

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOLUME XVI.]

DECEMBER, 1882.

[No. 12.

Christmas Greeting.

TO MY SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS.

MAY the grateful thoughts you cherish,
On this hallow'd Christmas time,
Fill your hearts with peace and gladness—
Flood them with a light divine,
That shall leave enduring mem'ries,
And shall youthful sunshine bring ;
When you're far along the journey,
To the " Palace of the King."

Wealth and honour may invite you ;
Nobly win them if you can,
Aim to reach life's highest stations,
Working to a worthy plan ;
Falter not where duty calls you,
Though fierce conflicts it may bring,
In your journey through the valley,
To the " Palace of the King."

Earthly joys are not enduring,
And its treasures pass away ;
Jesus offers those immortal,
Freely offers them to-day !
Oh, while in life's rosy morning,
Learn redeeming love to sing !
Christ alone can give a passport,
To the " Palace of the King."

If beneath His blood-stained banner,
We are soldiers true and bold ;
Standing clad in gospel harness,
We those mansions shall behold,
He is fitting for His chosen,
And shall know the joy 'twill bring,
To receive the Father's welcome,
To the " Palace of the King."

As the good of all the ages,
Bow before the shining throne ;
And He gives to each a new name,
Graven on a precious stone,
We shall sing the conflict over,
To His feet our trophies bring,
And shall heart he Master's " Well done,"
In the " Palace of the King."

In those realms of untold glory,
Where no night succeeds the day :
Death and sorrow cannot enter,
God shall wipe all tears away ;
And to Father, Son, and Spirit,
Endless praises we will sing,
For the glories of redemption,
In the " Palace of the King."
—Geo. W. Baldwin.

Another Year.

ANOTHER year is fading
Into the shadowy past,
What it for me, my Saviour,
This year should be the last ?
Could I, with joy recalling
The hours and moments gone,
Say I had well employed them,
Nor o'er one failure mourn !

Another year is passing,
And I am passing too—
Passing from earth and earthly scenes
To those earth never knew.
What shall I plead when standing
Before the " Great White Throne ?"
Nothing, O Christ, but Thine own blood,
Thy righteousness mine own.