

The Jamaica Visitor

Vol. 2.

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No. 2.

HARVEST INGATHERING RALLY SONG

Tune:—"His truth is Marching On."
Mine eyes are looking round to see the work of
"Gathering" start,
When each member of our church will take an
active, earnest part
To tell their friends and neighbours that a
Saviour claims their hearts;
His day is almost here.

Chorus:

Hasten, hasten, take your papers,
Hasten, hasten, take your papers,
Hasten, hasten, take your papers,
And do your honest part.

And not alone to friends so dear, but foreigners
as well,
In two short months the goal to reach and then
glad tidings tell,
For then we'll sing the Jubilee in conference,
church, and dell
That souls to Christ are won.

Chorus:

Hasten, hasten, bring your shillings,
Hasten, hasten, bring your shillings,
Hasten, hasten, bring your shillings,
To reach the sixteen thousand goal.

And when the call of service comes to you and
unto me,
Let us hearken to the voice which calls and heed
the Master's plea,
In My vineyard work for Me while yet the time is
called today;
The truth must speed along.

Chorus:

Hasten, hasten, tell the message,
Hasten, hasten, tell the message,
Hasten, hasten, tell the message,
His coming draweth near.

MARION G. SEITZ,

(Adapted) in *Atlantic Union Gleaner*.

THE 1927 HARVEST INGATHERING CAMPAIGN.

By the time this number of "THE VISITOR" reaches our churches, it will be time for all of us to be engaged in a definite way in the Harvest Ingathering Campaign.

I trust that not one single church will fail to lay broad and progressive plans for this effort this year. During the past month each church has received its goal chart, which must have impressed you with its appropriateness. You will notice that this chart shows 100 mission stations, and your goal is to be divided into 100 parts so that each time one portion of your goal is raised, you will paste one of the crosses by the side of one of the stations. This cross is to represent a minister being sent to the mission field.

Surely this is an impressive way of encouraging us to raise our goal this year,

thus showing that our vision of missions is world-wide, and that we are anxious to see the whole world represented, even though it be in a small way.

We sincerely trust that every member, every church and company, in our Conference will make this year's campaign the best in the history of our work. If you have not already done so, begin at once to lay plans for the work, and let us all remember that this effort cannot be wholly successful unless each one does his individual part in it. If it was so important in years past for us to make an earnest effort in this good work, how much more important it is this year, since we are one year nearer our heavenly home; and surely we cannot study the events which are transpiring around us and in the world at large, without feeling that we are fast approaching that glad day when the work will be finished, and we shall have the privilege with all those for whom we have laboured, by our means and prayers and endeavours, of being in the kingdom of God. It seems to me that if we really possess the faith which we sing about, and read about, and talk about, it would cause us to put forth a definite effort to hasten that glorious day; and really, Brethren and Sisters, I cannot think of a better way of helping the finishing of the work than to take part in the Harvest Ingathering.

This is a three-fold effort: First, we are helping to advance the cause of missions in all parts of the world, and hence are heeding the admonition of the Saviour when He told us to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature before the end comes.

Second, we are advancing the cause of the gospel in our various vicinities by visiting our neighbours and friends and bringing to their attention the work that is being conducted by our people, and giving them an opportunity of having a part in that glorious work and also the opportunity of reading this good paper, which tells not only of the progress of missions, but brings to them a message that will be meat in due season to their hungering souls.

Third, probably one of the greatest blessings that will come from this campaign is the blessing that will come to our own souls, because we cannot take part in this work without our own experience being made brighter, and our love deeper, and our Christian life brighter than before. We will feel a new throb of power in our hearts as

we go out and tell others of the good old story of salvation, and encourage them to help in this good work.

So, dear Brethren and Sisters of the Jamaica Conference, let me once more beg of you that you will personally put forth a most earnest effort in this campaign, and do all you can to encourage other Seventh-day Adventists, old or young, to launch out in this work and do their part for the advancement of the cause of God.

