

CHINESE WORK.

FROM MRS. MORROW.

100 Cormorant Street,
VICTORIA, B. C., *Feb. 24th, 1893.*

I have no doubt you have heard of the very severe winter we have had here in Victoria, such as it is said has not been for thirty years. We felt the cold very much while it lasted, and were thankful to the Mission Bands who sent some additional quilts here, for they were all in use.

The first Friday in February was a bitter cold day, and Katie, one of the married girls, was the only visitor to our usual weekly afternoon prayer-meeting. While we were on our knees came a loud ring at the front door, and the stamping of many snowy feet. I went to the door, and there was a crowd composed of two or three policemen, one carrying a screaming, terrified Chinese girl; a Chinese man, an interpreter, a newspaper reporter, Tom Chue, and I know not if any more. They all came in. The girl was put by the stove. She was miserably clad, and very wretched. Sarah went to her to try to comfort her, and tell her she had come to a good place where she would be taken care of; and I got some stockings to put on her feet. But when the crowd went away and left her, she was very much frightened. She had been sold from one to another, and change to her meant from one misery to a worse; and the wicked Chinese had told her she would be so ill-treated by the English. They do that to keep their girls from running away to the Home. She was only two weeks out from China, and when she was told how the Home was kept by Christian ladies, she could not believe it. She had never heard of such a thing. She was full of wonder when she saw the comfortable little beds, and had one to herself. Next morning she said, "Good morning, mamma," in her broken English; and although very watchful and suspicious, was a good deal pacified. Sunday morning she said her first