











*Christ the Lord is risen
our joy that hath no end!*

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

511

A VALENTINE
GREETING.

Bend down your head, fair rose-bud,
While I whisper a secret low,
Which you must keep safely folded
Till I'm ready to let you go.

I'm going to send you to some one,
And you in her hand she will hold,
As bending, with eyes true and earnest,
She peers deep in your heart of gold.

Then open each rosy petal,
That this whispered thought she may see,
The hope that I and I only
May her own true Valentine be.

L. B. C.





