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SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Hymn for the New Year.

BY CHARLOTTE MOORE.

I TAKE my pilgrim staff anew,
Life's path untrod den to pursue,
Thy guiding eye, my Lord, I view :
My times are in Thy hand.

Throughout the year, my Heavenly Friend,
On Thy blest guidance I depend ;
From its commencement to its end,
My times are in Thy hand.

Should comfort, health, and peace be mine,
Should hours of gladness on me shine,
Then let me trace Thy love divine :
My times are in Thy hand.

But should'st Thou visit me again
With languor, sorrow, sickness, pain,
Still let this thought my hope sustain :
My times are in Thy hand.

Thy smile alone makes moments bright,
That smile turns darkness into light ;
This thought will soothe grief's saddest night :
My times are in Thy hand.

Should those this year be called away,
Who lent to life its brightest ray,
Teach me in that dark hour to say :
My times are in Thy hand.

A few more days, a few more years—
O then a bright reverse appears,
Then I shall no more say with tears,
My times are in Thy hand.

That hand my steps will gently guide
To the dark brink of Jordan's tide,
Then bear me to the heavenward side.
My times are in Thy hand.

"He Knows."

I SEE not a step before me
As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy will clear ;
And what looks bright in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

It may be the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think—
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink ;
But if Mara must be Mara,
He will stand upon the brink.

It may be He is keeping,
For the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips will only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh, happy, blissful ignorance !
'Tis better not to know ;
It keeps me still in the gentle arm
That will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
On the breast that loves me so.

This Very Hour.

O YEARS gone down into the past,
What pleasant memories come to me
Of your untroubled days of peace,
And hours of almost ecstasy !

Yet would I have no moon stand still,
Where life's most pleasant valleys lie,
Nor wheel the planet of the day
Back on his pathway through the sky.

For though, when youthful pleasures died,
My youth, itself, went with them, too ;
To-day, aye ! even this very hour,
Is the best hour I ever knew.

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