

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOLUME VIII.]

DECEMBER, 1875.

[No. 12.

The Beatitudes.

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Poor in themselves, their poverty they mourn,
Knowing that they of hol' thought have none,
Not that vain grief which worketh deeper
death ;

But these they mourn because Christ mourned
for them,

Bled for their sins, and died that they may
reign,

Mourning they weep with Christ o'er sin's dark
crimson stain.

And therefore meek, whatever ill be done
By mortal man, they pity feel alone ;
They know 'tis less t'an their most rightful
meed,

Which, if God gave, would send them swift to
death.

Patient endure, and suffering long and kin',
Gently they bear, uncomplaining and resigned,
Show to the world Christ's meek and lamb-like
mind.

And still they hunger after righteousness,
They minister to every saint's distress,
Greedy of time and opportunity
To show their love, blest Jesus, unto thee :
Pure thoughts to win which rise to heaven and
God,

To learn the way to virtue's high abode
Upward they ever gaze on their ascended Lord.

Waile to the scorn and hate and wrath of men,
How e'er foes rage and gnash their teeth at
them,

They ever hold a most forgiving heart ;
They see with anguish keen and inward smart
Satan's poor slaves his evil bidding do,
Unknowing work their own eternal woe.
They bless, they pray, for every cursing foe.

Thus pure in heart, in love to God and man,
By Faith and Love they seek more grace to gain,
Pure in their hatred of all evil things,
Soaring they mount on high on eagle's wings,
They see God's Law, discern its righteousness
In Jesu's death and full obedience,
Robed in his merit stand before God's face.

Is there an angry thought in human breast,
Doth burning malice find in hearts a place,
In souls where love should dwell and constant
peace,

And holy tempers reign in righteousness,
Thus do they calm the tempest brooding there.
Why should ye strive who Heaven-born brothers
are ?

Why do ye rage and hate and rise in hellish
war ?

Are ye not sons of our great Father, God ?
Are ye not bought with price of richest blood ?
Called to be heirs of an eternal crown,
To sit with Christ in heavenly places down ?
Brothers are we of one great family,
Called to love through all eternity,
Plunged in the sea of love of God's infinity.