

Pamphlet.

"Chinese work  
in Canada -  
The Story of  
Ah Wing"

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Ah Wing looked out on the murky street through the unwashed windows, in a mean little room in Chinatown. This Land of Promise, where streets were supposed to be running with gold, looked very drab. On his arrival, Ah Wing had secured work readily enough; a fellow countryman eager to get cheap labor offered Wing a job washing dishes in the kitchen of his restaurant.

Rain was falling and passers-by hurried into the night with coat collars turned up, and hats dripping on shabby clothes. Wing surveyed the scene indifferently. He did most things indifferently. There was little for him—long hours over steaming pans of greasy water, and nothing but a game of fantan when the day was ended.

By contrast he thought of China. He was brought up on a farm where he worked happily in the rice fields under shining skies. His wife and little ones made home pleasant, but he was ambitious to go to the new land, where it was said all things were glorified by plenty. He was to save a lot of money and bring out his family. But he had saved nothing, and was less and less indifferent about even writing. It was hard to write, when there is no cheerful message to convey. He could not speak English intelligibly, and it was difficult to get good work with this handicap.

The hour was growing late, so he decided to go to his room. His money was gone, for luck had been against him. Perhaps he had offended the gods.

Passing along a side street Ah Wing suddenly recognized the face of Ko Sing, a friend he had not seen for some time, who had once waited on table at the restaurant. He was a very jolly fellow, but he did not stay long, and Wing often wondered where he had gone. He was about to greet him when Ko Sing turned abruptly into a well-lighted hall. Other young men went in there also.

Looking up Wing saw over the door in large letters,

### CHEUNG LO WOOL

—Presbyterian Church. He had never heard of that before.

Curiosity got the better of him, so he followed the next chap who entered, and timidly poked his head around the door. Several men were sitting with teachers. They had books, and some of them even wore glasses, which impressed Wing very much. The hall was well-lighted and warm.

Suddenly a man stepped over and said with a friendly smile, "You come in?"

"No, me just look-see."

"You come in. Come, and learn read books, like these boys," he invited.

"How muchee pay?"

"You no pay—we help you—you fellow countryman."

A strange warmth stirred in Ah Wing's heart. This was different from anything he had ever heard of before. It seemed odd that anyone should want to help him without pay. He was dubious about it, but agreed to return the following night with a book.

All next day he pondered over the possibility of getting a book, and after his work was finished, asked his boss for a dollar on his pay, and hurrying out purchased a book. A wise clerk fortunately gave him a simple reader on which to start. In the weeks that followed no student applied himself more faithfully. There was an atmosphere of friendship which lured him to Cheung Lo Wool every minute he could spare. His religious training had been that of his country—ancestor worship, spirits, good, bad and indifferent—but here was something quite different. Here was talk of service, of love and sacrifice. No one had ever heard of doing things without payment in China, and yet here men gave freely of their time, and hospitality. Truly this Presbyterian Church in Canada was greater than anything he had heard about before.

With his new interest in Canadian life Wing began to read the Bible his friends gave him. There was a wonderful story of Jesus in it. He liked that, and felt he could worship this Jesus, Whose life was the foundation of service.

Then everything changed in his life. It was as if evil times were cleared away with indifferent and evil thoughts. He got a much better job, now that he could speak English, one where he got more money, and where there were Christian friends with whom he could talk.

One great thing remained to be done. He longed to be baptized, to belong to the Presbyterian Church in Canada. By diligent study that happy day arrived, and before going to the great ceremony, this is

to come to this country—lose all my money, work hard but have nothing—forget my family—do bad things, gamble—now I send money to my wife and my children—I tell them to go to church in China to find a Cheung Lo Wool at home. It make me so glad when they say they find one, and I send them more money so they can help the work there. It make me so happy. I so glad for the Canadian Christian people. Some day maybe all Canadian people will be Christian, and all Chinese people Christian too. That will be great day, with everybody happy. Now, I give my life to Jesus, and I am glad.”

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That is the story of Ah Wing. There are no doubt many in Canada whose experience has been similar, and thrilling as it is to realize the value of bringing such a man to God here, it is only half the story. Perhaps far off in China the missionary at the Cheung Lo Wool (Presbyterian Church) was feeling discouraged; perhaps he wondered if the people at home were co-operating as much as they might. And then the knock comes to the door—a little native woman with her smiling children enters, to tell a wonderful story of the far land of Canada, from where her husband sent such lovely gifts, and he bid her come to find too, the secret of his happiness.

And so link by link the chain is forged, when east and west join hands and work together. That is the picture of the result of our work in Canada, as it affects China and our missionaries abroad. Many letters go over the sea each week from natives living here, and would that all could take so fine a message of their experiences in this land of promise.

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And what is the extent of this work we are doing, you ask.

We have eighteen workers among the Chinese in Canada, seven of these are Chinese. Included are Miss Dickson, of Toronto, a returned missionary, Miss S. Crawford, deaconess to Vancouver, Mrs. J. O. Herman, half-time teacher in Montreal, and Mr. T. Y. Lee, a Chinese teacher in Victoria. In addition to teaching he conducts Bible class work, and has 75 pupils, which greatly increases church attendance.

**The W.M.S. Workers are as follows:**

Vancouver—

Miss Sibyl Crawford.

Miss Esther Fong Dickman.

Victoria—

Mrs. Ewen Macqueen.

Miss Gertrude Scott.

Miss Lily Chan.

Brockville—

Miss H. W. Davies.

Toronto—

Miss Agnes I. Dickson, B.A.

Miss Mary Lambert (part time).

Montreal—

Miss Hattie Jue.

Mrs. Jean O'Herman (part time).

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The policy inaugurated a short time ago of selecting young Chinese for training in missionary service is now in action. Following David Lee, who went to Shanghai to enter the Medical College, Miss Lillian Leung, of Victoria, and Miss Lily Yeung, of Vancouver, have entered our Missionary and Deaconess Training Home, the one for medical missions, and the other for music and kindergarten work. The thoughts of several other young Chinese also are turning towards Christian service. This is very significant and points the way for a great opportunity coming to use to co-operate in this finest way of sowing good seed for a future harvest.

THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY (W.D.)  
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA

700 Sterling Tower Building  
372 Bay Street Toronto (2)

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