



St Thérèse of the Child Jesus as a First Communicant.

*Frontispiece.*

# LITTLE THÉRÈSE

THE LIFE OF  
SAINT THÉRÈSE OF LISIEUX  
FOR CHILDREN

BY

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TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY A RELIGIOUS  
OF THE SOCIETY OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS



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**C**HILDREN, this book is for you. It will tell you about the life of a child like yourselves who became very dear to Our Lord, and who has been placed by the Church in the ranks of the Saints. She did the same things that you do; the only difference was that she did them much better. She was very gay and full of fun, yet she never forgot that we cannot always be quite happy in this world, but must wait for perfect happiness in Heaven. Sometimes, too, she cried as you do, but she bore her little troubles bravely to atone for her childish faults and for the sins of others. She was even glad to suffer, because her model, the Holy Child, had suffered so much for her.

God gave little Thérèse very special gifts: a remarkably quick intelligence, deep power of affection, and great personal charm. But all these gifts are nothing in comparison with her deep love of God, and you can all imitate her in this.

It would be difficult to imagine more tender affection and more absolute trust between father and child than that which existed between Thérèse and her Father in Heaven. The first words of the Lord's Prayer had impressed her so deeply that she made them her guiding principle in life and in death.

Read this life, then, children. All its details have been given to me by the sisters of Thérèse. I shall often write down word for word what she wrote about herself, using her own expressions. It will help and encourage you in your efforts to be good, and you will soon learn to love its little heroine.

And you must try to talk to her. Do this and she will love you and send you some of her "roses," as she so sweetly called the graces God has given to her to shower down on us from Heaven.

J. C.



"O little ones, whom Jesus loves,  
His Kingdom is for such as ye,  
For like these pure and spotless doves  
You win Him by simplicity."

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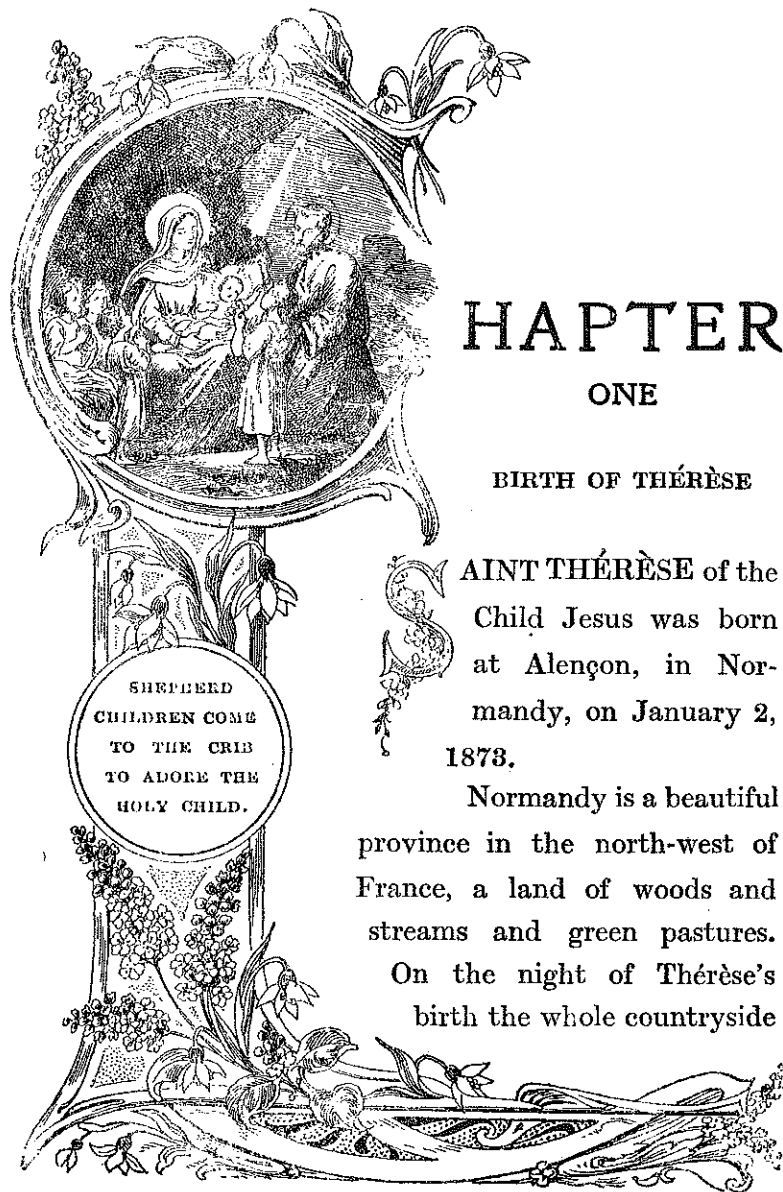
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# HAPTER ONE

