

mass of colours, unblended and without any loveliness to recommend it to any one else or even to ourselves.  
—*M. L. Cady.*

### Lyric for June.

BY REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

THIS is the day of beauty,  
The sweetest of the year;  
The June is full of roses,  
The heart is full of cheer;  
To God the loving Father,  
To Jesus His dear Son,  
And Spirit all prevailing,  
We offer praise, each one;  
The praise of hearts and voices,  
The praise of song and flowers,  
For Jesus came to save us  
And bless this world of ours.

He is our Elder Brother,  
Sweet Mary's Son was He;  
The Lily of the Valleys  
Our Saviour came to be;  
He was the Rose of Sharon,  
In Nazareth he grew,  
Himself a flower of sweetness,  
So loving, kind and true,  
O, could we all have seen Him,  
He would have loved us all,  
However low and lowly,  
However poor and small.

He walketh in the gardens  
Of His own realms to-day,  
So near His golden palace  
Where flowers have no decay;  
And O, I think the sweetest  
Of all the flowers therein  
He gathered from the desert  
Of this dark world of sin,  
O, cherub happy children  
In myriads are there,  
He sent his angels for them,  
His royal home to share.

O happy land of children,  
Who would not wish to go  
And see the flowers that faded  
Out of this world of woe,  
To dwell with Jesus ever  
Where death no more shall come?  
Ah, poor neglected children,  
He brings them safely home;  
The babes of our own households  
In darkness laid away,  
He calleth to His mansion,  
And cherubs all are they.

What can we do for Jesus  
On this sweet day of flowers?  
What can we do for Jesus  
To bless this world of ours?  
We gather at His altars,  
And first our hearts we bring  
To him who died to save us,  
And we His praise will sing;  
We've gathered flowers for Jesus,  
And here we lay them down,  
To tell how much we love Him,  
Our king with throne and crown.

And gold, a little handful,  
We put in Jesus' hand,  
To build him towers of learning  
And grace in every land;  
And every little giver  
Shall have a sweet reward  
When Christ makes up His jewels  
And speaks the welcome word:  
"Come, all ye blessed givers,  
Who helped My cause and Me,  
Go with Me to My Father,  
And crowned you all shall be."

O, come let us sing of His beauty,  
Who giveth the flowers their hue,  
And all through the night-time distilleth  
Upon them the brightest of dews;  
In beautiful June,  
With our hearts attune,  
We come with His banners above us;  
His work shall be ours,  
This Sabbath of flowers,  
Who promiseth ever to love us.

When we go to the land where He dwelleth  
And look on the seed scattered here,  
We shall see in His Kingdom triumphant  
The fruit and the glory appear.  
In beautiful June,  
With our hearts attune,  
We come with His banners above us;  
His work shall be ours,  
This Sabbath of flowers,  
Who promiseth ever to love us.

Go then ye happy children,  
And love Him more and more!  
He holds a cup of blessing,  
And in it He will pour

All joy and pleasure for you;  
And from this day of flowers  
Ye all may work for Jesus  
And bless this world of ours.  
O, may the King of children  
Be crowned of all His own,  
On this sweet day of beauty  
Be every heart His throne.

### Rosalie's Way.

BY MEADE MIDDLETON.

ROSALIE was a tall girl of sixteen. She was an energetic girl, also, and, withal, unselfish, willing to be useful to others, even during the summer holidays.

A talk with her mother, one evening, resulted in plans for the coming weeks,—plans which included work as well as play.

Rosalie was charmed! "I am having such a good time, mother," she said one morning, after a very busy hour. "I enjoy my reading, and lawn tennis, and boating as much again after I have helped you around the house! I don't know what people mean by complaining of work! I just despise lazy people, mother!"

When, a few days afterward, the doctor said, very gravely, that Mrs. Lawrence must go to the White Mountains for change of air, Rosalie was earnest in her assurances that she could take charge of home matters, and make her father and brothers quite comfortable.

Left thus, Rosalie began her work with great glee. She was up early in the morning, busy as a bee, and happy as a bird all day long. She sent the cheeriest sort of letters to her mother, and did her utmost for those at home. Every one called her a "wonderful girl," a "heartcase," a "sunbeam," a "jewel." Dick declared that he'd rather have her for a sister than any woman in history, ancient or modern,—which remark, coming from Dick, Rosalie enjoyed as a high compliment.

Everything went on so smoothly that Rosalie was puzzled, more than ever, over those who get tired sometimes, and want to run away from work. "Nonsense!" she said, "one will be happy always, if one is only busy."

If this state of affairs had continued, she would never have known what it is to sympathize with those who are sometimes weak and down-hearted. It was high time, you see, that Rosalie should learn that it is not always sunshine, even along the path of duty!

Her trouble came in the form of a visitor to Dick. She was busy dusting the sitting-room one morning, when Dick looked in to say that he had just received a letter from his special friend, Frank Leighton, and that Frank was coming to see him; he would be there by the next evening, perhaps.

"Dick Lawrence! You don't mean to say that one of your college friends is coming to make a visit while mother is away?"

"Why, yes, Rosalie; here is the letter."

"Telegraph him not to come!" said Rosalie.

"I cannot, Rosalie! He is on his way now. He will be here by tea-time to-morrow."