And now, in closing this article, I would like to call your attention to the fact that we have a great work here in the island of Jamaica, to which we may call the attention of our friends and neighbours as we meet them in this campaign. You will notice that the Harvest Ingathering magazine which we shall use in this field emphasizes the work that is being done in the West Indies and the Spanish fields nearby. You will notice that there are a number of articles from the various Islands of the British West Indies, including our own field. You will also notice that there are some good pictures in this magazine of various phases of our work here, especially of the school at Mandeville; and these things should be used as "drawing cards" to impress upon the people with whom you labour that this effort will bring special benefits to our own Island. Study your magazine well, and be in a position to tell your friends something of the wonderful work we are accomplishing; and then put your whole heart into it, and I am sure the Lord will give you success. Let us set individual goals as well as church goals, and then let us all remember our Conference goal of £300. 0. 0. and determine that by the Lord's help we will not fail this year, as we did last year, in reaching our goal.

May the Lord bless you all and give you success in this effort, and as we all labour together, let us labour with a vision of the work, and the love of souls actuating all of our efforts.

R. J. SYPE, H.M.S.

GUY'S HILL

It is a splendid company of believers who comprise the membership of the Guy's Hill church. A more loyal and earnest body of believers cannot be found anywhere. They stand true to the principles of organization and the doctrines as taught by Seventh-day Adventists.

We are living in the days when those who can be shaken will be shaken. No true Seventh-day Adventist can afford to be caught in the meshes of those who would deceive and draw them away from the organized work. This work is of God; let us be prepared to go through with it to complete victory.

I wish it were possible to reproduce in *The Visitor* a picture of the church-building now under construction. After my work at

Port Antonio, I was sent to continue the work on the building which had been suspended. Not only is this an incentive and encouragement to the brethren, but it is exerting a great influence in favour of our work in this section of the field.

It is no credit to our work to have half-finished, unsightly, and dilapidated structures where many of our people have to meet to worship God, and to present to the world as the house of the Lord. There is a great deal of religion in the way a man keeps his dwelling house, and a great deal of religion in how our places of worship are being kept. This is also verified by the comments one hears from the passers-by. "Give of your best to the Master."

It certainly calls for sacrifices of money, time, labour, and at times even reputation; but no one is going through into the Kingdom who has not made a covenant with the Lord by sacrifice.

The church-school which has an enrolment of a little over thirty, is doing well, and is also adding its quota of influence for good.

The Guy's Hill district is growing very rapidly into importance, especially around where our church is located. We expect to see quite a blazing torch of this mighty truth shedding its radiance from this summit to the districts around, yea, to the regions beyond. Pray for the work here.

HUBERT FLETCHER.

MOORE PARK

Our Harvest Festival took place on the 10th August, at about four o'clock. As I took a prospective view in the morning, I saw nothing but failure before us. In the first place, all the members felt discouraged in not hearing who would preside over the meeting; but before the hour appointed had arrived, with others I joyfully welcomed Pastor A. C. Stockhausen.

Our rude building was beautifully decorated with flowers, fruits, et cetera. It brought to my mind the day when precious souls will be harvested instead of the fruits of the field. May we all be ready for that great day.

As this was Pastor Stockhausen's first visit to the Moore Park church, his presence and appropriate remarks were doubly appreciated by all.

Last but not least, our festival was a financial success. Collection and sale amounted to the grand total of £5. 3/0d. "To God be the glory; great things He hath done."

E. M. DUNBAR.

GROVE TOWN

Another successful Missionary Programme and Young People's Rally was enjoyed by the Grove Town Church and many visitors

on the evening of August 14th. Professor L. S. Crawford, who served as chairman, Mrs. Crawford and their little son Stewart, Misses E. Parchment, L. Fraser, A. Shaw, I. Carter and Mr. R. B. Campbell came from the West Indian Training College and assisted in the programme, together with Mr. C. R. Thompson who had recently returned from the colporteur field. These rallies furnish profitable recreation for our young people, and at the same time present the truths of our time and work to a crowd which would not ordinarily come to our church or read our papers. The offerings also assist materially in repairs of the Church building.

JAMES W. SHAND.

KENCOT

On Sunday, August 14th, at 4 p.m. the members and friends in the vicinity of Kencot, St. Andrew, gathered once more at the Tabernacle, which was nicely decorated with flowers and ferns interspersed with produce of different varieties—bananas, canes, coconuts, and many other good things. We were about to have a Harvest Festival.

The choir, directed by Sister Rosamond Harrison, music teacher of the W.I.T. College, rendered a beautiful programme of songs. There were solos, duets, and choruses.

