

To Labor and to Wait.

To labor and to wait: to work for God
With an untiring zeal that cannot cease;
To follow in the path our Saviour trod,
To wait for comfort, hope, and endless
peace.

To labor and to wait: to consecrate
Our talents unto Him who makes them
blest;

To point the wanderer to the golden gate,
To wait in hope of an unbroken rest.

To labor and to wait: to teach the way
To that bright world where sorrows never
come.

Till darkened souls rejoice in purest day,
To wait till Death's low voice shall call
us home.

To labor and to wait: to daily still
The heart's wild throbbings, and to
meekly bend

In calm submission to His holy will;
To wait until our labors have an end.

To labor and to wait: with heart and
hand

To cast aside whatever obstructs our way;
To suffer nought to conquer or withstand;
To wait in silence for the coming day.

To labor and to wait: with watchful eyes
To search for good where'er it may be
found;

To smile when others their hopes realize,
To wait in patience till our own be
crown'd.

To labor and to wait: to travel on—
To work, until the time for work be past;
To look not back upon the gladness gone;
To wait for the exceeding bliss at last.

—Selected.

Covering Up the Scar.

When an eminent painter was requested to paint Alexander the Great, so as to give a perfect likeness of the Macedonian conqueror, he felt a difficulty. Alexander, in his wars, had been struck by a sword, and across his forehead was an immense scar. The painter said: 'If I retain the scar, it will be an offence to the admirers of the monarch, and if I omit it, it will fail to be a perfect likeness. What shall I do?' He hit upon a happy expedient; he represented the Emperor leaning upon his elbow, with

his forefinger upon his brow, accidentally, as it seemed, covering the scar upon his forehead. Might we not represent each other with the finger of charity upon the scar, instead of representing the scar deeper and blacker than it really is? Might not Christians learn from heathendom a lesson of charity, of human kindness and of love?—*Good Words.*

Habits of Disrespect in the Family.

One of the dangers of the home life is this habit of disrespect—that which is bred by familiarity. People who are all beauty and sunshine to a crowd of strangers, for whom they have not the faintest affection, are all ugliness and gloom for their own, by whose love they live. The pleasant little prettiness of dress and personal adornment, which mark the desire to please, are put on only for the admiration of those whose admiration goes for nothing, while the house companions are treated only to the ragged gowns and threadbare coat, the tousled hair and stubby beard, which, if marking the ease and comfort of the *sans facon* of home, mark also the indifference and disrespect that do so much damage to the sweetness and delicacy of daily life. And what is true of the dress is still truer of the manners and tempers of home, in both of which we often find, too, that want of respect which seems to run side by side with affection in the custom of familiarity. It is a regrettable habit under any of its conditions, but never more so than when it invades the home and endangers still more that which is already too much endangered by other things. Parents and bringers-up do not pay enough attention to this in the young. They allow habits of disrespect to be formed—rude, rough, insolent, and impatient, and salve over the sore with the stereotyped excuse, "They mean nothing by it," which, if we look at it aright, is worse than no excuse at all, for if they really do mean nothing by it, and their disrespect is not what it seems to be, the result of strong anger, uncontrollable temper, but is merely a habit, then it ought to be conquered without the loss of time, being merely a manner that hurts all parties alike.