

# SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for  
TEACHERS  
AND  
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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## Hymn for New Year's Day.

BY THE REV. J. PASCOE.

On this glad day, this New Year's morn,  
To thee, my God, I offer praise,  
May now, on wings of mercy borne,  
To heaven ascend my grateful lays.

My praise to thee, my God, shall rise,  
As incense sweet, through graces given,  
To thee, my God, beyond the skies,  
To thee, supreme in earth and heaven.

Thee all the hosts of heaven adore,  
And bend and bow before thy throne,  
For thou wilt reign for evermore,  
As God from endless ages known.

Oh! may thy Gospel freely run  
Through every land and bless our race;  
May victories for thee be won,  
On every shore, in every place.

Let heathen nations learn of thee,  
And, coming to thy glorious light,  
May they thy great salvation see,  
Saved by thy wisdom, love and might.

This year may nations live in peace,  
And learn the art of war no more;  
Thy kingdom come, its power increase,  
Thy sceptre sway from shore to shore.

Thus may this year be ever known,  
As one to which to man was given,  
Abundant blessings from thy throne,  
Abundant grace direct from heaven.

Petitcodiac, N.B.

## Time.

The present is the centre of eternity. All time focalizes on to-day. Out of the root of the past has sprung the plant

of the present, and it, in turn, will produce the fruitage of the future. He who sighs for the former days or dreams of days to come, sins against to-day—yea, he sins against eternity. The past is gone; the future may not come to us in this earth life; we can claim only the present, and we must be prompt to use it, for it will not tarry for us, but ere we are aware it is numbered with the past. To-day is the heir of yesterday, and the testator of to-morrow.

There come moments in every life that are more important than whole days at other times. There occasionally comes a single instant that means more than all preceding years; an instant of crisis when you must settle some great, vital question affecting your whole future life, yes, and your eternal destiny; an instant in which you are called upon to sow the seed of an immeasurable harvest; an instant in which you may launch your boat upon a new sea of life, turning its prow toward a beautiful harbour of success and happiness. Act on the instant, and great is your reward. Let the moment slip by unheeded, neglect to act that instant, and your supreme opportunity in life is gone forever. It will not come back to-morrow. It will not return next year. Opportunities never receive orders from the Great Commander of Eternity, "Face about! March!" His one command, repeated unceasingly, is, "Forward, march! Double quick!"

Refuse to sow the seed at the critical moment when opportunity offers, and the harvest will be yours—never. Refuse to launch your bark when the new sea is at flood-tide, and your vessel, stranded high and dry for eternity, cannot bear you to the coveted haven of prosperity and joy.—The Angelus.