

An Indian's Hope

IT was hot, very hot, as groups of travellers trudged wearily along the dusty road under the Indian sun. For one old man travelling alone it was too much, and he collapsed at the roadside. There was a godly missionary on the same road. When he saw the Indian collapse he went to his side. It was clear that the poor man was dying. The missionary said gently, "Brother, what is your hope?"

It needed a big effort for the Indian to answer. But he lifted himself up a little and weakly said, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin".

The missionary was amazed to hear that. He thought that the man was a heathen, like so many others in India, and that he did not know anything about God. "How could he

