

Dorothy's Valentine.

Wee Dorothy sits by the little stand
With paper smooth and white
A pencil held close in the chubby hand
Her eyes with smiles are bright

The story of St. Valentine.

BY CAPT. L. BROWN.

Vic and Van were prowling about the
house seeking opportunities for enter-
tainment or mischief

It was a rainy day in February, and
a hoarse north wind moaned in the cor-
ners or dashed the naked boughs against
the veranda roof

The twins were "low in their minds,"
and their usual pleasures palled. It was
two wishful faces that peeped into the
library where Uncle Clement sat read-
ing by the fire.

"Halloo, chickens," he cried cheerily,
throwing down his book. "what's the
matter? Why what yant long coun-
tenances?"

"We're mizzerbul," said Vic eagerly,
running across the floor and perching on
one arm of his chair. "We don't know
what to do."

"I thought you were deep in valen-
tine-making, missy."

"Well, we're brot, and things don't
go right," said Van. "We spilled the
mucilage, and then Vic painted my nose
with it 'n' I put some on her hair 'n' we
slipped up our old rubber boots 'n' then it
was all gone."

"Yes," chimed in Vic, "'n' we think
we'd like a story. Do tell us a story
bout St. Valentine's day."

"Yes, do," coaxed Van on the other
side. "We'll feel so much better 'n' not
half so sticky."

"I'll tell you about St. Valentine him-
self, then no bears nor lions, Van, no
griffins nor fairy godmothers, Vic, just a
plain, simple story of a plain, simple
man."

"We like plain, simple men like you,
uncle," said Vic encouragingly, giving
him a little hug.

"Once upon a time," began Uncle
Clement, "there lived in a monastery
across the sea a humble monk called
Valentino. He was often sad and dis-
couraged because he was so humble.
Every brother save himself seemed to
have some special gift.

"Now, there was Brother Angelo,
who was an artist, and painted such
wonderful Madonnas that it seemed as
if the holy mother must step down from
the frame and bless her children.

"Brother Vittorio had a wonderful
voice, and on saints' days the monastery
chapel would be crowded with visitors,
who came from far and near just to
listen to that wonderful voice as it roared
up among the dim old arches.

"Brother Anselmo was a doctor, and
knew the virtues of all roots, herbs, and
drugs, and was kept very busy going
about among the sick, followed by their
tearful, grateful blessings.

"Brother Johannes was skilled in
illumination, and Valentino often watch-
ed the page grow under his clover hand.
How beautiful would then be the gospel
story in brightly colored letters, with
dainty flowers, bright-winged butterflies,
and downy nothing birds about the
borders!

"Brother Paul was a great teacher in
the monastery school, and even learned
scholars came to consult him. First
John ruled the affairs of the little mon-
astery world with wisdom and prudence.
Indeed, out of the whole number only
Valentino 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 An-
gelo?' he would often inquire of him-
self bitterly. One day as he sat sadly
musing on these things, a voice within
him said clearly and earnestly, 'Do the
little things, Valentino, those the bless-
ing ones.' 'What are the little things?'
asked Valentino, much perplexed. But
no answer came to this question. Like
everyone else, Valentino 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 lit-
tle 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
Valentino's lilies or violets filled the
silent hands.

"He got to know the birthday of every
child in the village, and was fond of
hauling on the cottage door some little
gift his loving hand had made. He could
mend a child's broken windmill and carve
 quaint faces from walnut shells. He
made beautiful crosses of silvery gray
lilies, and pressed mosses and rosy
woods from the seashore. The same
tender hands were ready to pick up a
fallen baby or carry the water bucket
for some weary mother.

"Everybody learned to love the good
Brother Valentino. The children clung
to his long, gray skirts, and the babies
crept out on the streets to receive his pat
on their shining hair. Even the cats and
dogs rubbed against him, and the little
birds fluttered near him unafraid.

"So Valentino grew old, loving and
beloved, never dreaming that he had
found his great thing. When the simple
monk died the whole countryside mourn-
ed, and hundreds came to look for the
last time on the quiet face in the rude
coffin.

"A great duke walked bare-headed
after that coffin, and one of the most
noted brothers of the church spoke the
last words of blessing to the weeping
people.

"After they saw him no more, it was
remembered how sweet had been his
little gifts, and the villagers said, 'Let
us, too, give gifts to our friends on the
good Valentine's birthday. So ever since
has the pretty custom been carried out,
and on St. Valentine's day we send our
friends little tokens of remembrance to
say we love them."

"That's a beautiful story," said Vic
climbing down on the floor.

"It's first rate," declared Van, follow-
ing her example.

