

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOL. XXX.]

JANUARY, 1896.

[No 1.

What will the New Year Bring ?

I KNOW not what another year
May bring to me ;
A life all sombered o'er and drear,
Or full of cheer.

Hoping, trusting, I'll watch and wait,
To see revealed,
What's writ within the Book of fate,
Whene'er unsealed.

I may be called a cross to bear,
As yet unseen,
Or someone's bitter grief to share,—
Some anguish keen.

Whate'er my lot, I'll not repine,
For well I know,
Some angel hand is holding mine,
Where'er I go.

Oh ! blessed thought that 'mid the strife
That reigns on earth ;
There is a higher, holier life—
A second birth.

Seek then my soul this life to gain,
And thus to rise,
Above the reach of toil and pain,
Beyond the skies.

E'er clinging to the cross, I'll win,
That blessed rest ;
So pure, so sweet, so free from sin,
Supremely blest.

—Rev. H. Petty.

THIS New Year thou givest me,
Lord, I consecrate to thee,
With all its nights and days :
Fill my land with service blest,
Fill my heart with holy rest,
And fill my life with praise !

Among the many mottoes and prayers available and suitable for the New Year, what better than this beautiful stanza by Miss Havergal ? He whose life in the swiftly passing months can be summed up in the words "service," "rest," and "praise" will have a happy year in the

fullest meaning of the term. May such inestimable blessing come to every reader of these lines ! It is an old and trite saying : "How rapidly time urges his flight !—sometimes as a relentless, unsparing destroyer, but often as a swift-winged and beautiful angel ; changing, yet not taking away this world's blessings ; making our past sorrows look dim in the distance ; opening many flowers of pleasure on our way, and gradually ripening our souls for the great and glorious harvest of eternity." Of the benediction of time, Dickens has said : "Father Time is not always a hard parent, and, though he carries for none of his children, often lays his hand lightly upon those who have used him well, making them old men and women inexorably enough, but leaving their hearts and spirits young and in full vigor. With such people the grey head is but the impression of the old fellow's hand in giving them his blessing, and every wrinkle but a notch in the quiet calendar of a well-spent life." Good, quaint old Fuller prayed : "Lord, give me an hour-glass, not to be by me, but in me. Teach me the number of my days—an hour-glass to turn me—that I may apply my heart unto wisdom."

A New Leaf.

HE came to my desk with a quivering lip—
The lesson was done—
"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he said ;
"I have spoiled this one."
In place of the leaf so stained and blotted,
I gave him a new one all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled—
"Do better now, my child."

I went to the throne with a quivering soul—
The old year was done—
"Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for me ?
I have spoiled this one."
He took the old leaf stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled—
"Do better now, my child."

—Carrie Shaw Price