

to be done now, and not hinder and discourage myself by looking off at the things I haven't come to. I've been working ever since that summer at the hill nearest my feet, and I have always found it the easiest way to get a hard task accomplished, as it is the true way to prepare a field for the harvest."

MIND THE DOOR.

Have you ever noticed how strong a street door is! how thick the wood is! how heavy the hinges! what large bolts it has! and what a grim look! If there were nothing of value in the house, or no thieves outside, this would not be wanted; but, as you know, there are things of value within, and bad men without, so there is need that the door be strong; and we must mind the door, especially as to barring and bolting it at night.

We have a house; our hearts may be called that house. Wicked things are forever trying to break in and go out of our hearts. Let us see what some of these bad things are.

Who is at the door! Ah, I know him! It is Anger! What a frown there is on his face! How his lips quiver! How fierce his looks are! We will bolt the door and not let him in, or he will do us harm.

Who is that! It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on everything as though it were too mean for his notice. No, sir, we shall not let you in, so you may go.

Who is this! It must be Vanity, with his flaunting street and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has a fine dress to wear, and is admired. You shall not come in, sir; we have too much to do to attend to such fine folks as you.

Mind the door! Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace we think we know him. It is Sloth. He would like to live in my house, sleep, and yawn my life away, and bring me to ruin. No, no, you idle fellow! work is pleasure,

and I have much to do. Go away; you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet smile! What a kind face! She looks like an angel! It is love. How happy she will make us if we ask her in!--Come in! come in! we must unbar the door for you. Children, mind the door of your heart!--*Sel.*

THE HORN BOOK.

The joke of the thing was that it was not a book at all. It was only a printed page, just think of it! On it was printed the alphabet, large and small letters, some a-b abs, and the Lord's Prayer--that was all. The printed page was set into a wooden frame having a handle, and in order to keep it clean, and to prevent little thumbs and fingers from scratching it, or hurting it in any way, they fixed a sheet of thin horn over it, so they called it the "horn book." This piece of horn was not half as clear as glass, but the bright eyes of boys and girls could make out the letters very well. In the handle there was a hole for a string which the scholar tied to his belt upon a tiring for school. Now there was a funny thing about the horn book: it was quite common to print a cross at the beginning of the first line of letters, and hence the row was called "Christ's row," or "Christ's cross row." But the idle tongues could not say "Christ's cross" very well, so they called it "Criss cross row," and that's where we get that word from. The "horn book" was used in English schools, especially in the poorer ones, only a little more than a hundred years ago. Now, of course, it has disappeared forever, its place having been taken by well-printed school-books.

A certain young man came to the gallows in those long ago times, and his poor mother wept over him bitterly. He had commenced to be bad even when a little boy, having stolen a horn book, so he said to his mother: "Had you corrected me, when I stole the horn book, I'd not be here."