

TROY HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24, 1873.

HANG UP BABY'S STOCKINGS.

Hang up the baby's stocking, Be sure you don't forget— The dear little dimpled darling, She ne'er saw Christmas yet; But I've told her all about it, And she opened her big blue eyes, And I'm sure she understands it, She looks so funny and wise.

SANTA CLAUS.

He comes in the night! He comes in the night! He softly, silently comes, [so white, When the little brown heads, on their pillows Are dreaming of bugles and drums; [foam, He cuts thro' the snow, like a ship thro' the While the white flakes around him whirl; Who tells him? I know not; he findeth the Of each good little boy and girl. [home

HOPE'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

"What is it, Hope?" "Oh, nothing much," said a fretful voice from the bed; "only I'm so tired. I've embroidered and crocheted, and painted, and read, till I'm just sick of everything, and my bones ache, and I don't believe I'll ever get well."

At this moment Mrs. Laurie was obliged to go out, and Hope was left alone. Perhaps some blessed angel stood by her bed; at any rate she could not get those wretched orphans out of her thoughts. She pictured their life in the great barn-like asylum; she thought of the dreary round of lessons, with no mothers to go to at night, and no home in all the wide world for them; she imagined their dismal holidays, with nothing to talk about.

them—carts, and tops, and whips, and jumping-jacks. Oh, isn't it nice? you can whistle so beautifully, and I can paint them, you know. Dear, how we shall miss up mother's nice bed-room!" and she fairly laughed in glee.

[For the Troy Herald.] PUBLIC-SCHOOLS—HOW CONDUCTED. I have chosen for my theme that which I suppose will most interest the friends and patrons of public schools. It is a subject of no small importance, and should be pondered over by all who put a proper estimate upon culture and refinement.

best and most uniform methods of imparting knowledge. What I mean by organizing is, for the teachers in each municipal township to assemble themselves in a body. Call it the teachers society. Confer, one township with another, and then let all the teachers attend the institute and counsel with the superintendent, suggest ideas and have ideas suggested. It is only by this means that the profession can ever be perfected, and drones and dead-heads be ruled out.