

dressed to her alone, as though no other person in the world had part or lot in them. She was anxious to do something to stay the tide of sin and misery around her. She could not do great things, but she could "begin with the boys."

She went into the street and encountered two ragged urchins whom she had often seen at the corner, on the lookout for a chance to earn a penny.

"Where are you going this evening?" she asked, after accosting them pleasantly.

"Haven't got anywhere to go," replied one.

"Then will you spend this evening with me?"

"What for?" asked the eldest, who was suspicious of some design upon them.

"For the good time we can have together," was answered. "We can eat pop corn and apples, and I think I have some papers you would like to look at."

"Lustrated papers?"

"Yes; will you come?"

"I don't know. What time?"

"Seven o'clock."

"Where?"

Directions were given, and they were left without further urging.

Carrie engaged her mother's kitchen for the evening and waited until so long past the appointed time that she despaired of seeing any company, when a timid knock summoned her to the door. Her guests were not attractive, but they had made themselves clean, and had brought a third with them.

They were soon so busily engaged, that time was taken no note of. As they said when they arose to go, it was the very best evening of all their lives.

"Would you like to come again next week, and bring some other boys with you?" asked their hostess.

"Yes ma'am, we should," was replied quickly.

"Then come. I shall expect you, and the more you bring with you the better."

Next week there were six boys to be entertained, instead of three, and then it was proposed to form a society for mutual improvement.

"Let's be a Band of something," said one of the boys.

"A Band of Hope, of course," said another.

"What's that?" asked one of the number.

"Don't know, but I guess it's something grand. I've been reading about it. Miss Westinger, do you know?"

Of course she knew, and had intentionally placed before them the paper in which reference was made to it. A pledge was something they did not understand, and when explained to them, they were not easily persuaded to promise what was required. Two only joined the Band, with Miss Westinger as leader. By the next week, however, two others joined, and at length so much enthusiasm was aroused, that a Band of twenty members was regularly organized.

The Band boys recognized each other as having peculiar privileges, so establishing a sort of freemasonry among themselves, which was not without its influence upon others.

Gradually their numbers increased, and when they counted fifty, they appeared at a public meeting in a commodious hall. There they were addressed by one who knew how to speak to such as they, and who impressed them with a sense of their personal responsibility. They were put upon their honor as citizens, and made to feel that they had some part in the prosperity of the State and country.

Every year these public meetings have been held weekly through the cold season. Familiar talks upon common subjects have filled the hall to overflowing. The Band is numbered now by hundreds, and many a poor, ignorant boy has learned his first lesson of honesty and respectability under the teaching of Carrie Westinger. It was a small beginning, but the results will reach on and on through the ages of eternity.

There is more of this work waiting for willing hands and loving hearts. Thousands of boys and girls must be saved by such efforts, or they will go down to destruction.

You who have pleasant homes and are surrounded with tender care, what will you do for the homeless and friendless?—*Weekly Magnet.*

### A LEAK IN THE TANK.

BY MRS. M. F. MARTIN.

"A leak in the tank!" And we all read only a few weeks ago how that little streamlet of oil trickling down wore for itself a tiny channel in the snow—very tiny, very narrow, but constant flowing from the leak deepened and widened it.

Steadily the oil flowed on, making a way for itself as it went, until it reached the bed of the railroad.

Still the little leak sent its steady supply until it flowed over the track, not now a tiny streamlet, but a deep and ever deepening stream, waiting but a spark to spread death and destruction along its course.

Unconscious of the terrible enemy in its path the train came on, bearing its cartload of passengers right into the mouth of the fiery demon.

It reached the oil-covered track—the gas was ignited from the passing fire-box, and in an instant the hungry flames leaped above the engine, lapped with their long tongues the life-freighted car, with curling, fiery fingers tore open each crack and crevice, and, creeping in, carried suffering and death where but a moment before had been life and joy.

We read, and thought, "Oh! had that leak been stopped at its very source, what suffering would have been avoided, what valuable lives have been spared for future usefulness?"

Are there any other "leaks in the tank?" Looking around us can we not see here and there the oil trickling down, wearing for itself a widening, deepening channel?

Listen! can we not hear the rumbling of the fast-approaching train bearing immortal souls to eternal death?

Fathers, where are your boys? Do they spend their evenings in the street? Do they stand with their comrades at the corner smoking the "harmless" cigarette? Do they listen to oaths until, their ears grown accustomed to the sound, the lips that you have kissed with pride utter, shrinkingly at first, then indifferently, words that would make your heart tremble? Do they, with these friends of theirs, sometimes enter drinking-saloons, decorated it may be with gilding, and sparkling with ruby glass, but as much the porticos of hell as the lowest tavern that the penniless drunkard frequents when self-respect is gone, manhood burned away, and every feeling blunted?

Is this the way in which your boys spend their evenings?

Fathers, there is a "leak in the tank;" stop it, stop it now, ere it be too late!

The channel is already widening; soon the oil may be beyond your control.

Mothers, where are your girls? Their temptations may not be the same as those which stand in the way of boys, but left to themselves they may drift among companions who will lead them far away from the path of true womanliness.

See to it that no leak is sprung in the tank here. Watch it with careful eye—keep your girls near your very heart, guard them with jealous care lest a little leak may wreck their happiness and yours.

A little liquid, be it oil or water, looks very harmless at its first trickles from a tiny crack; the sun shines upon it, it sparkles and gleams like a fine spun thread of gold.

It is really laughable to see the wry faces that your little one makes as you put to his lips a few drops of the accursed stuff as a soother for his pains and aches—the first drop issuing from the leak looks bright in the sunlight.

Soon he puts out his little tongue and licks the wasted moisture from his lips, then he puts out his baby hands at sight of the glass—the trickling is finding for itself a channel now, but it is so tiny, so narrow that surely no harm can come from that.

The medicine has worked wonders with your little darling; his cheek has the glow of health, and his rosy limbs are growing round and plump; why continue it longer?

The accustomed hour arrives, and his baby nature missing its usual stimulant, he worries and frets until, to save yourself the trouble of soothing him, you resort to the "drops" again, and he is quickly pacified.

The channel is widening now; let that leak continue to feed the stream, and in a few years it will reach the railroad track, and there will not be missing the igniting spark that will send the flames leaping and surging around him, hurrying not only his body but his soul to death.

Christian men and women, watch for these leaks!

There are many weak points in the tank; guard them carefully lest before you are aware the death-dealing fluid may have gone beyond your control.

It seems a little thing to season the sauce for your pudding with a little wine—it is a "leak in the tank."

It is fashionable to "brandy" peaches, and use them on the table—it is a "leak in the tank."

Mince pies are more palatable when well supplied with wine and brandy—it is a "leak in the tank."

The glass is handed to you at the marriage supper of your friends—it is a little thing to touch your lips to the brim in drinking health and happiness to the newly wedded, but it is a "leak in the tank."

A new liquor-saloon is opened at the corner; others will sell it anyhow, but still this is one more "leak in the tank."

But the evil of intemperance in our land is not a tiny streamlet, it is a surging river of oil already! True, but each fresh "leak in the tank" swells the torrent. Stop it, stop it, if you can! We read that a boy's finger held heroically against a little crack in a Holland dike all through one cold night saved his native town from destruction.

Though feeling our inability to stop the pouring torrent that now waits for the train freighted with immortal souls, can we not put our hands over the little leaks that are feeding the swelling stream?

Its supply stopped, it will dwindle away; mother-earth will drink it up, and the train, whose rumble we already hear in the distance, may pass safely over the track; and those thousands of imperilled souls may safely reach their journey's end!