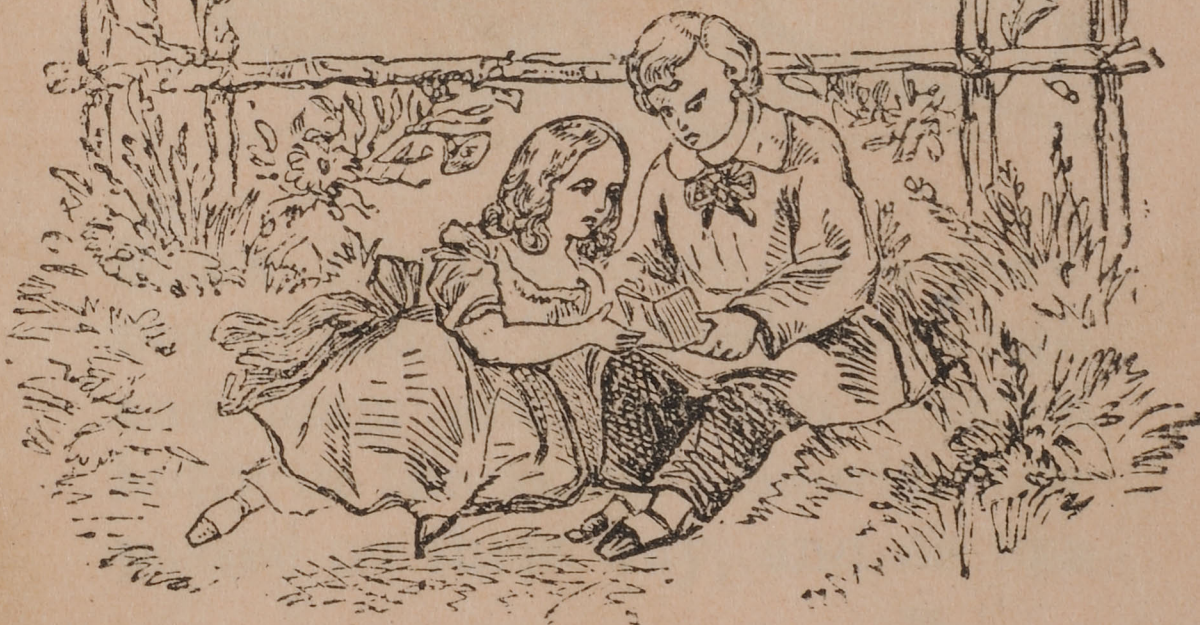
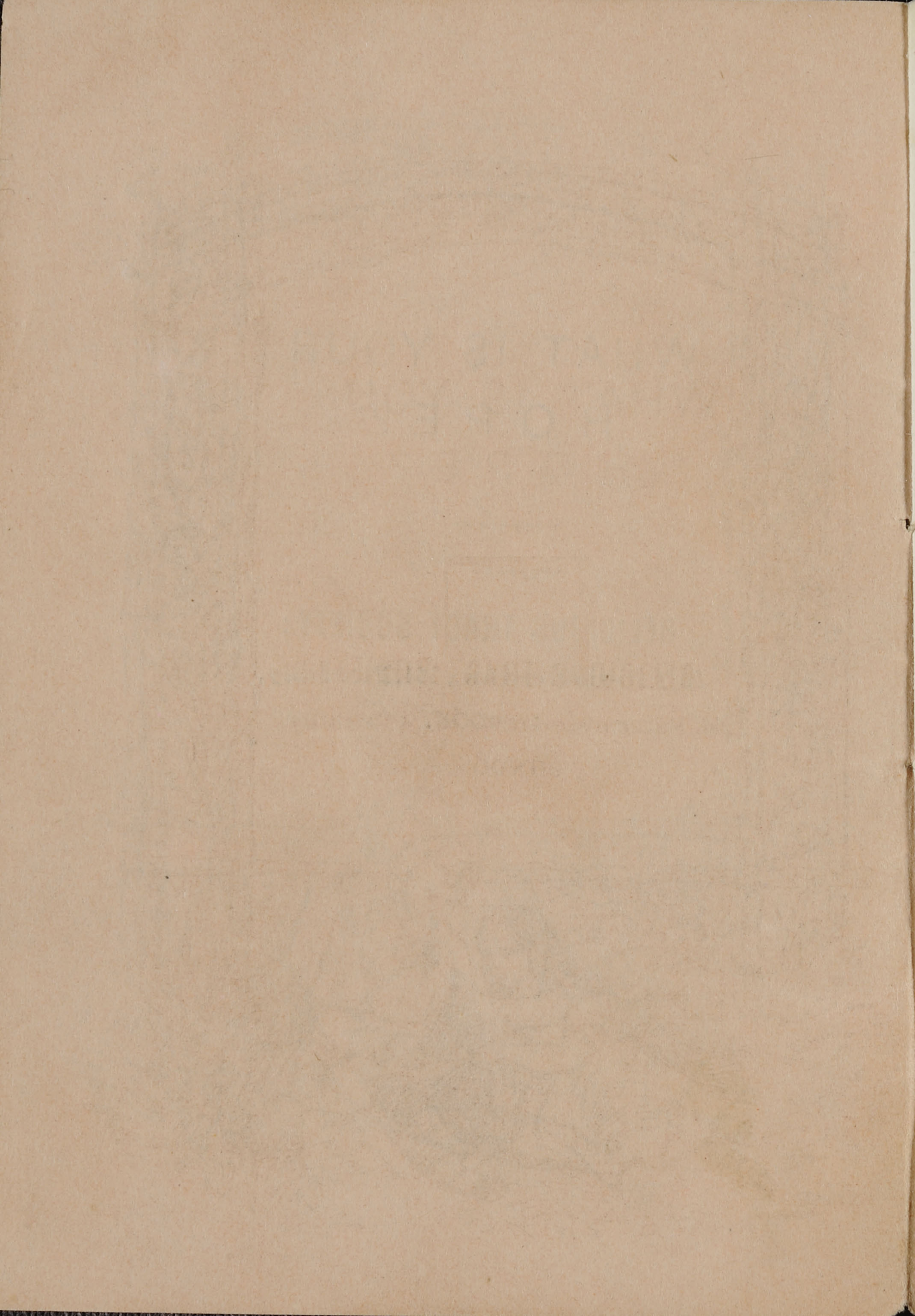


