

LIGHTLY TREAD.

The Principal of the Quincy Grammar School, Boston, having requested his pupils to write an imitation of the song "Lightly Row," the next morning this original song was presented to him by one of his pupils, and sent to us for publication. We hope it will be sung in hundreds of schools.—[Life Illustrated.]

Lightly tread—
Lightly tread,
So our teachers oft have said.
Softly go—
Softly go,
'Tis the law we know.
Lightly tread the echoing floor,
Lightly shut the slamming door.
Lightly all—
Lightly all,
Let our footsteps fall.

Childhood here—
Childhood here
Comes to learn, obey, and fear—
Fear the wrong—
Fear the wrong,
This our strife and song.
Thus shall love and filial fear
Mingle with our studies here.

Pressing on—
Pressing on,
Youth will soon be gone.

Far away—
Far away,
We may run, and jump, and play,
Laugh and shout—
Laugh and shout,
Childhood ringing out;
But assembled here in school,
Let us all obey the rule,
Lightly go—
Lightly go,
Thus our love we show.

Study now—
Study now,
Happy hearts and healthy brow,
This the time—
This the time,
Now in youthful prime.
Wisdom, goodness, honor, all,
Childhood to obedience call,
Let us all—
Let us all,
Listen to the call. H. HAMBLIN.

[From Gleason's Pictorial.]

HARD TIMES.

A STORY OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

"Jesse needs a new cap, Mr. Browne.—His old one is quite shabby, and unfit to wear to church."

"He must wear it, if it is. Boys are a great expense, certain."

"But you forget, husband, that he has worn it a long time; he really deserves a new one."

"Hard times, Mrs. Browne, hard times! Money is as tight as—as the bark of a tree. I have to work hard to get a cent, or to keep one after I have got it."

"I don't think Jesse has drawn very heavily on your purse, for the child has had scarcely anything this winter," added the wife.

"Mrs. Browne, coal is ten dollars a ton! Don't speak of new caps in these hard times."

"High, certainly, but—"

"And wood the same a cord! It's exorbitant!" interrupted Mr. Browne, growing warm with his subject.

"But the children must have boots and shoes, and clothes, just as though fuel was lower. These are necessary articles that cannot be dispensed with."

"You must economize, wife! Mend up the old clothes, and send the boots to the shoemaker; a patch or two won't hurt the looks much, and make them almost as good as new," advised Mr. Browne, who was very particular about wearing mended clothes himself; a darn, in his estimation, being sufficient to condemn a coat or vest.

"I was hoping to be able to get the girls new bonnets this winter, for their present ones have been in wear two seasons already; but I suppose they will have to go without," continued the wife, in a disappointed tone.

"Of course they will! Clarke tells me that flour was twelve twenty-five yesterday. I wonder what the country is coming to!"

"But the poor will feel these high prices more than we do. Think how much less we shall be incommoded by them than poor widows with large families of small children. We must try and help sick Mrs. Wilson this month; the last time I was in, she had but a miserable fire, though the day was bitter cold. She would feel very grateful for a little wood," rejoined the benevolent Mrs. Browne, who had given the woman in question many a good dinner.

"Chairy begins at home, especially when beef-steak is a shilling a pound, and other meats in proportion," replied the husband emphatically, leaning over and lighting a cigar by the glowing anthracite, then, tipping his chair back to an easy position, amused himself by puffing the smoke out in fleecy columns.

"Mr. Browne, how much did that cigar cost?" asked his wife.

The individual addressed didn't appear to be sensible that he had been spoken to, until the question was repeated.

"How much did this cigar cost, did you ask? Four cents only, and cheap at that. Exquisite flavor! Smith says he never had the luck to get such a delicious brand before, and I mean—"

"You never smoke less than five a day, husband, and sometimes more," she continued in the same quiet way.

"That's a moderate number, a very moderate number, Mrs. Browne. Some people make no-

thing of smoking a dozen.—What would you say if I—"

"Five cigars at four cents each, amount to twenty cents, and seven times twenty is a dollar and forty. Almost nine shillings a week for smoke, Mr. Browne. Did it ever occur to you that the money might be more profitably spent, in purchasing a cap for Jesse for instance, or buying Mrs. Wilson a few groceries every week?"

