

Give your little crosses to her,
Which each day, each hour, befall;
They remind her of her Jesus,
So she loves them best of all.

Some seem very poor and worthless,
Yet, however small and slight,
Given to her by one who loves her
They are precious in her sight.

One may be so hard to carry
That your hands will bleed and smart;
Go and take it to her altar,
Go and place it in her heart.

Check your tears, and try to love it,
Love it as His sacred will;
Thus you set your crown with jewels,
Make your gift more precious still.

There are souls, alas too many,
Who forgot that Jesus died,
Who forgot that sin forever
Is the lance to pierce His side.

Ah! poor sinners, Mary loves them,
And she knows no royal gem
Half so noble, or so precious,
As the prayers you say for them.

Then resign some little pleasure,
Give it her instead to win
Help for some poor heart in peril,
Grace for some poor soul in sin.

Flowers! I should never finish
If I tried to count them too,
If I told you how to know them,
In what garden plot they grew.

Yet I think that each one guesses
They are emblems, and we trace
In the loveliest and the rarest,
Acts of love and gifts of grace.

And such flowers will never wither,
They are not of mortal birth,
And such garlands given to Mary
Die not like the gifts of earth.

Surely now you cannot tell me
That you have no gift to lay
At the feet of our dear mother,
Any hour, any day.

Give her now, to-day, forever,
One great gift, the first and best;
Give your heart to her and ask her
How to give her all the rest.