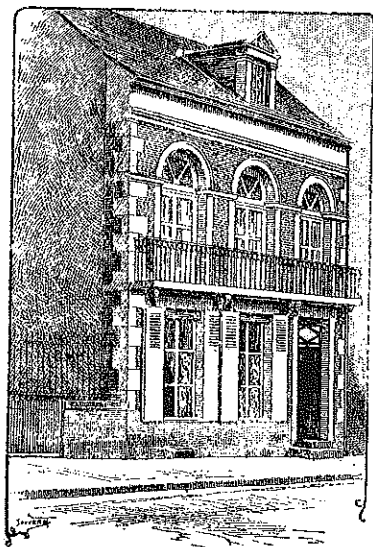
BIRTH OF THÉRÈSE

**S**AINTE THÉRÈSE of the Child Jesus was born at Alençon, in Normandy, on January 2, 1873.

Normandy is a beautiful province in the north-west of France, a land of woods and streams and green pastures. On the night of Thérèse's birth the whole countryside

was covered with snow. It seemed to be an image of her soul, which was never to lose the whiteness of its baptismal innocence.

The parents of Thérèse, Monsieur and Madame Martin, were fervent Catholics, and they welcomed this ninth child as a precious gift from God. There were already four girls in the family, and four other little ones had died when they were babies.

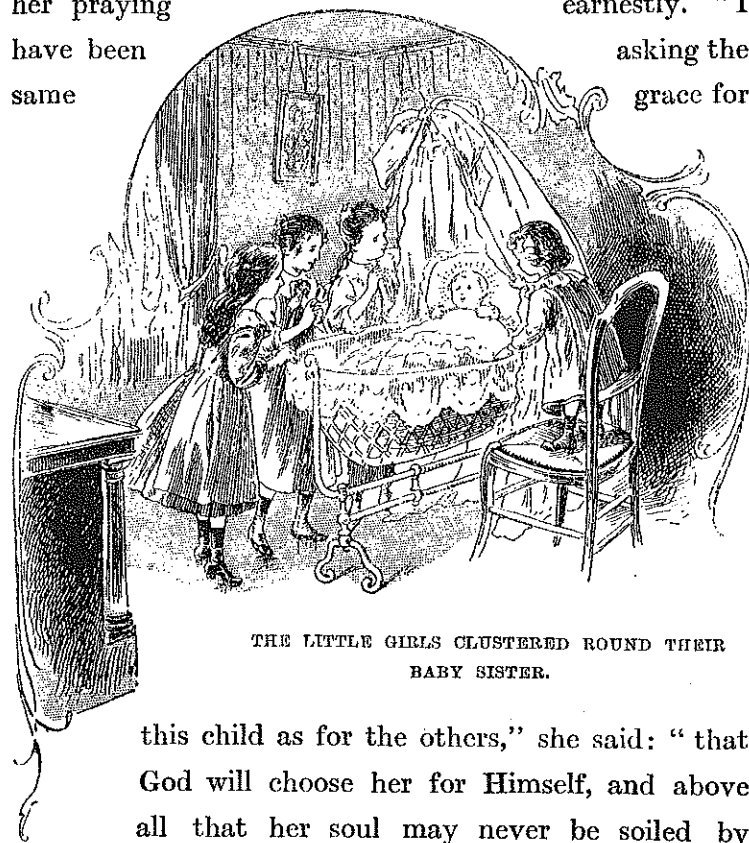


THE HOUSE AT ALENÇON IN WHICH  
THÉRÈSE WAS BORN.