WHAT IS YOUR  
HOPE?

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY ;  
56, Paternoster-row ; 164, Piccadilly,  
LONDON.









## WHAT IS YOUR HOPE?



SOME Hindoos were on a journey in India. The road was rough and long, and the sun burned hotly in the skies. Slowly they passed on their way, and as one



## 2      WHAT IS YOUR HOPE ?

day after another came to an end, many of the party grew faint and weary. There was one poor man who seemed a stranger to the rest. He was old and feeble, and was ready to sink from the heat and labour of the way. At last he fell, and could not rise again. The Hindoos looked upon him, and finding that he was likely to die, they left him to perish without pity or help—for these heathen are unkind to the sick and dying. But there was among those travellers a Missionary, on his way to a distant place to preach the Gospel; he saw the old man fall, and ran to aid him while the rest passed along. Yet all his help could not now save his life. He knelt by the



poor man's side, and softly said in his ear, "Brother, what is your hope?" The dying traveller raised himself to reply, and with a great effort said, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" and then he laid down his head again and died. The Missionary was greatly astonished at the answer; and, in the calm and thoughtful manner in which the words were spoken, he could not but feel the man had died safely in Christ. "How, or where," thought he, "could this Hindoo have got this hope?" And as he looked at the dead body, he saw a piece of paper grasped tightly in one of the hands. He carefully took it out; and what was his surprise and delight,



#### 4 WHAT IS YOUR HOPE?

when he saw it was a single leaf of the Bible, on which was the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, where these words are found! On that page a heathen man had met with the Gospel!

This short account of the Hindoo and the one leaf may teach a useful lesson.

Youthful Reader! *have you a Bible?*—the whole Bible? Then you have more than the poor dying Hindoo had. You are more favoured than were kings, and priests, and righteous men of old. They desired to hear the things which you hear, but heard them not. David had only a small portion of God's Word, yet it was to him sweeter than honey, and more to be desired than fine



gold. Even now there are whole nations who do not possess the Bible; whilst you have a complete copy—not one leaf alone, but every leaf. Not simply one truth, but every precious truth. All the histories—all the prophecies—all the promises—all the doctrines—all the precepts—all the prayers, that are written in the Holy Word. Perhaps you call it your own Bible; for you bought it with your own money, or it was the gift of a parent or a friend. And because it is your own, you value it the more.

*How do you use the Bible?* It is plain how the Hindoo used the one leaf which he held in his dead hand. Where is your Bible? Is it on a dusty shelf, or shut up



## 6 WHAT IS YOUR HOPE?

in a box, or put away where you cannot easily find it? When did you last read it? Did you think of what you read, and pray over it? Did you ask of God to give you his Holy Spirit to teach you, saying, "O Lord, open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law?"

If you have read your Bible, *what is your hope?* You hope to go to heaven when you die; but on what do you rest your hope?

Can you answer this question like the dying Hindoo, and say, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin?" Timothy, when a child, was taught in the Holy Scriptures, but he had not then this great truth so clearly



before him as you have now. Solomon, with all his wisdom, did not know it as you may know it. It is not only to be known, it is to be felt; it is to be believed; it is to be received into the heart. If this truth is rightly known, then you feel you are a sinner; that you cannot save yourself, and that Jesus is able and willing to save you.