Mr. Browne suddenly bethought himself of a most pressing engagement, and left the house without answering this pertinent inquiry. His wife smiled meaningly, and went on sewing. She had heard a great deal about "hard times" for several months, and had had economy preached to her, until, prudent and saving as she undoubtedly was, the word had become disagreeable to her ears. Mr. Browne was entirely willing to practise this commendable virtue when he could do so without interfering with his comfort; but unfortunately for his wife and children, this did not often occur. In fact he loved his ease, and would do without nothing that gratified his palate, or administered to his enjoyment in any other way. His clothes must be of the best material and made up in the most fashionable style, no matter what it cost; but Mrs. Browne and the children might wear theirs till they were thread-bare, although their manufacture originally was no outlay to him, his wife being "handy" at her needle, and not unwilling to turn tailors or dressmaker once or twice a year to save expense. But now Mrs. Browne queried (as she had often done before) whether her husband ought not to economize his share—whether a little self-denial on his part would not do rather more good than the continual cry of "hard times, and you must practice economy, my dear."

She asked herself if a few practical hints would not serve a good purpose in reminding him that practice was better than preaching, and example went further with most people than advice. The subject was still in her thoughts when a domestic entered the room and said:

"There's a sofa come, ma'am; where will it go?"

"A sofa! there's some mistake, I think," replied Mrs. Browne, stepping to the door; but the man was so sure it was the right place, that she allowed him to bring it in, although puzzled to know what Mr. Browne wanted with another sofa, as they already owned a good one; and as times were hard and money scarce, it did not look reasonable that he would spare twenty-five more dollars for a needless article of furniture.

But her doubts were dispelled when tea-time came, and with it Mr. Browne.

"So the sofa got here before me," he remarked as he rested on his new purchase. "Have you examined it, Sarah?"

"No, for I supposed it was sent here by mistake."

"It's all right; I'll tell you how it was," he resumed. "I looked in at Leonard's when this was being knocked off to somebody for a trifle, and so I overbid him a dollar and got it myself. Only twenty-six dollars for an elegant sofa that undoubtedly cost over fifty originally! Do look at it, Mrs. Brown, fine silk velvet!"

Mrs. Browne did look at it, but without getting out of her chair, or exhibiting any more interest than she would have done in glancing at a two shilling cricket.

"It was too good a bargain to lose, and so I secured it. It occurred to me that it would be a capital thing to lounge on when I smoke, feel sleepy, stupid, etc., besides being so convenient for you when you feel in the mood of taking a nap," he continued.

Mrs. Browne looked at the baby sitting on the floor, and then at the deep work basket piled up high with the family sewing, (which Mr. Browne had decided he could not afford to have done out) thought her "naps" would necessarily have to be short and a great ways apart. She had a shrewd suspicion too, that he had consulted his own feelings more than her own comfort; but having a little scheme in contemplation, she prudently forbore to say so, listening without much comment to his eulogistic remarks concerning the sofa. That evening was a fair sample of several following evenings: Mr. Browne smoked, lolled and dozed alternately, and Mrs. Browne sewed diligently in order to keep the juvenile Brownes in whole clothes.

"I saw a man who had some fine apples for sale, and I told him to bring up a barrel; has he done so?" inquired the former, a week or two afterwards.

"A man with apples called, but as he demanded the modest sum of five dollars per barrel, I declined buying any, remembering that times were hard and money scarce," Mrs. Browne readily replied, bending a droll look upon our "economist," who was remarkably fond of apple dumplings. Of necessity he had no argument at hand half so cogent and powerful as this, so the apples were not again referred to.

"I thought we were to have a roast to day," was his next remark, when the family were seated at dinner, as he took off one cover and then another without exposing anything that seemed to look very inviting.

"A good roasting piece, Mr. Browne, would have cost you a dollar and a half, and I was not so extravagant as to suppose you would pay that amount for a piece of meat, when fish is so much cheaper. Don't for a moment suppose, husband, that I am so thoughtless and improvident as to spend money in that way, when I have had so many lessons on retrenchment," responded roughly Mrs. Browne, demurely fixing a plate of fish for the youngest boy.

"But I love roast beef better than this," grumbled the latter, gathering courage from his father's discontented expression to express his own dissatisfaction.

"But it's expensive, my dear," said the mother. "Your father has no money to waste, so we must be saving and contented as we can."

Mr. Browne suddenly helped himself plentifully to the piscatorial food; an act that greatly

stimulated the boy's appetite, which was governed in a great measure by the father's example.

"I'm ready for pie, mother," said the lad, after he had despatched a second allowance of the principal dish.