Elder Sype delivered a very helpful and instructive discourse on "Sowing and Reaping." Many beautiful thoughts were brought out. On the whole, a very enjoyable and profitable evening was spent. Kencot is the third church in Kingston to have a Harvest Festival. The next day at 8 a.m. the sale of the products took place.

One or two of the country churches generously helped to make the Festival a success by donating to us some produce.

FRANK FLETCHER.

SPANISH TOWN

On Sabbath, the 16th of July, my family and I paid a surprise visit to the church at Spanish Town. On arriving there we found a very neat, commodious, well-built chapel situated at a very quiet and healthful spot in the city. This building was constructed by Elder Fletcher. Before the Sabbath services I noticed the great reverence that the old and young had for the sanctuary of God. We spent a very happy day among them, and were only sorry that the day and its services were so short. The Sabbath school there is a bright little jewel studded with gems of beauty. It was a pleasure to hear the members pour forth the sweet songs of Zion. At the request of the superintendent Mrs. Hall gave an interesting talk on the progress of the Sabbath school where the gospel truth has gone.

The young people (though few in number) are an intelligent and lively set. Short addresses were given in the Missionary Volunteer Society by Brother Reid (a student of the West Indian Training College) and the writer.

F. HALL.

REGENT STREET, KINGSTON

On Sunday, August 20th, a very solemn and impressive scene was witnessed at the Regent Street Church, where the writer is now in charge. Eight persons, seven women and one man, were buried with their Lord in a watery grave by Elder S. U. Powell in the church baptistry. There was a good gathering of strangers and Elder Powell spoke very impressively on "The Significance of Baptism." Let us all pray that these dear members will remain steadfast to the end.

FRANK FLETCHER.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

WEST INDIAN TRAINING COLLEGE

NOTE.—Since we believe that all the readers of THE VISITOR will be glad to read the addresses given by the W. I. T. C. class of 1927, we shall present them in these columns as space permits.—Editor.

*WHOM WILL YOU SERVE?

(Concluded.)

At last the pain was not to be borne. He would face it and conquer it. He went to confession. Father Hugo questioned Stenburgh. He believed all the doctrines of the church. So the Vicar gave him absolution, and assured him that all was well. For a time he felt at ease, but then the old question returned: "You must love him very much, do you not?" He grew restless and could not settle to his work. So, wandering about, he heard of things which had not come to his notice before. One day he saw a group of persons hastening to a house near the walls, a poor place, and then he noticed others coming in the opposite direction and they, too, passed into its low doorway. He asked what was happening there, but the man he questioned could not satisfy him. This roused his curiosity.

A few days later he learned that a stranger, one of the "Reformed," lived there—one of those despised men who appealed on every occasion to the Word of God. It was hardly respectable, hardly safe, even to know them. Yet perhaps here he might find that which he sought. They might possess the secret of peace. So Stenburgh

* Baccalaureate Sermon, by Pastor W. J. Hurdon.

went to observe, perhaps to inquire, certainly not to join them; but this Reformed preacher spoke and looked as one who was walking the earth with Christ. Stenburg found what he longed for—a living faith. He felt now in his soul the fire of an ardent love. "Did all that for me! How can I ever tell men of that love, which can brighten their lives as it has mine? It is for them too, but they do not see it, as I did not. How can I preach it? I cannot speak. I am a man of few words. If I were to try, I could never speak it out. It burns in my heart, but I cannot express it—the love of Christ!" So thinking, the artist idly drew with a piece of charcoal a rough sketch of a thorn-crowned head. His eyes grew moist as he did so. Suddenly the thought flashed through his soul, "I can paint it! My brush must proclaim it. Ah! in that altar-piece his face was all agony. But that was not the truth. Love unutterable, infinite compassion, willing sacrifice!" The artist fell on his knees, and prayed to paint worthily and thus speak.

And then he wrought. The fire of genius blazed up—up to the highest fiber of his power; nay, beyond it. The new picture of the crucifixion was a wonder—almost divine. He would not sell it. He gave it, a freewill offering, to his native city. It was hung in the public gallery, and there the citizens flocked to see it, and voices were hushed and hearts melted as they stood before it, and the burghers returned to their homes knowing the love of God, and repeating to themselves the words written so distinctly beneath—"All this I did for thee;

What hast thou done for me?"

Stenburg also used to go there, and watching far back from the corner in the gallery the people who gathered about the picture, he prayed God to bless his painted sermon. One day he observed, when the rest of the visitors had left, a poor girl standing weeping bitterly before it. The artist approached her. "What grieves thee, child?" he said.

