

our Women's work for the women of India and of those missionaries who belong to the Baptists of Canada and who have heard the call, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Then let us, dear fellow-workers, go on endeavoring to fulfill our mission and its work.

Believe me, Yours in work for Jesus,

JANE CLAXTON,

Pres. For. Miss. Soc'y.

Westmount, Nov. 22, 1895

HOW MUCH IS HE WORTH?

How much is he worth? Let them tell us who can,
Not the sum of his gold, but the worth of the man.

To the world of living men.

For worth is the things possessed,

'Tis the wealth of the mind; 'tis the heart in the breast.

'Tis the goodness that blesses and is blest.

A millionaire? What then?

How much is he worth? Let them tell us who can.

There's less in the purse, but there's more in the man

To count in the world of men.

For he holds the most precious thing possessed;

He's wealth in his mind; he's a heart in his breast.

And the love of the hearts that his love has blessed

Humble and poor? What then?

How much is he worth? Let death declare

With his touch of peace on the brow of care,

And the kind heart hushed to sleep

There's rest at last for the toiling hand;

But the seed it dropped in the fruitful land

Hath harvest as measureless as the sand

On the shores of the infinite deep.

How much is he worth? Let the angels declare

The worth to heaven of his chosen heir

To God of his saintly men;

A life with fragrant memories fraught

A soul resplendent with good deeds wrought

A victor and king to the crowning brought

In the palace of God? And then?

GEORGE H. HUSTON

Medical Missionary Record

SOME LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

Mrs. Carr's parlor was filled. It was the monthly meeting of the woman's missionary society, and Mrs. Carr had determined to have a good representation. She had a beautiful home, was a lovely hostess, and it was to be a social gathering; all of which had much to do with the representation.

"We're tired of sewing, we're tired of programmes, and about everything connected with the society," and Mrs. Wall, as she dropped into the first wicker chair, with a sigh of satisfaction. "I mean to talk this afternoon. How did you ever draw all these people here, Eleanor?" addressing her hostess. "The greater part never come at all."

Mrs. Carr smiled a quizzical smile as she looked around upon the company.

"I wonder somewhat myself. It does seem a little

strange that people should most readily flock together when the chief object is to disband.

"Yes, I heard that was the call," replied Mrs. Wall. "I know of several societies that have disbanded; it is so difficult to bring the members together. The Oak Hill church society is one. In fact, to all intents and purposes it had disbanded six months before it did so formally—died, you might say."

"Well, it's time we did something. I must confess I am losing all interest. How is the treasury?"

"It is here, and that is all," chirped Mrs. Bird rather indifferently, holding up to view a slim pocketbook. "The contents would not keep a mouse alive, let alone a missionary; but then I don't hear of so much being done in the field."

"And it is such hard times," put in Mrs. Bailly. "My husband says they will be worse before they are better, and he feels that we must economize."

"That is so," corroborated Mrs. Willis, as she smoothed down her new India silk. "There are so many little outgoes, and the pennies every week or month to the cause mount up so rapidly; and I think with Mrs. Bird that there isn't so much being done, after all. I don't hear of much."

"I quite agree with you," Mrs. Niles had just entered, and was untying her bonnet strings. "I haven't seen anything about the missionary work for months."

"What a beautiful bonnet!" exclaimed Madge Cary, breaking in on the conversation. "I do believe in saying a thing is pretty if you think so."

"I like it myself," said Mrs. Niles, smoothing out the strings. "It was a bargain, too. On Fourth Street I should have had to pay twelve dollars, but I got it for seven dollars on Eighth. I could have done without it, but Belle told me to take it anyway at that price, and I've felt like economizing ever since."

"What have you done?" gayly asked Mrs. Wall. "Given up something you did not want?"

"Yes, do tell us how you made up that seven dollars?" said Miss Holly anxiously.

"Well, first I made my new lace waist myself; then I saved car fare for a month; and—"

"And what?" curiously asked Mrs. Wall, as the speaker hesitated.

"Well, I never had time to read it, and so I never got anything out of it, and so I stopped our missionary magazine. I had to cut off something," she continued, half apologetically.

"O, that is nothing. I stopped it last year along with my fashion journal. I treated both alike, along with *Harper's*," returned Mrs. Wall, with a conscientious air.

"So did I," joined in another voice. "I knew my sixty cents would not go very far."

"As I said," repeated Mrs. Niles, "I did not have time to read it, and it did seem wrong to pay out money for nothing, to throw into the wastebasket."

"Why did you not send it to some one who did have time?" suggested Mrs. Carr.

"That would have cost more money extra postage," she answered, with thoughtless argument; "there would have been nothing saved in that."

"I still claim that I can't see so much being done in missions," Mrs. Bird insisted. "And we don't help the missionary cause by subscribing for the magazine."

"Perhaps not—in such a way," Mrs. Carr gently hinted. "But—" she stopped abruptly. "Speaking of time, I was thinking of the little time Miss H. must have