

LETTER FROM PRINCIPAL GRANT.

PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND, May 4, '83.

My Dear Boys and Girls who read "The Children's Record."

I received a letter the other day from my old friend who edits the RECORD, asking me to write you in the course of my journeying round the world. Before leaving home, other people—representing papers of various kinds—had made similar requests, to all of whom I had said "No" with a light heart. But, it is hard for me to refuse anything, if it is for the young folks, because there is a great deal of the boy in me still, and "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

I rather think Mr. Scott expected me to write about heathen temples, idols, worship, and all that sort of thing; but I am not sure if I shall see any idols, and besides the worst idols are those that are not seen and the worst idolaters are found in Christian lands.

I am now on my way to South Africa, after spending two or three weeks in London, the greatest city in the world and the very heart of Christendom, and I saw there more heart-breaking sights than Dr. McKay sees in Formosa or Mr. Robertson in Erromanga. But I saw also things of beauty, things that make the heart glad, and it is of one of those things that I shall write you to-day,—just before we steam out of Plymouth harbor and away from dear old England.

What was it? A great big house only. It was not one of the historic buildings that every one comes to London to see; not Westminster Abbey, nor mighty St. Paul's, nor Whitehall, nor Somerset House; but a new five-storey brick building, near the West India Docks on the Thames in the East end of London. This is the Scandinavian Sailors' Temperance Home, and it is very beautiful to me for many reasons which will come out in the story I am going to tell you.

Twelve or fifteen years ago, a young lady of noble family in Sweden became an earnest Christian and resolved to devote her life to work for the Lord. Her

name was Agnes Hedenstrom. Her friends thought she was very foolish. They would do nothing to help her, and put all possible hindrances in her way.

She, however, would not be discouraged. She sailed for England, intending to offer for the Zenana Mission. No door was open in that quarter and God showed her plainly that her life work was not to be there. After more than a year spent in London, during which time she kept herself by her needle, and I suppose some of you have an idea of what that means, she fell in with a lady who had known her in Sweden. This lady too was a Christian. She took Agnes to her home, and after a while made her acquainted with different "missions" or departments of Christian work, in London. It then became clear to her that the Scandinavian sailors—her own countrymen—needed, almost more than any other class, some one to deliver them from horrible sins and temptations, and enemies more cruel than Bengal tigers.

Do you know anything of the Norsemen, the people of the land of "the Fjords and Fjelds"? No finer people live on the face of the earth. Their ancestors are our ancestors. They took to the sea as ducks take to the water, in the old times, and to this day there is no other country in the world that has so many seamen in proportion to its population.

"The hardy Norseman's house of yore
Was on the rolling wave,
And there he gathered bright renown,
The bravest of the brave.
And we their children still retain
The old supremacy;
Where'er a vessel ploughs the main,
We rule the stormy sea."

Scandinavian Jack Tars sail to-day under almost every flag, and they come to London in thousands, fine-looking, simple-hearted young fellows, whose very trustfulness along with their ignorance of the English language makes them the easy prey of land-sharks. Whenever a ship or sailor is to be paid off, "Runners" are at hand, in the pay of "Seamen's Outfitters"