Vic suddenly remembered how she
had pulled mamma's top drawer out and
left it on the floor when she went to get
an old soft handkerchief to tie up a
finger cut with Van's new knife. So she
ran up stairs to fix it, while Van tore in
a dozen pieces the comic valentine he
had intended giving Buddy, the cook, and
wondered if it wouldn't be a good plan
to buy her a fine new one with his shin-
ing silver ten cent piece.

Nervous Children.

A word about nervous children. Never
scold them nor "make fun" of them.
They suffer enough without your threats
or sarcasm. Pretend not to see their
awkwardness when in company, nor
their grumaces when alone. A case was
reported the other day of a boy of ten
years who, on being vexed, and after
without any apparent provocation, wif-
clench his hands and make the most
frightful contortions of the muscles of
his face and head till his poor mother
feared he is idiotic. By no means. He
is the brightest boy in his class at school,
fond of reading and of natural history,
but he is of highly nervous temperament,
and has not been taught to control the
little wires, so to speak, on which he is
strung. This is no single case. There
are thousands of children who give way
to their nerves in similar fashion. Talk
to them about these curious little fellows
that should be their servants, not their
masters. Never whip them. The man
or woman who whips a nervous child is
on a level with brutes that have no
reason. Encourage them. Help them.
Be patient with them. They are the
making of our future successful men and
women, for they will work hard at what
over they undertake. Brace up your
own nerves first, and then be indulgent
towards the capers of your over-nervous
children.—Home Comfort.

We walk faster when we walk alone

The praises of an enemy are suspicious,
they cannot flatter a man of honor until
after a cessation of hostility.

The open heart knows in a revolution
which comes to it every dawn and sunset,
that life does not mock its children when
it holds this cup of peace to their an-
guished lips, and that into this lifeless
sea of rest and beauty every breathless
and turbulent streamlet flows at last.—

Hamilton W. Mabie.

From an Old Pupil.

The New Year is fairly advanced, and
I do not think it out of place to begin
my correspondence with the Gospel
message of Grace and truth through
Jesus. To those who have not yet
accepted Jesus as their Saviour, these
few words may be the message of life
and peace. I rejoice to think that
during the year just closed not a few of
your readers, have been truly born again,
who are rejoicing in Christ as their
Saviour, who own Him as their Lord
and Master, and who follow His word
as their guide, rule, and principle
through the narrow rugged path
that leads to heaven, our beautiful
home. Praise be to God for these young
believers, who are on the way to glory,
giving their youth and strength to the
service of God's Son. Dear reader, do
you think they have made a mistake in
being thus early converted? Have they
lost the joys of life by entering the
kingdom and service of the Lord?
Surely not, for "none but Christ can
satisfy." Dear reader, is there no
desire in your heart to share the joy of
Salvation? Are you perfectly satisfied
with the present world? When you
come to die, what comfort can this
world afford you? What are you doing
to prepare for the world to come? Are
you willing to go to a Christless, hope-
less eternity, of course not, but dear
reader, you must seek God's way of
Salvation found in the living book, the
Bible. Do you read it? Christ is its
grand subject. To pass through the
valley of the shadow of death unpardon-
ed, and to pass on to the Judgment
throne without Christ, what can you
say when you stand there, which you
must do sooner or later? Can you
calmly look forward to all this? Do
not count on a long life, for it is God
that gives and God that takes, you may
be in eternity within the next twenty
four hours, and where would your
soul, your precious soul go, to glory
or despair? There is nothing to gain
by delaying to accept and follow Jesus
now. Your life hangs on a slender
thread which may break any moment.
Accept Jesus now, and you will at once
become a child of God, heir of glory and
joint heir with Jesus. God says, Come,
for all things are ready. The door of
mercy is yet open, blessed be God.
Oh, decide for Jesus and be safe from
the wrath to come. The question is,
will you have Jesus Christ as your
Saviour? God loves you. Jesus suffers
of excruciating agony for you. Shall it
be in vain? or will you receive Him now?

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lest and ruled by the fall,
If you wait till you are better,
You will never come at all.

J. R. BRINE.

In all fellowship with Nature silence
is deeper and more real than speech.—
Hamilton W. Mabie

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
West 11:30 a.m. 1:30 a.m. 8:00 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
East 1:30 p.m. 4:45 a.m. 12:15 p.m. 5:30 p.m.
Stations and Paragons: Montreal—6:30 a.m.
12:15 p.m. 5:30 p.m. 8:30 p.m.

