

WE ARE NOT OLD.

We are not old, though years have rolled
Like shadows from our path away,
Since first to me thou didst unfold
Thy love—oh! happy, happy day!
We are not old!

Thy cheeks are fairer than the rose,
Thy lips are sweeter than the dew,
Thy hand is whiter than the snows,
And as the heavens thine eyes are blue:
We are not old!

Time deathly gently with us here,
No change our hearts have ever known;
Our joy increases year by year,
For sweet contentment is our own:
We are not old!

's in the past may we glide on,
All gently down the stream of life;
And when we reach our journey's end,
May we together rest—my wife:
We are not old!

WHY HAD HE LEFT HER?

"Papa, I would thank you for a check for three hundred pounds, before you go down town this morning."
"Why do you want so much, Antheine? I thought I gave you enough, yesterday."
"True, papa; but Madame Fontaine gives a wedding reception, for her daughter Clara, next Wednesday evening, and I must have a dress suitable for the occasion."
"Certainly my dear; your father delights in nothing so much as in seeing you enjoy the rich blessings that have been given us. I love to see you look a very queen among the rest. I was sadly disturbed yesterday afternoon."
"Why, papa?"
And stately Antheine Elleston leaned over the velvet easy-chair, and drew her white fingers caressingly through the silky white hair of the father she loved so well.
"Because just as I was leaving my office to step into the carriage, a little black-eyed child, with such a famished face, put out her thin hand and begged for a penny—only one, because her papa was so sick and hungry. I was tired, cold and impatient, and I knew I had nothing else than a sovereign in my pocket, so I told the child I had nothing for her, and hurried into the carriage, and told John to drive on."
"But I caught the disappointed look on that child's face, and it has haunted me ever since."
"My dear father, you are too sensitive about such things. You are in no way to blame. You cannot be expected to give to every beggar child you meet."
"I know that Thenia," which was his pet name for his elegant daughter; "but I have been thinking that, as Heaven has given much to us, He will expect much from us."
"We do all we can, I am sure; and I would think no more about this little incident. The child will get along, no doubt, well enough. They all manage to live in some way."
So the matter rested; neither father nor daughter forgetting it, either when the costly dress was bought, or later still, when in the elegantly appointed boudoir, Antheine Elleston stood before the long pier-glass, that reflected back her stately form in all its queen-like beauty, arrayed in the sea-green silk, whose folds as she moved, seemed like so many silver-tipped waves, half hid though they were by the costly lace flounces.
Diamonds and rubies sparkled on her fair neck, were clasped on each shapely arm, and shone amid the satin-like coils of her dark hair, that was wound in the form of a coronet around her head, and a gem larger than the rest sparkled above her forehead.
She was a beautiful woman; she knew it, and gloriéd in it. Her father was proud of her, and she strove to please him; but that which stole her heart, and made her so haughty and reserved—so heartless, as her admirers said—was the fearful blow she received when only eighteen.
On that eighteenth birthday the grand old mansion was thrown open to a goodly company, and Antheine, in her fair young beauty, with the orange flowers on the brow, sat waiting with her bridal-ropes around her, for him, who had chosen her to walk beside him down life's pathway.
Paul Wellington was a noble fellow—manly, truthful, and upright in every action of his life; even then, though only twenty-five a lawyer of some note.
But on that bride-night, with the guests awaiting, and the bride as beautiful and loving as a bride could be, no bridegroom claimed the bride.
A telegraph to his distant home was sent, and the answer came at once that Paul Wellington, on the day he expected to start for his wedding, sailed in a steamer for India, without any explanation whatever.
It was a fearful blow to poor Antheine, but her pride came to her rescue, and when she went out again she was, as we find her now, stately, and far more beautiful than in loving girlhood.
It is seven years since that night, when the act of her lover, who seemed so noble and good to her, sent the chillness of death to her heart.
It was past understanding, and after a time she ceased trying to comprehend it, and sealed her heart to mankind, clinging only to her father, who isolated her.
Paul Wellington came from India,

