

RECEIPT FOR A HAPPY DAY.

Take a little dish of water cold,
 A little leaven of prayer,
 A little bit of sunshine gold,
 Dissolve in the morning air.
 Add to your meal some merriment,
 Add thought for kith and kin,
 And then, as a prime ingredient
 Plenty of work thrown in.
 But spice it all with the essence of love
 And a little whiff of play :
 Let a nice old book and a glance above
 Conclude a well spent day.

"DON'T CARE."



ROBERT was not very large nor very strong, and his home was more than a mile distant from the school, so he had not yet attended school.

When he was eight years old he began to go to a lady near his home for lessons.

Daily work, as in school, was taken up, and regular attention had to be given. This part of the work Robert did not like. He was quick and bright, but, like most children, could not learn without application. His teachers soon learned his favorite excuse if he stumbled in reading, failed in spelling, or made errors in his sums. It was invariably, "I don't care." Those three little words, innocent enough in themselves, may work great mischief when a boy or girl uses them to excuse mistakes or ill-doing.

The lady saw the danger. One morning she said :

"I am acquainted with a little boy who has a birthday to-day. I gathered that bunch of flowers on the table for him."

"I know you mean me," said Robert. "To-day is my birthday. I am nine years old." And he stood erect, throwing back his shoulders and lifting his head.

The teacher smiled, and Robert smiled, and then the lady said: "Now I will ask you a question. Don't you think you are big enough to leave 'Don't Care' at the door when you come for your lessons?"

His face became thoughtful.

"Perhaps I am," he said, slowly.

"That 'perhaps' is in the way. I do not like it," she replied. "Let us see what we can do with it. 'Don't care' comes in at the door each morning at precisely the same time that Robert comes. It occupies the chair with him, and troubles him more than I can tell. When he finds a word in his spelling-lesson at all difficult, up pops its head and away goes the work. If his figures are puzzling the little imp is there holding him back, and Robert loses many good things he might gain. If Robert would advance in knowledge, he must study and not allow 'Don't Care' in his seat. Trying instead of not trying, caring instead of not caring, conquers. When a boy is growing big and strong he can fight an enemy better than when he is small and weak. Now, the battle must be fought if Robert is to win. Does he think *perhaps* I am strong enough to fight this enemy?"

"No, teacher. I will not say 'perhaps,' but will try."

The lessons were finished for that day. Robert took the flowers, and the teacher closed the door on a thoughtful boy. In good time he appeared next day. He said quietly, as he laid his books upon the table, "I've left him outside."

The teacher answered pleasantly, "I'm glad to hear you say so," and lessons began.

From that time Robert tried to overcome the troublesome mischief-maker. It is true his teacher sometimes had to remind him that its head was peeping from under the step near the door, and it might creep inside, but Robert usually took the strong side at once, remembering that was the side on which he must fight, if he would overcome this enemy.—*Messenger for the Children.*