

troubles; look over and above them." Depend upon it, in the midst of all the science about the world and its ways, and all the ignorance of God and His greatness, the man or woman who can say, "Thy will be done," with the true heart of giving up, is nearer the secret of things than the geologist or theologian.—*Geo. Macdonald.*

#### Face to Face.

Our eyes shall see the Master  
Upon the great white throne,  
And all His acts of kindness  
Will then be fully known;  
The beauty of His patience,  
The grandeur of His grace.  
Will be to us unfolded  
When we behold His face.

The marks upon His forehead  
Of the deep piercing thorns,  
Will tell us in sweet language,  
What He for us hath borne!  
His feet and hands nail-printed  
Will show what path He trod.  
When His rough cross He carried  
To bring us back to God.

The greatness of the mercy  
He brought to Calvary  
We shall perceive with wonder  
And holy ecstasy;  
That miracle of goodness  
Will then be clearly seen,  
When no dark cloud of evil  
Can rise and intervene.

O blessed, blessed vision,  
When all shall be made plain.  
The secrets of redemption,  
The mystery of pain;  
When all perplexing questions  
Shall fully answered be,  
In that most sacred moment  
When we our Lord shall see.

O Christ, that time is coming  
Upon us very fast  
And every day that passes  
Fortelleth of our last.  
Prepare us for the meeting  
With all the bliss divine,  
That we may see Thy glory  
And with its brightness shine.

#### Rosalie's Way.

BY MEADE MIDDLETON.

ROSALIE was a tall girl of sixteen. She was an energetic girl, also, and withal, unselfish, and 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 assurance that she could take charge of home matters, and make her father and brother quite comfortable.

Left thus, Rosalie began her work with great gloe. 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 "heartsease," a "sunbeam," a "jewel." Dick declared 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 sympathise with those who are sometimes weak and down-hearted. It was high time, you see, that Rosaline 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 daresay 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 was 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 tucked 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 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 I ought to try my best. It is part of the 'race.' Why, certainly! It depends upon me whether or not his friend has a nice time. 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 very sorry, Dick, for being so cross with you," 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 that 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 one 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 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 was 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 it making people selfish to let them have their own way always. This troubled her. "I do not want to make Dick selfish," she thought; "but there is something that I do wish for him, oh, so much!"

And that wish for Dick, whatever it was, made her fingers wonderfully skilful, just then in the arrangement of her pretty room. She had an odd little way of talking to herself.

"I dare say that this fine Mr. Frank will laugh at my pictures. I suppose that in his home are none but the very best paintings and engravings. He cannot laugh at my books, though,—even he cannot have any better authors than Milton and Shakespeare and Jeremy Taylor. I don't suppose that there is anything in our house grand enough for him. Oh, well! he can look out on the beautiful hills and fields; no one can help thinking that they are lovely."

Five o'clock Wednesday afternoon! The carriage that had been sent to the station to meet the visitor, was in sight at the turn of the road, by the school-house; just at that turn, the family at the farm always caught the first glimpse of their visitors from the city.

Joe was on the fence with his spy-glass. "He has come!" he exclaimed. "I can see him as plain as the nose on your face! He is riding in front, with Dick."

Rosalie had run upstairs to open the shutters that had been closed all day against the sun; then into the parlour a moment, for the same purpose, and afterward into the tea-room, to make sure that all was right about the table.

By this time the carriage was at the door, and as her mother's representative she must go forward to welcome Dick's