

The men brought them, and came back for them when the meetings were over. How fast they would talk on the journey home! They all came a day too soon so they might get their sight-seeing and visiting their friends over before the convention began, so as not to miss one session. It was easier to provide beds for these delegates than it is in Canada sometimes. The Wei Hsien people spread clean straw over the floor of their hospital, then put nice new mats over the straw, and the beds were ready. All were pleased with this arrangement and no doubt had happy dreams of future meetings. Bible women, pastors' wives, girls from the mission schools, wives of students who intended preaching Christ to be their life work, besides mothers and sisters who wanted to help their own home folks—these were the delegates who came to this Conference. At our party in Ottawa we had some of the wise brethren to help us interest the strangers who crowded the church at our public meeting. Over in China the women did the same. One named Elder Chang was the favorite, and helped as much as the minister, who was born in Ireland, helped us. Each day was begun by a prayer meeting at half past six, three hours earlier than their Canadian sisters could meet. As in the Wales revival (of which these Chinese had never heard), several prayed at once, no waiting for somebody else, but nobody seemed disturbed. They were each praying to God, and not to their neighbors at this convention. The church held comfortably about 650, and it was well filled at each session. No men were allowed unless one was asked to open the discussion on some subject. Leaders had been chosen six weeks before, and were all well prepared. In 1885, there were only four or five christian women in the district of Wei Hsien, so twenty-three years of sowing the Bible truths had brought a great harvest.

I wish I had room to tell you the subjects talked about with profit to all, but the Link is too full for many of them. "Our duty to consecrate our children to God." "Be just to the girls; love your boys and girls alike." "School children should also labor with their hands." (A Chinese student likes to wear fine clothes, let his finger-nails grow long, and have his family do the hard work.) "Duties of a Christian mother-in-law," "Beware of long tongues and soft ears," (A good definition of believing and repeating gossip.) Discussion on this theme

waxed warm. Two or three of the pastors gave such grave warnings that the faces of the sisters grew red, and their eyes began to look dangerous. The third chapter of James had been faithfully applied when Elder Chang came forward to pour oil on the troubled waters by reminding them of the first two words of this chapter and advising the pastors to read them, "This chapter is certainly addressed to the brethren, Do any of you know a chapter written to the sisters on this subject?" After a hearty cheer had been given him, he said, soberly and earnestly, "Yes, sisters, it is a sad fact that we men have long tongues, too, but evil speaking is a thing for every one to beware of," etc.

This is just a glimpse at the subjects discussed at this Chinese Convention.

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### BRENKING HER IDOLS.

A pretty story is told of Dr. Anandabai Joshee, the first unconverted high-caste Hindu woman who had left her country. She came to America in 1883, and three years later was graduated from the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. Then she returned to her own country, and was elected physician in charge of the female ward of the Albert Edward Hospital at Kulpahar, but died shortly after her arrival.

Yamuna, as Dr. Joshee was called in her childhood, was the daughter of a wealthy and cultured Hindu. Her father owned many villages, and for the benefit of servants and peasantry, kept a household priest to offer sacrifices, instruct the people, and keep clean the shrines and sacred images.

One day, when Yamuna was very young, she was playing with her dolls near the priest, who was setting in order a shrine. The little girl watched the old man as he washed the little images of jade or metal, oiled them carefully and set them back in their places. Suddenly it flashed across her mind that there was no difference between those images and her dolls. They did not move, neither did they cry out when they were rubbed so hard. She questioned her father about it.

"Father, how can a god bear to have his face washed by a man?" she asked.

"Those images are not gods," he replied. "They are made to hold the thoughts of men when they pray. Some represent love, some the justice of God. My little daughter, can you pray to God without looking at any of these images?"

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Yamuna.

"Then they will be of no use to you. You need never think of them again."

"And I never did," said Anandabai Joshee, in telling the story.—Selected.