Think also of the poor Hindoo dying on a journey. See him far away from his home, sinking on the road, and left to perish. Yet, when the kind stranger kneeled by his side, and asked, "Brother, what is your hope?" he could calmly say that the blood of Christ was the hope of his soul. How would it be with you, who are



called by the Christian name, if you were called to die far away from those you love? Could you truly speak of Jesus, and by faith rest on him alone? Will you think of these things?

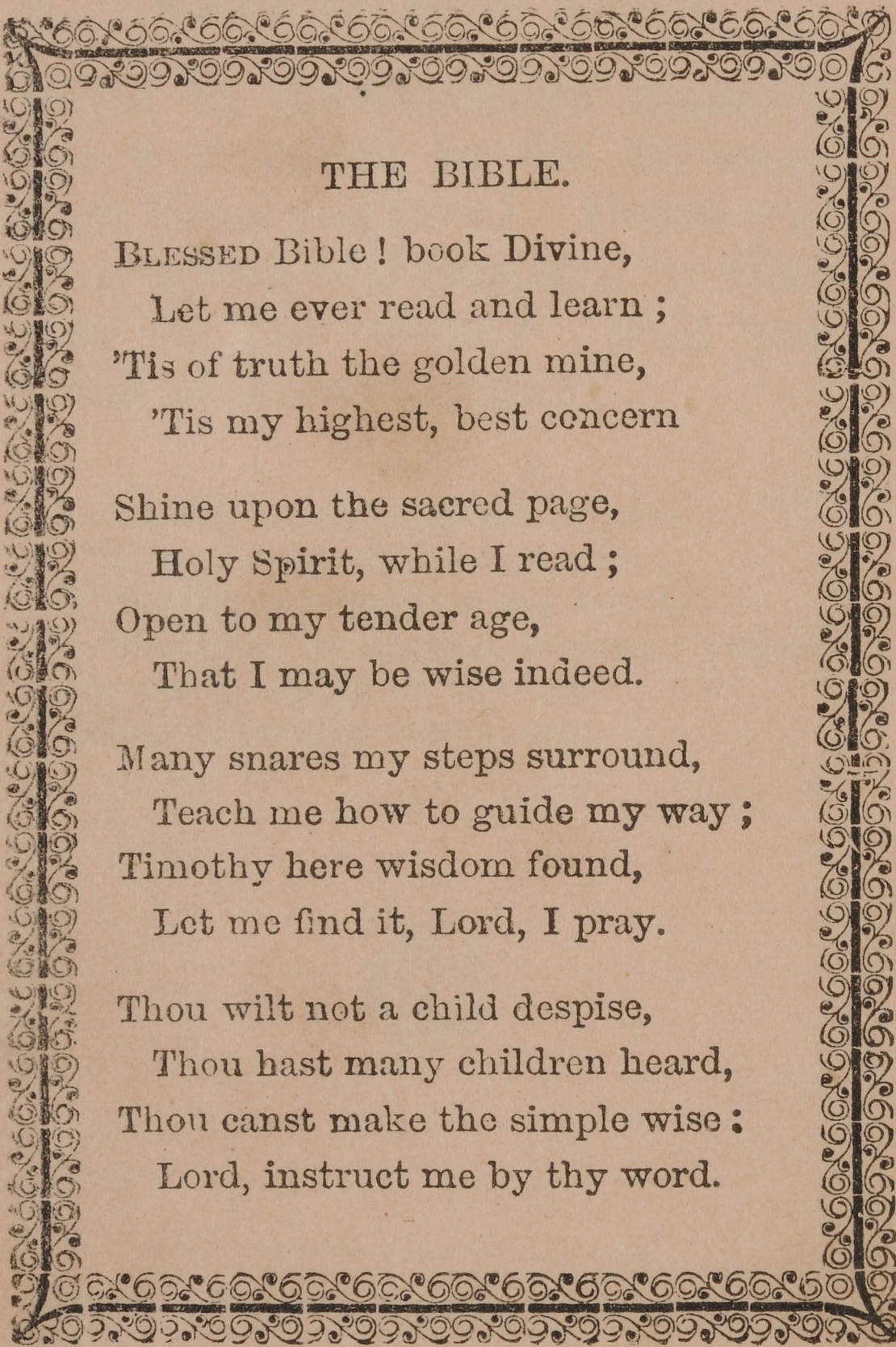
Lord, thy teaching grace impart,  
That I may not read in vain;  
Write thy precepts on my heart,  
Make thy truths and doctrines plain:  
Let the message of thy love  
Guide me to thy rest above.





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## THE BIBLE.

BLESSED Bible ! book Divine,  
Let me ever read and learn ;  
'Tis of truth the golden mine,  
'Tis my highest, best concern

Shine upon the sacred page,  
Holy Spirit, while I read ;  
Open to my tender age,  
That I may be wise indeed.

Many snares my steps surround,  
Teach me how to guide my way ;  
Timothy here wisdom found,  
Let me find it, Lord, I pray.

Thou wilt not a child despise,  
Thou hast many children heard,  
Thou canst make the simple wise :  
Lord, instruct me by thy word.