

and am always so sorry when I fall." The boy stopped his outspoken thoughts and looked up to the blue sky fleeced with light clouds, which varied its monotony.

"Oh, God," he prayed, "do show me how to be good, do show me how to be a Christian." And in a moment there flashed into his mind the familiar word "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

"I believe it!" he exclaimed; "I believe what God has sent me for His Word."

"What do you believe?" said Jones, who was walking past the hedge. But Godfrey could not answer him, he rushed away in the other direction his eyes full of tears and his heart weighed down with "joy unspeakable."

CHAPTER III.—MANHOOD. *The Word loved.*

Godfrey had taken his degree. To his father's question, "What shall you do by way of profession?" he had answered "let me wait a little; let me spend a year or so at home; there is no hurry," and as money was not needed for the son of the rich squire of Malbury, Godfrey was allowed to remain unsettled. He had *received the Word*, he had *believed the Word*, but all was not yet right within. Prayer meetings, Bible readings, Scripture studies, were not enjoyed as he felt they ought to be. He loved music passionately, and at Oxford had of late chosen to attend the church where the services satisfied his taste rather than the church where the preaching would feed his soul. He loved books, books of travel, of philosophy, of history, even works of fiction. His college friends thought that he would become a writer, and a favorite nickname for him was "Professor of History." One of the curates at the church he attended urged him to take Orders. ("A man of your taste and appreciation of beauty in Christian worship would be a gain to the church.") But still he hesitated.

Shortly after leaving Oxford he was invited to join a Bible Union started by a friend of his. Its principal obligation was to read the Scriptures for at least half-an-hour daily. "I ought to read my Bible more," conscience said, and so Godfrey joined. At first there was a feeling of relief when the half-hour was over, and other books could claim his attention, but by degrees his interest in the Bible increased. Gradually the half-hour was extended to three-quarters, and at last it was a common thing for him to read for double the time fixed by the Union. A small New Testament became his constant companion and many a refreshing moment was snatched at intervals during the day, when its truths would be pondered. The fondness for other books grew less, though they would never be laid aside; the exquisite music of the church in the next village (though

he always loved it) had less attraction for him than the expository sermons, of his own vicar, now grey with age. "I can best describe my state of mind," he wrote to his curate friend at Oxford, "by Psalm 119, verse 97: Lord what love have I unto Thy law (*Word*)? all the day long is my study in it."

CHAPTER IV.—VOCATION. *The Word preached.*

"How do you manage to fill your church so wonderfully?" exclaimed the Oxford curate as he sat in Godfrey's study at Malbury Vicarage. "The singing is atrocious," he continued, with a slight shudder; "shall I ever forget the bass?" Let Godfrey's history supply the answer. At the end of the year spent with his father he was ordained. Many friends came to hear his first sermon. There was not a subject that Godfrey could not make full of interest. What would he preach on? "The beauty of Worship," said the Oxford curate. "Topics of the day," said another college friend. The need of upholding Reformation principles," said a third. And many other suggestions were made. Godfrey gave out his text: "Preach the Word," (2 Tim. iv. 2) and he kept close to his subject. It was a description of every one of his sermons. He always *preached the word*. Many other topics came across his attention. It would have been easy for him to thrill his congregation with sermons on music, literature, politics, party spirit, but he never swerved from that text. Crowds came to hear him in his first curacy, greater crowds in his second, which was in a large Midland town. When the old vicar of Malbury died, he was presented to the living, and soon the reputation of the new incumbent spread far and wide. For some years the last vicar had been unable to preach well, but his successor was young and eloquent. Malbury Church was a sight to behold on a summer evening. The incumbent of the next parish laughingly told Godfrey that the music of the preacher's voice at Malbury was more attractive to some of his people than the music of his own far-famed choir.

And when the Oxford curate (now a minor canon) went back to his well ordered cathedral services he resolved that the next time it was his turn to stand in the pulpit he would imitate his friend Godfrey and *preach the Word*.
—*Boys and Girls Companion.*

"WHEN we hear it said, as we sometimes do, that there are heathen at home and that our Christian efforts should be confined to them, my answer is, yes, so there are; and there are heathen notions at home, and that is one of them.