

Other People's Money.

Young people would do well to cultivate the very highest sense of honor in regard to money matters, and never, under any circumstances, use money not absolutely their own. It is hardly possible to be over-particular in this respect. The writer knows of a young man who is treasurer of the funds of a religious society. One evening when he was going home from church he found himself on the car without even the five cents required for his car fare. He had in his pocket several dollars in cash which he had received at the church for the society of which he is treasurer. To the average mind there would have been nothing wrong in the young man's taking five cents of the money in his possession and replacing it when he reached home. But he had such positive convictions regarding the matter, and was so determined never to use money not actually his own, that he left the car and walked two miles to his home rather than use for even a few minutes money that did not belong to him.

'I think that you were more particular than wise,' said a friend of the young man's.

'I do not feel that way about it,' was the reply. 'I have never used a cent that did not belong to me, and I am afraid that if I should do so once, I would find it easier to do it a second time, and still easier the third time, till it might finally become a habit that would get me into trouble.'

'That is a remote and contingent probability not at all likely to result from the using of five cents for a car fare,' said the friend, rather lightly.

'That may be true, but remote probabilities sometimes become realities with surprising rapidity, and it is safest and best to steer clear of them. I would have walked ten miles before I would have used the society's money for my car fare.'

Very different was the feeling and action of another treasurer, who, in this instance, happened to be a young girl of eighteen. She was treasurer of the money belonging to a girl's society engaged in Christian work. One day she and a friend were shopping together in the city. The young lady, who was treasurer, had spent all but a few cents of her money when she saw in a window some ribbon that she thought was a 'real bargain.'

'I want four or five yards of just such ribbon as that,' she said; 'I suppose it will all be gone before I come down town again, and I—oh, I have four or five dollars in my purse belonging to our society; I can take a dollar of it and put it back when I get my next allowance from Father; can't I?'

'I don't see why not,' said her companion.

And not only the ribbon, but one or two quite unnecessary articles to which the young lady took a fancy were purchased and paid for with money not her own.

The writer remembers that, about five years ago, he had charge of the tickets for a concert given for benevolent purposes. The tickets were distributed among a number of young people, who were to sell them, if possible. One young man took ten tickets and sold all of them, but at the end of three weeks, after the concert had taken place, he had failed to turn in the money received for the tickets. A polite note did not receive even the courtesy of a reply. Another week passed and he was spoken to about the matter.

'Well,' he said, 'I was a little short of money, the week I sold the tickets, and I used the money; but, of course, I'll return it. I'll hand it to you next week.'

The next week he paid one dollar of the five he had received for the tickets. Another month passed and he was again asked for the four dollars still due, whereupon he became very indignant, and wanted to know if we thought he was a thief. He closed a very angry tirade, by saying:

'I guess I've done enough for the society that gave that concert for it not to make any fuss, if I didn't return any of the money for those few tickets!'

This view of the matter evidently satisfied his conscience, for he never paid the remaining four dollars due, and a few months later he left the society under a cloud.

I was not greatly surprised to have a friend say to me, a few weeks ago:

'You remember that Will Blank, who used to be in our society?'

Saved by a Girl.

It hardly seems possible that a girl of sixteen should save nearly fifty people from a terrible death, and yet that is what Grace Bussell did. She is often called 'the Grace Darling of Australia,' and when you have heard her story, I am sure you will say she deserves the name.

Grace lived with her parents in Western Australia, and as her father was one of the first settlers near the Swan River, she used to help him in many ways. She would ride twenty miles a day with the cattle, and was as

swim through it, and there was not a house or person in sight.

But help was near, though they knew it not. The girl of sixteen was riding along with a native servant. She caught sight of the vessel in distress, and, turning her horse's head towards the coast, she started at a quick gallop. When she reached the sea, she urged her horse into the angry surf. What did she care though she got wet to the skin and her face tingled with the blinding spray?

She rode boldly on till she reached the vessel. With much difficulty she took some of the children in her arms, and put them before her on



much at home in the saddle as she was in the kitchen.

Before you can quite understand what a wonderful work this girl did one day, you must remember that, twenty years ago, the towns in new settlements in Australia were very far apart, and that people had often to ride for miles to call on their next-door neighbor.

Now, it happened one day in December, 1876, that a vessel was wrecked off the coast, about eight miles from the Bussell's house. The steamboat sprang a leak, and not being too far from land, the captain tried to steer her in. But it was of no avail; she ran aground, and there she stayed, with the water gradually flowing into her.

The lifeboat which was on board the steamer was lowered, but it leaked too, and was so difficult to manage that eight people who had ventured in it were drowned. So the rest of the crew clung to the steamer, and wondered whether they could ever be saved. The surf ran so wildly that no one could dare to try to

the saddle; then, with women and bigger children clinging to her dress, she started for the shore, gave those whom she had rescued into the care of the native, and returned once more to the wreck. So she went backwards and forwards for four hours, till all were safe on land, the servant having ridden to bring out the last man.

Tired and wet as the girl was, she had still something more to do. Those forty-eight people whom she had rescued must have food and protection of some sort before night came on. S. Grace rode home for help; but by the time she had gone the eight miles she was so worn out herself that she fainted, and was some time before she could tell what had happened. Her married sister started off at once with food and wraps for the shipwrecked people; and the next day they were all taken to Mr. Bussell's house.

You will agree with me that Grace well deserved the medal of the Royal Humane Society, which was presented to her on January 8, 1878.—'Friendly Greetings.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I remember him very well.'

'Well, do you know that he was arrested, last week, for running away with over a thousand dollars he had collected for a firm he worked for? They say he'll go to the penitentiary for it.'

And that is where he did go. I dare say that he has as fellow-prisoners more than one convict who can trace his downward career back to the hour when he began to have loose ideas about money that did not belong to him.

On the whole, I think that the young man who walked home late at night rather than use five cents of the money that did not belong to him, chose a wise and safe course. It was a course which, if staunchly adhered to all his life, will keep him so strictly honest that no shame nor sorrow can ever come to him through the wrong use of money.

It would be well for every boy or girl who may read this to resolve right now never to use in any way, for any length of time, a penny belonging to others. Such a resolution ad-

hered to through life may save you great sorrow and shame.—'Wellspring.'

What God Gives a Boy.

A body to keep clean and healthy, as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love, and kindness and charity, and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to speak true, kind, brave words.

A pair of ears to hear music of bird, tree and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says or to what dishonors God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good and the true—God's finger print in flower and snowflake.—'Household.'