The girl turned; she was Pepita. "Oh! Signor, if He had but loved me so," she said pointing to the face of yearning love, bending above them. "I am only a poor gipsy girl. For you is the love, but not for such as I;" and her tears fell unrestrained.

"Pepita it was all for thee." And then the artist told her all. Until the late hour at which the gallery closed they sat and talked. The painter did not weary now of answering her questions, for the subject was the one that he loved best. He told the girl the story of that wondrous life, magnificent death, and crowning glory of resurrection, and also explained to her the union that redeeming love effected. She listened, received, and believed his words. "All this I did for thee."

Years after, when both the painter and the

gipsy girl had passed away, a gay young nobleman drove into Dusseldorf, and while his horses were baited, wandered into that famous gallery. He was rich, young, intelligent,—the world bright and its treasures within his grasp. He stood before Stenburg's picture, arrested. He read and re-read the legend on the frame. He could not tear himself away,—it grew into his heart. The love of Christ laid its powerful grasp upon his soul. Hours passed; the light faded; the curator touched the weeping nobleman, and told him that it was time to close the gallery. Night had come,—nay! rather for that young man, the dawn of eternal life. He was Zinzendorf. From that moment he threw life, fortune, fame, at the feet of Him Who had whispered to his heart,—

"All this I did for thee;

What hast thou done for me?"

Zinzendorf, the father of the Moravian Missions, answered the question by his devoted life in the service of God.

"This is the will of Him that sent me, that every one that seeth the son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day." Like the two on the way to Emmaus should not our hearts burn within us? Let us all say with the poet:—

"Stir me, O stir me, Lord! I care not how,
But stir my heart in passion for the world;
Stir me to give, to go, but most to pray;
Stir, till the blood-red banner be unfurled
O'er lands that still in heathen darkness lie,
O'er desert where no cross is lifted high.

"Stir me, O stir me, Lord! till all my heart
Is filled with strong compassion for these
souls;

Till thy compelling "must" drive me to
prayer;
Till thy constraining love reach to the
poles,
Far north and south, in burning, deep de-
sire,
Till east and west are caught in love's great
fire.

"Stir me, O stir me, Lord! Thy heart was
stirred

By love's the finestest fire, till thou didst give
Thine only Son, thy best-beloved One,
E'en to the dreadful cross, that I might
live;
Stir me to give myself so back to thee
That thou canst give thyself again through
me.

"Stir me, O stir me, Lord! for I can see
Thy glorious triumph-day begin to break;
The dawn already gilds the eastern sky!
O church of Christ, awake! awake!
O stir us, Lord, as heralds of that day!
The night is past, our King is on his way."

The great preacher Spurgeon used to say when young men would talk with him about

entering the ministry, "Don't be a minister if you can help it because if you can help it, God never called you; but if you cannot help it and you must preach or die, then you are the man." Service is not something to be endured; service for the cross of Christ is something to be accepted with great joy. "If we keep the face of the Saviour forever and always in sight, our toil will be sweeter than honey, and our weaving is sure to be right."

Stirred by that wonderful vision on the way to Damascus, the apostle was constrained to declare, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." What we need is the vision, and when once the vision burns its way into our hearts, nothing—not even death itself—can turn us from our purpose. In 2nd Corinthians we are told, "With open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord;" and the margin would indicate that just as we are changed into the image of God, we also become possessed of the Spirit of God.

To be an ambassador of Christ is the highest position to which any man can be called. But to be an ambassador it is not necessary to be ordained to the ministry, or to be a colporteur, or a Bible worker; but we must all be living epistles known and read of all men. Thousands will read in the Christian what they never once opened their Bibles to read. The question was asked one time of a certain minister, "Did he preach a good sermon?" And the reply to the enquiry was, "What he said was very good." "But did you not profit by the sermon?" No, not in the slightest degree." "Was it not a good sermon?" Again came the first answer "What he said was very good." "What do you mean? Did you not profit by the sermon, if what the preacher said was very good?" This was the explanation that the listener gave: "I did not profit by the discourse because I did not believe in the man who delivered it. He does not live what he preaches."

The judgment alone will reveal the effect of the dark shadow cast upon those around us by the inconsistent lives of those who profess to know the Saviour.

