

A DIALOGUE ABOUT A MAN WHO LIVED IN A BOX.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

Mother—What was the subject for your Mission Band to-day?

Hetty—India; and Miss Hope told us a funny story about a priest who lived in a box.

Mother—That was a strange place to live. What did he do there?

Hetty—Well, he wanted to get rid of sin and find God, and he first went to live in a dry well, where he staid twenty years.

Mother—How did he get food?

Hetty—The people brought him bread and water.

Mother—Did he get any better?

Hetty—No, the load of sin was as heavy as ever, and he could find no peace.

Mother—He did not seek it in the right way, or he would have found it long before.

Hetty—But he did not give up seeking. He thought if he could float up and down on the river Ganges, he would find God; so he made a box six feet square, put it in a boat, and went to live in the box on the sacred river.

Mother—I suppose he did not find peace there any more than he did in the well.

Hetty—No; he was just as unhappy as ever. But one day a native Christian was passing along the river, and saw him in the box. He spoke to him, and when he found out why he was there, he took out his Bible and read to him about Jesus. He promised to ask God to take away his sins for Jesus' sake.

Mother—So he found the true way at last. Did he then leave his box?

Hetty—Not then. Three years after, the same native Christian was passing that way, and there he saw the old priest still sitting in his box. He asked him if he had been helped any by what he had told him. He said he had, but there was no one to teach him, and he could not learn any more. He told him to leave his box and come with him, and he would teach him about Christ.

Mother—Was he willing to leave his box?
Hetty—Oh, yes; he found it did not help him, so he was ready to give it up. His friend took him to the English missionary who taught him about Jesus, and soon the joy and peace which he had been seeking so long, filled his heart.

Mother—I'm sure he did not stop there.

Hetty—No; he took his Bible and went out to teach his people, and when he was a hundred years old he was still preaching.

Mother—Christ says, "Seek and ye shall find;" but many poor heathens may be groping about in the dark unable to find because they do not know how to seek. They need some one to teach them how to find Jesus, and the peace and joy which He gives.

Hetty—Don't the missionaries teach then?

Mother—There are a great many good men and women who are giving their whole time to teaching them, but there are not near enough to teach the millions of heathen who know nothing about Christ, and can never know unless they are taught.

"WHOSOEVER."

There were children on the floor,
Conning Bible verses o'er.

"Which word all the Bible through
Do you love best?" queried Sue.

"I like Faith the best," said one;
"Jesus is my word alone;"

"I like Hope," and "I like Love,"
"I like Heaven, our home above."

One more, smaller than the rest—
"I like whosoever best:

"Whosoever, that means all—
Even I, who am so small."

Whosoever! Ah! I see;
That's the word for you and me.

"Whosoever will," may come—
Find a pardon and a home.

—Gleanings for the Young.