Uneducated Deaf Children.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY
person who receives this paper send me the
names and post-office addresses of the parents
of deaf children not attending school, who are
known to them, so that I may forward them par-
ticulars concerning this Institution and inform
them where and by what means their children
can be instructed and furnished with an edu-
cation.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RECEPTIONS ARE held as follows
every Sunday
West End Y. M. C. A. Corner Queen Street and
Dundas Street, at 11 a.m.
And Y. M. C. A. Hall, cor. Yonge and McGill
streets, at 1:30 p.m.
General Central office at Broadway Hall
Spadina Ave. 10 or 12 blocks south of College
Street at 4 p.m. Lecturers: Messrs. Vanantill,
Hingdon and others.
Hearings: Every Wednesday evening at 8
o'clock, corner Spadina Ave and College Street,
and/or Queen Street and Davenport Road.
Lectures etc. may be arranged if desirable.
Mrs. J. Fraser, Missionary to the Deaf in
Toronto, 1 Major Street.

Institution for the Blind.

THE PROVISIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE
Blind, for the education and instruction of blind children
is located at Bradford, Ontario. For particu-
lars address
A. H. DYMOND, Principal.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

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Classes.

SCHOOL HOURS: From 9 a.m. to 12 noon
from 1:30 to 4 p.m. DRAWING from 4
p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday of
week.
EVENING WORK CLASSES on Monday
noon of each week from 7:30 to 9
PUPILS attend from 7 to 8 p.m. for
pupils and from 7 to 8 for junior pupils.

Articulation Classes:

from 10 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1 p.m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY Primary pupils at 9 a.m.
senior pupils at 11 a.m. General Services
at 10 p.m. immediately after which the
classes will assemble.
EACH SUNDAY Day the pupils are to assemble
in the Chapel at 8:15 a.m. and the Teacher
in-charge for the week, will open by pray-
er and afterwards dismiss them so that
they may reach their respective schools some-
what later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon
at 3 o'clock the pupils will again assemble
after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet
orderly manner.
KNOWLEDGE VISITING LECTURERS: Rev. F. W.
Burke, Rev. M. H. McLaughlin, Rev. J. W.
H. J. Thompson, M. A., (Presbyterian),
Rev. C. H. McIntyre, (Methodist), Rev.
J. G. Stewart, (Baptist), Rev. J. W. Stewart,
(Minister), Rev. Father Connolly,
C. W. Catch, Rev. J. J. Rice, Rev. S. Hill.
HIGHER CLASS, Sunday afternoon at 3:15,
National School of Sunday School, Leominster,
Miss Anna Stratton, Teacher.

Clergymen of all Denominations are
cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments:

PRINTING OFFICE, HIGH AND CANNING
STREETS from 7:30 to 9:30 a.m. and from 1:30
to 5 p.m. for pupils who attend school.
Times who do not attend school, and from
1:30 to 5:30 p.m. in each working
evening Saturday, when the office and shop
will be closed at noon.
FOR READING CLASS HOURS are from 9 a.m.
to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 5 p.m.
for those who do not attend school, and from
3:30 to 5 p.m. for those who do. No school
on Saturday afternoons.
In the Printing Office, Shops and News
Room to be left each day when work ceases
in a clean and tidy condition.
PUPILS are not to be accused from the
various classes or Industrial Department
except on account of sickness, without per-
mission of the Superintendent.
Teachers, Officers and others are not to
allow matters foreign to the work in hand
interfere with the performance of their
several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested in the
Institution, will be made welcome on
any school day. No visitors are allowed on
Sundays, Sundays or Holidays except in
the regular chapel services at 10:30 on Sun-
day afternoons. The best time for visitors
on ordinary school days is as soon after 10
in the afternoon as possible, as the classes
are dismissed at 3:30 o'clock.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come
with them to the Institution, they are kindly
advised not to linger and prolong their
staying with their children. It only makes
discomfort for all concerned, particularly for
the parent. The child will be tenderly cared
for, and if left in our charge without delay
will be quite happy with the others in a few
days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to
visit them frequently. If parents must
visit however, they will be made welcome to
the class rooms and allowed every oppor-
tunity of seeing the general work of the
school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals
or entertain guests at the Institution. Guest
accommodations may be had in the city at the
Quinto Hotel, Hoffman House, Queen's, Anglo
Vancouver and Dominion Hotels at moderate
rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be glad enough to give all direc-
tions concerning clothing and management
of their children to the Superintendent. No
correspondence will be allowed between
parents and employees under any circum-
stances without special permission upon
each occasion.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters
or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or
guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS
FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THAT
THEY ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will
be required to write home every three weeks.
Letters will be written by the teachers for the
little ones who cannot write, stating, as far as
possible, their wishes.

No medical preparations that have been
used at home or prescribed by family physi-
cians will be allowed to be taken by pupils
except with the consent and direction of the
Physician of the Institution.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned
against Quack Doctors who advertise medi-
cines and appliances for the cure of deaf-
ness. In 99% cases out of 100 they are frauds
and only want money for which they give
no return. Consult well known medical
practitioners in case of adventurous deaf
cases and be guided by their counsel and
advice.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent