

Brother Johannes was skilled in illuminating, and Valentine often watched the page grow under his clever hand. How beautiful would then be the gospel story in brightly-coloured letters, with dainty flowers, bright-winged butterflies, and downy, nestling birds about the borders!

Brother Paul was a great teacher in the monastery school, and even learned scholars came to consult him. Friar John ruled the affairs of the little monastery world with wisdom and prudence. Indeed, out of the whole number only Valentine seemed without special talent.

The poor man felt it keenly. He longed to do some great thing. "Why did not the good God give me a voice like Vittorio or a skilled hand like Angelo?" he would often inquire of himself bitterly. One day as he sat sadly musing on these things, a voice within him said clearly and earnestly: "Do the little things, Valentine; there the blessing lies." "What are the little things?" asked Valentine, much perplexed. But no answer came to this question. Like every one else, Valentine had to find his work himself.

He had a little plot where he loved to work, and the other monks said that Valentine's pinks, lilies, and violets were larger and brighter than any raised in the whole monastery garden.

He used to gather bunches of his flowers and drop them into the chubby hands of children as they trotted to school under the gray monastery walls. Many a happy village bride wore his roses on her way to the altar. Scarcely a coffin was taken to the cemetery but Valentine's lilies or violets filled the silent hands.

He got to know the birthday of every child in the village, and was fond of hanging on the cottage door some little gift his loving hands had made. He could mend a