

GOLDEN GATES.

Music by Mrs. H. H. A. BEACH.

Lento espressivo.
VOICE. *p dolce.*

I stood at the window one eve - ning As the sun was sink - ing low, And the shadows a man - tie were weav - ing To

PIANO. *p* *p p*

cov - er the earth be - low, And the crimson gates of the west . . . Were flood - ed with am - ber and gold, — A gleam of the home of the blest, . . .

cres. mf *p*

. . . Whose glo - ries to us, to us are un - told. And

mf *dim. e rit. molto.* *a tempo.* *p p*

wondered if the bright an - gels, When they bore our loved ones a - way To the beau - ti - ful home o'er the riv - er, Where life is an end - less day, Passed

p p *rit. molto.* *a tempo.* *Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* *mf*

thro' those clouds bright and gold - en As they went to the land of the blest, If Heav - en lies just o - ver yon - der, Near the gold - en gates of the west, . . .

f *piu dim.* *p p* *piu dim.* *p p*

Near the gold - en gates of the west.

rall *f* *en - tan* *do. p* *a tempo.* *rit.*

rall *en f* *tan* *do. p p*

Ped. ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.*

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THE FIRST MASS EVER WRITTEN BY A WOMAN.

Our good friend Mrs. Dr. Beach, of Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, has the high honor of having composed the first Mass ever written by a woman.

First performed by our "Handel and Haydn Society" in Boston last winter, it is fast giving Mrs. Beach a national reputation, which is quite likely to soon become, from its performance at Rome and elsewhere, international.

Mrs. Beach has also written, at the request of the "Lady Managers of the 'World's Exposition,'" a "Festival Jubilate" for the dedication ceremonies of the "Woman's Building" next May.

Some time since she saw in "Our Dumb

Animals" a beautiful little poem, which so struck her that she has set it to music, and by her kind permission we have the pleasure of presenting it as above to our readers.

NOT A CHILD'S PAPER.

We have many manuscripts sent us by writers who do not seem to be familiar with our paper, and seem to labor under the impression that very good little stories for small children are quite suitable for our columns. To all such we would say that while we intend every number of "Our Dumb Animals" to contain much which will be read with pleasure by both old and young, its chief aim is not to please children but to interest the men and women who can influence the world.

A GRATEFUL STORK.

A story of a stork is told by a German paper. About the end of March, 1891, a pair of storks took up their abode on the roof of the schoolhouse in the village of Poppenhofen. One of the birds appeared to be exhausted by its long journey and the bad weather it had passed through. On the morning after its arrival the bird was found by the schoolmaster lying on the ground before the schoolhouse door. The man, who, like all Germans, considered it a piece of good luck to have the stork's nest on his house, picked up the bird and took it indoors. He nursed it carefully and when it was convalescent used every morning to carry it to the fields a short distance from the house, where its mate appeared regularly at the same hour to supply it with food. The stork is now cured; and every evening it flies down from the roof and gravely walks by the side of its friend from the schoolhouse to the meadows, accompanied by a wondering crowd of children.