

withhold their services. They have settled down into a condition of apathy that is deplorable.

The things that we labor for are the things that we have an interest in. Now, the greater our love for the Society, the more alert will we be to aid in its progress. Every true Friend will be eager to perform his honest duty, seeing not how little but how *much* he can do to advance our cause. We ought never to lose sight of the truth that a sect grows in proportion to the development of its zeal. Its progress depends mainly upon continuous additions to its minstry and the dissemination of its literature, and this is equivalent to saying, it must have active men and women behind it. Is our Society doing all that we can reasonably expect it to do? I fear not. Contact with the indifferent ones arouses the feeling of unused power and quickens the consciousness to responsibility. Now I come to a point that I cannot let pass. We who are interested in the life and the growth of the Society of Friends, are not always sympathetically interested in those whom we denominate "the indifferent." We can very often help a brother to find his right place. We can help him to the possession of that which he needs. If it be words of sympathy, we will not withhold it. If it be of commendation, we will not be slow to utter them. Not until we learn to recognize the spirit that needs our help,—not until we are earnestly concerned in our brother's progress, shall we as a church see a growth towards permanency. All of us owe more to personal influence than we realize, yet we often are remiss in this one duty of helping others upward and onward, through the power of the spoken word. The human heart is so formed that its depths can be reached only through love and sympathy. Apart from our religious belief we find our highest life in mutual service. Herein lies the secret of Power.

"Could we make true our wish to-day,  
Life would mean work and yet mean  
Heaven,

For work and joy go hand in hand,  
And their's no happier in the land  
Then those who labor, plan, and pray,  
And live with God, for man, each day."

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### "HOW OLD ARE YOU?"

Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese Ambassador, visited in September, 1896, the United States and Canada, or rather called off at a few points on his way home from an extended visit in Europe. Reporters, as well as others, found him an interrogator of the first water. Gentlemen and ladies of note were introduced to him, and what appeared so quaint and often so out of place, was an oft repeated question of his. It became a by-word, and was made to do duty in cartoons and the like. Its repetition always provoked a smile, and many a smile passed in anticipation of the question. And the question was, in English, "How old are you?"

It seemed to come at times with peculiar abruptness and directness, especially to people somewhat sensitive to such a personal allusion. People, as a rule, did not catch its significance, but thought the old gentleman, who had enjoyed more than ordinary length of years, was slightly vain or curious and delighted in comparison, or was the victim of habit. It did not occur to many that it might be a form of Oriental salutation, a common greeting or introduction to further conversation, or in lieu of it. Instead of employing the atmosphere and temperature as subjects of remark, instead of meeting you with the question, "How are you?" you were met with, "How old are you?" and, when one stops to consider these two questions with a view of penetrating any serious meaning, one is struck with the possible equivalent in them. The latter is quite as