The other day I sent a labourer to a certain church. The worker, knowing the financial condition of the Conference and trying to save his expenses, asked for a boy to carry his grip and he would walk to the town just three miles away. The leader of the church would not hear to this but said that his son would gladly take him to town in the car. What was the surprise of the worker upon arriving in town to be told by the boy that "Father said you must buy two gallons of gas for bringing you!" That man, although a leader of the church, has a money-thirsty disposition that is bound to turn many from the path of righteousness.

"A man ceases to bring men to Christ as soon as he is known to be a selfish man." "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us, to see oursels as others see us! It wad frae monie a blunder free us, and foolish notion." Oh for a people consecrated to the service of God that would finish the work that we might go home!

I beseech you, students, speak from your hearts or do not speak at all. But if you must speak for God, be thoroughly sincere about it. It would be better that a millstone were cast about our necks and we be cast into the midst of the sea than that we become stumbling blocks in the path of others. Such a caricature is more worthy of the devil than of God. You may depend upon it that when people once suspect that you are insincere they will never listen to you except with disgust, and they will not be at all likely to believe your message if you give them cause to think that you do not believe it yourself. It is not what the Christian says so much as how the Christian acts that carries conviction to the hearts of those around him. We cannot be concerned about others until we are first concerned about ourselves. The world around us is dying; the grave is filling. Satan is exulting, and yet we have the remedy. Can it be that we do not care to win souls, do not care whether men are damned or saved? The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few. God can use and do a mighty work with the few. I think it was John Knox that said, "Give me ten men who fear no one but God, and hate nothing but sin, and desire nothing but the salvation of their fellow men, and I will shake the world." There never was a greater opportunity for service than the present time. The harvest not only is great, but is ripe already for the sickle. God is calling for men who will go down into the wheat, close up to the standing stalks. You cannot move men's hearts if you imagine yourself a superior being, always endeavouring to impress your importance upon them, condescending wonderfully when you shake hands with them. Such should be pitied. God's servants ought to feel that they are one with the people, glad to see them, shake their hands, look them straight in the eye, and call them "Brother," "Sister."

In closing I would urge you to study the methods of Christ, and endeavour to labour as He laboured. Get a vision of the fields ripe before you; try to imagine yourself going down, down to perdition and not a hand held out to save. Think of the awful consequences of an unfaithful life; for, "If we are not active in the service of Christ, we are ranking with those who are in positive hostility against Him, for we are in the position of stumbling blocks. All who would be sons and daughters of God must prove themselves co-workers with God and Christ and the heavenly angels. This is the test of every soul."

“SERVICE”*

Amid the changing scenes of earth's kaleidoscopic pictures, there moves on, without sigh of complaint, the very source of our existence. It may be traced back to creation, when it brought forth from earth's chaotic mass scenic beauty, from darkness light, from discord harmony, from nothing something. God Himself was its author, and from Him proceed the magnetic lines of force which encircle the universe, having as its revolving armature the indispensable element, love; its energizing current, Service.

All nature vies in serving, whether it be the pellucid blue-grey waters of the briny deep, or the rippling brook; the towering mountain range which melts into the horizon; or the low distant plain which carpets the earth with its verdancy; the myriads of worlds that whirl about us, or the microscopic creatures millions of which can sport in a drop of water. Nothing in God's universe lives independently of others; each acts as a medium to convey the life-giving current, Service.

No man lives unto himself; he truly lives only when he consecrates himself to service for others. The one who fails to harmonize with this general law, automatically commits suicidal crime. He may possess the breath of life in him, but he only exists; he is dead to the world at large, dead to himself, and dead to his Creator. Life then becomes a drudgery and not a pleasure. He is an off-scum of nature and an opprobrium to humanity. Such an one finds life a vacuum, because his nectar of love and service is robbed by the parching sun of his own selfishness and has left him like the arid waste of the Sahara.

It is only when our lives are impregnated with the love of Christ that we can be the best conductors to our fellowmen of the transmuting influence of service. The flower in giving up its nectar to the bee becomes fertilized and in turn produces fruit to satisfy the hunger of man; while the bee transforms its luscious juice into honey, which makes a luxury for our tables. Says an eminent American writer, "No one can give place in his own heart and life for the streams of God's blessings to flow to others, without receiving in himself a rich reward."

Take from the universe the service each component part renders and all would be chaos. The opportunity to disseminate to our fellow men the joy that may be found in life is not ensconced within the walls of plutocracy, nor yet in the domain of the servile slave; but all,—disregarding class, creed, or profession, rich or poor, young or old—may be living wires in the life line of Service, which has been and will ever be the

motive power which does something. The poet Lowell says:

"No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die, and leave his errand unfulfilled."

Christ, the greatest teacher this world has yet seen, gave a great truth which has stood the test of the ages when He told His disciples, "Whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all." True greatness can only be attained through the gateway of unselfish work for the common benefit of others. The world bows in worshipful adoration at the shrine of such an one, but shuns with abhorrence the very existence of the man who lives all for himself, indifferent to the pressing calls of perishing humanity about him.

Hundreds have worked their way up from the low valley of poverty and insignificance of birth to the mountaintop of fame and renown. How did this happen? It is by serving—the service which calls for great self-sacrifice, discomfort, and untold hardships, which is generally accomplished by poverty. Often those who serve burn out their lamps in the interest of mankind without receiving any earthly recompense; but, as with Columbus, the world in time awakens to its indebtedness to them.

Let us notice for a few brief moments the names of some who have emblazoned their names in the Westminster Abbey of fame. Shining forth with resplendent brightness like a lone star in the obscure blackness of night, is the mother and founder of the modern Red Cross, whose heroic greatness is known throughout the world. Though of high birth and lavished with all earthly comfort, she left all to nurse the cholera-stricken soldiers of the Crimea. One writer says of her, "The world is a better place to live in because of Florence Nightingale."

Another character of world fame is that of Abraham Lincoln. He was born in a log cabin with a mud floor under him, but the true temper of his soul, when he saw the inhumanity of the slave traffic, made him president of the United States—a glowing comet whose effulgence grows brighter as time lengthens.

Time will not permit us to notice the hundreds of others that have brought blessings to their fellowmen by their unselfish service. There are Edison and Marconi,

* Class motto.

who have made life sweeter by giving us music, electric light, and wireless telegraphy; and Faraday who gave us the electric motor, which has revolutionized manufacturing facilities. But far above all other human benefactors shines the light of the life of Christ, whose brilliance is as the brightness of the sun to that of the planets. The unrivalled love evinced in His service on our behalf still works upon the hearts of men in transforming them from the blackness of sin, to the immaculate purity of His own.

Hundreds, like Moses, have turned their backs on the broad road of wealth and worldly fame, to take the narrow pathway tracked out by the Man of Calvary. Such a pathway is the one chosen by the class of '27, of the W. I. T. C.

"That path leads off where flowers are dead,

Off through valleys of sorrow and pain;
It leads over mountains of faith and true love,

It leads where no sin can remain;
Yes, it leads to the depths of a suffering heart,

To the bedside of one soon to die;
It leads on and on to a shore far away,—
It leads us to Him by and by."

R. B. CAMPBELL.

CURRENT ITEMS

After the short epidemic of influenza our school work is again running smoothly, with sixty-eight enrolled.

Two new courses are being given this year: domestic science for the tenth grade young women, taught by Mrs. Peake, and current history for the eleventh and twelfth grade students, taught by Professor Crawford.

Mr. Henry Simpson has recently had several calls from his brother Clifford, who is staying in town for a month. Other callers include the Hurdon family and Mr. and Mrs. Carter.

We were all sorry to see Miss Vida Hamilton leave for Southfield on account of illness. Miss Vida Sutherland is now in charge of the laundry.

All who go between the college building and the ladies' dormitory appreciate the cement walks lately completed.

Professor and Mrs. Rathbun spent a week-end in Morant Bay, and on returning brought little May Haughton to live with them and attend the Normal training school.

Letters from Mrs. Wineland and Lorita tell of pleasant journeyings for a month before they reached the home of Mrs. Wineland's parents in Tacoma, Washington. Mrs. Wineland reports that she has gained eleven pounds thus far, and her many friends are glad to hear it.

Beverley	0 18 9	0 7 3
Bird's Hill	1 11 11	0 12 10
Bagbie	1 14 9	0 11 4
Belfield	8 7 4½	2 14 5½
Bonny Gate	0 14 6	0 3 10½
Bluefields	0 0 0	0 0 0
Bryant Hill	0 0 0	0 0 0
Brown's Town	0 0 0	0 0 0
Beeston Spring	0 0 0	0 0 0
Brittonville	0 15 4	0 0 0
Carron Hall	1 1 10	0 9 1½
Canaan	7 11 2½	0 13 0½
Contented Hall	7 10 4½	2 6 11½
Craig	0 0 0	0 0 0
Campbell's Castle	0 0 0	0 4 9
Coleyville *	3 3 0½	1 7 7½
Duxes	0 0 0	0 0 0
Darliston	2 2 9	0 19 2
Dalvey	0 0 0	0 0 0
Devon	0 9 0	0 5 0½
Everton Park	0 16 10½	1 1 7½
East End	0 0 0	0 0 0
Flower Hill	0 0 0	0 0 0
Florence Hill	0 19 10	3 12 3½
Fustic Grove	1 2 9	0 7 8
Goshen	0 0 0	0 0 0
Glengoffe *	3 12 0½	1 15 0½
Guy's Hill	3 4 6½	1 1 3½
Grove Town	0 18 7½	0 11 3
George Town	0 0 0	0 0 0
Grantsville	7 10 10½	0 19 3½
Hart Hill	5 18 8½	2 18 1½
Hill Top	0 0 0	0 0 0
Hector's River	1 4 0	0 5 9½
Jack's River	3 17 0½	2 7 3½
Jointwood	3 10 1½	0 18 0 4
Kingston	54 5 9	8 1 4
Kencot	3 15 9	13 9 11½
Lamb's River	0 0 0	0 0 0
Linstead	0 18 2	0 8 1½
Long Bay	1 7 5½	0 14 3
Little London	1 6 7	0 11 3½
Montego Bay	4 16 11½	1 12 0½
Mt. Providence	1 1 4	0 12 6
Mt. Peace	0 16 11½	0 11 0½
Mt. Carey	2 5 8	0 15 6½
Mill End	0 1 11	0 3 1
Manchioneal	0 10 0	0 10 4½
March Town	4 12 3½	1 14 7
Mandeville	23 15 8½	5 8 10
Moore Park	2 13 10½	7 16 2½
Mahogany Grove	0 0 0	0 0 0
New Port	0 0 0	0 0 0
Newell	3 17 4½	0 15 7½
New Roads	0 0 0	0 0 0
Old Harbour	0 18 7½	0 4 6
Orange	0 16 10	0 8 3
Prospect	0 0 0	0 0 0
Port Antonio	29 9 7½	5 8 10
Porus *	1 1 0	2 12 2½
Port Maria	0 0 0	0 0 0
Riversdale	1 1 9	0 16 11
Race Course	0 3 0	0 0 6
Spring Garden	0 0 0	0 0 0
Sheffield	0 0 0	0 0 0
Spanish Town *	11 10 8½	4 5 2½
St. Ann's Bay	1 19 2½	1 2 3½
Southfield	1 17 0	1 1 3½
Santa Cruz	2 17 5½	0 10 11
Seaford Town	1 10 9	0 12 7½
Sav-la-Mar	0 5 0	0 3 0
Swift River	0 0 0	0 0 0
Springfield	0 0 0	0 0 0
Sherwood Content	0 0 0	0 0 0
Sherwood Forest	1 6 6½	1 17 6
Trinityville	0 9 9	0 4 9
Troy	0 0 0	0 0 0
Tuscany	0 0 0	0 0 0
Upper Regent	11 8 9	2 7 6½
Vaughansfield	1 3 6½	1 7 10½
Waterloo	0 9 3	0 6 7½
Windsor Forest	0 0 0	0 0 0
White Hill	0 15 6	0 4 6
Norway	0 0 0	0 0 0
Isol.	2 14 2	0 17 6
Conf.	0 0 0	1 16 0
Total	250 4 6½	97 12 4½

REPORT OF TITHES AND OFFERINGS FOR MONTH OF AUGUST, 1927

Churches and Companies.	Tithes	Offerings.
Axe and Adze *	1 14 1	0 13 9
Blue Hole	0 8 11½	0 5 1½
Bellas Gate	0 13 4½	0 1 7½
Ballimoney	0 7 9	0 4 10½

The Jamaica Visitor

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JUNIOR M. V. DEPARTMENT.

WHO ARE THESE BOYS AND GIRLS?

