

ironing. Soon the McGovern boys rushed in, eager to tell what they had seen.

'Ma!' cried Bert, 'the old schoolhouse's sold! One man bid three hundred dollars and got the schoolhouse. He's going to move it down town and turn the upper part into a hall! There'll be stores below.'

'He's going to begin to move the schoolhouse next week,' added Danny. 'I'm real glad! That old building isn't fit to be on the same lot with our fine new schoolhouse!'

Mrs. McGovern sighed as she put her flat-iron on the stove.

'The children are glad to get rid of the old schoolhouse,' she thought. 'Well, I can't blame them. It is shabby-looking, but it makes me feel rather bad to see it go.'

The old building was soon raised and drawn out into the street. For a number of days there were reports of how the old schoolhouse fared forth in the world. The journeying was slow. In one place the schoolhouse knocked over a telegraph pole. At one turn the wires of an electric car company had to be cut, and cars stopped for a time in the earliest morning, to enable the old schoolhouse to round a corner and continue journeying in the right direction. Part of the way the schoolhouse covered both sidewalks, so narrow was one street.

One evening Mr. McGovern walked down with Bert to see how far on its pilgrimage the old building had gone.

'They took all the windows out of the schoolhouse before starting,' approvingly observed Mrs. McGovern. 'That was wise. The windows would have been broken, jolting.'

'Let's go inside the schoolhouse,' proposed Bert.

Mrs. McGovern hesitated, but the men who moved the building had gone away, the day's work being over, and finally she accepted her boy's helping hand and climbed into the old school-house. The glow of sunset yet lit the sky and illumined the interior of the old building. Part of the plastering had been knocked off during the journey and lay, crumbling and gritty, underfoot on the floors.

As Mrs. McGovern looked out one open window she saw on the sidewalk a young girl who belonged to her own church.

'Good evening, Evelyn,' said Mrs. McGovern. 'I'm looking over the old schoolhouse for the last time. Don't you want to come and look too? You used to go to school here.'

Evelyn stepped upon some planks and entered the room where Mrs. McGovern was.

'I should think a good many of the grown townfolk, and the young people, too, would wish to come here and look at the old schoolhouse before it's all torn to pieces and changed,' said Mrs. McGovern. 'This schoolhouse has memories for young and old alike.'

Bert had gone off climbing on a scantling, and Mrs. McGovern and Evelyn were left together. They went into the different rooms.

'This is where I used to be four years ago,' said Evelyn, after they came into one room.

'And I was a scholar here twenty years ago,' rejoined Mrs. McGovern.

They were standing near the platform where the teacher's desk had been. Mrs. McGovern, turning her gaze from the plaster-strewn floor, caught sight of Evelyn's quivering lips and tear-filled eyes.

'Why, there, dear!' said Mrs. McGovern in surprised sympathy. 'Are you so sorry the old schoolhouse is going? It does make one feel kind of bad.'

Evelyn shook her head.

'It isn't that,' she answered tremulously. 'I was thinking, Mrs. McGovern, you don't know how hard it has always been for me all

my life to speak before other people. I remember when I used to go to school here the teacher used to want us each to recite or read a piece of poetry or prose before the school on Fridays afternoons. I dreaded it so that I used to get my mother to write a note for me every Friday, saying to the teacher, "Please excuse Evelyn from saying any piece this afternoon." It seemed as though I could not go forward and speak before all the other scholars. And now that I'm in the high school I don't seem to have any more courage.'

'Mrs. McGovern, I'm so troubled since I joined the church! I can't get courage to rise and speak in our little prayer-meetings. I've tried, and I can't. Oh, you don't know how badly I do feel over it! Last young folks' prayer-meeting I sat still, wishing so much I could think of something to say, and my heart beat so when I thought of rising and speaking! There were so few persons there that all ought to have spoken; but it seemed as if I couldn't, and I didn't. And after meeting our pastor shook hands with me, and he said to me in his kind way, "Couldn't you say just one word for Jesus to-night, my child?" And I felt so condemned. It makes me feel as if I were almost denying Christ, to sit there and not say anything; and oh, Mrs. McGovern, I do so want to follow him, but I don't know how to speak!'

Evelyn was crying now, and Mrs. McGovern put an arm about the girl. Mrs. McGovern knew how shy a child Evelyn had once been. Doubtless the same shrinking was there still. Mrs. McGovern knew that Evelyn did try to live as her Master would have her, but the Christian life was yet new to the young girl.

