart, and forth upon me has flowed Thy Precious Blood. O Sweet Jesus, let Thy Blood be upon me, not for a curse, but for a blessing. Grant me, through the intercession of Thy glorious servant, Saint Therese of the Infant Jesus, the same great confidence and love which filled her innocent heart and soul. Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on me!

PRAYER OF SOEUR THERESE

Veiled in the white Host, O my Well-beloved, how meek and humble of heart dost Thou show Thyself to me! Thou couldst not stoop lower to teach me humility, and I, to respond to Thy love, desire to put myself in the lowest place and share Thy humiliations, that I may have part with Thee in the kingdom of Heaven.

I beseech Thee, my Jesus, to send me some humiliations each time that I shall attempt to put myself above others.

FIRST DAY

O God, the Creator and Redeemer of mankind, Who to give courage to human hearts, hast hung upon the cross, grant me, I beseech Thee, through the merits of Thy death, and through the intercession of St. Therese of the Infant Jesus, a strong and lively confidence in Thee. Grant like this Little Flower, I may lay aside the vanities of this life, and with the unshakeable confidence in Thee, I may despise all that the world holds dear, and work for Thee alone. Who art my only hope. Amen. (*Our Father, Hail Mary and Glory be to the Father.*)

ACT OF OBLATION OF SAINT THERESE OF THE INFANT JESUS

My Lord and my God! O most Blessed Trinity! I desire to love Thee, and make Thee loved by mankind. Since Thou hast loved me so much as to give me Thy only-begotten Son for my Savior and my Spouse, the infinite treasures of His merits are mine. These merits I offer to Thee with joy, beseeching Thee to behold me only as in the face of Jesus, and in His Sacred Heart burning with love. Moreover, I offer Thee all the merits of the saints, in heaven and on earth, together with their acts of love, and those of the holy Angels. Lastly, I offer Thee, O Blessed Trinity, the love and merits of the Blessed Virgin, my dearest Mother. To her I entrust this oblation, begging her to present it to Thee. Amen.

LITANY OF THE LITTLE FLOWER
(for private devotion)

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, have mercy on us.

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, hear us.

Christ, graciously hear us.

God, the Father of heaven, have mercy on us.

God, the Son, redeemer of the world, have mercy on us.

God, the Holy Ghost, have mercy on us.

Holy Trinity, one God, have mercy on us.

Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us.

St. Joseph, pray for us.

Saint Therese of the Infant Jesus, pray for us.

Saint Therese of the Holy Face, pray for us.

Saint Therese, Little Flower of Jesus, pray for us.

Saint Therese, ardent in faith, pray for us.

Saint Therese, inflamed with the love of God, pray for us.

Saint Therese, filled with the love of neighbor, pray for us.

Saint Therese, confident in God, pray for us.

Saint Therese, chosen child of God, pray for us.

Saint Therese, loving daughter of Mary, pray for us.

Saint Therese, client of Saint Joseph, pray for us.

Saint Therese, example of all virtues, pray for us.

Saint Therese, lover of poverty, pray for us.

Saint Therese, model of obedience, pray for us.

Saint Therese, chaste of heart, pray for us.

Saint Therese, strong in perfection, pray for us.

Saint Therese, following the sure way, pray for us.

Saint Therese, doing good upon earth, pray for us.

Saint Therese, heroic in reparation, pray for us.

Saint Therese, fervent in prayer, pray for us.

Saint Therese, glorious in good works, pray for us.

Saint Therese, victim of love, pray for us.

Saint Therese, glorious in good works, pray for us.

Saint Therese, courageous in sacrifices, pray for us.

Saint Therese, lover of the Blessed Sacrament, pray for us.

Saint Therese, devoted to the Passion of Christ, pray for us.

LET US PRAY

O God, who wast pleased to reward Saint Therese of the Infant Jesus for her faithfulness in Thy Service; grant us through her intercession, a stronger attachment to Thee. Through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

SECOND DAY

O My Jesus, Who didst enrich the soul of Thy Little Flower with such ardent faith, I beg Thee through her most powerful intercession, and through the merits of all the holy martyrs, to infuse into my soul such a lively faith that I may firmly believe all the truths which Thou hast revealed, and that, believing, I may save my soul. My Lord and my God, help Thou my unbelief. Amen.

(Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be, Act of Oblation, and Litany.)

THIRD DAY

O my God, Thou who hast given me all, grant me, I beseech Thee, that same holy resignation to Thy Divine Will, which possessed the heart of the Little Flower, so that, like her, I may become a victim of Thy love, willing to bear all the sufferings and pains, all the hardships and contradictions which it pleases Thee to send me. I ask this grace through the merits of the Mother of Sorrows and through the intercession of Saint Therese of the Infant Jesus. Amen.

(Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be, Act of Oblation, and Litany.)

FOURTH DAY

O My Crucified Lord, teach me the wisdom that led Thy little Spouse, Saint Therese of the Infant Jesus, to the foot of the Cross. Teach me this lesson by Thy Sacred Wounds; strengthen me in my labors through Thy Precious Blood; lead me to penance by Thy agonizing Face; and in my last moments of life bid me to come forth to receive from Thy pierced Hands the crown of Eternal Life. I ask this grace through the merits of Thy Sacred Passion and Death and through the intercession of Saint Therese of the Infant Jesus. Amen.

(Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be, Act of Oblation, and Litany.)

