

# SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for  
TEACHERS  
AND  
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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## Hymn for the New Year.

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

Throughout the year, my heavenly Friend,  
On Thy best 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 shouldst 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 day,  
Teach me in that dark hour to say,  
My times are in Thy hand.

A few more days, a few more years,—  
Oh, 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.

—Charlotte Elliott.

## One More Leaf of Life.

ANOTHER year of existence, with all its  
depths of experience, its heights of joy? Yes,  
and some time we shall thank God for the dark

places, the deep places, that go down, down in  
sorrow, as we cry, " All thy waves and thy bil-  
lows are gone over me ! " Yes, blessed is life,  
this mystery of being, these opening gates of  
our immortality, our entrance upon eternity.  
Love life. Enjoy it. It is God's good gift.  
Don't be afraid of it. Don't be afraid to be  
happy. Let all the tides of joy the most pro-  
found sweep through your being and thrill and  
possess you. Live happily, cheerfully, sunnily.

Try to make others happy. Don't keep this  
joy of life all to yourself. If you do, it will  
slip through your fingers. It will surely get  
away from you the moment you try to keep it  
to yourself. Share it with somebody. Try to  
make another happy, just as many as possible.  
For there are so many who are so poor and sick  
and bent down under heavy loads that they  
bitterly cry, " Is it worth our while to live ?  
Was it not a mistake that ever existence was  
given to us ? " Think of such ; give to such ;  
share everything you have with somebody who  
has nothing.

And then, having enjoyed life, having lived  
for somebody else, forget not that there is  
another life. Men talk of death, but really it is  
only one gateway in this long, long existence, this  
immortality that we have entered upon. It is  
only a stile in the wall separating two fields ;  
but oh, the field beyond is so much greener,  
fairer, larger ! You inherit both fields, this  
with its boundaries, the other that is limitless.  
To the life coming you may pass this very year,  
and so it may be a new year as you did not  
anticipate it. Only, be not afraid of it. Wel-  
come it as something thought of every day,  
something lived for every day, something to be  
desired as the best, the most precious of God's  
gifts. Let this serious but never chilling thought  
descend upon you, touching and arousing and  
inspiring you to live your best life now, as a  
step on and up to something inexpressibly  
grandier to be given at death. Let your prayer  
be, " So teach us to number our days that we  
may apply our hearts unto wisdom. "—*Sunday-  
School Journal.*