

Santa Catalina and old Friends.

As it has been the good fortune of myself and Mrs. W. to spend a brief sojourn at this world renowned watering-place—where our daily programme is rest and leisure amid pleasurable and instructive surroundings—we are tempted to again renew our acquaintance with the readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, particularly as some of the incidents of our visit here will possibly be of interest to them. We wish, by way of introduction, to say that our long absence has not been because of any lack of interest in the organ of our home churches. We are still with unabated eagerness watching for its weekly visits, and devouring its well-freighted columns of welcome news and soul-inspiring thought. We are in no sense estranged from the friends of our youth or the associations of our earlier Christian experience; notwithstanding our long sojourn in the "Far West." We are as of yore, still experiencing a thrill of joy and satisfaction when we learn of the growth and progress of the missionary and educational enterprises of our Maritime Baptists. There is still magic in the name Acadia and a consciousness of peculiar interest in her sons and daughters.

This leads us to speak of the pleasures we enjoyed yesterday on this island of the Pacific, in meeting at the parsonage of the only church here our young brother, the Rev. Chas. W. Williams, with his mother and sister, Miss Lila Page Williams, the happy occupant of a beautiful home in this charming resort. Brother W., as many of your readers know, is a graduate of Acadia of the class of '83 and his sister graduated from the Seminary in '87. He spent some five years as pastor of one of our churches in Denver; and about two years ago came to this coast. After preaching in several of our Baptist pulpits he was invited to the pastorate of this church which in name is Congregational. We have learned since coming here that the church is supported by the united efforts of the Christian people of Avalon, of several different names; and it is a Christian home for all Christian visitors to the island. At the prayer meeting on Wednesday evening we were glad to listen to touching testimonies of Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, as well as Congregationalists—representing states from Florida to Minnesota—as to the spiritual up-lift, which they had enjoyed during their sojourn here, and of their unqualified appreciation of the ministrations of the pastor. Brother Williams has already done a good work here; and judging from what we have already witnessed, his prospects are bright. Miss Williams, too, as organist and co-worker in church and Sabbath-school is doing good service and reflecting honor upon her Alma Mater.

This island situated about 25 miles from the mainland is kept in close touch with Los Angeles by means of two lines of steam cars making close connections semi-daily with steam-boats running from San Pedro to this port. It is said that about 75,000 visitors are thus carried to Avalon annually. Among the many attractions of this resort may be mentioned exceptionally good beaches and smooth waters for sea-bathing and the abundance of fish. The variety, quantity and quality of fish caught are a surprise to all who come.

During this week we have witnessed the landing of many sea-beans of monstrous size, notably two which weighed 348 and 374 lbs. The latter was caught by a lady with an ordinary line and reel. The fishing is sport for visitors, but ladies and gentlemen as well as children and particularly enjoyed because of the almost perfect safety with which boats are handled in those almost continuously placid waters. There are many points of interest on the island to which visitors are daily carried both by boats and by stage, to wit the Seal-Rocks, the shell-beaches, Moonstone-beach, the isthmus, etc. Some of the shells found are very beautiful, particularly those of the Abalone and the Nautilus. Fishers of the latter usually find a ready sale for them, the purchase price being fixed either by the magnanimity of the buyer or the elastic conscience of the seller.

Santa Catalina is owned by a Syndicate, the principals of which are the Banning Bros. In earlier times this island which is about 25 miles in length, like other islands similarly situated, was the abode of vast flocks of sheep which yielded big annual returns to their owners. The Banning Bros. are now annually in receipt of a rich 'golden fleece' as the net profit of their exclusive ownership of the steam-boat transportation lines and the big hotels of Avalon which are daily thronged by the vast multitudes of pleasure-seekers. Instead of sheep herders, the employees of the Company now embrace in addition to a general manager or supervisor, the hotel managers with their scores of waiters, a strong police force and patrolmen, draymen, scavengers, besides the popular officers and sailors of the boats' crews.

