

FAITHFUL UNTO THREE.

The following beautiful poem, written by Oliver Wendell Holmes for the Unitarian festival of May—in Boston, and was read by him at that time:
The waves unbuild the wasting shore;
Where mountains towered the billows sweep,
Yet still the borrowed spoils restore.

THE DONATION PARTY.

It was the evening of the donation party at the Rev. Simeon Slide's. At Groveland they had not many excitements, and to the simple villagers this donation party was as thrilling an event as the charity ball would be to a New York belle, or a court presentation to a London "debutante."

tered Peter. "I believe there's a fate in it."
And he set up close to me and squeezed my hand with the hand he wasn't a-drivin' with, and he said I was the prettiest gal he had ever seen, and could I be contented to come and live at Hawk's farm. And I said I didn't exactly know, but he might ask father, and we was married the next fall. Ah, deary me, deary me! How long ago all that seems!

AN ANDANTE OF BEETHOVEN.
Old Schmitt, with violin case under his weather-stained cloak, came out of the theater after a matinee performance. It was raining—a sleety December rain; the street looked dark after the brilliant lights within; there was an unusual throng of people and din of wheels.

A Texas Cloud Burst.
Some ten or twelve days since Captain Merrill's corps of engineers and assistants were encamped in the valley of Buck creek, in Childer's county, Texas. Their tents were set one hundred feet from the dry bed of the creek. This creek was about twelve feet deep from the level of the valley on either side of the bank. The valley is nearly a mile wide, but the high lands curved in close to the place where the camp was pitched, and the valley widened on the opposite bank.

Victor Hugo's Faith.
The aged Victor Hugo, the revered poet of France, now past fourscore, knows nothing of the joyless faith of Ingersoll and Bradlaugh as they look beyond death. His own words give but expression to his sense of immortality.
I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflexion of unknown worlds.

Natural History.
"Professor, what is a Dodo?"
"There are several species of the Dodo, my son, and there used to be several more before the fool-killer cut the country up into districts."
"Please describe some of them to me?"
"With pleasure. You have probably attended a Sunday school picnic given on the banks of a lake or river? Six fat women, two girls who wear eye-glasses, and a very good boy who slips make up a party to take a ride on the water. As they are ready to shove off, the Dodo appears and keeps them company."
"Does the boat upset?"
"Does it?"
"Is anybody drowned?"
"Everybody except the Dodo. He always reaches the shore in safety, and he is always so sorry it happened. He is sometimes so affected that it takes away his appetite for lunch."