

Do you wish to miss your lessons?"

"Well, you know," was Tommy's answer,

"Saturday we played at football ;

I was tired in the evening,

So I didn't learn my lessons,

Left them all for Monday morning,

Monday morning bright and early—"

"And this morning you slept over?"

So his mother interrupted.

"Yes, mama," admitted Tommy.

"So I have not learned my lessons ;

And I'd better wait till Tuesday.

Tuesday I can start in earnest—

Tuesday when I'm feeling brighter !"

Smilingly his mother eyed him,

Then she said, "Go ask your father—

You will find him in his study,

Adding up the week's expenses.

See what father says about it."

Toward the door went Tommy slowly,

Seized the knob as if to turn it.

Did not turn it ; but returning,

Back he came unto his mother.

"Mother," said he very slowly,

"Mother, I don't feel so badly ;

Maybe I'll get through my lessons.

Anyway, I think I'll risk it.

Have you seen my books dear mother,—

My Geography and Speller.

History and Definitions,—

Since I brought them home on Friday?"

No. His mother had not seen them.

Then began a search by Tommy.

Long he searched almost despairing

When the clock was striking loudly.

And at length when Tommy found them—

Found his books beneath the sofa—

He'd forgotten all his weakness.

Pains and aches were quite forgotten.

At full speed he hastened schoolward.

But in vain for he was tardy.

All because of that strange Weakness

He had felt on Monday morning.

Would you know the name that's given,

How they call that curious feeling ?

'Tis the dreaded "I don't want to"—

Never fatal, but quite common

To the tribe of Very Lazy.

Would you know the charm that cures it—

Cures the Weakness "I don't want to?"

It is known as "But you've got to,"

And no boy should be without it.

Now you know the curious legend

Of the pale face little Tommy,

Of his Weakness and its curing

By the great charm "But you've got to."

Think of it on Monday mornings—

It will save you lots of trouble.

*St. Nicholas.*