



THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Read the account of this in St. Luke ix. 28-36.

### GOD'S VOICE IN THE HEART.

THESE is a mother's voice of love  
To hush her little child;  
There is a father's voice of praise,  
So earnest and so mild;  
But there is yet another voice  
That speaks in gentlest tone—  
I think that we can hear it best  
When we are quite alone.

It is a still, small, holy voice,  
The voice of God most high,  
That whispers always in our hearts,  
And says that he is by.  
That voice will blame us when we're wrong,  
And praise us when we're right;  
We hear it in the light of day,  
And in the quiet night.

And even they whose ears are deaf  
To every other sound,  
When they have listened in their hearts,  
This still, small voice have found;  
And they have felt that God is good,  
And thanked him for the voice  
That told them what was right and true,  
And made their hearts rejoice.

### POLITENESS OF GREAT MEN.

TRULY great men are polite by instinct to their inferiors. It is one element of their greatness to be thoughtful for others.

The greatest men in the world have been noted for their politeness. Indeed, many have owed their greatness mainly to their popular manners, which induced the people, whom they pleased, to give them an opportunity to show their power.

Many years ago the errand boy employed by a publishing house in Boston was sent to procure from Edward Everett the proof-

sheets of a book he had been examining. The boy entered the vast library, lined from floor to ceiling with books, in fear and trembling. He stood in awe of this famous man, and dreaded to meet him. But Mr. Everett, turning from the desk where he was writing, received the lad with reassuring courtesy, bade him sit down, chatted kindly as he looked for the proof-sheets, and asked:

"Shall I put a paper round them for you?" as politely as if his visitor were the president.

The boy departed in a very comfortable frame of mind. He had been raised in his own esteem by Mr. Everett's kindness, and he has never forgotten the lesson it taught him.

### COLIE'S FRIEND.

I READ a very pretty story not long since about a little cripple boy. His name was Nicholas, but they called him Colie. He suffered very much, but bore all his pain cheerfully. "Jesus is my Friend," said he, "and he will not send me too much to bear."

A neighbor's son, a little older than Colie, was playing ball on Sunday, and the child was very much grieved.

"Mamma," said he, "I wish Sam would not play ball to-day, for God will not like it. I wish I could speak to him about it." But he was bashful and hesitated.

One day, not long after, he was carried out in his little carriage to take the air, and when he was brought back, he looked very bright and happy.

"I've done it, mamma, I've done it."

"Done what, Colie?"

"O mamma, I've told Sam that he was

hurting my Friend, playing on Sunday; and he said, 'Colie, then I will not do so again.'"  
This little boy must love this hymn,

"I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!  
He bled, he died to save me;  
And not alone the gift of life,  
But his own self he gave me.  
Naught that I have my own I call,  
I hold it for the Giver;  
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,  
Are his, and his forever."

### A TEASE.

WHEN I was a boy I was often in the woods. There I saw the squirrels play among the branches of the trees, sometimes running up and sometimes down, and sometimes leaping from a branch of one tree across to a branch of another tree. Once I saw a squirrel make a long leap. It missed its hold, and instead of getting across to the next tree it fell all the way down to the ground.

Sometimes when I have been in the woods I have seen certain birds tease the squirrels. They would fly around them, and at them, and peck them. The squirrels tried to run away, but the birds flew after them to annoy them. They were like some boys and girls I have seen who are always teasing somebody else. It is a bad fault, and nobody loves the children who do it.

### A SHEPHERD BOY'S PRAYER.

A LITTLE lad was keeping his sheep one Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for service at church, and the people were going over the fields, when the little fellow began to think that he, too, would like to pray to God. But what could he say? for he had never learned any prayer. So he knelt down, and commenced the alphabet. A B C D and so on to Z. A gentleman happening to pass the other side of the hedge, heard the lad's voice, and looking through the bushes saw the little fellow kneeling, with folded hands and closed eyes, saying A B C.

"What are you doing my little man?"

The lad looked up.

"Please, sir, I was praying."

"But what were you saying your letters for?"

"Why, I didn't know any prayer, only I felt that I wanted God to take care of me and help me take care of the sheep; so I thought if I said all I knew, he would put it together and spell all I wanted."

"Bless your heart, my little man, he will, he will, he will; when the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong."

The prayer that goes to heaven comes from the heart.