

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### HOW PIERETTE WAS BROUGHT TO JESUS.

PIERETTE was only a little girl. Her mother was an actress in a theatre, and would often come home at night very drunk, and beat poor Pierette, and make her feel very miserable. There was no one to care where she went, so all day long she would wander about the streets of Paris, sometimes begging a sou from the passers by, or watching the children as they played in the streets or ran races along the boulevards.

Once a gentleman noticed her enough to pat her on the head, and tell she had pretty eyes. And that made Pierette happy, happy for nearly a week afterwards.

One day it rained all morning, and the child got thoroughly wet. But towards the afternoon it cleared off, and the children flocked out in the Bois de Boulogne (a beautiful park in Paris) to roll their hoops along the broad walks, and play hide-and-seek. My little readers know what fun that is.

Well, Pierette sat down in a sunbeam, and watched them there.

But by and by a little English girl, with yellow hair and great blue eyes, saw her sitting there so sadly, and felt sorry for her, so she stole over to her, with her sweet eyes full of pity, and said gently, "What is it, little girl? Can I do anything for you? What makes you look so sad?"

"I don't mean to," said Pierette, humbly looking up into the child's face. "Tell me how you feel happy. I don't think I how how."

Little Bessie Wentworth looked mystified. What a strange thing it was not to know how to be happy!

"Does nobody love you?" was the next question.

"Nobody," said Pierette.

"Oh, yes, One does," said Bessie, suddenly, her sweet eyes lighting up; "the dear Lord loves you."

"Who is He?" said Pierette, wondering.

"Not know-who Jesus Christ is? Oh, you poor little girl!"

But Pierette shook her head.

"Well, then, I will tell you," said Bessie, earnestly.

So, standing there in the sunlight, the little missionary told the old, old story, which you have heard ever since you were babies, "of Jesus and His glory; of Jesus and His love" wonderful chimes that have rang on for so many ages, and will ring on for so many more!

"Mam'selle Besse, Mam'selle Besse, what are you doing there with that beggar child? Come right away."

This exclamation came from her nurse, who had been taken up with the baby, and had not before noticed Bessie.

"Remember," said the child. As she moved off, "come here to-morrow. I will be expecting you." And she bounded off to join her companions.

Happy Pierette! What a different world it was now when she knew somebody loved her. Back she pattered along the gay streets, keeping the secret warm in the little lonely

heart. She toiled up the rickety stairs that led to her home, and turned the subject over and over in her mind. I wonder if mother would like to hear of it, she thought; I don't believe she ever did.

That night her mother came home sober, for a wonder, and Pierette told her all the sweet, strange story, which she knew now almost by heart.

Her mother listened moodily, and Pierette thought she was not attending. But she was mistaken. When Pierette went to bed that night she could not sleep. She tossed and turned, and dreamed dreadful dreams, and when morning came she was in a high fever. Her mother said she had taken cold, and heated something on the tiny, worn-out stove, and gave it to her. She then said good-bye, and went and shut the door, for she had to go. But this was only the beginning of a great many weary weeks of sickness.

Bessie Wentworth waited day after day in the Bois de Boulogne for her little friend, but she never came.

And at length there came a day when Pierette whispered—she was too weak to do anything but whisper now—"Mother, I think I am going to the dear Saviour who loves me so. Tell the little mam'selle when you see her."

And then the angels who had been waiting for her, bent down and carried her far above the close room and the crowded city, to that other City where His little ones always see His face.

The poor mother cried. Yes, for she had a soft spot in her heart, though nobody knew it. And by-and-by the sweet Gospel of Peace, which her child had told her about, stole into her heart, and she was a changed woman from that time.

And now, dear little children, there are a great many Pierettes in this world, a great many lonely ones, who do not know of Jesus

God grant that you may be a little Bessie, to lead some lost, forsaken one to the Saviour's feet.

### JUDGE NOT.

JOHNNY, where is your Missionary money?" asked Miss Mary Heath one Sabbath morning, as her little nephew was getting ready for Sabbath-school.

"Up stairs on my bureau I guess, auntie; I'll go up and get it now, so you can see how much I've got," and away he ran up stairs two steps at a time; but he did not come skipping back, and, at last, his aunt grew tired of waiting, and went up to see what kept him.

"I can't find my money anywhere," said Johnny disconsolately. "That new girl stole it. I know she did, she don't look a bit honest," and before his aunt could stop him Johnny darted from the room.

She followed as hastily as she could, but when she reached the kitchen she found the shy, quiet girl that had lately been taken for a nursery maid, listening with a frightened, tearful face to Johnny's angry charges.

"You might as well give it up right off, or we will put you in prison. What did you do with it?"

"Johnny," said his aunt gently, laying her

hand on his shoulder, "is this the way my little pupil acts?"

Johnny jerked away from her rudely, "I aint your pupil. I aint going to Sabbath-school again. It's a little too mean, after I've tried so hard to earn more than any of the other boys, to have to go without any money at all, just because we have a thief in the house."

"That is a very wrong feeling to have in trying to earn money for God's work. I think the money given in that spirit can hardly do the giver much good," said his aunt in a severe tone, but Johnny would listen to nothing. Before Miss Mary had fairly finished speaking, the slamming of the door told her that he had gone, and after saying a few consoling words to the poor girl she, too, hurried off to Sabbath-school.

Monday morning found the money still missing, and Johnny refused to look for it.

"Johnny, Johnny," called out one of his schoolmates across the street, and he threw up the window to see what his friend wanted.

"Come along, won't you? All the boys are going to the mill-pond to fish."

"O, mayn't I go with the boys down to the fishing-pond? please; I'll be so careful," cried Johnny, bursting eagerly into the sitting-room.

"Yes, dear, I guess so," said his mother, "but you had better wear your old coat. Aunt Mary will get it for you. I am afraid you will rouse the baby if you go up stairs. Lena has been trying all the morning to quiet it, and I want her to lie down as it goes to sleep, she does not look well. Cook says she cried nearly all night. Something is troubling her, I fear."

Johnny looked conscience-stricken but did not say anything.

Miss Mary came with Johnny's coat; her face was very grave. "Johnny," she asked, "when did you wear this coat last?"

"Last Saturday, I guess. What's the matter? Is it very muddy?"

"No, it is not muddy, but listen," and she shook the coat—a faint jingling was heard.

"My money is not there," said Johnny. "I looked there the first thing."

"Did you look clear through? Here is a hole in one of the pockets, and—yes—here is the money," and Aunt Mary felt a thick, knobby lump in one corner of the coat.

Johnny gave one look at it and darted out of the room up into the nursery, where Lena, with a sad face, was trying to coax the baby to sleep.

"O, Lena!" he cried, "I said you took that money, when all the time I had it myself. I am so ashamed. I wish you would slap me or something. I feel so mean."

"Don't my little boy see how very cruel hasty judgments are?" asked Miss Mary of her nephew that evening.

"Yes," said he. "You can't think how mean I felt after I had talked that way to Lena yesterday, but I was too mad to say so. I wish I could think of something in the Bible to be reminded about judging."

"Judge not that ye be not judged," saith his aunt, and it is a text Johnny has never forgotten since that unhappy time.