

DO YOU CARE?

Ed Bruerd, Allahabad, India

India today is caught in the throes of a great struggle, a struggle of life and death that is terrible to behold. The reports of some of this struggle you are reading in your daily newspapers and hearing them over the radio. You do not hear of the worst for much of it is forgotten or left out of your reading, or else when you do read of it you are not greatly concerned for it is miles from you on the other side of the ocean.

A part of the struggle that is now going on is the one for sustenance of life. In India hundreds and thousands die every day of starvation. Everywhere as one walks down the road or travels around are evidences of starvation. About every day I see people who can hardly totter, little children who never have enough to eat and therefore continually are crying for food; as a result of not having sufficient they are sickly, puny, walking skeletons with running sores. Storekeepers try to keep their wares out of reach of hands or behind glass cases so that they will not be stolen. I have seen older and larger children take the food away from the smaller ones on the street. The little one would lie down and cry and scream but to no avail. When people are hungry they will do most anything to satisfy that hunger.

One day I saw a little chap of about three years of age go to a shop and buy himself a few pice ($\frac{1}{2}$ c U. S. currency or less than 1d British currency) worth of food. He turned from the shop, taking a bite of food but had gone no more than a couple of steps when a lad about six stepped up and took the food from him. The poor little fellow began to cry like his heart would break and I just could not stand it. I had to do something but what—if I were to grab the other lad and make him give the food back to the little fellow I might get mobbed, for here I am a foreigner. There were lots of men around but they paid no attention to what was going on for such happenings are so common. I did the only thing I knew to do and that was to walk over to the little chap, give him an anna (U. S. 2c, or less than 2d British currency). He wiped the tears away as, with a sob, he took the coin and turned back into the shop. I hurried away, not waiting to see what would happen again, for I was fearful of my own feelings. This is an every-day happening. Do you care?

You will complain about the price of butter and meat, and complain because you cannot get all the nice new clothes you want; because of the strikes you have not yet been able to get that new car or that new home gadget that you desire, while here the people cannot even get enough rice or wheat. Because it is so cheap, rice and wheat are the main articles of diet for them. You say, "Why do they not buy something else?" They would if they had the money and it was available, but the "something else" is not obtainable! Their religion forbids them eating many of the things that we do. Besides the prices are so high. You talk about inflation but you need to come to India to find out what inflation is like. You have plenty, and more than you need but here! Do you care?

But the great struggle that underlies all of this, you hear very little about in your newspaper or over your radio—that is the spiritual struggle. Here, no matter how hungry a man may be or how much he may be involved in the struggle for freedom he will always re-

member to spend hours in prayer, to walk miles on his pilgrimage, and to sacrifice to his gods. Regardless of what happens he must find peace of soul and happiness of mind. He is more anxious about the hereafter than he is in the here and now. Yet only about one-fourth of the people have heard the story of salvation that brings peace and joy. Twenty-seven thousand of these people are dying every day and so few of them have ever heard of Jesus and His power to save, to say nothing about knowing him. Do you care?

Recently I was with a group which went down into the bazaar to hold some street meetings. What I saw those few hours made my heart ache and also made me ashamed of my past thoughts and actions as a Christian and as a pastor responsible for preaching the Word. I so often passed the missionary offering by when an appeal for missions was made, thinking that it was none of my concern, or else I would give a few cents saying that my money was needed in the local church and that those people out there could take care of themselves. I did not care! As a pastor I began to awaken more to the Word of God and the implication of His words to carry the message to every creature, but still my heart was not aflame as it should have been. I think many times I was guilty of bringing just a half-hearted sermon on World Service Sunday, and as a result the offering was that kind to. Finally my heart did get on fire and I think that all those to whom I preached also caught a part of the vision but not as they should have for I was not as well informed as I might have been, nor did I care even then as I should have. How about you, Christian friend, do you care? What of you, pastor—minister of the gospel—art you guilty of the same? Do you care?

But to tell of the street meeting, I shall try to describe just one of the places for you as they were much alike. We stopped at the side of the street in a wide spot and began to sing some Hindi choruses. One I remember was, "Hat Gaya" which means "rolled away." It was the old Sunday School chorus we learned as children about every burden being rolled away. The crowd began to gather for they were interested in learning what this was that could roll away every burden and sin. In the front two rows there were lots of children, many with their little baby brothers or sisters and they were listening. Behind them were a lot of adults and the shopkeepers behind them had ceased business: they were interested. Everyone who came along stopped to listen until we had a large crowd. We sang that chorus for about five minutes for we wanted them to get the message of it. After the chorus, Mr. Anderson, one of our missionaries, stepped forward and began to tell them of Jesus and His power to roll away the burden of sin and give peace and joy. As he preached the crowd began to push in and the children's eyes grew big with wonder for they had never heard of a God like this who loved them and died for them. Finally the children were standing almost on Mr. Anderson's toes and the rest of the crowd was just behind them. What hungry looks were to be seen on the individual faces! When Mr. Anderson finished we sang another chorus and then gave them tracts and Gospel portions. These people who could not read nor even write their own names eagerly received the proffered literature. They take it to a scribe and are glad to give him a few annas to read the story to them.

This happened in every place we stopped for

service that day. Hungry, starving, dying people in search of a God and a peace they know not of. Do you care? Little children will go through life without Christ and die not having peace, taking the wrong road to eternity because you have not been willing to come at God's command nor have you been willing to support His work that others might go or that the work already established might enlarge. Let me ask you one more question before I close—DO YOU CARE??—Oriental Missionary Standard.

THEY FOLLOW

An old man going a lone highway
Came in the evening cold and gray
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fears for him,
But he stopped when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building
here;
Your journey will end with the ending day,
You never again will pass this way;
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide;
Why build you this bridge at evening tide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head:
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he
said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm which has been as naught to me
To that fair-haired youth might a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim.
Good friend, I am building the bridge for
him." —Will Allen Dromgoole.

BLESSING THROUGH SUFFERING

R. Barclay Warren

I talked with two women who were having, as we would say, much more than their share of suffering. The one freely acknowledged that she felt very bitter towards God about it. It was not fair. The physical suffering was aggravated by her mental distress concerning it. The other accepted her lot in a quiet, resigned, submissive manner. She did not enjoy pain but she did not complain. She knew that a rich reward awaited her when the incurable cancer had done its worst. She has since entered upon her reward.

Job, the greatest sufferer of us mortals, said, "When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." In the furnace of affliction the coarsest of the ore was being melted and the dross was removed. He was a better man because of his suffering. His faith was deepened. Suffering either shatters one's faith or strengthens it. We never know the strength of our anchorage until the storm assails. Job exclaimed, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Paul, when assured of sufficient grace to endure the thorn in order that God's strength might be shown, said, "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." To him, also, God had given a song in the night.

A young invalid said, "At first I determined I would make the best of it. Now I am resolved to make the most of it." If we must suffer let us in so doing bless others.