

culminates in the price of butter and eggs, etc. The idea of being co-workers with Christ in the evangelization of a lost world, should bring an inspiration. Not for a moment would we disparage the duties of the home; rather would we exalt the office of the home-maker and home-keeper; but will not the monthly hour she spends in considering the ignorance, the squalor, the degradation, the utter want of domestic comfort, the eternal death of her heathen sisters, not lead her back to her home with profound gratitude to God, that "the lines have fallen to her in such pleasant places," that the heritage of her and hers here is the blessing of God, and hereafter a home in the mansions above, to go no more out forever. Will not now the price of farm products have a new interest to her, inasmuch, as she may lay by monthly a portion for God's suffering ones?

Oh, that we could command a voice so loud and clear, and persuasive, that all our sisters who bear the name of Christ, but who have not yet responded to the command, "Go work in my vineyard,"—might be aroused from the spiritual sleep in which they are passing the precious years. Surely here is a field for our most diversified talent. Has God enriched us with sweet voices? Then, with these let us sing persuasively, convincingly of the great need of workers. Has He endowed us with intellectual ability? Then may this be laid on that altar which more than all others sanctifies the gift, until all the inherited and accumulated riches of body and mind are laid at His feet.

When we reach this blessed state, the question will not be, should I give a twentieth, or a tenth, or a fifth? But, it will more likely be, on how little can I live, and how much can I give to God? If there is one reason more than another why every circuit should have a Woman's Missionary Society, it is to lead its members to earnest, increasing prayer for the great missionary cause. If there is a spark of love in our hearts for the evangelization of the world, then, prayer to God on behalf of the work, both at home and abroad, will fan that spark to a flame.

How thankful we feel to God for the increased proportions the work last year assumed. And we cannot but feel certain that a greater measure of success awaits us in the year upon which we have entered. While common sense urges us, while our conscience urges us, while God's Spirit urges us, let us hasten that time, when "a little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation." God has promised "to hasten it in His time." The logic of events seems to reason that that time is not far distant. We may all have a share in its glory.

*Paper read by MRS. J. J. B. FLINT, before the Belleville Auxiliary.*

ONE of the greatest attractions of Victoria, to the tourist from the east, is that part of the city known as "China Town," or "Little China." During our recent visit we rarely left the hotel without taking a run through this most interesting part of the city. One morning I said to Mr. Flint, "Now for the Home!" Of course, he wanted to know why I cared to visit it, could not understand such taste, etc., etc. I was very persistent, and finally said, "The Home belongs to the Woman's Missionary Society, and we are asked to support it; now that I am so near, I want to see how and where the funds go."

After a few inquiries as to the locality, we reached the Home; found it a medium-sized, brown frame house, with gable on the street, and with a veranda and little garden most quaintly laid out in front. Miss Leake opened the door and warmly welcomed us; we were shown into a comfortable, home-like little parlor, with pictures on the wall, etc., etc. I asked if I might more closely examine one of the pictures, and she replied, "Certainly, look at

all, the Home is yours." Miss Leake seemed very nice, and I think the Society should congratulate themselves, upon having secured a matron, who is in such sympathy with us in our work.

There were seven girls in the Home, the eldest twenty-seven years of age, and the youngest called "Baby," about ten or eleven. We must remember that our Home is a refuge, for all, of any age, who come there to escape a life of prostitution—a slavery worse than African. The day before our visit, the girls had been examined in their studies, and were having a holiday; they were talking quite loudly, and making a great noise, in playing some game they had invented with the alphabet blocks. The Chinese are great gamblers, and with very few materials, can get up some kind of game. When introduced, the girls shook hands, and said they were glad to see us. Miss Leake had them read for us, and do a few examples in arithmetic. "Baby," is very bright, and is probably the most advanced pupil; they repeat the Lord's Prayer, sing our hymns, and do very much as other school children.

Miss Leake took me through the Home, which I found very comfortable, though not luxurious. A box had lately been received, I will try and give the running comment Miss Leake did, as she showed me one article after another. "These mats are very nice, but I do not know where to put them they; are not table mats, and the girls have no toilets. These aprons are very pretty, may come in sometime; but the Chinese never wear them. These remnants are not long enough to do much with, may work in for 'Baby,' she has adopted the European dress, none of the others have. Towels, of course, are always useful; these boots are too large and coarse, they never could wear them. These night-dresses are very nice and suitable (some chemises were shown without comment); this box with the prepared work will come in splendidly.

I wish I could tell you about this box of patches, I will attempt it any way. The box was about a foot square, and six inches deep; divided into eight or nine compartments, each compartment filled with new cotton or pretty prints, just the size of compartment, and each piece prepared for a particular kind of work. One division had each piece neatly folded and a few stitches of hemming commenced; another, work prepared for felling; another, top-sewing; another, three buttonholes cut in each piece, with one started. One compartment was devoted to thread, needles, tape, buttons, etc., etc.; with the box came quite a large book, fully illustrated with instructions in sewing. Each division had its own kind of work, so that each child would be taught every variety of sewing that women are expected to know.

Miss Leake's bed had an autograph quilt upon it, I was much interested reading the familiar names of Kingston friends. Her little table, with writing desk upon it, is where she does all her writing. I told her when her next letter would be read at our monthly meeting, I would think of her sitting at her little table, and in imagination I could see her trying to lift these little ones from a life of degradation, and pointing them to the Saviour. After spending a very pleasant hour with them, we said, "Good-bye," never expecting to see them again.

In the afternoon, we received an invitation to attend a marriage at the Home; ceremony to take place at eight o'clock. We were only too happy to accept the invitation, and at eight o'clock the Home parlor was filled with ladies and gentlemen, the friends of the mission. Two of the ladies present were from Nova Scotia, Mr. Flint and I from Ontario, the other guests from different parts; all met in Victoria to witness the first marriage from the Home; and when we knew the bride was the same girl of seventeen years of age, who two years ago was sold for prostitution, sold in this land we are so proud of, and love so much, and