

comprehensive as the former. Lightly, insincerely and meaningless do we, as a rule, hear the question, "How are you?" asked. But what does it imply? If we mean anything by it, we cannot refer to less than health, but in asking we would seem to imply that nothing more nor greater than physical condition is the subject of our frequently assumed solicitude. Wider than this is its meaning; wider at all events it ought to be. How are you, physically, is good, but if the question brings to your mind your morality and spirituality it is better. Were the question thought of in the broad sense, what an inspiration would the brotherly salutation imply, reminding one so often throughout the day, in the market, in the bank, in the shop, are you true, are you just, are you merciful, are you generous, are you reverential, are you brotherly, are you fulfilling some good purpose in life? or, "How are you?"

And so the apparently impertinent question "How old are you?" is quite as pertinent, after all, as "How are you?" when applied to more than mere physical life. Were we to ask how old are you in experience, we would begin to think of the possibilities and limitations of human nature, of intelligence, and of spirituality. Li voiced his meaning in the question more accurately, when he said to Sir Henry Joly de Lotbinniers, "I trust your virtues are equal to your years."

It is equivalent to asking how old are you in mental acumen? how advanced in politics, art, science? how sensitive to the influence and the inspiration of good? how old are you in virtue?

And the question comes to us, How old are we—what are we old in? Are we old in intemperance, old in profanity, old in duplicity, old in extravagance, old in the theft of men's character, if not their goods? Are we old in jealousy, covetousness, in the cultivation of a bad disposition or a good one? Are we old in years, and old also in carelessness and sin? Experience is not

counted by years, but by action, by effort, by knowledge, by advancement, by cultivation, by result. Some men will take out of life and give to life as much in five years as others in fifty years. "How old are you?" does not mean, How long have you been feeding off the earth alone? but How much have you done to raise life and mankind to a truer reflection of the Divinity that should shape our ends.

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### NEW EVERY MORNING.

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Every day is a fresh beginning,  
Every morn is the world made new,  
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,  
Here is a beautiful hope for you;  
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over.  
The tasks are done and the tears are shed.  
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;  
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,  
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever:  
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,  
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never  
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,  
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,  
Cannot undo and cannot atone:  
God in His mercy receive, forgive them!  
Only the new days are our own,  
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly.  
Here is the spent earth all reborn,  
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly  
To face the sun, and to share with the morn  
In the chrisom of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning,  
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,  
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,  
And puzzles forecasted, and possible pain,  
Take heart with the day, and begin again!