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OUTLINE OF STORY COVERED IN LETTER.

In 1938, the Japanese aggression into Southern ~~China~~ China, the taking of Amoy, and possible attack on Chuan-Chow, the dear walled city, scene of 18 years of my labors, weighed ever on my heart, with the thought of the suffering of the Chinese people. Over and over came the words. "You must go to China. You are to go to help China."

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It seemed a ridiculous idea at my age of seventy-five, and without money! Finally I spoke of this insistent call to my doctor son, who shares all my thoughts.

He said indignantly: "It's an absurd idea! How could you, an infirm old woman, benefit China? It's thirty years since you were there. Your friends are all dead. You have forgotten the language. You are a bad sailor. You have no money and you would be alone without money in a country in the midst of war. It's absolute nonsense to think of it!"

I could not but agree that reason was on his side — Yet the **Voice** continued to urge: "You are to go to China!"

At last I knelt down and prayed the **UNSEEN** PRESENCE to make His Will plain to me. I said: "From our human point of view it is absurd for a useless old woman to set off across the world, expecting to help an immense empire in her desperate struggle, but if You wish me to go, would You prove it to be Your Will by sending me two hundred dollars for the ticket within a month."

Getting up from my knees, I wrote down the date, November 15th. 1938, and my promise: "If, from unexpected sources, two hundred dollars is sent me within a month, I promise to go to China."

In my heart, I am bound to confess, I had little

expectation of getting the two hundred dollars, or of really going to China.

Four days later a friend came to me saying: "By the way, I have one hundred and thirty six dollars for you."

My heart stood still. But I answered. "You do not owe me anything. You repaid all my loan two years ago."

"No," he replied. "I still owe you one hundred and thirty-six dollars. Here they are."

I continued ~~to~~ vehemently to protest he was mistaken.

He persisted: "You look into your accounts tonight when you go home."

I did so, and found to my intense amazement that he was right. Immediately I phoned the Canadian Pacific Railway ticket office: "How much is the cheapest steerage fare, Vancouver to Hongkong?"

"One hundred and thirty two dollars," the agent replied.

Though my heart melted with fear, still within the cry "I must go!" So I ordered the lower third berth by the earliest sailing which was January 7th, and felt terrified.

^I
As ~~my eyes~~ turned from the phone, my eyes fell upon a printed card upon my table, sent me years ago by my mother when I started for Canada. Its message leapt to my heart as if a voice spoke it.

I, the Lord ~~thy~~ God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto ~~thee~~, Fear Not; I will help thee. Isa. XLI. 13.

My terrors melted in His loving Presence. I put my hand in HIS.

Then, with sailing day drawing near, a young fellow came and offered to buy some timber from my ranch. I had been here twenty-five years, and this was the first time anyone had ever

offered to buy timber. He took seventy-five dollars worth.

Thus, within a month, were THE two hundred dollars, or rather two hundred and eleven, for which I had asked!

I sailed on the Empress of Canada, January 7th., 1939. Friends in the Okanagan Valley confided to my care four hundred dollars for relief in China. In Vancouver the Medical Aid to China added four bales of hospital supplies for the Hong Kong headquarters.....

My berth was down on the lowest deck by the hold..... At Shanghai I wondered how, in the hurly-burly of coolies who storm a big passenger boat as she berths, I was to get along. I chose out an elderly Chinaman whose berth was near mine, and showed him my credentials from the Chinese Society in Vancouver. His face lighted. He said in broken English: "My daughter Bible Girl in Hong Kong. She come meet ship, help us."..... And help us she did.....

A few days later I received a cordial letter from Madame ~~Chung Kxx~~ Sun Yat Sen.....

My destination was Chuan-Chow, situated near the mouth of a river, sixty miles from Amoy. As Japanese ^{Syn} boats were patrolling, keeping a strict blockade, it was arranged in Amoy for a junk to meet us in the broad river estuary... We had a rough passage, and we lay tossing awaiting the junks, unable to get to us until high tide. We saw one of the junks struggling to get to us swamp. Other junks came alongside the steamer and attached to her by ropes, but rearing and plunging like freshly lassoed horses.. Waiting for a favorable moment when the junk was four or five feet below us, we leaped downward..... Finally I reached Chuan-Chow Fu, my destinationI could hardly believe this was the scene I had left thirty years before; so much was the same, yet so much oddly different.

Where I had expected to be forgotten, I was ~~overwhelmed~~ overwhelmed by the warmth of my welcome. Our old milkman, now a tottering ancient, sent a pint of buffalo milk in every morning, reminding me that when he was ^{apparently} dying of bubonic plague, I had brought him porridge every morning and saved his life.....

~~xxxx~~ Ten days later I heard with amazement, not un- mixed with consternation that a gathering of past and present students of Poe-Goan (which my husband and I had ~~begin~~ begun forty years previously) was to be held. It was given by a hundred OLD BOYS living in and around the city.

The occasion turned out to be the most memorable of my life. I was given an overpowering ovation as "The Mother of Poe-Goan. It was indeed a wonderful experience to meet these doctors, pastors, teachers, merchants, etc., some I remembered, some I re called later; some I could not place, and to realize these students of mine were only a small portion of the eight thousand who had graduated in the past thirty years, who were now scattered throught^h China in Government offices, universit- ies and the professions, in positions of responsibility and influence.

And this gathering was in commemoration of my husband's and my share in founding the school.

During the ^{after} dinner speeches, a constantlly referring phrase puzzled me, for after all these years my former ~~command~~ ^{nearly} of Chinese had been ~~partly~~ lost: "Bi-li-am." I asked the guest next to me. He smiled: ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ "Bi-li-am" is Miriam. The speaker is calling you China's Miriam, come across the world to cheer and assure China of Victory.".....

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(ss explanatory following note, page 5.

These are words from the story of Mrs Colin Campbell Brown. She was the wife (and fellow worker) of the famous Chinese scholar and missionary, who studied under the noted Sinalogue, DR. James Legge. Mrs. Campbell Brown helped her husband found the great Chuan-Chow Westminster College at that ancient walled city, by the Chinese called Poe-Goan. From the college have come some of the present day leaders in China. After 18 years in China, the ill-health of Colin Campbell Brown caused them to ~~try~~ living in British Columbia in order that the famous missionary might regain his health. However, in 1924, death called him. On his death bed he said to his wife: "If God opens the way, I hope you will return to our dear people and work in China.

And this is the amazing story of how his wish was fulfilled thirty years later.....