The children were all in bed and asleep when Thérèse was born, but their father himself went to wake up the two elder girls to tell them the joyful news. Marie, aged thirteen, sat up in bed, but Pauline, who was eleven, jumped out at once to run and see the baby. However, Monsieur Martin told them both to go to sleep again, promising that they should see her the first thing in the morning. He did not wake Léonie, who was nine, and still less Céline,

who was only three, as he feared they would be too excited.

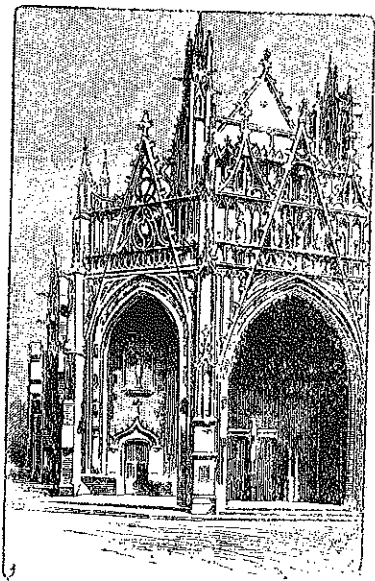
When he went back to Madame Martin, he found her praying earnestly. "I have been asking the same grace for



THE LITTLE GIRLS CLUSTERED ROUND THEIR  
BABY SISTER.

this child as for the others," she said: "that God will choose her for Himself, and above all that her soul may never be soiled by mortal sin. Rather than this, I begged He would take her from us at once, as He took the other children."

Very early next morning the four little girls were clustering round their baby sister. They spoke in whispers for fear of waking her, but Céline could not long keep quiet. She climbed on a chair, clapping her



THE CHURCH OF NOTRE-DAME,  
WHERE THÉRÈSE WAS BAPTIZED.

hands with little cries of joy, and finally gave the baby a resounding kiss, which, of course, woke her up. This was greeted with exclamations of delight from the others.

“Oh, Mamma,” said one, “how pretty she is! Her eyes are just like bits of sky.”

“Oh, she’s smiling,” said another; “do come and look, Mamma! She’s smiling!”

And a third went into raptures over her tiny hands. The parents of little Thérèse wished to have her baptized on the day of her birth, as all her brothers and sisters had been, but to their great regret they had to wait for the arrival of the godfather. Even one day

seemed a long delay to the pious mother as she watched her child with anxious eyes.

At last, on the morning of January 4, Thérèse was



THE BAPTISMAL FONT IN THE CHURCH OF NOTRE-DAME.

baptized in the Church of Notre-Dame. Her eldest sister, Marie, was her godmother, and she received the names of Marie Françoise Thérèse.







# CHAPTER

TWO

WITH "LITTLE ROSE"  
AT SEMALLÉ

MARY AND  
JOSEPH FLEE  
INTO EGYPT TO  
SAVE THE HOLY  
CHILD FROM  
THE CRUELTY  
OF HEROD.

**B**UT joy was soon turned into sorrow. After a few weeks, Thérèse became so ill that it seemed as if God were going to ask for her back again. No efforts were spared to restore her to health, but human remedies were useless, and even the fervent prayers of her heart-

