

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

June 3—St. Matt. ix. 35 to x. 8.
 " 10—St. Mark vi. 14-29.
 " 17—St. John vi. 5-14.
 " 24—St. Luke viii. 26-40.

THE FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER.

"Why is the four-leafed clover more lucky than the three?"

I questioned Master Greedy, and thus he answered me:

"It's because the four-leafed clover so crafty is and bold;

It has an extra hand, sir, to grasp the sunshine gold."

"Why is the four-leafed clover more lucky than the three?"

I questioned Master Generous, and thus he answered me:

"It's because the four-leafed clover so kindly is and gay;

It has an extra hand, sir, to give its gold away."

—Selected.

THE BACK-ALLEY MISSIONARY

By Caroline Sheldon, in "S. S. Times."

Probably it would never have occurred to you to call Billie Martin a missionary. In fact, Billie himself would undoubtedly have been surprised to learn that any one had ever thought of applying such a title to him.

Billie's mother was a widow who did washing and helped in the larger houses of the little town of Minot at house-cleaning times, and when parties were given, and in other domestic emergencies. She was a quiet, capable woman, whose mere presence soothed the nerves of the most anxious and inexperienced of housekeepers.

Billie himself was a little, red-headed, snub-nosed, freckle-faced lad of twelve, who went to school five days in the week, and outside school hours and on Saturdays did any odd jobs that came in his way, and were suited to his years and strength.

On Sundays Billie went to Sunday-school. This was a practice not much in fashion in "the back alley" where Billie lived. In fact, Billie was the only boy in the alley who followed this custom. He had invited most of the boys of the neighbourhood to go with him, and, as Billie was rather a favourite, and

had given his invitations skilfully, they had said, "Mebbe they would some time." But up to the time of our story, "some time" had seemed to be *no time*.

One Saturday afternoon, when there was a scarcity of the jobs Billie could do, he stood on the narrow sidewalk before his home watching four or five boys who were playing ball in the vacant lot adjoining. All at once a dispute arose among them, and they stopped their game, and began to swear in a fashion that made Billie jam his hands a little farther into his pockets and draw a long whistling breath. Then he ran up to the group of excited boys, saying:

"What do you fellows want to fight like that for?"

"He won't play fair," said Tom Jenkins with an oath, as he nodded toward Ned Sawyer.

"Well, there's no use in swearing about it if he won't," answered Billie. "Mother says—"

"Oh, get out! We all know you're tied to your mother's apron-strings," interrupted Tom.

"Well, I've noticed some boys' mothers seem to wear aprons with strings too short to tie," drawled Billie, with a funny twinkle in his keen gray eyes. "But I'm thankful to say my mother don't wear that kind."

The boys laughed and nudged each other. No one ever got angry with Billie. Part of his fitness for a missionary lay in his keeping his temper when other people lost theirs, and in joking at the right time. Seeing that the boys were enjoying his little speech, he went on.

"Now, when I feel the way you fellows seem to, I take a rug and hang it out somewhere, and beat it, or saw wood like the nation, or something like that. 'Spouse you fellers hain't got any wood to saw?"

The boys grinned and shook their heads.

"The rest of us don't get our winter's wood ready in the middle of summer," explained Ned Sawyer.

"No, I know you don't," said Billie. "Tell you what, I heard the commissioner saying to old Nancy Young she might have that old

fence to burn if she'd get somebody to tear it down and cut it up for her. Let's take the job. We can do it in half an hour, and you can't think what a good way it is to work off hard feelings."

A few minutes later, Nancy, looking out at the window of the room she rented in Mrs. Sawyer's tiny house, saw the boys tearing down the fence, and said to herself complainingly:

"If them plagues of boys ain't a-tearin' down that fence the commissioner giv me when the city sold that lot. Billie Martin's at it too. I didn't b'lieve he'd be so mean. Well, they's no use in my sayin' anything, they won't pay any attention, an' I'll have to look out somewhere else for dry wood. My rheumatism is gettin' so bad I can't knit much, an' I don't know what I shall do."

Nancy continued to stand by the window and fret in an undertone till she saw Billie Martin cross the street with an armful of wood, and heard him say to Mrs. Sawyer:

"Will you ask Miss Nancy where she wants this wood put?"

"Why, they're a-cuttin' it for me!" she said. "Who'd ever have believed it? That's some of Billie Martin's work, I'll bet; an' he said 'Miss Nancy,' too; he's got a nice mother."

When the wood was all stored away in the corner of the shed devoted to Miss Nancy's fuel, Tom Jenkins said, as he wiped his forehead with a handkerchief of no particular color:

"Jiminy!—that ain't swearin', is it, Billie? A job like that does make a fellow feel pretty good inside when he gets it done."

"Now let's go and play ball," said Billie.

BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

As I was taking a walk, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The small one stumbled and fell, and, though not very much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way, not a regular roaring boy cry, as though he were half killed, but a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a kind, fatherly way, and said: