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## The New Donation

(Adelbert F. Caldwell, in 'Zion's Herald.')

'Not anything!' Miss Pamela Flint stood irresolutely holding the door knob, her fingers opening and shutting in sheer nervousness. 'You don't mean—that!'

'No-o; not exactly. I may give something, but as for making donations the way we've been doing for years—I'm tired and sick of it. Not for myself; of course you understand that—but for the minister. Sit down a minute; do not go!' and Mrs. Maxwell pushed a chair invitingly towards her morning caller.

'Only for a minute—I've got ten families to see,' looking anxiously at the clock. Then you don't propose?—

'It's this way,' interrupted Mrs. Maxwell, energetically. 'I've given it considerable thought lately—ever since the new minister was appointed. Donations are all right in their way—I mean the spirit of them; but to give a minister packages and packages of prunes (ten to one not any of the family eat them), and rice and crackers, and—well, things they don't care a straw for—and set their own price on them, deducting it from his salary, which, heaven knows, is small enough—it's a shame, a downright imposition.'

She stopped to recover breath.

'I hadn't realized till the Kendalls moved away what it meant. I was over there helping them pack, and you should have seen the stuff we'd donated—nobody could use it. It made me fairly ashamed. I wouldn't have such things in my house; and all the while Mrs. Kendall was so sweet about it.'

'Then you think we'd better not have one?' suggested Pamela, rising.

'I didn't say that. But what I do think is this: If we have a donation, let it be a donation—strictly; not a part (and a principal part at that) of his salary. It stands to reason that they know what they want to live on better than'—She hesitated diplomatically. 'To my thinking the parsonage has furnished a place for our superfluous groceries and things we don't want, long enough.'

'I hadn't looked at it in just that light before,' said Miss Pamela, meekly. 'Perhaps there is something in what you say, after all, come to think of it.'

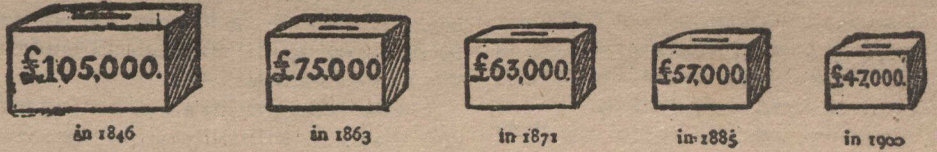
'I should say there is,' emphatically. 'I wouldn't want to be donated—not the way it's done here, to take the place of part salary, and I'm not afraid to say so. I've kept silence long enough. If the church wants to give a donation, let them give it, and say so! Then, too, one shouldn't live by bread alone,' meaningly.

'Shall I tell folks what you've said—would you be willing?' and Pamela Flint hesitated on the cleanly swept verandah.

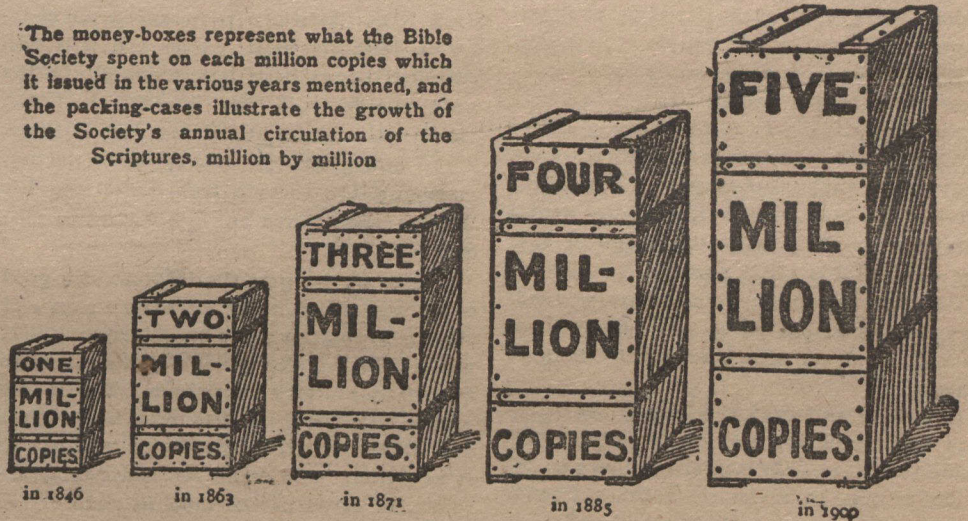
'If you think best: I have no objections. I had planned seeing as many of the church people as I could myself; perhaps you can help me.'

'I didn't say one word too much!'

'Twas after her caller had gone, and Mrs. Maxwell was once more with her baking.



The money-boxes represent what the Bible Society spent on each million copies which it issued in the various years mentioned, and the packing-cases illustrate the growth of the Society's annual circulation of the Scriptures, million by million



### A CENTURY OF BIBLE CIRCULATION.

In March of this year the British and Foreign Bible Society entered upon its hundredth year, and not the least interesting fact in connection with the Society's remarkable history is the gradual cheapening in the reproduction of the Scriptures which has taken place. Wages and the cost of living have increased to a very large extent; but this has been far more than balanced by the cheapening of material, printing, binding, and transport; so that whereas in 1846 a million copies of the Scriptures cost £105,000, at the present time the same quantity costs only three-sevenths of that sum. The diagrams, which we are enabled to publish by the courtesy of the Society, show at a glance the cost per million copies at the various periods in the history of the organization, and also the annual circulation of the Scriptures in the same representative years. Of course, a large factor in the cheapening process has been the improvement in administration, which may now

be said to be almost perfect. The Society's list of versions, which in 1846 contained 138 different languages, to-day includes no fewer than 367 languages and dialects, and every year new demands are made upon the workers of this great organization.

The British and Foreign Bible Society is making a big effort to celebrate its hundredth birthday, and a Centenary Fund of a quarter of a million guineas is to be raised to extend its work at home and abroad. There certainly should be no difficulty in obtaining this sum from the Christian people of the United Kingdom, for, as the Society's monthly organ points out, the South African War cost as much as that each day it lasted; the people of the United States spend twelve times as much as that every week in strong drink; and the smokers of the United Kingdom burn three times as much every fortnight in tobacco.—'Sunday Magazine.'

'It's only a makeshift for some persons to get rid of paying money—it's the truth. Last year Deacon Hilburn took twenty pounds of popcorn, and charged eight cents a pound for it—could get it anywhere for four and a half! He made so much, and off the minister, too! They are long-suffering mortals—some of them,' and she looked thoughtfully out of the spotlessly curtained window, rolling-pin in hand. 'There's William Tripp—no wonder people call him "Stingy Bill"—did the meanest trick I ever heard of, absolutely the meanest. To haul to the donation half a ton of musty straw; and he knew the minister didn't keep a horse! What'd he want of bedding, at least that kind? And when the salary was being made up at the end of the year, he said he'd paid his—in straw!'

She stopped a moment to reflect.

'No wonder a person feels indignant

sometimes, and there are occasions when I don't believe the Lord's going to lay it, up against one.'

That week was exceedingly busy for Mrs. Maxwell. By Saturday night—the donation was to be the following Monday—she had seen personally every member of the church, or, at least, the head of every family.

'If it isn't a different kind of a donation this time, I'll miss my guess,' she said, laying aside her wraps, preparatory to getting supper. 'No straw and eight-cent popcorn for this minister! I just told William Tripp what's what, and I guess he understood when I got through. If the women have to do such things, they must, that's all!'

Mrs. Maxwell kept her own counsel regarding the nature of the donation. 'Twas to be a surprise—she didn't know herself all there was in store for Monday night.