

HOW CHARLEY BOUGHT A BIBLE.

A TRUE STORY

Charley was the oldest in the family of five children. His father died in 1833, when Charley was only ten years old. He was poor, and had few books and no paper to read. The family bible which had descended from father to son, was entirely worn out, and in the new country to which the family had lately moved, no colporteur came around to bring a new one.

A Sunday-school was organized, and Charley became an interested member. His teacher, a good, intelligent man, often asked the class questions which could only be answered from the Old Testament. One day a question of this kind came to Charley. He had no Bible to read, and therefore could not answer it. The teacher turned to him, and said, "Charley, have you no Bible?" Deeply mortified, poor Charley acknowledged his lack of a Bible. He had no money, his friends were few, credit was out of the question, so how could he compass the desire of his heart and secure a Bible? In some manner Charley heard that poor people were furnished with Bibles at the bookstores. The first chance he had, he went to the nearest town, found the bookstore, but was informed that he could not have a bible unless he had the money with him to pay for it. Discouraged Charley turned away from the array of different kinds of Bibles laid out upon the counter for inspection; and with eyes full of unshed tears he went out upon the street, and leaned against a store for a few moments, trying to think if there was any way in the world whereby he could secure his heart's desire. Unseen by Charley, one of the clerks within the store was watching the despondent boy. He was a profane, wicked young man, but knew Charley very well, and liked him. Finally he came to the doorway, and said:

"What's the matter Charley?"

At first Charley would not tell, but tried to cheer up and look himself again.

But the question was repeated with an emphasis that startled the boy.

"What is the matter Charley? What has happened to you that you should look so downcast? I am determined to know the cause of your gloom."

At last Charley told him the whole story—how he needed a Bible, and could not learn his Sunday-school lessons without one, but was too poor to buy one; that he had come to town hoping to get one in some way at the bookstore, but the dealer would not let him have one on any condition except for the ready money, but it would take all summer; and then the Sunday-school would close

just as he could get his Bible.

"Come along with me, Charley," said the young man. "I'll see if you don't have a Bible."

They went to the bookstore. The proprietor turned to look as they stepped in. The young man said:

"This boy wants a Bible."

"Yes, sir," said the old gentleman; "so it seems."

"You let him have one."

"I'll do so if you say so, sir."

"I say so. I'd rather risk his paying for it than half the men in this town."

The old gentleman handed Charley the Bible.

Charley took the Bible home, and dedicated it to his poor, widowed mother. He opened a vein in his arm, and wrote her name and his in his own blood upon the fly-leaf. During the summer, by hard work for the neighbors, Charley earned the three dollars and fifty cents which paid for the book. Henceforth Charley missed no more questions at Sunday school. In after years, when he grew to be a prosperous man, none of his friends guessed why it was that Charley's contributions to the Bible cause were always double those of his richest neighbors. But the secret lay safely hid in an old yellow Bible, still in existence, upon whose fly-leaf two names may be seen faintly traced in blood.—*Sunday School Times.*

THE HOME.

Nowhere is the subtle moral influence so potent as in the home, which God intended to be the primary training-school for the commonwealth and the church. Puritan homes made puritan character. Out of many a lowly New England farmhouse with a rag carpet on its floor and a few goodly books on its table, have gone the Goodells, the Spauldings and the Mills, to our early foreign missions. They have given the best blood to the American Pulpit and American State. It was the religious atmosphere that penetrated the very core of character.

No Christian government, no healthy public conscience, no Bible philanthropies, no godly church life, can exist without their roots beneath Christian hearth-stones and family altars.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

When the Shah of Persia visited France and England he took along a chaplain to perform the religious ceremonies prescribed by the Koran, particularly the fasts, his imperial majesty being too much attached to the good things of the table to observe these himself.