

### The Story of St. Valentine's Day.

Long ago there lived a priest by the name of Valentine. This good man was noted in all the country round for his kindness. He nursed the sick, comforted the sorrowing and was always ready to give help to anyone who was in need. Valentine dearly loved the children, and those who went to him for food or clothes were never turned away. After this kind priest became too old to go about among his people he was very sad because he thought he could no longer be of any help to them. Then he remembered that he could write loving messages to the sick and sorrowing. Soon his friends began to watch for the kind words which were sure to come whenever sorrow or gladness entered their homes. Even the little children would say when they were sick, "I think Father Valentine will send me a letter to-day." But after a time no more letters were received, and soon the news went abroad that good old Valentine was dead. Then everyone said that such a kind man was good enough to be called a saint and from that day to this he has been known as Saint Valentine.

It was not long before people began to keep his birthday, the 14th of February, by sending loving messages to their friends. The notes and letters containing these messages were called Valentines.

#### The Teacher's Valentine

The teacher's heart was sore that day;  
She thought of dear ones far away;  
Their loving faces longed to see,  
And in their midst again to be.  
While of the distant home she dreamed,  
The country school distasteful seemed;  
The work was hard, the room was cold,  
The walls discolored, benches old.  
The children dull, and naughty too!  
With every hour her troubles grew;  
But closing moments came at last;  
Her labours for the day were past.  
A little maid was lingering there;  
The sunset burnishing her hair;  
With shyness, but with childish grace,  
She looked up in her teacher's face.  
"Dear teacher, something troubles you,"—  
And wistful were the eyes of blue,—  
"You've hardly smiled at all today;  
I wish the worry'd go away!  
But there is something I have brought,  
A little valentine; I thought

Maybe you'd like it, for I made  
It all myself, with no one's aid."  
The teacher took the folded sheet;  
A simple thing her gaze to meet;  
"I love you," on a yellow heart;  
Crude work, such gladness to impart!  
But all the shadows fled away;  
The weather changed to sunny May;  
"I love you!" with a magic might,  
It filled her very soul with light.  
She felt a gentle wondering touch,  
"And do you like it then so much?"  
"Of course I like it, girlie mine,  
You precious little Valentine!"

—Eliza Edmunds Hewitt.

#### My Valentine.

February—fortnights two  
Briefest of the months are you,  
Of the winter's children last.  
Why do you go by so fast?  
Is it not a little strange  
Once in four years you should change?  
That the sun should shine and give  
You another day to live?  
May be this is only done  
Since you are the smallest one;  
So I make the shortest rhyme  
For you, as befits your time:  
You're the baby of the year,  
And to me you're very dear,  
Just because you bring the line,  
Will you be my Valentine?

—From Little Folk Lyrics

#### February Questions.

How many days in this month?  
What season is it?  
How many months in it?  
What are they?  
Are you glad spring is coming?  
Can you find any signs of her coming this month?  
What time at night do you need to light the  
lamp, or turn on the electric light?  
How have the buds been protected from the  
cold?  
What flower first peeps up after the snows?  
When is Valentine's Day?  
What birds have we now?  
Name some of the sports of this season.  
Do you skate? Snowshoe? Slide down hill?  
Play hockey?  
What can you tell of the little brooks and streams  
now?