came once to Antheine, and begged to see her, but she refused to meet him.
Then he sent her a letter, entreating her to read his explanation, but she returned it unopened.
He became distinguished in his profession, and occasionally they met in society, and though Antheine could not help noticing the sad expression on his face, she invariably avoided meeting his glance, and when obliged to speak to him, she did so with as much coolness as politeness would allow.
To-night she knows that Paul Wellington is to be an honored guest at her friend's house, and almost unconsciously she has chosen her dress to suit his taste, as she remembered it so long ago.
Now she fastens her gloves and picks up her jeweled bouquet holder, in a half reverie, thinking, perhaps, of a time when she was the bride expectant, as happy for a little time as the bride she was going to greet.
"Oh, will happiness ever come to me again?" she murmurs softly to herself, as she sinks on the carriage cushions and is driven rapidly away.
The parlors were crowded, the music was perfect, the guests the gayest, the bride and bridegroom the handsomest, the whole scene like some fairy picture, but somehow, in spite of the admiration universally accorded to her, as she moved up and down the long room, looking every inch a queen in her royal beauty, her heart was strangely sad, and it was a positive relief when a maid in attendance brought her a sealed note.
Breaking the seal in the dressing-room, she read:
"In memory of one who loved you, 'not wisely, but too well,' come to your dying cousin, I send my little daughter to conduct you, late though it is. You won't refuse me, Antheine; you cannot when I am dying."
JAMES HOLMES."
It was all very strange, but Antheine, noble-hearted as ever, never hesitated one moment.
That cousin, James, had been the bane of her life. A gay, frolicsome fellow, whose love for jokes was unbounded, and whose love for Antheine was a mixture of teasing and adoration.
A long time ago he declared his intention of going to seek his fortune and a wife and this note Antheine holds in her hand is the first they have heard of him all these long years.
It took but a moment to send for her father, and give their adieu to their hostess, and they found the little girl waiting at the gate and then directed their driver to the address she gave.
But it was a sudden change, to go from the grand mansion, with its beautiful gait and grounds, and music and feasting, only a few streets back, into such depth of misery and filth and wickedness as they found themselves, when the carriage stopped before a tumble down looking building, with broken windows and rickety steps.
Even Antheine's step faltered as they followed the quick step of the little girl up broken stairways, down dark passages, until the garret was reached at last, hearing at every door the vilest oaths, and often screams and blows.
Antheine had often visited the poor, and to the sick and needy had often brought clothes and delicacies, but such misery she had read of, but thought it a stretch of a vivid writer's imagination—now she knew it to be real.
Opening the door that was hanging by one hinge, they entered the room of death.
One tallow-candle lighted the room, but after the darkness of the hall, it seemed quite bright, and showed plainly the straw bed in the corner, on which lay gasping the little girl's father.
It seemed impossible that the faded, yellow face and attenuated form could ever have been that of the dashing and fun-loving James.
"Oh, Thenia, I knew you would come! I felt you must," said he feebly, as he held out a thin hand to each of them. "God is good, when I least deserve it."
"Tut, tut, boy; why haven't you sent to us—may, come to us, instead of suffering like this," spoke out good Mr. Elleston.
"Oh, uncle, I could not until life was despaired of, come to those I have so deeply injured!"
"Hush, James; you were wild, but you never hurt us, and it is folly to talk so. You must go home with us now."
"Uncle—Antheine, your kindness overpowers me. Don't you see—can't you see that I am dying? and, oh, I must tell you while life lasts."
"Tell us what, James?" asked Antheine softly, as she put her cool, soft hand over his fevered forehead.
"Thenia, do you remember your wedding night, seven years ago? And did you ever wonder why Paul never came to you?"
"Yes, yes, indeed. Tell me, do you know why?" and unconsciously she drew nearer.
"Oh, Thenia, it was some of my accursed folly. I loved you and hated Paul, and was envious of him for having won what I was unworthy of. And the morning before he expected to start for you, he received a letter telling him you were married to your

