

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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This Year.

BY HELEN F. BOYDEN.

What will it bring,
The year just dawning to our view?
Will roses strew our path, or rue?
And will the days be false or true?

What will it bring?
The days stretch far away; we mean
To crowd so much—so much—between,
Living in hope the time unseen.

What will it bring?
Only neglect, and then regret,
Hearts full of pain, and eyelids wet,
Or happy days, and happier yet?

What shall we give?
Hands are outstretched on every side,
And many are the wants, and wide;
What can we throw into the tide?

What shall we give?
Such little things fill up our thought,
And awkwardly our hands have wrought
What seems thereafter to be naught.

What shall we give?
No costly gift or fragrant spice;
Some humble token must suffice—
A thing of love, and not of price.

What shall we give?
A breath to fame, a smile to art?
Better! a consecrated heart,
From earth and all its toils apart.

What shall we give
Fit for eternity and time?
A life where heart and soul make rhyme,
A character for God sublime.

A Prayer for the New Year.

Thy will to do, thy work to make
More forceful on this fallen earth,
Thy love in some lone heart to leave,
Thy word to give where spirits grieve,
To teach a downcast soul its worth;
Into some fettered life to take
Thy freeing power; for some one's sake
To give of self as thou didst give.—
For such a mission let me live