'Maybe you think speaking is harder than it is, dear,' said Mrs. McGovern comfortingly. 'Just a few words from a girl that her schoolmates can see is trying every day to follow Christ will have more influence than she knows. I remember a girl named Carrie, who was converted at the time that I was. Carrie was only fourteen, and she was one of the sweetest Christian girls I ever knew. Our church was very small, but Carrie and I did dread speaking even in very small prayer-meetings.'

'One night at a prayer-meeting, several weeks after she joined the church, Carrie rose to speak. All she said was, "I'm trying"—and then she broke right down, and sat down in her pew and cried quietly. We all knew what she meant. She was trying to follow Jesus. After meeting, Carrie told me that when she had risen to speak she hadn't had any idea of crying, but she couldn't help it. Well, do you know, Evelyn, I've forgotten all the other testimonies that the other prayer-meeting folks gave that night so many years ago, but Carrie's two words, "I'm trying"—I couldn't forget. Only two words, dear, but they've followed me all my life, and sometimes they've helped me to keep on "trying" too. Carrie died before she was out of her girlhood, but she left that little testimony with me. So you see, Evelyn, you don't need to think up a long, set speech to say in meeting. If you just say a few words right out of your heart, maybe they will do more good than you know.'

Evelyn listened. Her voice faltered, but she said, 'I'll try to do as you say, Mrs. McGovern. I'll take your words as my last lesson in this old schoolhouse; and I'll try.'

Mrs. McGovern smiled.

'I'm not a very good school-teacher, dear,' she answered; 'but I've told you the lesson the Lord has taught me. He can use the words we speak, even if they are feeble.'

The sunset glory had faded, and the rooms of the old schoolhouse were growing shad-

owy as Mrs. McGovern and Bert and Evelyn left the building.

A week afterwards, in a little prayer meeting for young people, Mrs. McGovern saw Evelyn rise, and heard her tremblingly say, 'I am trying to follow Jesus, and I wish I could help lead others to him.'

That was all, but Mrs. McGovern, sitting on the back seat, saw the thoughtful look that came into the faces of two of Evelyn's girl friends. They knew how hard it was for her to speak. They were not Christians.

'But they won't forget what Evelyn said to-night,' thought Mrs. McGovern. 'Maybe the Lord will use it to bring those girls to himself.'

A Little Heathen.

(By Evelyn E. Adams, 'Ram's Horn' Prize Story.)

In the children's ward of a large city hospital, the sun shone with soft radiance through the windows. As the light fell on the clean walls and cots, it added a warmth of color to their plain uniformity and brightened almost to gold the tangled, curly hair which surrounded one pale, pinched little face. The eyes were closed tightly, and so add to the anxious expression. One thin hand, whose griminess contrasted strangely with the pallor of his face, rested under his cheek, while the other propped up partly by his knee, and partly by a ridge of the bed-clothes, was raised as if to call for attention.

I had gone in as usual with a few flowers and pictures to amuse the children at the visiting hour, and noted this face as a new one.

'What is the matter with the little fellow yonder, nurse?' I asked as she came from beside his cot. I had watched her lay the raised hand quietly down, but at once, and with a great effort, it was raised again.

'He was brought in yesterday, unconscious, and he has not spoken much yet. He has had a fall, and is rather weak to rally, but he will hold his hand up. About two hours ago he seemed a little conscious and propped it up in that way. I wonder if it hurts him. I lay it down and rub it, but he puts it right up.'

As I went the rounds among the cots, I stopped and kissed the drawn forehead, and stroked back the matted hair, which, despite the lack of care, was beautiful. He did not look older than seven years from his size, but his face was like that of an old and worn out man. As I touched him, he moved uneasily, and I said:

'What do you want, my little man?'

'Be you God?' he asked slowly, and with a deep awe in his tone. Then, as he opened his eyes, a look of disappointment overspread his face. His large brown eyes were rather dull, and I thought his mind wandered. But he looked at me again, and said:

'No, you are only a woman,' but with a new eagerness in his tone, 'Did God send you?'

'Yes, dear,' I said, glad of a true answer. 'God sent me. What do you want?'

The tired hand slipped quietly down and rested on the white counterpane. The weary expression changed to one of wonderment. Then, in a strained, hoarse voice, he spoke again, slowly.

'Does God know me?'

I smiled an answer.

'And Sue? Does God know Sue?'

'Yes, dear,' I said, 'God knows Sue. He knows us all.'

'I went to the mission the other night,' he began after a long pause, 'and the preacher said as God knowed us all, and if anybody wanted anything from God he should hold