cousin, James Holmes, and were to start immediately on your bridal-tour, bidding him forget you and seek some one more worthy. To that letter your name was signed, Thenia, and it was posted here. You know Paul's proud heart, how such a blow was death to him, and how he sailed in the first vessel that left the harbor."
"I thought to win you then, Thenia; but in your proud eyes I saw no hope of ever taking Paul's place, so I went away and found a soft-voiced little girl, who loved me only too well, and only lived long enough after I called her wife to give me a little velvet-checked baby; whom we christened Antheine, after you; and then, with that innocent baby looking into my eyes, I wrote again to Paul, and confessed my wickedness. Directly, with new hopes, he came to you, but you refused to see him. He wrote to you, but you returned his letter unopened, and with a saddened heart he began anew, striving for fame and honor, that you might know he was incapable of the base act of which you believed him guilty. When he sought me he could not find me, until a few days ago. It was very wicked, Thenia, but oh, forgive me!" pleaded the dying man.
"It was wicked, James, but we were taught to forgive," spoke up her clear, pure voice, though her eyes were full of tears.
Poor James Holmes was weeping, too, as he gathered his little girl closer, but he was failing, as they could see.
Suddenly his eyes brightened, and said he, feebly:
"There is his step on the stairs now. Thank Heaven! he has not come too late. I can now see the hands clasped that I once separated."
A moment more and Paul Wellington, in all his noble manhood, stood before them.
One clasp of the sick man's hand, one look in Antheine's eyes, and the estranged ones were weeping in each other's arms.
Out of the darkness came light. Henceforth when they wept they would weep together.
Mr. Elleston grasped Paul's hand warmly, and they turned to him whose troubled look still told that life's care was not yet ended. He was pointing to his little daughter.
"She shall be cherished and cared for," was Paul's solemn answer, as he put his hand on her curly head, while her little eyes looked from one to another in childish wonder.
All care was over. He had sinned much, and much had been forgiven.
The film of death was gathering now, but a settled peace came over his face, as his uncle prayed that Heaven would be merciful, and then his soul was borne from earth away.
Months after this, when the little one had grown accustomed to her new home and her new relatives, there was a joyous, but quiet wedding. Antheine is as queen-like and beautiful as ever, but her greatest joy is in her own home with her father, and husband and children.
Her little namesake is tenderly cherished and little pleading voices that say, "A penny—only one," are never turned away empty handed, for the little dark-eyed child that haunted Mr. Elleston so was poor James's little Antheine.

Tired Birds.

Many of our birds fly several thousand miles every autumn, passing not only over Florida, where they might find perpetual summer, but over the Gulf and far beyond into the great summer-land of the Amazon, after a short stay returning again to the North, penetrating to the extreme shores of the Arctic seas. How the small birds fly so great distances is almost incomprehensible; but I have seen many of our small feathered friends on the little Key of Tortugas, two hundred miles or more from Cape Florida, the jumping-off place of the United States. Great flocks of them would alight upon the walls of the fort, especially during storms, evidently thoroughly tired; but the next day they were up and away off over the great stretch of the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea.
Numbers of the English birds and many from Northern Europe make yearly voyages down into the African continent, and careful observers state that they have seen the great storks, so common in Germany, moving along high in the air, bearing on their broad backs numbers of small birds that had taken free passage, or were, perhaps, stealing a ride. In these wonderful migrations many birds are blown out to sea and lost, while others become so fatigued and worn out that they will alight upon boats. A New England fisherman, who in the autumn follows his calling fourteen or fifteen miles out from shore, informed me that nearly every day he had four or five small birds as companions. They had wandered off from shore, or were flying across the great bay on the lower coast of Maine, and had dropped down to rest. One day the same fisherman fell asleep while holding his line, and upon suddenly opening his eyes there sat a little bird on his hand, demurely cocking its head this way and that, as if wondering whether he was an old wreck or a piece of driftwood.

