

use his great eloquence in the service of those who were socially higher; but he said:

"The Master called his Church the light of the world. It should go, therefore, where the darkness is deepest. The place for a lighthouse is knee-deep in the surf, where the reefs are cruel and sharp, to warn the sailors off the sunken ledges, and beckon the mariners into the safe harbor. Moreover," he declared, "we must be true to the purpose of the woman who built, and the man who endowed the Church. The prosperous people have no lack of Shepherds. We will abide here."

He is old now, but his eye is not dimmed, nor his force abated; and visitors to the East often tell, on their return, of the indescribable witchery of his speech; how they were toned up by his dauntless faith, and of the imperishable love given him by the people around. They also assert that sometimes, when his head is tossed back in the stress of some burning appeal, the white hair, falling aside, shows the scar above his temple, made by Mr. Lawson, on the return from the rescue of his wife.

She is the happiest of all women, his earnest helpmeet in every endeavor; and most of his success is due to her gentle and unfaltering consecration.

For many years they had two annual visitors. One was Foley, who, with his share of the island treasure, bought an oyster craft on the Chesapeake. He often took the sturdy boy, Beverly the second, on his knee, and told him about his clipper-built catboat "heelin' up the bay wid a