FIFTH DAY

O My Good and gentle Jesus, Thou hast done all things out of love for me. Thy love and goodness know no bounds. I have done very little for Thee. Thou hast raised me up for Thy honor and glory, and yet in many ways have I offended Thee by my sins. I ask Thee, my crucified Jesus, to give me the grace before I die to do something each day for Thy honor and glory, and for the salvation of souls. Amen.
(Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be, Act of Oblation, and Litany.)

SIXTH DAY

O Jesus, sorrowful and agonizing in the Garden of Olives, grant me that grace to imitate the patience of Saint Therese of the Infant Jesus in suffering. Grant that I may be worthy to say with her: *“O my Jesus, I beg Thee only for Thy love without limits and without bounds. Grant, O my Jesus, that for love of Thee, I may be a martyr. I wish to love Thee as Thou hast never been loved.”* I ask this through Thy own most Sacred Agony and through the merits of the patience of Thy Spouse, Saint Therese of the Infant Jesus. Amen.
(Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be, Act of Oblation, and Litany.)

SEVENTH DAY

My Lord and my God! Thou art pleased with me only when I am faithful to Thy commandments. Keep from my heart anything that may cause Thee sorrow. Give me the grace to imitate Thy chosen disciple, Saint Therese of the Infant Jesus, so that, like her, I may do only the things agreeable to Thee. Give me a horror of sin, and the grace to make a good confession. Amen.
(Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be, Act of Oblation, and Litany.)

EIGHTH DAY

O my God, I beg of Thee to instill into my heart those same sentiments of gratitude which filled the soul of Thy servant, Saint Therese of the Infant Jesus. With her, may I be grateful to Thee for having created me; may I thank Thee for having redeemed me; may I so appreciate the gifts of the Holy Spirit, that I may, like her, become a saint. I ask this grace through the infinite goodness of the most Holy Trinity and through the merits of the gratitude of Saint Therese of the Infant Jesus. Amen
(Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be, Act of Oblation, and Litany.)

NINTH DAY

O my God, I love Thee. I want to love Thee more and more. Help me never to weary of the struggle with the world, the flesh and the devil. Let me not falter in my good resolution. Through Saint Therese, Thy Little Flower, I ask Thee for final perseverance and the grace to die in the arms of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. May it be my happiness to hear Thee say. *“This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.”* My Jesus mercy. Mary, help me. Amen
(Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be, Act of Oblation, and Litany.)

**LITTLE FLOWER EVER BLEST
(Adapted)**

*Tune of
"Mother, Dear, O Pray for Me."*

*Little Flower ever blest,
Crowned in glory sublime,
Behold, thy children praise thee
Before thy holy shrine.
O Maiden, Spouse of Jesus Christ,
We call thee Little Flower
Thy child-like innocence won His Heart
And brought thee mighty power.*

CHORUS

*Therese of the Holy Face
And of the Infant Child,
Make us ever good and chaste,
And humble, meek and mild.*

*Little Flower, from above,
Hear our earnest prayer;
From the garden of God's great love
Send showers of roses rare,
O breathe the virtue of thy pure life
On us that we may stay
Firm in love of our Savior Christ,
Through thy sure little way.*

CHORUS

O GLORIOUS SAINT

(Adapted)

Tune of "Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All"

1

*O glorious Saint, thy praise we sing,
For thou art with the Lord and King;
As this world's holy Little Flower,
Before God's throne thou hast great power.
O Saint Therese, hear our plea.
And bless the trust we place in thee.*

2

*A Shower of roses, virtues strong,
Thou dost obtain at Jesus' throne.
Sweet Flower of Jesus, hear our pleading,
And hearken to our interceding;
Teach us to follow thy little way
That in God's love we'll always stay.*

3

*God's Little Flower, pure and sweet,
We lay our burdens at thy feet:
For thou wilt help us in our need
We beg of thee our prayers to heed.
O Spouse of Jesus, in thy love,
Aid us to gain our Home above.*

CARMEL'S BLESSED LITTLE FLOWER

*Carmel's Little Flower Blessed
Crown'd with changeless splendor now
We thy clients fain salute thee,
Tender thee devotions vow!
Lover of the Infant Jesus,
Fondly called His Little Flower,
T'was thy lovely lily fragrance,
Won His Heart and gave thee power.
For we know 'tis thine the art,
Ever winning priceless favors,
For the frail and broken heart.*

CHORUS

*Sacred Carmel's Saint so winsome,
Little spouse of Jesus sweet,
Soeur Therese, O hear the pleading
Of the sinners at they feet.*

*Blessed Sister from they glory,
Listen to our humble prayer,
Send us showers of God's graces,
Waft the fragrance of thy virtues,
Steadfast with the love of Jesus,
Following in thy "Little Way"
Lead us onward to our goal,
So at last we may salute thee,
As thy ransom'd little souls.*

CHORUS

O BLESSED THERESE

*O Blest Therese thy praise we sound,
For thou in glory now art crowned,
As Carmel's winsome Little Flower,
With God dost wield a wondrous power.
O Blessed Flower send us down
Some rays of light from the bright crown,
A wealth of roses-graces sweet,
Which Thou has culled at Jesus feet!
Sweet Flower of Jesus hear our prayer,
And fill our souls with perfume rare
Of God's pure love that we may stay
Through life upon thy Little Way!*

*Dear Carmel's Lily-Flower fair
We trust to thee our ev'ry care,
For thou hast pledged to help us here
When thou wilt be to Jesus near!
And burning Victim of His Love
Didst give up all that once above
Thou mightest scatter endless showers,
Upon the world of heav'nly flowers!
O show to us His Sacred Face
That It may fill our life with grace
And lure us on to reach the goal
Where each may rest, they ransomed soul!*