"No pie, to-day, my dear. The apples cost so much, I couldn't buy them, and eggs are twenty-five cents a dozen. We must go without pies and puddings, children, until things are cheaper. Think of the little Wilson boys, Charlie, and how glad they would be for a plate of that nice fish."

"When am I to have a new cap?" broke in Jesse.

"Just as soon as your father can afford to buy you one," replied Mrs. Browne.—"You mustn't be impatient, my son, for he has a great many things to get and don't like to be troubled with our applications. Recollect that these are hard times, and we must do without what is not needed very much, and not find fault with simple dinners, because it will make it easier for him if our market bills are not so large as they used to be. Self-denial, Jesse, is a good quality, and cannot be too much practised by little boys."

Mrs. Browne talked to the children and at Mr. Browne—a method, we believe, which has been practised before. But though every word she uttered had a meaning, and he felt the full force of them, he could hardly suppress a smile at the facility with which she employed his own mode of reasoning, and her aptness in turning the point of his own weapons against himself.

Mr. Browne got no roast beef or poultry that week; soups, vegetables, and other simple and cheap dishes made up the bill of fare, and Mrs. B. began to talk seriously of substituting less expensive coffee for the delicious Mocha, which the prudent head of the family took so much comfort in sipping every morning. The nice sandwiches and tongue that generally graced the tea-table had mysteriously vanished, and the rich cake and fine flavored preserves had probably kept them company. Common tub-butter was also made to take the place of the sweet, neatly stamped lumps which he had been in the habit of eating; for his careful wife had hit upon the fact that she could save precisely thirteen cents on the pound by the change.

Of a truth, Mr. Browne was in a straight place. Every day or two he was called upon to give up something that tended to his gratification, although perhaps not essential to his happiness. It possibly appeared as if Mrs. Browne had put her wits to work to see in how many ways she could retrench. His linen, which had formerly been sent to a laundry, (he always prided himself on the polish and smoothness it was there sure to receive was now washed at home (minus the gloss).—And why? "Because it would be done in the house at no extra expense, and as times were hard and money scarce, it was sheer nonsense to pay it out to a laundry." That was not all. Mr. Brown had been accustomed to having a fire lighted in his sleeping apartment previous to retiring, during the winter season. He had a horror for cold rooms, and particularly liked to be lulled to sleep by the snapping and crackling of the brands in an open grate. But now there seemed a fair prospect of his losing this small gratification, as his better half protested "that another fire was useless and wasteful; when fuel was inordinately high, there was so much more need of economizing in wood and coal."

Mr. Browne submitted—what else could he do? He could not complain with a very good grace, so he went to bed shivering, with a firm determination to give Mrs. Browne no more lessons in retrenchment, if that was the way she practised them.—Before he slept he fell into a train of thought of this nature: If it is so disagreeable for me to give up a few gratifications, pleasures, luxuries or whatever they may be termed, how much more difficult must it be to exhibit true self-denial in matters of greater moment. If I have experienced disappointment at the absence of a cheerful blaze, or a favorite kind of pastry, Jesse must have felt the denial of a new cap still more keenly. If I have been inclined to murmur at a dinner less palatable than ordinary, surely my wife has a harder trial in complying with my (I begin to suspect) selfish and thoughtless demands on her time and strength. Mrs. Browne is a prudent woman, and I wish—I wish I had not said so much about economy; I'll buy her a new silk to-morrow, and for the future do without something myself when our expenses need curtailing. And with this excellent purpose strong in his mind, Mr. Browne fell asleep.

"Mother, when are we to have new bonnets? I think we ought to have some soon," remarked the oldest daughter, the next day.

"So do I, my love, but I fear you will have to wait a while longer," replied the parent, kissing the pleading face that was so eagerly watching her own. "Father has no money to let us have, times are hard, and—"

"Mrs. Browne, oblige me by never repeating that remark again," exclaimed our "economist." "The boys shall have new caps, the girls new bonnets, and you a pretty silk this very day! You took a woman's way to show me my mistake, but I own that you did it cleverly. Give us a piece of good beef to-morrow, and I'll cure my selfishness and help you economize. I am not so ungrateful as you think, nor will I again ask you to make all the sacrifices, or struggle alone with high prices and hard time."

Mr. Browne was up to his word: he never did.

[From the American Agriculturist.]

She Looketh Well to the Ways of her Household.