Horse Training in Arabia.

The training of the Arab horse has to endure is not only very severe, but it embraces a more varied system of exercise than falls to the lot of the English horse. The Arabs not only train their horses to endure fatigue, hunger, and thirst, and the maneuvers so necessary in battle, but they also teach them to shine at feasts by the following accomplishments:
El Entrabe "the caracol." The horse walks, so to speak, on his hind legs. Scarcely does he touch the ground with his fore-feet than he rises again. One hand, in concert with the legs soon trains to this exercise a horse of fair intelligence.
El Guetaa, "the bucking." The horse springs up with all fours off the ground, the horseman at the same time throwing up his gun into the air and cleverly catching it. To obtain this action, the rider marks certain intervals of rest, and works with his legs. He gives with the animal as it rises, in order to hold him up when he comes down again. Nothing can be more picturesque than this movement. The horses quit the earth, the guns fly into the air, the ample folds of the burnous float and unroll themselves in the wind, thrown back by the vigorous arms of the children of the desert.
Lastly, *El Berraka*, "the kneeling." The rider, remaining on the saddle, causes his horse to kneel down. This is the *ne plus ultra* of the horse and the animal. Not every horse is fit for this exercise. The colt is trained to it by kicking him on the coronet, pinching him on the legs, and forcing him to bend the knee. After a time the horseman will reap the benefit of these preliminary steps. He need only clear his feet of the stirrups, stretch his legs forward, turn out the points of his toes, touch with his long spurs the animal's forearm, and then, as his piece is fired at marriage feasts and other rejoicings, his horse will kneel down, amid the applause of the young maidens piercing the air with joyous acclamations.
Nevertheless, endurance is the quality most cultivated in the Arab horse. It is necessary that the horse should be able to travel long distances upon scanty food and little water, for in African deserts the place where man and horse can refresh are few and far between; wells are many miles apart, and even when the traveler has found water for himself and steed, the chances are that no food can be had except what the horse and his rider have brought with them from their last resting place.
"Every horse inured to fatigue brings good fortune," the Arabs say. So to speak, he is always on the march. He travels with his master, who is one of the greatest travelers on horseback in the world. He travels to seek his food; he travels long distances in search of water, and this sort of life renders him abstinent and not easily tired.

The Czar's Dominions.

A traveler in Russia says that the remark that "he who knows only St. Petersburg and Moscow has not seen Russia" was accentuated in my experience, when, on my way to Central Asia, I accepted an invitation to a nobleman's seat in the Russian interior. Previous journeys to the extremities of the empire had brought me in contact with diverse races along the high roads, but I was anxious to see what the peasant was like, not when shouting "Long life to the Czar" under the walls of the Kremlin, but when buried at home, out of reach of steamer and railway whistle, and miles away from a post road, a telegraph station or a post-office. With interest, therefore, after driving over dusty roads, the whole of a summer night, I found myself in the early morning approaching my destination. "You must not expect to find anything peculiarly Russian about the house," my friends had said, "for it is a new structure, of Elizabethan architecture." And so from the outside it was. One might have fancied it a Kentish mansion, purchased for £50,000, and set down in the middle of a Russian estate.
The interior of the house was somewhat more adapted to Muscovite ideas in that the doors opened one into the other, and the sleeping apartments of the family could be cut off from the rest. The materials of the house had been obtained for the most part on the spot. The bricks were burnt on the estate, and the handsome carving and wainscoting of the hall were of indigenous timber. Some of the ornamentation, however was from abroad. The panels of the drawing-room walls were filled with immense Italian paintings, and the room of my hostess was hung with photographs of the masterpieces of Raphael.
In keeping with this was the intellectual culture of the family. English was spoken by parents and children all day long, and French, German and Russian when required. In the morning we read, wrote and took horse exercise, and in the evening were entertained with classical music, after which it was but a step out of the drawing-room doors on to the spacious terrace to look in the glistening over one of those vast Russian plains, which can hardly be called beautiful, but which are striking to an Englishman by reason of their vastness and unlikeliness to anything he sees at home. The mansion was built on a hill at the foot of