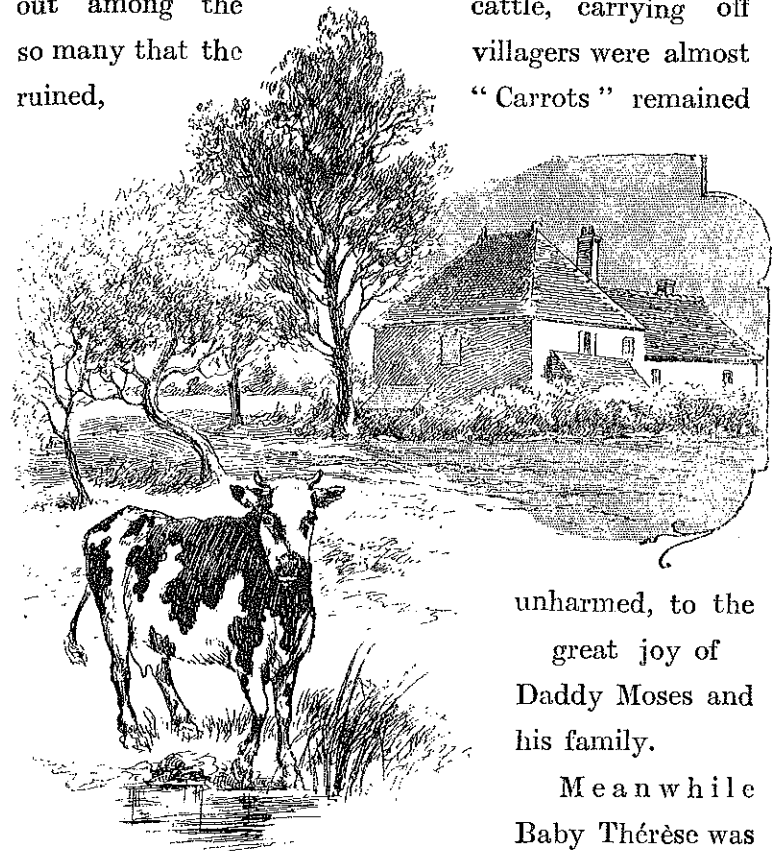
broken mother were for a long time unavailing. The doctor had given up all hope of saving her life, when suddenly, as if by a miracle, Thérèse began to grow better, and was soon well enough to be taken into the country, to the little village of Semallé, a few miles from Alençon.

The worthy peasant family to whose care she was confided consisted of the father, "Daddy Moses," the mother, and four children. The mother's name was Rose, but she was generally called "Little Rose," because she was so small.

The baby rapidly grew strong in the bracing country air. She spent the whole day out of doors. When her foster-mother was going to work in the fields, she would take Thérèse with her, snugly tucked into a wheelbarrow filled with hay. If it was time to milk the cow, she would set off with Thérèse in her apron, and then, as she needed both hands to work, she would tie her charge securely on the cow's back!

This cow was a splendid animal, white with reddish markings, and therefore called "Carrots." One of these marks was on the tip of her right ear, and made her look quite saucy, especially when she held her head erect, as she did when Thérèse went for a ride on her back.

These rides would seem to have brought good luck to the cow, for later, when a disease broke out among the cattle, carrying off so many that the villagers were almost ruined, "Carrots" remained



"LITTLE ROSE'S" FARM. THE COW WAS CALLED "CARROTS."

unharméd, to the great joy of Daddy Moses and his family.

Meanwhile Baby Thérèse was growing more and more attractive.

She was always laughing, and her little face was framed in the prettiest golden curls. All the village

children loved her, and they used often to dance round her in a ring, singing rhymes and kissing her in turns.

There was one boy of eleven who did not content himself with looking at her: he used to take her in his



THEY USED OFTEN TO DANCE ROUND HER IN A RING.

arms and lift her up to receive the homage of her little courtiers. That boy is now a priest.

Once when the children were playing in this way, the old curé of the village came up. He gazed long and

earnestly at Thérèse, and gave her his blessing, praying that she might one day be like her glorious patroness, the great St. Teresa.

Then he began to speak to the children about the family of little Thérèse, about her parents, and her grandfather Martin, an officer in the French army, who had been decorated by Charles X. for distinguished services to his country.