"Eating," says the Rev. Leonard Withington, "is one of the lowest enjoyments of a rational being; and yet necessary to our mental repose and our mental speculations. If a man will not work neither shall he eat; but it is equally clear that, if he does not eat, neither can he work."

There is no character which raises such per-

fect contempt as a glutton; but this miserable vice is the abuse of a natural appetite. Take away from the astronomer his food, and he will soon cease to lift his telescope to the stars.

The saint, the martyr, the moralist, and the poet all pursue their sublime occupations thro' the vigor and animation of the body. Man does not live on bread alone, but, in order to live, he certainly needs bread.

To prepare the food which is to sustain the poet, the moralist and the saint is certainly the sphere of woman; and she should not consider herself degraded by the performance of duties, which are so essential to the comfort and happiness of those she loves.

These duties should be performed in the best possible manner in every household, and if they are not so performed the responsibility and the blame must rest with the housekeeper. She should know how every thing should be done in her house, and that it is done in the best way.

Of course, a young housekeeper can not know every thing intuitively, but she should make it her object to learn, and she should not hesitate to go into her kitchen and put her own hand to whatever is to be done.

A housekeeper should never exert herself beyond her strength; such efforts are suicidal, and many persons have sacrificed their lives to a foolish ambition to do everything themselves.—But a housekeeper can learn how every thing is to be done by a little practice each day.

She can go into the kitchen and make the bread herself; she can make cake and pastry, and she can wash dishes, &c. She will find that her physical health and strength are increased and not diminished by such efforts. It is very important that she should know how to direct her servants.

If she is not able to do it, it is generally pretty certain, in our country, that they will not know how to direct themselves, and every thing in the house will be in disorder and confusion. She must not allow any thing to be wasted.

It is really sinful in these days, when provisions are so expensive, and so many persons are suffering from hunger, that food should be badly prepared, badly cooked, and then thrown away because it is not eatable.

A housekeeper should know how to work that she may be able to sympathize with her servants, otherwise she may require more of them than is reasonable, or, on the other hand, she may not require enough, and thus leave them to spend their time in idleness and folly.

She must look after the comfort and happiness of her servants. If a woman is hired for a day's service, it is necessary not only to see that her work is properly done, but that she is properly cared for.

I know a country housekeeper who, when ever she hires a woman to wash, she does not see her for the day, and she is left to the mercy of the servants, who are too lazy to do the washing themselves. At one time, when a person so employed was suffering from a severe cough, she was requested by the servants to wash in a cold room, in mid-winter, because the washing would disturb them in the kitchen.

They gave her no breakfast, so that she nearly fainted before dinner was ready for her.

A little attention from the housekeeper would correct many errors. A lady of cultivated mind and good judgment can, of course, devise 'ways and means' of overcoming difficulties, and executing necessary duties, which would not occur to an uncultivated, illiterate girl. A servant may make the same mistake year after year, which her mistress could rectify with a moment's time.

I do not advocate the idea that a housekeeper should, in all circumstances, 'do her own work.' If she can afford it, it is perfectly right that she should hire the work of the family done by servants, especially if she has the skill and tact to make others execute her wishes.—She has various duties to perform besides those of the kitchen. She is to be the companion of her husband, and the educator of her children, and she must not neglect to cultivate her own mind by reading and writing. A good housekeeper, 'looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.'

MARY. H.

COMPOSITION ROOFS are cheaper than tin, better than shingles, are perfectly tight, and almost fireproof against sparks, when made as follows:—

Sheet the rafters with close boarding up and down. Cover this with felt paper, laying the sheets to break joints, with one third exposed, just as you would courses of shingles. Fasten the courses to the boards by nailing thin strips of lath, and also upon the eaves, sides, and all exposed edges. The whole is now covered by the 'composition,' which we believe is just such as caulkers use, that is, boiling pitch. It saturates the paper and sticks the sheets together and to the boards. As fast as one man puts on pitch enough, another must cover it with clean gravel, dried by heating in a very hot sun, or an iron pan over the fire. Make a complete gravel surface in the hot pitch, and your roof will be very tight and durable.—[Life Illustrated.]

TIMBER—should be cut while the tree is in its most rapid season of growth, and near the close of the growing season, when the terminal bud of each limb is fully formed. Saw logs cut in winter always decay on the outside more or less if left over, while summer cut logs keep sound for years. Hickory cut in winter soon suffers with "powder post." If cut in August it will keep forever.—[Life Illustrated.]