

to the utmost. Altogether, I think this winter has been more trying than last. It was so mild and pleasant then, and we had so much with which to help the suffering. This winter we have even less than in ordinary times. Nothing else has proved to us the condition of the north as much as this.

Miss Nicholas says: "Say I'm still fighting de wedder, but I'm mos' beat out." A woman came to me Saturday—a widow with five little children—a very interesting woman, almost white—to see if I wouldn't take some of the children. She couldn't get work, and they were all suffering in a heap. Her husband was a minister and she followed him here, and he died soon after, leaving her a stranger with but ten dollars. She had no one to help her here, and no money to get back to her friends. While I have been writing here, some one has come to see about getting me to take a cripple child whose grandmother—with whom she has lived—was buried to-day. Died very suddenly, and left this child with no one to care for her. That is the way it is all the time—constantly a call of some kind. In the midst of the cold weather Phoebe Wright and her friend, Serena A. Minard, made us a little visit. It would have been more satisfactory if the weather had been different, so that our school had been as full as usual, but they saw enough to judge of the work, and we were very glad to see them.

Friday we had a two hours' call from some northern Friends. They had never seen anything of the kind before, and expressed themselves as greatly pleased and interested.

My new teacher is a prize—just graduated from Wilksham, Conn., Training School.

Nothing interested my visitors to day more than my colored teachers.

Your friend,

ABBY D. MUNRO.

Mt. Pleasant, Feb. 20, 1895.

Select Recitations for Literary Circles.

DAVID SHAW, HERO.

The savior, and not the slayer, he is the braver man.
So far my text, but the story. Thus, then, it runs: from Spokane
Rolled out the overland mail train, late by an hour; in the cab
David Shaw, at your service, dressed in his blouse of drab,
Grimed by the smoke and the cinders. "Feed her well, Jim," he said;
Jim was his fireman. "Seattle sharp on time!"
So on they sped;
Dust from the wheels upflying; smoke rolling out behind;
The long train thundering, swaying; the roar of the cloven wind;
Shaw; with his hand on the lever, looking out straight ahead.
How she did rock, old Six-Forty! How like a storm they sped?

Leavenworth: thirty minutes gained in the thrilling race.
Now for the hills; keener lookout, or a letting down of the pace.
Hardly a pound of the steam less! David Shaw straightened back,
Hand like steel on the lever, face like flint to the track.
God! Look there! Down the mountain, right ahead of the train,
Acres of sand and forest sliding down to the plain!
What to do? Why jump, Dave! Take the chance, while you can.
The train is doomed; save your own life!
Think of your children, man!

Well, what did he, this hero, face to face with grim death?
Grasped the throttle, reversed it, shrieked "Down brakes!" in a breath.
Stood to his post, without flinching, clear-headed, open-eyed,
Till the train stood still with a shudder, and he went down with the slide.

Saved? Yes, saved! Ninety people snatched from an awful grave,
One life under the sand, there. All that he had he gave,
Man, to the last inch! Hero? Noblest of heroes, yea!
Worthy the shaft and the tablet, worthy the song and the bay!

A company attitude is rarely anybody's best.—*Miss Sedgwick.*