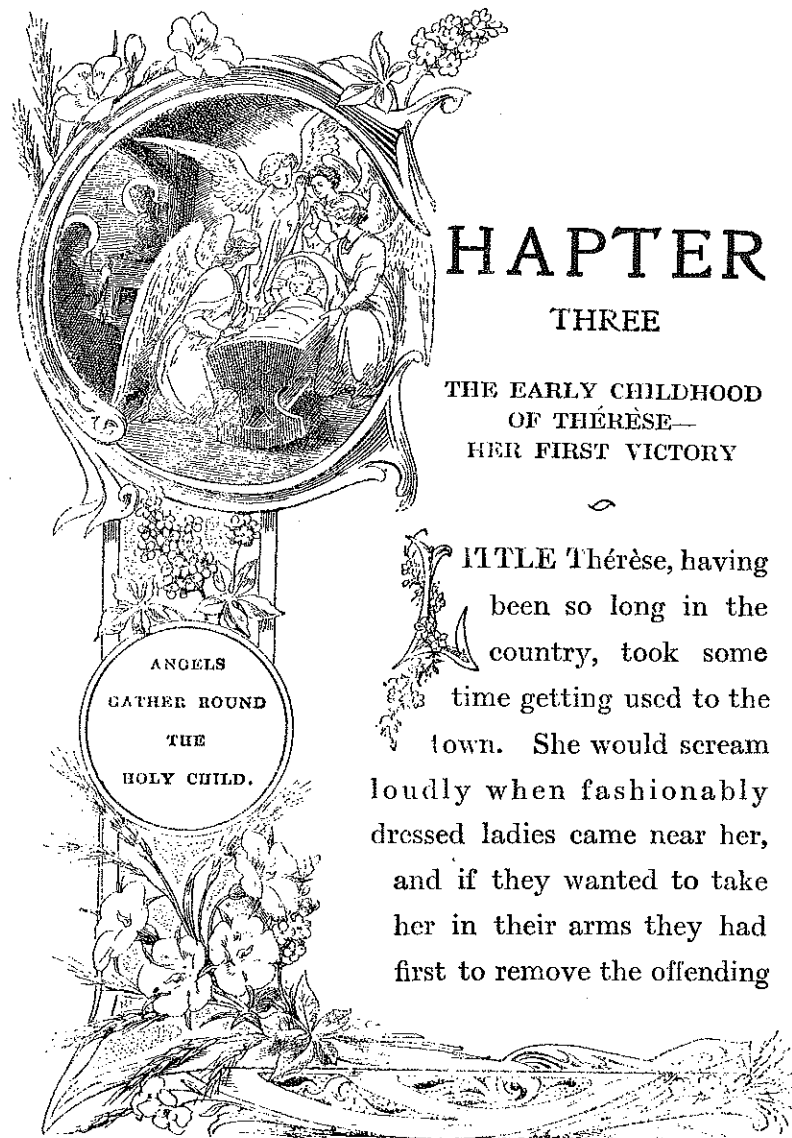
He went on to tell them stories of Madame Martin's family, the Guérins, who had helped and sheltered priests during the persecution which followed the Revolution in France. The grandfather of Thérèse was then only a child of three or four, but he had taken part in the troubles of those sad times. On one occasion the little fellow was actually sitting on a trough in which his uncle, a priest, was hiding from the Revolutionary soldiers; but he spread out his toys so solemnly, and seemed so engrossed in them, that the searchers did not even think it worth while to make him get down. He used also to accompany his uncle when the latter went round the countryside visiting the people, and the child's presence disarmed all suspicion as to the identity of the good priest, who was disguised as a peasant.

But to return to our story.

Monsieur and Madame Martin often went out to

Semallé to see their baby daughter. The elder girls, who were at school at the Visitation Convent of Le Mans, where their aunt was a nun, were not so fortunate. They were all the more delighted, therefore, when during the holidays they could make a visit to "little Rose's" cottage, the object of their walks.

There were still greater rejoicings when, on March 11, 1874, Thérèse came home. She was then fourteen months old, and was beginning to toddle alone, and to prattle incessantly in baby language. The whole household welcomed the child, who was to gladden their lives by the charm of her sunny temper and her affectionate heart.



## CHAPTER THREE

THE EARLY CHILDHOOD  
OF THÉRÈSE—  
HER FIRST VICTORY

LITTLE Thérèse, having been so long in the country, took some time getting used to the town. She would scream loudly when fashionably dressed ladies came near her, and if they wanted to take her in their arms they had first to remove the offending