

# CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

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## A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The Old Year has passed, with its joys and its sorrows;  
The New Year has come, with its hope and its fear;  
And now, on the threshold of unknown to-morrows,  
Dear friends, we would wish you A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

We ask not for honour, we look not for treasure:  
These last but a moment—they soon disappear;  
Though ours were silver and gold without measure,  
Oh, *these* could not bring us A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

We know not what cares may e'en now be before us,  
We know not what joy or what grief may be near;  
We know not which voice may be missed from our chorus,  
When next we shall wish you A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

But we know that the smile of our Father in heaven  
Brings sunshine in sorrow, dispels every fear:  
He will not withhold who a Saviour has given,  
And oh, may *He* send you A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

(For the CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.)

## LOVE OF DRESS.

"WHAT a shame! sentenced to three years' imprisonment! I declare I never heard of such an unjust sentence!" indignantly exclaimed Mary Lee, as she threw down a newspaper from which she had been reading something that appeared to pain and excite her.

The facts of the case were these:—A young girl had just been sentenced to three years' imprisonment, for the liberty of wearing, for a few hours one day, a valuable