

## PREACHERS EXCHANGING VIEWS.

Conference, Not Criticism—Not a Review Section—Not Discussions But Experiences and Suggestions.

## My Donation Party.

FOR THE PRIZE.

It was during the year 1873—remembered by many ministers as the year of small marriage fees, small and irregularly paid salaries. I was pastor of a small church in one of the manufacturing towns of New Jersey, with 110 members, of whom only one man owned his home.

Salary came in slowly—indeed it seemed cruel to speak of my needs, seeing the needs of my members. But trouble seldom comes singly, and I was smitten with an ulcerated sore throat, and for six long weeks I was a prisoner.

God only knows what the record of that six weeks was, except that we never wanted for bread, and water was plenty at a depth of 54 feet.

My officials realized my situation, and thought that relief might be had from a Donation Party, in hopes that others than members might be able and willing to lend a helping hand.

So it was announced from pulpit and from daily press, that a Donation Party would be given at the Parsonage on Tuesday eve.

A few good sisters came early, and brought some cakes, etc., etc. A loving wife, fearing a lack, had made provision also, but by the time supper was ready, the corner store had been visited for many things, such as butter, cheese, bread, etc.

All parties were invited to deposit upon a large table provided their donations, and after a good supper, a social time, songs and prayer, friends bade us good-night, congratulated us upon the handsome donation we had, for the table actually groaned beneath the loads of goods deposited, and they stood up against the wall fully two feet.

After the departure of friends, the business of opening and emptying began. Then we saw four large paper sacks marked xxx flour, Minneapolis, Minn. But wife stopped me ere I put down 200 lbs. of flour at \$7.00 by saying, "See!" The first sack opened revealed four heads of cabbage, next a peck or more of turnips; next came a sack of potatoes, next a sack of beets and onions.

There were four paper bags full of what by appearance we took for sugar. We discovered (after emptying one into our sugar box and spoiling what sugar we had) that that was salt; so another; while two which looked like light brown sugar contained corn meal. But here next are six packages of coffee, 2 lbs. each; but, lo and behold, they were only six quarts of poor man's beans—and thus it continued. We did find some soap, a little tea, a pound or two of sugar; but the bulk of the donation was as stated. The next day's paper gave a glowing account of the large party, of the banquet and of provision enough to last the Dominion six months, valued at from \$50 to \$60. The market value of the whole was \$2.30. My bill at the store was \$2.75. Of what we had in stock all was gone, and I had, as set off, the good-will of all, the opinion of the masses that I had no further need, and a host of friends into the bargain.

Now I am not ready to blame any one, for each one was ignorant of the other's doing, and as they wanted to do something, as the best they could do was to bring what they did,—not wishing to let the people know what they brought, they chose to cover their goods in the manner already stated.

Salary came in very slowly for the