1. The boy who called so that God heard him.—In Genesis.
2. The girl who watched her baby brother.—In Exodus.
3. The boy who came when he was called.—In Samuel.
4. The girl who saved a general.—In Kings.
5. The boy who defeated an Army.—In Samuel.
6. The girl who ran to meet her father.—In Judges.
7. The boy who died of sunstroke.—In Kings.
8. The girl who won the beauty prize.—In Esther.
9. The boy who became a good King.—In Chronicles.
10. The girl who had a cruel mother.—Mark.
11. The boy who gave his lunch away.—In John.
12. The girl who was raised from the dead.—In Mark.

Who of the Junior M.V.'s will be among the first ten to send to the Editor a correct list of these twelve Bible boys and girls? In the first VISITOR appearing after the first ten correct lists are received, we will print the names of the senders, if the chapter is given in each case. Each Junior should give his name, age, and address with his answers. Juniors are fourteen years of age or under.

A LETTER FROM A JUNIOR

On Sabbath, September 3, after the little company at Spring Garden had Sabbath school and service, we enjoyed the evening by reading the *Visitor*. We were much interested in it, especially about the students. Surely the *Visitor* is a great help to us. As my father read, while I listened, my heart swelled within me, and I said to myself, if I should grow to be a big boy and have the means, I would try by all means to get to the Training School. Oh, what a rejoicing it would be to my heart and soul. My age is fourteen, and I feel a desire to do some work for Jesus.

On another Sabbath very early in the morning, I was looking for a book on the centre table to read, when I saw a letter. After looking at it, I found that it was an investment programme, and I read it and found it very interesting. I then made up my mind to tell my father about it. As soon as he got up, I showed it to him, and, praise the Lord, I got him to donate a bread-fruit tree and a banana root for missions. Even when I am little, the Lord has led me to do something for Him. I am also the Sabbath school secretary.

LEE A. GOULDBOURNE.

PERSISTENCE AND PRAYER

In a letter from Elder M. A. Hollister, now president of the East Caribbean Union Conference, he writes in part as follows:

"Your Harvest Ingathering campaign will be starting pretty soon, and I thought I would like to tell you of one of our men, a Frenchman, who set himself a goal, even though he could speak little English and had to work English territory. He went from home to home until he had visited four hundred, and had received but six cents; then he decided to have a talk with the Lord about it. He went out again and soon reached his goal. Here are two good lessons: one of persistence, and other the reward of prayer."

—Central Union Outlook.

COLPORTEUR WORK IN THE JAMAICA CONFERENCE FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST, 1927

Names	Book	Hrs.	Orders	Value of	
				Orders	Orders
R. B. Campbell	H.P.	70	37	51 11 3	
	H.W.			*13 8 3	
U. E. Morgan	H.W.	79	30	17 7 6	
	C.O.S.			*24 6 0	
A W. Heron	R.J.	46			
	D.R.			*33 0 0	
D. B. Reid	H.W.	16			
				*10 12 0	
D. L. Barnes	" "	16			
				*10 6 0	
R E. Bowyer	" "	20			
				3 18 0	
				*13 18 0	
H. D. Lawrence	H.W.	31	8	7 18 0	
	C.O.S.			*4 10 0	
J. D. Robinson	H.W.	27	21	22 18 0	
				*1 5 0	
E. G. Bramwell	" "	8			
				*1 14 0	
Miscellaneous				101 5 4	
				*24 5 8	
		313	96	204 18 1	
				*137 4 11	

* Value of Deliveries

O. P. REID, F.M.S.

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good without somebody's being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—Phillips Brooks.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Florence Stewart was born at March Town and died in the Lucea hospital August 29, 1927, after an operation. Sister Stewart accepted the Seventh-day Adventist faith under the labours of Elder W. J. Hurdon and was baptized by him. After receiving this message she went around to all those whom she used to lead and used all her influence to show them that she had been leading them in the wrong way. She was one of our best missionaries. There was nowhere that our sister was afraid to go, though suffering. She laboured in the hills trying to bring in others. While in the hospital, though sick, she made her light shine by helping others. She died with a bright hope of the resurrection. Before she passed away, she sang song number two in "Christ in Song," White Leaves. She also told another sister that was in the hospital with her to try to be faithful to the end that they might meet in the first resurrection. She is gone from us, and with her husband and daughter we mourn her loss.

C. INNS.

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