

Shanghai

"A Chinese Authoress"



Happy childhood.

Mrs. Donald MacGillivray.—The above photograph was taken at a good-bye party given to us by Madam Nich in Shanghai before leaving for furlough last year.

Madam Nich is the widow of one of the late governors of Chekiang. Her father also was a very high official. She is the elderly Chinese woman standing next to me in the photograph. Madam Nich became a Christian late in life, only about five years ago. But in those five years

her life has been one beautiful example of loyal devotion to her Master. Many members of her household have become Christians, and Madam Nich's time and money are given freely to the cause of Christ in China.

The children in the photograph are her grandchildren; bright, happy children with natural feet, able to enjoy their childhood days as our children do.

But Madam Nich is not content with telling her friends of the Saviour she has found. She is quite a scholar, one of the few women of the official classes in China, who in early days was taught to read with her brother in the old official home. And so Madam Nich has written a book and had it printed at her own expense. At the party referred to above, she made me a present of a copy fresh from the printer's hands. "Why do I believe in Christianity?" is the title; and as she distributes this book among her relatives and friends we believe they, too, will see a vision of a larger life of greater freedom, and long to enter therein. Let us have a large faith. The heaven is working slowly but surely.

"The Heaven Working"

"The Lord Father does great things for us, whereof we are glad." I would like to give two instances, out of very many more, in confirmation of the above text.

In the year 1902 a feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction came to some of the wealthy Chinese women of our city. The Boxer rising had quieted down, but had brought to these women whisperings of a larger life and a greater freedom. They commenced to feel they were different to some other women; that their lives were empty, shut-in, unreal. What was happening? The heaven was at work, slowly but surely.

Some of these women had progressive husbands, and at their suggestion it was decided that they should give a luncheon, and invite as their guests a few of the foreign ladies of the city, in order to talk over ways of helping them.

Poor women! I have never forgotten that luncheon. The meal was put in charge of a caterer, for out of consideration to their guests, and doubtless because many of them wanted to see what a foreign meal was like, they decided to give a foreign feast.

The foreign guests were there on time, but the meal did not begin until nearly two hours after the specified hour. Slowly the women arrived, hobbling