

helped the poor, and made many economic reforms. He translated the Bible so the people could read it in their own language. He preached, and started churches.

When people heard what William Carey was

doing and saw the many hardships and disappointments that he had to endure, they wanted to help him. Many went to other countries also to tell people about Jesus. That is why William Carey is called the father of modern missions.

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22.

## *Never Never Never!*

*(Ida Scudder)*

1890

Ida Scudder, granddaughter of John Scudder I and daughter of John Scudder II, definitely had a mind of her own. Her grandfather had been a medical missionary in India. Her father and her six uncles were missionaries in India. Several of her cousins and brothers were preparing to be missionaries in India. Everybody was expecting her to do the same. But she was certainly not going to allow herself to be squeezed into the Scudder mold!

First of all, she was angry with her father and mother for leaving her in America to go to school when they went back to India after a furlough.

Secondly she hated the poverty of India—the hot crowded streets, the smells, the beggars. Most of all she hated to think of the children starving to death. She did not want to see that again. She would stay in America where she could enjoy clean air, uncluttered streets, and a comfortable home.

Right now, in 1890, Ida was having a great time at school with her friends. She was beautiful and popular. She dreamed of a future holding only fun with friends, wealth, and adventure.

Then, one day, a cable came from her father in India. It said, "Come immediately. Your mother ill and needs you."

Ida was stunned. She wanted to see her mother again. She had missed her terribly and she wanted to help her. But go to India? Never, never, never!

That night Ida tossed and turned until morning came. What should she do? Finally she saw a way out. She would go to India, but she would only stay until her mother was well again. Then she would come back to America and plan her life the way she pleased.

Ida Scudder returned to India—to the dust and dirt and poverty and starvation she remembered. She was glad to be back with her parents and she helped them with their work as much as she could. But always she dreamed of the time when her mother would be stronger and when she could go back to America.

One night when her mother was already asleep and her father was still working in his study, Ida was writing a letter to a friend back at school. All was quiet. Suddenly she heard something. Were there soft footsteps on the verandah or was she just imagining it? She felt as if some-

one was peering at her through the darkness. And then she heard it very clearly—a cough in front of her door.

Ida was relieved. She knew that in India a cough is the same as a knock. She took a lamp and went to open the door.

There on the verandah stood a young Hindu man.

"What is it?" asked Ida. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Oh, yes!" said the man anxiously. "I desperately need your help. My young wife, who is only fourteen, is dying in childbirth. I heard you had come from America and could help her. Please come!"

"I am sorry," said Ida sympathetically. "It is my father who is the doctor. He is right next door in his study. I will take you to him."

The young man was horrified. "You don't know what you are saying," he said. "In my religion no man other than a member of her own family may ever look at a woman."

Ida tried to persuade him to let her father come, but he only shook his head and finally asked sorrowfully, "Then you won't come?"

"It would do no good," cried Ida. "I don't know anything about medical care."

In despair the young Hindu turned away and walked down the steps into the night.

Ida went back to her letter writing, but she could not forget the fourteen-year-old girl who was dying. She could have helped her if she had been a doctor.

After a short time, she again heard footsteps on the verandah. She jumped up.

There in the door stood another man. "Salaam, Madam," he said. "May Allah give you peace. Will you help me?"

"Of course," said Ida. "What can I do for you?"

"I am afraid my wife is dying," he said, his face sad and troubled. "I heard there is a doctor here who has recently come from America."

Ida rushed to get her father. "Here is the doctor you are looking for," she said. "I'll come with him to help, if you want me to."

"Madam," said the man, "you don't under-

stand. We are Muslims and in our faith only men of the immediate family may enter a woman's room. I came to ask you for help, not your father."

Ida watched the man walk slowly down the steps. Then she ran to her room and closed the door. She couldn't stand it anymore. She just wanted to get out of India where things like this could happen, and go back to America.

Before long she heard a voice outside. Oh, perhaps one of the men had changed his mind! Perhaps they could still save one of the women. Ida opened the door.

But the man standing there was neither the Hindu nor the Muslim. It was the father of one of the children Ida was teaching at the mission school. She knew his lovely wife with the dark smiling eyes. She was no older than Ida.

The man said, "Please come to my house. My wife is very sick. She will die if you don't come."

"I am not a doctor. It would not do any good if I should come," said Ida again. "Let me call my father. He is a doctor. He will help you."

Before he even opened his mouth, Ida knew what he was going to say. She could see the disappointment in his face. He could not let a man come. He wanted a woman.

"Won't you come?" he pleaded again.

It almost broke Ida's heart that she could not help. After this man too had gone, Ida slowly went back to her room. How could such a thing happen three times in one night? She wondered if God was trying to say something to her.

The next morning she heard that all three of the women had died during the night.

Once again Ida went to her room and closed the door. When she came out, she went to her mother and father and said, "I am going to study to be a doctor so I can help the women of India."

That is exactly what Ida Scudder, the missionary doctor, did for the rest of her life. She helped the women, but she helped the children and the men as well. In the town of Vellore she had a big hospital built. She also planned a Christian medical college there where men and women could

study to be doctors. She created a leprosy rehabilitation center and a mental health hospital. All these buildings became the greatest medical center in all Asia.

Ida Scudder taught the people of India by her words and actions that God is love. She loved the people and the people loved her. Even when she was an old, old lady and came back to her beloved hospital to visit, the patients reached out their hands to her just to touch her and have

her smile and speak to them.

When someone asked her, "Don't you feel a great satisfaction when you see this beautiful hospital and remember how it all started?"

"Yes," she said, her face radiant. "God has been very good to me."

After all those many years, Dr. Ida Scudder had no regrets that she had chosen the way she did when she was young. She had only thanksgiving.

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23.

## *A Christian Holy Man*

*(Sadhu Sundar Singh)*

Around 1900

Almost a hundred years ago, a boy, whose name was Sundar Singh, was born in India. His parents were wealthy, so Sundar grew up in a lovely home. He had everything that a little boy could wish for.

Sundar's mother was gentle and kind. She was also very wise. She taught little Sundar that the beautiful home they had and all their belongings were not nearly as important as peace of mind, or inner happiness. She often went to the holy men called *sadhus* for advice. Little Sundar went with his mother wherever she went, for he was the youngest in the family. Often his mother would say to him, "Sundar, someday you must become a holy *sadhu*."

Sundar did not doubt that someday that is what he would be.

Sundar loved his mother deeply and he was very sad when she died. He was only fourteen, but from that day on he searched for the peace of mind that had been so dear to his mother. He read all the sacred books of the Hindus and the Mohammedans. He memorized many passages. He went to see the priests. He talked to the *sad-*

*hus*. But nothing brought rest to his heart.

Sundar knew about the Christian religion, but he hated it because it taught things that were opposite from what he had learned in childhood. One night Christ appeared to him and said, "Why do you oppose me? I am your Savior. I died on the cross for you."

When Sundar saw the love in the face of Christ, all his opposition melted away. He knew he was forgiven and accepted. At that moment the peace he had searched for so long came into his heart. The struggle was over. With a heart brimming with joy, Sundar went to his father's room and said, "I am a Christian!"

Sundar's father did not take the statement seriously. He just told Sundar to go to bed. But when it became clear that Sundar had really decided to follow Christ and join the despised Christians, his family thought it was too horrible to believe.

At first Sundar's father pleaded with him tenderly. Surely he would not reject all his mother had believed. When he saw his father's tears, Sundar's heart almost broke, but he knew he