

"Mamma." She would however rather be without such an individual, for as she said "Next time the goodhearted fellow might try to show his gratitude by bringing me a full size tiger, and I have more than enough to do with the tigers preying up in our 'Jack Tars.'"

How she gets through the work of her vast establishment is a mystery to those who do not know how much can be done by system and industry wedded to earnest purpose. She is Banker, Matron, Superintendent, Letter writer, Chaplain and all. She conducts a religious meeting every night in the Home or the Strangers Rest, besides the regular morning and evening prayers. "What do you say to the men," I asked? "I preach the Gospel," was the direct answer; "I am not ordained, you know, but God made me a priest." Priest or priestess, prophet or prophetess, He alone ordains for speech or act that prevails. So it was in Miriam's day and Deborah's. So is it now.

I have written this story, partly because I am interested in the Sailors' Home in Halifax, Nova Scotia, that Mr. Potter has had so much to do with, and the new building for which is to be opened this year. If you visit Halifax, my dear boys, go and see Mr. Potter. He is the Canadian Hedenstrom, and I was glad to tell "the Swedish Mother" that we had one. Good bye boys and girls.

Your Friend,  
G. M. GRANT.

### HIS REPORT.

Three boys who worked in a factory once attended a temperance meeting, where they were induced to sign the pledge; but it was not until the next day that any of the factory people heard of it. Of course they were teased and taunted without mercy, because they would not join with the other workmen in drinking, but still the boys remained true to their colors.

Now, the people in that part of the country were very fond of beer; almost everyone drank it in greater or less quantities, and as a result there were a host of

drunkards. Nearly everyone believed that his beer was as necessary as his bread, and this fact the other workmen tried to impress upon the three boys, actually telling them that they would die if they did not drink it.

Two of them were a little inclined to believe this story, and the third one seemed to be rather more independent than the others, and so he appointed himself a committee of one to investigate the matter and find how many people in that vicinity died from not drinking beer.

First he visited the poor-house and inquired of the keeper if any of the inmates ever died from the want of beer.

The man laughed, and told him that no beer was ever allowed in the building, and that none of them had ever died from not having it, that he knew of. Not yet satisfied, he next visited a large prison near by, and quietly entering, asked the officers how many of the prisoners usually die in the course of a year by not being allowed any beer.

"Not one," replied the officer, "but why do you ask that question?" The boy told his story, and when it was finished the officer took him all through the prison and explained that nearly everyone of the inmates came there through the use of liquor; but that they all managed to live without it when none was allowed them.

The visit proved a very interesting and profitable one to the committee of one, and when he returned to his two companions his report was so convincing that the three resolved to stick to their pledges in spite of everything.--A. C. Q. in *My Paper*.

### THE SLAVE GIRL'S PRAYER.

Once a slave girl in Africa made her escape. Her cruel master, however, soon discovered that she had run away, and, calling together his neighbours, as cruel as himself, set out in search of her. Each one of them was armed with a heavy whip, used by the slavedealers when in charge of slaves whom they have stolen from their homes and families to sell. These whips are indeed terrible things to