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Poetry. OLD LETTERS. Written for the Herald.

Old letters of friendship, of days now out worn, With your time coloured leaves so wrinkled and torn.

Shall I kiss it and make it well? she asked, playfully. And then, while her face grew earnest in the pleading expression she added:—

Going out to Uncle Logan's was no small affair, considering that it was a good five miles ride from Glendale.

THE idea of such a mother bird as Virgie going away five miles to spend the evening and leaving her baby, would have been pronounced an insanity, if any one had been absurd enough to propose it to her.

Literature. Wine's Work. BY HOWARD GLENDON.

Dear little fellow, how bright he looks, she said, fondly, pulling down one corner of the shawl.

And the little one gave a soft coo, in answer to papa's merry chirrup, as he looked into the huge bundle of shawls.

Give John a call when in Town Toronto, Dec. 1865.

And so I will, she cried merrily if you don't promise me, this very minute, not to drink anything stronger than pure cold water at Uncle Logan's party to-night.

Stop, Virgie, stop! Why what are you about! Only let me get clear, and I'll pay you off for this little mischief.—There, now, you'll put out my eye with that pin in your sleeve.

Remember, Charlie! she said, imploringly, laying her hand on his

He shouted out: Yes, yes, yes, yes! There, now, I hope I've promised you often enough to satisfy you.

On your honor! Certainly. Yes, of course! Oh, sir, I thought I could bring you to terms.

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Remember, Charlie! she said, imploringly, laying her hand on his

shoulder as they were on the point of separating,—she, for aunt Lizzie's comfortable room above stairs—he, for the society of his boon companions.

Never fear me! and he went gaily away. Alas! for the promise made to the fond credulous wife, sitting up in the quiet matronly circle.

The night waned and the guests began to disperse. Virgie sat in the dressing-room all ready for the ride, holding in her lap what seemed to be a huge bundle of shawls.

Oh! I dare not trust the baby with him, was her thought, but she was silent.

She could not bear that those around should know the mortifying truth.

I do wish you would stay all night, Virgie, spoke Aunt Lizzie; renewing her entreaties. It is so late, and it is growing colder.

Virgie thought of the dreary five miles ride, with a drunken husband and then the river! She had before refused to stay, but now she thought better of it.

What do you think of it Charles? Hadn't we better stay? she asked persuasively.

But liquor had made him sullen. No we must go home, he replied sulkily.

She knew it would avail nothing to argue the matter with him; but only lead to a painful exposure; so she commenced paying her adieux.

By dint of gentle coaxing she induced him to give the babe to her before they started.

Look out for the river! Virgie's heart was too heavy for a reply, both Charles shouted back with maudlin cheerfulness.

But, Charles, you are not in a condition to hold him. I shall be thankful if you can guide your horse over safely as your are.

Ha! What do you mean by that? She made him no answer. Do you take me for a fool he said, roughly and angrily.

Now, Charles, don't do so? You know your arm, is very unsteady, just now. It is, indeed! Ah, I understand you now. So, madam, I suppose you think I am drunk!

Again she was silent. Give me the child! he said fiercely. O, Charles! For God's sake— Give him to me, I say! Do you think to brave me so! Give him here this minute.

R-istance she knew was useless. It would only serve to infuriate him; and what will not a drunken man do!

Uncovering the little sleeping face she kissed it—then drawing the thick shawls which enveloped the little figure, she covered the face again, and gave him into her husband's arms.

Charles for the love of heaven, be careful. Don't be a fool! So they plunged in, and she did not take her eyes from the other two until they had nearly reached the opposite bank.

There he is! said Charles triumphantly, as he placed the bundle in her arms. What a simpleton you were to think I couldn't bring him over safely!

How very light it was! Good heaven! She moved it about in her arms, pressed it closer; and then uttered an awful shriek.

My child! My little child! My Charlie! O my child! Both turned simultaneously back to the water. The quick eye of the mother was just in time to catch one last brief glimpse of a little rosy, upturned face—and then it disappeared down the current, and the rapid water flowed on!

In his drunken unconsciousness Charles had let the sleeping infant fall out of the shawls, and nothing could be heard above the noise of the waters. He did not know it till the mother screamed.

There was no help. Oh! it was pitiful, heartbreaking! Poor young mother.

What Every School-House Should Have.

In the first place, it should have a pleasant location, where it will not be exposed too much to the noise and dust of the highway, nor have noisy factories, nor distilleries, nor pork-houses, as its near neighbors.

It should have separate entrances for the sexes, and entrance-halls large and light, well supplied with nails, or wardrobe-hooks, to accommodate the outer and upper garments of the pupils.

Every school-house should have a room which can be made comfortable for the pupils, to be occupied by them at noon, or when the teacher is away.

Every school-house should have a well, and a place for washing. What thirsty creatures school-children are, can only be realized by teachers, and by those who live near schools.

Every school-room should have an ample playground, especially in villages, so that the scholars can have room for active amusement without being on the street, or in the neighboring premises.

Every school-house should have a large fireplace unoccupied by desks. There should be a wide passage-way outside the desks, entirely around the room.

Every school-room should have a suitable place to keep its books and apparatus under lock and key when not in use.

Every school-room should have its windows so that they can be lowered from the top, as the safest clean ventilation practicable.

Importance of Punctuation. Wanted—A young man to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind.

A school committee man writes: We have a school large enough to accommodate four hundred pupils four stories high.

A newspaper says: A child was run over by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed with pantalets on which never spoke afterwards.

Parasol—a protection from the sun, used by ladies made of cotton and whalebone.

At Marseilles it is proposed to construct a new port at an expense of £2,400,000.