

and Boarding Houses. These men are also the spies and agents for bad women, keepers of dancing saloons, rum-shops and similar places. There are porters too hanging about the dock gates, who offer to carry the sailor's trunk and show him to nice lodgings. In every case they take him to some low den, where he is soon made drunk, robbed, and polluted in body and soul.

Miss Hedenstrom resolved to do all in her power to save her own countrymen. She began by going almost every night to the gospel meetings held at the "Strangers Rest" in the once notorious Ratcliff Highway. Here, in the Scandinavian room, she would sing hymns in Swedish and tell the Gospel in simple words that came from the heart and therefore went to the heart.

Soon she came to see that something more was needed. Simply bringing them to the Rest was to get them for one hour in the day under the influence of God's Spirit, and to leave them for the other twenty-three hours under the influence of the devil and his very active agents. There ought to be a Sailors Home, conducted on Gospel and Temperance principles, she felt; and feeling this strongly, she persuaded some gentlemen to rent a house and then another beside it, which she undertook to manage. But there are expenses connected with the beginnings of work, and the debt on this new undertaking soon amounted to \$3000, and then the Committee of gentlemen were frightened. They decided to close the Home, sell the fittings, and give up the attempt.

God intended to save the Scandinavian sailors by a woman. Miss Hedenstrom asked the gentlemen how long they would give her to raise the money, and they agreed to delay their action for a week. They laughed good-humouredly when she said that she knew it was God's work and that she was going to Him for the money. "Don't you know that the age of miracles is past?" they asked her; and she answered that she only knew that God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. She prayed, and before the end of the week

the \$3000 had come in, and from that day she herself has been Committee, Matron and Head.

But, two little houses accommodating only 80 men were not enough. Besides, these might be taken away from her any day. She wished a large suitable House in the proper place, and that too she has now obtained. Lord Blantyre, and the Messrs. Denny, and D. Carnegie came to her help, a splendid site was obtained, and the building that is to me such a thing of beauty has been erected and recently opened. The total cost was about \$55,000, and it is almost all paid for, and is expected now to be self-supporting.

There are grand monuments in London, to Kings, Generals, Admirals, Statesmen; and Westminster Abbey is full of price-less memorials to England's great men, from the time of Edward the Confessor to the Jubilee year of Victoria. Who would not rather have such a monument as that which will keep Agnes Hedenstrom's memory green for ever?

The Home accommodates 300 officers and men at one time. Last year, some 1500 sailors left with her \$75,000 to take care of for them, and she remitted to their wives and families about \$25,000. Formerly, almost every dollar of that would have gone, as an old tar put it, "for dressing the wives and the daughters of the land-sharks in silk and velvet," and for poor Jack's own destruction, body and soul.

A half drunken sailor is apt to think that his own waist-coat pocket is the safest place for his gold and silver. He then fancies he is a very clever fellow, and he is only undeceived when the male or female shark has turned him out of some den, with his pockets inside out. Miss Hedenstrom has sometimes hard work when such a Jack stumbles or is brought into the Home. Should her own efforts be in vain, she calls a few of her "boys" to her aid, and soon enough Jack sails out of the office with only coppers in his pocket, to the great indignation of the "Eagles" hovering outside.

She always has a life-guard in the