which a river meandered, containing trout and perch; and intervening were terraced lawns and grounds, covered in their seasons with homely buttercups and daisies, as well as for get-me-nots, wild roses and lilies of the valley. The grounds were planted, not, indeed, with conifers (for there are none on the estate), but with tall poplars and sturdy oaks up to two feet in diameter, clusters of pliant willows and graceful birch, together with lime, beech and elm. These trees are a refuge for the cuckoo, thrush and nightingale, while a little further off in the forests are to be found, among birds, rooks and crows, ravens, hawks and eagles, and among animals, hares, foxes and wolves.
But it was not the mansion that interested me so much as its surroundings. The estate consisted of about 25,000 acres, of which one-fifth is forest and one-twentieth pasture, the soil varying between good black earth, loam, sand, loam and sand with clay beneath, and in some parts all clay. It furnishes no building stone, but plenty of alabaster, which remains, however, unworked. Growing wild were to be found horseradish, raspberries, strawberries, black currants and fruit called *rebina*; while on the cultivated lands wheat was said to thrive (but not barley), and buckwheat, rye, oats, peas, flax and hemp. Beans, too, are grown in gardens, and tobacco. I inquired, of course, the cost of this produce, and found that on the spot, for the pool of 36 English pounds, wheat and buckwheat sold for 2s., rye, 1s. 8d.; oats, 1s. 4d.; potatoes, 7d. a bushel; and hay from 2jd. to 4d. the pool, this last being of tolerable quality, but not comparable to English fodder. Ordinary land yields from 25 to 35 poods of hay an acre, and the better sort from 50 to 70 poods, with, sometimes, a second crop.
The estate is inhabited by about 1,000 families, living in wooden, thatched houses, usually of two rooms only, built often of willow, of which a log 30 feet long and 10 inches in diameter costs a couple of shillings, the outer bark of the tree being used for roofing and the inner bark for matting and ropes. The houses were furnished only scantily. Twenty in the home village might each perhaps possess a bed, but not one of them a bed and bedstead, too. It was common, however, for a family to possess a cow, one or more horses, and three or four sheep; a good specimen of the last weighing 40 pounds to 50 pounds, and its wool selling from 4jd. to 5d. per pound. The food of the peasants was extremely simple, consisting of rye bread and steech, or soup of cabbage and fat; soaked and boiled buckwheat eaten with hempseed oil; mushrooms, curds, and onions. For drink they consumed kvass (small beer made from rye bread) and here and there tea, though this latter had not become general among them. Beef was a delicacy and cost 2d. per pound, mutton 1jd., pork 2jd. Chickens sold from 2jd. to 4d. each, ducks from 5d. geese for 20d., while extravagant persons feasted on turkeys at 2s. each. The clothing of the peasantry was in keeping with their food. A man's summer suit consists of a cotton shirt, a pair of linen trousers and shoes of lime-tree bark, the best costing 5d. per pair. If a peasant aspires to high top boots they cost him from 12s. to 14s., he pays about the same price for his homespun kaftan, while in winter his sheepskin shouba or coat may cost him from 16s. to 30s.—dearer I may remark, than I paid at Khiva, where common shoubas could be had for 10s. each.

Glass Floors.