We are favorably impressed with the management of the Company, as we tarry here and note with pleasure the almost perfect order and the strict attention to cleanliness which prevails on the streets and thoroughfares, particularly the quiet which is so notable at the free public concerts of music held every evening in an open park; where vast crowds assemble in seats provided, facing the band-stand. These concerts are given by a well trained Military Brass Band under the leadership of

Prof. Kammermaxa, the expense of which is borne by the Banning Bros. The remarkable equableness of the climate of Avalon is notable at those concerts as one sits there thinly clad until 9 o'clock in the evening without any inconvenience from cold.

C. A. WHITMAN.

Avalon, Santa Catalina, Sept. 2nd, 1900.

P. S. We have learned with deep regret of Brother Hall's serious illness and are praying for his speedy recovery.

The Source of Christian Liberty.

"See that ye abound in this grace also."

The following article from the Christian Intelligencer, is worthy a prayerful reading:

The source of a liberal benevolence, is, trust in God. The reason why many people give so little for charitable objects is not to be traced to selfishness or to avariciousness. It is to be traced to an anxious care to provide against the future. These people find that when their necessary expenses are deducted from their earnings, the surplus is very small indeed; when they consider then that sickness may overtake them; that as their children grow up they will call for increased expenditures; that they themselves are creeping on toward old age; when they consider such things as these, their forbodings lead them eagerly to treasure up the surplus of each year. A possible day of need takes with them the precedence over every actual case of bodily or spiritual destitution.

We have nothing to say against a wise provision for the future. The Scriptures commend such provision in the most emphatic language. But we have something to say against that provision for the future which interferes with present duty. If any one owed a neighbor a hundred dollars, would it be right for him to evade the payment of this sum on the plea that he must save all his earnings to secure himself from anxiety with reference to the years to come? And yet on this plea men continually refuse to pay the debt that they owe to the Lord. They treasure up everything for their own future wants, and the wants of the Lord's poor and unenlightened they suffer to go unsatisfied.

Now what is necessary to open the fountain of benevolence in such persons as those whom we have now described. Undoubtedly the thing necessary is, trust in God. If our blessed Saviour taught anything, he taught that when we do our present duty, we are not to worry about our future wants. We are to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and then we are confidently to rely upon our heavenly Father for all needed good. It seems to us then that as soon as a man feels that God will take care of his future, he will stop trying to take care of himself by robbing God of a liberal portion of his goods. If some rich friend should require a portion of your narrow income, you might refuse with the reply that you needed it all for the future. But if this rich friend should secure your future, should give you reliable pledges that a just liberality on your part now would not be detrimental to the supply of your wants in the days to come, would you not be foolish longer to deny his request? And when God calls men to be liberal in using their means for his glory, he excites that liberality by the most explicit promises to take care of them. He knows their proneness to be anxious about the future, and so he assures them that that future will know no lack because of what they lovingly give to him; yea, more, that that future will reap more advantage from a liberal loan made to the Lord than from one made to an earthly friend. "Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." "The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." "But this I say, he which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

As a first source of a liberal benevolence then, we inculcate trust in God. Trust in him both with reference to his particular providential care over our future, and with reference to the fulfilment of his special promises to them "that abound in this grace also."

Worship and Testimony.

R. P. CALDER.

Christian worship involves a principle which is not native to human hearts; but only the reflecting and echoing of the smile and voice of God within the soul. It is not only the revelation of the Divine love but the inflowing of the Divine life, which links the nature with God and conforms it to His image. This divine inflowing has a twofold ministry. It purifies and inspires. It not only makes the soul fit for God's dwelling, but lifts it into the conscious joy of his fellowship. Like the sun-beam which not only mirrors itself in the dewdrop but draws it up in vapor to the atmosphere in which the beam itself floats, so the smile of the great "Father of Lights," at once begets its image in the soul regenerated

