

Brother and Sister Salmon remained as they always had been, the peaceful light-shedders of the little band, looked up to and most tenderly loved by all the rest. Skipper Stevens and Peter Burn also remained as they were, in spite of the almost universally held idea that in the Christian life there is no such thing, that Christians must either advance or recede. I do not propose to argue this question, but if this be true how do we account for the very large number of Church members, familiar to us all, who are always in their places, always ready with their contributions, always leading week-day lives of purity, peace, and unspottedness from the world? Unambitious to occupy office of any kind, they greatly prefer to form part of the rank and file, to march with the common soldiery and do their duty humbly. Without any paltering with words must we not admit that these Christians are as stationary in their spiritual career as is the good and faithful servant in business, who, having attained a certain level, maintains it all his life, doing his duty faithfully as long as he is able and then regretfully retiring from his well-beloved work to his well-earned rest? I think so, and I believe that every pastor who is truly a shepherd is grateful for the knowledge that his congregation comprises some of these rooted and grounded ones.

But Maylie, Paterson, and Harrop were the wonders of the place. Their gifts were so very remarkable, their power over the people among whom they lived and worked so great, that it was no wonder overtures were again and again made to them to get them away into larger spheres of work. Again and again they were told that they were burying their talent in the earth, that they were wasting golden