"Living in glass houses is not an improbability for the future, and may have its influence in making the human race more peaceable. Already in many of the business houses of Paris, and especially in those of which the cellars are used as offices, glass is now being extensively employed instead of boards for flooring. At the headquarters of the Credit Lyonnais, on the Boulevard des Italiens, the whole of the ground floor is paved with large squares of roughened glass embedded in a strong iron frame, and in the cellars beneath there is, on even dull days, sufficient light to enable the clerk to work without gas. The large central hall at the offices of the Comptoir d'Escompte has lately been provided with a similar flooring; and it is said that although its prime cost is considerably greater than that of boards, glass is in the long run far cheaper, owing to its almost unlimited durability. The material is cast in slabs just about eighteen inches square by an inch and a half thick, and transmits a bluish light.
How to Buy Pictures.
"Never take the advice of anybody, no matter how 'cultivated,' or 'educated,' or how great 'authority' he or she may be." This is somewhat startling, coming from a journal devoted to the advancement of art, but it has good reason therefor. It holds, and rightly, that people should buy that which they really like, and then "try it by living with it;" if it be really good "it will help the purchaser to get something as good or, it may be, better the next time." The suggestion is wholly sound, for it is in accord with the theory that pictures themselves educate the artistic sense.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The best victory is to vanquish one's heart.
Any truth, faithfully faced, is strength in itself.
Truth is the highest thing that man can keep.
If everyone mend one, all can be mended.
If you cannot do as you wish, do as well as you can.
To know how to wait is the great secret of success.
Men are apt to prefer a prosperous error to an afflicted truth.
Obstinacy and heat in an argument are sure proofs of folly.
The weak may be joked out of anything but their weakness.
We have not always enough reason to employ all our strength.
The great rule of moral conduct is, next to God, to respect time.
Justice is the bread of nations; they are always famishing for it.
The mind grows narrow in proportion as the soul grows corrupt.
A good part of duty is expressed in the simple imperative, remember.
He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place.
There is no better excess in the world than the excess of gratitude.
Animals feed, men eat; but only men of intelligence know how to eat.
Do what good you can, but leave room for promises and engagements.
Poverty destroys pride. It is difficult for an empty bag to stand upright.
The heart of life is the love that is in it, and the worthiness of the persons loved.
Slumber not in the tents of your columns. The world is advancing, advance with it.
A good soul may hide behind an uncomely face, and a good religion behind an uncomely creed.
Superstition is to religion what astrology is to astronomy; a very stupid daughter of a very wise mother.
'Tis an ill thing to be ashamed of one's poverty, but much worse not to make use of lawful endeavors to avoid it.
Learning is wealth to the poor, an honor to the rich, an aid to the young, and a support and comfort to the aged.
Directly the idea of durability fades from the mind of the workman, not only does his work begin to suffer, but also his manhood.
A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.
At the workman's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter; nor will the bailiff or the constable enter. For industry pays debts, as despair increases them.
Teach self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.
If it is part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart, always pay, for first or last, you must pay your entire debt.
Nothing but frank intercourse with independent minds, nothing but discussion on equal terms, will keep a thinker intellectually humble and conscious of fallibility.
Any work, no matter how humble, that man honors by efficient labor and steady application, will be found important enough to secure respect for himself and credit for his name.
The bad man, diffusing the hue of his own spirit over the world, sees it full of treachery, selfishness and deceit. The good man is continually looking for and sees noble qualities.
Indolence is a delightful but distressing state; we must be doing something to be happy. Action is no less necessary than thought to the instinctive tendencies of the human frame.
Do not press your young children into book learning, but teach them politeness, including the whole circle of charities which spring from the consciousness of what is due to their fellow beings.
There is nothing so elastic as the human mind. Like imprisoned steam the more it is pressed the more it rises to resist the pressure. The more we are obliged to do the more we are able to accomplish.
The best rules to form a young man are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others' that deserve it.
A bird upon the wing may carry a seed that shall add a new species to the vegetable family of a continent; and just so a word, a thought, from a living soul, may have results immeasurable, eternal.
All trust is dangerous, if it is not entire; we ought on most occasions to speak all or conceal all. We have already too much disclosed our secrets to a man from whom we think any one single circumstance is to be concealed.
There is, I know not how, said Cicero, in minds a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence; this has the deepest root, and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.
Whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves with all our faults, be they few or many, small or great, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.
In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and surliness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake of her rejoicing with heaven and earth.
Our lives make a moral tradition for our individual selves, as the life of mankind at large makes a moral tradition for the race; and to have one acted greatly seems a reason why we should always be noble.