

Choice Literature.

DREAM FACE.

Half-slumberous, in dreams, he saw his Love
Bend over him, and rest her calm, deep eyes
On his, compassionate as stars above,
Serene, yet sorrowful, as lovelight lies
Beneath the sadness of her yearning gaze.
She stooped until the waves of her warm
hair
Brushed on his brow, and thrilled his tremb-
ling face;
Her hot, red lips apart in half-despair
And curled with doubtful smile; and her
warm breath
Tumultuous came and went against his face.
Her olive flesh was warm, yet wan as death,
While soft the swell of limbs his eyes could
trace;
And as her moist mouth neared and almost met
His lips that ached with fained expectancy,
Her lithe form shuddered with a sigh; while
yet
Her dark hair hung so that he could not see,
She faded, ghostlike, into formless air
And left the agony that one at sea
Doth feel, when from his fevered sight, the
fair,
Faint miraged isles, illusive, ever flee.
—Arthur J. Stringer, in *The Week*.

THE FLY AND HIS WAYS.

In the first place the common fly—or house fly—that gets into the milk and butter has to be kept from the table by fans, has a wonderful machine that is carried about to make life possible. The mouth of the little black scamp is a curious contrivance to get food out of impossible places.

This mouth is really nothing more or less than a tongue which runs in and out of the head like the tongue of a snake. When the hovering insect sees a good spot to light on, where there is a promise of a meal, he settles down, shakes a leg or two, and then runs his mouth out ready for business.

This piece of machinery seems to come out of the head, and it will always look that way if you don't get a good peep at the fly through the glass some day when he is busy on a lump of sugar. Then you will see that the tiny black thread just unfolds from beneath the head, where there is a tiny black socket prepared for it.

When the tongue comes out it spreads and the end divides into two broad, flat leaves that are planted flat down on the food that is to be stolen. This is like nothing so much as a pump with a terribly strong "draw," that sucks up all the sweet syrup there may be on the lump of sugar.

But if the food should be hard and the fly cannot get a good hold of it, he touches a little muscle spring and the smooth surface of the tongue roughens up like a file. Back and forth these edges work until the hard surface is torn and scraped and the hard particles that the fly likes are sucked up into the stomach.

Then the fly balances on four of his six legs and uses the front pair as a napkin, wiping off his tongue. He is a neat little fellow and never takes a mouthful without brushing his face carefully. Of course it would be far better if he should use a bit of cloth rather than his hands—they must be hands if four of the others are feet—but it would be a bit awkward for him to go sailing around with a napkin tied to his belt. It would be funny, too, wouldn't it?

Then the fly gives a sudden flip of his wings, making them go so fast that you cannot see them, and he is off. Maybe he has been chewing the cover of a book, for there are wonderful fly dainties concealed in the coloring matter of the cloth binding, and then when he skips off, he leaves a little spot of white where he has scraped up the colour and eaten it. Maybe he has been standing on the back of your hand sipping the perspiration, of which he is very fond, and then he leaves a faint red mark and a slight stinging feeling.

Don't be alarmed though, for the

house fly has nothing of a poisonous nature in him, and cannot hurt you. Some of his cousins have a way of biting and leaving sore places, especially those that drink blood, but the house fly is not a cannibal. He is very well civilized.

But we are afraid of our story. We have not seen yet how the flies are born. It is during the hot days of August and September that most of the eggs are laid, and as they hatch out in about two weeks—sometimes in less time than that—the swarms of the insects become very thick at that time. As the cold weather comes the flies begin to die off. Many of them, millions, have died natural deaths before then—the average life of a fly is about nine days—and millions more have trod unwisely on sticky paper and perished there in the gum.

Other millions have taken greedy sips from deadly sweets that have been spread out on papers, and in dishes to slay them, and their dead bodies have been swept away into the dust bin.

Still other millions have tumbled into the milk and gone bravely into the butter, while a few thousands have been crushed by quick hands or snapped by rubber bands. Countless numbers have been eaten by the birds, and even Tabby and Towser have snapped up a few hundreds.

