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The Beautiful Gate. We speak, we speak of the loved and lost. We have gone to the land above. And the saints of the river of death are crossed. By the rainbow of love.

A Mother's Daring. The great Golden Eagle, the pride and the fear of the parish, swooped down and away with something in his talons. One single, sudden female shriek—and then shouts and out-cries, as if a church spire had tumbled down on a congregation.

What's the use—what's the use of a pair human means? We have no power but in prayer! And many knelt down—fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies—as if they would force the dead to rise again.

And on uttering these words she flew off through the bushes and over the huge stones, up—up—up—faster than ever before—ran to the death—reached a goal playing among the pines. No one doubted—no one could doubt—that she would soon be dashed to pieces.

Down came the fierce rushing of the eagle's wings, each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes. All at once they quailed and were cowed. Yelling they flew to the stump of an ash jutting out of the cliff, a thousand feet above the water.

Oh! thou great and thou dreadful God! Whither hast Thou brought me? Oh! I have no rest, I perish, even for thy own name's sake! Oh, then who died to save sinners, have mercy on me!

A Child's Dream of Heaven. I want to tell the little children what a beautiful dream my little girl had a while ago about heaven, and ask them, after they have read it, if they will not go to the blessed Jesus, and ask him to make them lambs of his fold, and when they die, take them to that beautiful home above.

With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down by brier and broom, and heather, and dwarf birch. Here a loosened stone leapt over a ledge, and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall.

There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing, and many tears among the multitude, while the mother was sealing the cliff—singing was the shout that echoed after the moment she reached the eagle—never reached before in the memory of man by human foot—then had succeeded a silence as deep as death; in a little while arose that hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication; the witness of thankful and congratulatory joy had next its way; and now that her salvation was a sure, the great crowd rived like a wind.

The Boston Transcript tells the droll story: An old sea-captain, well known in the days of Havre packets, who had sailed the seas over for fifty years and more, used to tell that in the early part of his first voyage as captain, when he had but just turned twenty-one, his cabin-boy complained of a lame back.

"Cook isn't up, sir," exclaimed the boy. "Why is he not?" asked the captain. "Says he can't get up, sir." "Why not?" "Says his back hurts him, sir." "Back? What's the matter with his back?" "The plaster, sir."

Though the world had ten thousand times more temptation than it has; though your heart were ten thousand times more full of lusts; though Satan and his angels had ten million times their power, they cannot cast down the soul that leans upon Jehovah.

In Italy. Miss Southwick's letter to the Boston Traveller, dated from Ravenna, Italy, contains the following: And, as we pass out into the morning, I will try to give you some idea of this thoroughly unique place—a place where we find ourselves surrounded by the memorials of an age of which there are almost no traces left elsewhere.

Then, too, these cities were connected with the continent by a causeway, which could be easily guarded or destroyed, on the approach of an hostile army. Now, the sea is five miles away from Ravenna. Classis and Cosarea have passed entirely away, and even as early as the fifth century the port of Augustus was converted into pleasant orchards, while to-day one can drive for thirty miles through a beautiful forest of pines, which stands where the imperial fleet rode at anchor.

A Warning to Girls Who Chew Gum. We find the following curious story in a St. Louis paper of late date: Late last Saturday evening an accident occurred on Portland avenue that may serve as a warning to hundreds of young persons who have entered upon their career of dissipation.

The Aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain. The Legitimist aristocracy of France, by the female side, which is the only certain one abroad, is two-thirds Hebrew. A part of the other third is Yankee.

Happy in he who has learned to do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, wherever and whatever it may be.

Prince Alfred and the Fisherman's Boy. When the prince Duke of Edinburgh was twelve years of age, and then called Prince Alfred, the Queen and Prince Albert were spending the summer months at Balmoral. The young prince slipped his attendants and wandered some distance away.

The Ideal and Real Mermaid. Till recently the belief in mermaids—creatures half woman and half fish—was as general as the belief in angels. Most of the early navigators professed to have met them sporting around the islands in the tropical seas.

Warm Sleeping Rooms. I'm glad the barbarous idea that it is healthful to sleep in frigidly cold rooms is being combated. For my part, and I recall all the discomforts, yes, and absolute pain, I've endured in cold bedrooms, I'm ready to pronounce a sentence of perpetual banishment to the Arctic regions, against the inhuman monster who first promulgated the idea that it is "unhealthful to sleep with a fire."

Elegant and Excellent Rolls.—Two quarts of flour, one-half cup of sugar, a piece of butter or beef dripping the size of an egg. Seal one pint of sweet milk and let it cool. Then make a hole in the middle of the flour and pour in the milk and half a cup of yeast, a teaspoonful of salt and set to rise in a warm place over night or until very light.

Prune Pies.—Take a pound of prunes and soak them over night, so that the stones will slip out easily; stew in some water with as many raisins as you wish, and sweeten; use less water than for sauce; when both are soft grate in a pint of two lemons and fill the pie, allowing two crusts.

Turkey Soup.—Take the turkey bones and cook one hour in water enough to cover them, stir in a little dressing and a beaten egg; take from the fire, and when the water ceases to boil, add a little butter, pepper and salt.

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