"And I shall have to sit at the head of the table and make the coffee!" cried Rosalie, covering her face with her hands. "I wish that I could run away and hide. If it were not for father and Joe, I would go over to cousin Nell's, and let you and your friend keep house."

"I dare say that we should get along somehow," said Dick, very much surprised at his sister's mood. "Nonsense, Rosalie;" he continued, "Frank is the best fellow in the class. He's just splendid. He won't eat you, child,—I dare say he'll not notice you."

"I dare say not," replied Rosalie, flushing. "I suppose he'll be little enough of a gentleman to act just so."

"Why, what do you want?" Dick asked. "I thought that he would please you best that way. Girls are queer."

"So are boys; college boys especially. Besides, I hate to have visitors while mother is away."

"But what can I do?" exclaimed Dick. "Mother told me to invite Frank—that was before she knew about going to the mountains. I know somebody, though, who said that none of the plans must be changed. The same person, too, said that every one should be made just as comfortable as if mother were at home. Easy enough to make promises, but not so easy to keep them."

So saying, Dick walked away very much offended.

Rosalie threw herself on the lounge, and indulged in a long fit of weeping. At last, though, she roused herself, and began again to dust tables, chairs, and books. Afterward she went up to her own room. In passing her toilet-table she noticed that she had not turned over the leaf of her daily tablet. She did it at once, curious to see the text for the day. It was: "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." The very verse that they had talked about in prayer-meeting the night before. Rosalie repeated it slowly, going to the window, and looking out over the beautiful hills and fields of her country home.

"The 'race' here means the Christian life," she said; "and one duty of my Christian life is to do, moment by moment, the work that God gives me,—not the work that He gives some one else. At least, that is the way Dr. Roland explained it in prayer-meeting last night. He says that it often seems easier to run somebody else's race than to run one's own. But that is not the word of command for us. Now think of this particular verse being my text for to-day. That is what I call strange. It seems like a message to me. I wonder if it is to make my work seem easier, or to keep me from wishing myself with mother among the White Mountains? Oh, dear! think of that strange boy coming here. There are ever so many extra things to do, but I don't mind that part. There is Dick, though, to make friends with; poor Dick! How helpless boys are! It depends upon me now whether or not his friend has a nice time. If mother were here, how lovely she would make everything for them. I suppose that I ought to try my best. It is part of my 'race.' Why, certainly! If only I could make up my mind to run it 'with patience.' But hark! that is ten o'clock; I must not stop here another moment."

Rosalie did stop, however. The last part of the text took hold upon her heart just then. She repeated it very softly—"Looking unto Jesus." "I am glad that I know what that means," she said tenderly. "I couldn't run a step of the 'race' if I didn't know."

A few moments afterward, Dick,

who was sitting on the piazza in rather a disconsolate mood, felt two arms thrown around his neck; turning, he saw Rosalie, with a very penitent look upon her face.

"I am so sorry for being cross, Dick," she said. "I'll do the best that I can to give your friend a good time." Before he could answer, she was off to give directions for dinner, and to consult with Jane as to preparations for the coming visitor.

"I will help you all I can, Miss Rosalie," Jane said—which promise made things look much brighter to Rosalie. "There isn't so very much to do," Jane went on in a business-like way. "We'll get up a company supper the first night; the young gentleman will be hungry after his long journey and the drive from the station. "We'll have spring chickens, and muffins, and coffee, and a sponge cake, and"—

"Oh! we'll have some cut peaches, Jane," interrupted Rosalie. "I have been watching the peaches on that tree at the end of the yard, they are just ripe."

"And I'll see that we have good, rich cream," said Jane, nodding confidentially. "We'll not let Mr. Dick miss his mother,—except, of course, for her merry way with his friends; he couldn't help missing that."

"No," Rosalie said, certain that she should stand too much in awe of Dick's friend to feel merry!

In the course of the day, Dick stopped at the sitting-room door a second time.

"Hallo, Rosalie!" he said, "cannot you hang some more pictures in my room? You ought to see Frank's room. There isn't a bare place on the wall, scarcely."

"But where shall I get the pictures?" Rosalie asked.

"Oh, I don't know! Maybe you could spare some out of the parlour."

"Why, Dick Lawrence, how you talk!"

"Oh, well, never mind! I thought that you might scare some up somewhere. I want my room to look as fine as possible, you know."

"I don't believe that there is a room in the house to suit your friend," she said impatiently.

"Yes, now, your room is just splendid!" said Dick mischievously, making his escape to the piazza.

"What does he mean?" thought Rosalie. "Does he want me to give up my room? He is very much mistaken if he expects that. No, indeed!" she said to herself, running up and down stairs half a dozen times within the next hour, trying her best to forget all about Dick and his friend and the arrangement of the room.

She had come to it again, however, and her thoughts seemed to affect her in a curious way. She would peep into Dick's room for a moment, and look at each piece of furniture as though she had never seen it before. Then she would go across the hall to her own room, and act in exactly the same way. At last she said so low that you must have been very close to have heard, "I will do it!" Then, pressing her lips together tight, as though she were afraid to trust herself to say anything more, she thought: "I will not tell Dick till the last moment. I will let it be a surprise!"

Then she remembered something that some one had said about its making people selfish to let them have their own way always. This troubled her.