So the great fly family has perished, and when the first frosts come there will only be a few old grandfathers and grandmothers buzzing slowly around looking after the nests of eggs that have been laid carefully in the nooks and corners to provide for the spring. Then the cold gets too much for them, and they are found some cold morning lying on their backs or sticking fast to a window-pane that is all white around.

So for some months there are no flies, and at first we are glad and speak of how nice it is to be without the torments. But before the winter is over we are apt to miss their merry buzzing, and feel lonesome without their cheery, busy presence, and we sometimes catch ourselves wishing for a fly.

With what glee do we hail the first fly of spring! Why, he is like the first robin out on the frosty lawn. We speak about him at the dinner-table. It is a great event.

"Pshaw!" someone says, "I saw a fly a week ago!"

But there, what's the use trying to get ahead of the folks who are always noticing little things? They are sure to beat you in the long run.

How did these two early flies get out? Where did they come from? Didn't all the flies die last autumn? Yes, yes; you are right. All the flies did die last autumn, but before they died they left some eggs stored away, and when the warm air of spring came these eggs hatched and the little orphans crept out, the first of their kind, and were lonesome at first, and buzzed about sadly until more came, and then they were happy, and the whole business began over again.

When the shell bursts and out comes the young fly, he is just as big as when he tries to drag himself from the gum paper five or six days later.—*New York Recorder*.

ARABIAN HORSES.

There are no horses in the world, it is believed, that have so much poetry attached to their name and in most respects are so worthy of that distinction, as the horses of the Arabian desert. It is not alone that they are graceful, beautiful and fleet, but they possess another quality which lifts them so far above all others of their kind, as to render them well-nigh a race apart. It is their wonderful instinct and intelligence. This quality is undoubtedly developed by their having been for countless generations the intimate friends and constant companions of their owners. In fact, they are members of the family. The women feed and pet them; the

children make them their playfellows; and their masters caress and talk with them until they do everything but speak in human language. No doubt these superior qualities soon disappear under the restraint and training of civilized man, until the animal has little affinity with his brothers of the desert. No one can have read the story of the chariot race won by Ben Hur without being captivated by the pictures of those wonderful animals.

When the Empress of Russia was a year or two debating with herself what gift would best express her love, and grace the occasion of the golden wedding of her royal father and mother, she decided on the horses of the desert as the most royal and splendid offering. There were known to be a small number in Russia, and the empire was scourged to secure the prizes. The result was six magnificent, roan-white steeds, pink of nostrils, ears and feet, and altogether as royal as the exalted lady who offered and the illustrious pair who received them.

The noble instincts of the horses of the Arabian desert are graphically set forth by the great French writer and oriental traveller, Lamartine, in his history of his travels in the East. He was spending a week or two in Jericho, at a time when all mouths were full of a most moving incident, which had a short time before transpired, and it is this incident which I have just been reading which has led to this eulogy on a race of famous animals.

Lamartine writes: I have been listening on all sides to a wonderful story of a horse which is worthy to grace the annals of human heroes, and I tell it as it has been everywhere told to me.

An Arab and his tribe who were tenting not far from Jericho, where I am just now staying, attacked in the desert the Damascus caravan; their victory was complete, and the Arabs were busily occupied in loading upon their horses their rich booty, when the cavalry of the pasha of Acre, which had been sent to meet and protect the caravan, fell unexpectedly upon the victorious Arabs, killing a large number and making prisoners of the rest. These they bound with strong cords, intending to carry them to Acre and present them to the pasha as slaves.

During the conflict, the Arab chief received a bullet in the arm, but as the wound was not mortal, the Turks bound him on the back of a camel, and having also taken his horse, both were led away captive. The evening before they were to enter Acre, the cavalry encamped with their prisoners among the mountains of Sephail. The wounded chief having his arms and legs tied together by leathern thongs, was laid upon the ground near the tents where the Turks slept. During the night, kept awake by the pain of his wounds, the Arab heard the whinnying of his horse, which was tethered among the cavalry horses, that, after the Oriental fashion, were grouped around the tents. Recognizing the voice of his beloved courser, the wounded man could not resist the desire to go and talk once more to his dear companion of his life. Painfully, and with the utmost difficulty, he dragged himself on his hands and knees to his side.