by its power, and lifts the spiritual emotions into the very realm where the Light himself unclouded shines. It is out of this consciousness of holy fellowship that the voice of devotion speaks. Coming from the heavenly land, it breathes ambrosial fragrance and vibrates with music celestial. Like Moses from the Mount, it comes radiant with God's glory and burdened with God's message. This message brings to the soul a twofold joy—that of receiving and of giving. As the musician whose nerves have thrilled at the sound of beautiful melodies till every fibre of his being is charged with the harmony, feels the same sensations repeated and intensified when the strains are reproduced by himself, so the soul filled and energized by listening to God's voice repeats the heavenly joy and unconsciously lifts itself into the realm of blessed ecstasy by telling the message to others. Thus worship and testimony must ever be united in the Christian life. Worship enters the heavenly sanctuary and listens to the music that swells around the throne, the testimony fingers the keys of the organ of daily praise and reproduces the strains in the ears of a listening world. The chords heard but left unexpressed, at length die in the cramped atmosphere of the musician's soul. So to many of us the music of our heavenly experience is dormant and well nigh dead because we have not striven to give it expression in our daily lives. What God teaches us in our worship we must teach the world in our testimony. We are not to be reservoirs to hold and shut up from sunlight great depths of divine blessing, but channels through which that heavenly fullness flows down to help mankind.

In the Bright Days.

We need Christ just as much in our bright, prosperous, exalted hours as in the days of darkness, adversity and depression. We are quite in danger of thinking that religion is only for sick-rooms and funerals, and for times of great sorrow and trial—a lamp to shine at night, a staff to help when the road is rough, a friendly hand to hold us up when we are stumbling. This is not true. Jesus went to the marriage feast as well as to the home of sorrow. His religion is just as much for our hours of joy as for our days of grief. There are just as many stars in the sky at noon as at midnight, although we cannot see them in the sun's glare. And there are just as many comforts, promises, divine encouragements and blessings above us when we are in the noons of our human gladness and earthly success, as when we are in our nights of pain and shadow. We may not see them in the brightness above us, but they are there, and their benedictions fall upon us as perpetually, in a gentle rain of grace.—"Glimpses Through Life's Windows."

The Mission of an Organ.

A lady with a cottage organ moved into a house joining a saloon, and that what transpired in one place could be heard in the other.

A sweet child of the lady died and the saloon-keeper, who owned the house, professed much sympathy; but the next Saturday night a number of rough drinking men met in the saloon to have some violin music and as it was anything but soothing the poor, lonely-hearted mother doubtless thought of the organ, and going over to it began playing, and as she played, sang:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last."

She had played but one verse when all became quiet in the barroom. Then she lifted up a silent prayer that the hymn might prove a blessing; and so God ordained, for when the lady ceased, the shutters of the saloon were closed for the night.

The next evening the saloon-keeper sent two lady members of his family to ask the lady to play and sing "Jesus, lover of my soul." Wonderingly the lady complied. Still more strange, he sent in again and again.

The organ and hymn accomplished their mission. The man closed his saloon and abandoned the business.—Sel.

Prayer.

BY BELLE JENKS M'CORKLE

Each flower fair that nods and bends,
Or nestles hidden at our feet,
Is but a prayer which here or there
Sent up to God its incense sweet.

God loves these heart-born prayers,
He does not need their worded forms;
He keeps their spirit breathing airs
Of faith and trust amid life's storms,
But gives back to his earth-tried child
The word-forms of petitions burning
Changed into flowers, pure, undefiled,—
Sweet tokens of His tender yearning.

"Our Father" taught by lids divine,—
Sweet incense rising day and night,—
On lowly hearth or costly shrine
Bloom back in lilies pure and white.
O, Prayer! out-reaching of our better part—
First lapped as Mother-taught and duty,—
Then budding from a life schooled heart,
The tiny bud and bloom of beauty.—Ex.