"Poor friend, Saadi," he softly murmured, "what will become of you among the Turks? You will be imprisoned under the vaults of a Kahn with the horses of an aga or pasha. The women and children who love you so well will nevermore bring you camel's milk to drink, or barley in the hollow of their hands. You will never again be free to course the desert like the winds of Egypt. You will never more plunge your breast into the waters of the Jordan to refresh your skin, white as foam."

The chieftain paused a few moments in deep thought, then burst out, "But you shall be free. If I am a slave you shall be free!" and he began with his strong teeth to gnaw the leathern thong which tethered his horse, and it was soon severed.

"There, go!" he said, in a tumult of pain and joy. "Go to the tent you know so well. Tell the mistress who loves you that Abou-el-Marsch will never more return to her. Pass your head through the opening of the tent to lick the hands of my little children. Go! you are free!"

But the faithful and intelligent animal did not stir. Seeing his master wounded and bound at his feet, he comprehended by his instinct what no language could have explained to him. He dropped his head over him, smelt at his face and hands, and then seizing with his teeth the leathern belt which girdled his waist, he lifted him from the ground and bounded away with the speed of the wind, crossing mountain and valley, not slackening his pace until he reached the well-known tent where, dropping his unconscious master at the feet of his wife and children, he fell dead from exhaustion.—*Mrs. C. M. Sawyer*.

THE RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

(In 1836 Rev. Dr. William Nevins, of blessed memory, impressed with the claims of the then Christian journal, wrote a telling article, printed in a book under the enquiry: "Do you pay for a religious newspaper?" This enquiry Dr. Nevins thus presses at the close of his presentation.)

"Do you, reader? If you do, continue to take and read, and pay for it; and be slow to withdraw your subscription. Give up many things before you give up your religious newspaper. If any one that ought to take such a paper, does not, I hope that some one to whom the circumstance is known will volunteer the loan of this to him, directing his attention particularly to this article. Who is he? A professor of religion? It can not be. A professor of religion and not taking a religious newspaper! A member of the visible Church, and voluntarily without the means of information as to what is going on in that Church! A follower of Christ, praying daily as taught by his Master, 'Thy kingdom come,' and yet not knowing, nor caring to know what progress that kingdom is making! Here is one of those to whom Christ said, 'Go, teach all nations'; he bears a part of the responsibility of the world's conversion, and yet, so far from doing anything himself he does not even know what others are doing in promoting this great enterprise! Ask him about missionary stations and operations, and he can tell you nothing. He does not read about them. I am afraid this professor of religion does not love the 'gates of Zion' more than all the dwellings of Jacob.' Ah, he forgets thee, O Jerusalem!

"But I must not fail to ask if this person takes a secular newspaper. Oh, certainly he does. He must know what is going on in this world; and how else is he to know it? It is pretty clear, then, that he takes a deeper interest in the world than he does in the Church; and this being the case, it is not difficult to say where his heart is. He pays, perhaps, eight or ten dollars for a secular paper—a paper that tells him about the world, but for one that records Zion's conflicts and victories he is unwilling to pay two or three. How can a professor of religion answer for this discrimination in favour of the world? how defend himself against the charge it involves? He can not do it; and he had better not try, but go, or write immediately and subscribe for some good religious paper; and to be certain of paying for it, let him pay in advance. There is a satisfaction when one is reading an interesting paper, to reflect that it is paid for.

"But, perhaps, you take a paper, and are in arrears for it. Now, suppose you were the publisher, and the publisher was one of your subscribers, and he was in arrears to you, what would you think he ought to do in that case? I just ask the question. I don't care about an answer."—*Exchange*.