

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Mountain Promises.

BY E. K.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit,
Whose humble lives to God are given,
Who meekly, patiently toil on,
Looking for praise from Him alone,
Their kingdom is of heaven.

And blessed too are they that mourn,
Through paths of bitter sorrow led,
For all their weariness and grief
Our God has promised a relief ;
Who says they shall be comforted.

Blessed again are all the meek,
Who count themselves as little worth,
Whom men may think but lightly of,
But God has noted them above,
The meek shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger,
And who thirst after righteousness ;
God in His holy Book hath willed
That those who seek Him surely find ;
And all His hungry shall be filled.

And blessed are the merciful
Who judgeth not another's stain ;
But showeth kindness unto all
God's creatures, both the great and small,
Their mercy surely shall obtain.

Blessed are the pure in heart,
In holy paths their feet have trod ;
They to His blessed sight shall go,
Who loved and served Him here below,
The pure in heart shall see their God.

And blessed are the peacemakers,
Scattering sunshine all abroad,
Their gentle lives shed peace around,
When strife and discord would abound,
For they the children are of God.

Blessed are the persecuted,
For Jesus' sake their lives are given,
Suffering in His dear cause below,
They to His holy sight shall go,
Their kingdom is of heaven.

Blessed are ye whom men revile,
Thus nobly have the prophets striven,
Though life be burdensome and sad,
Rejoice and be exceeding glad,
For great is your reward in heaven.

A Dream.

BY LIZZIE HELLIWELL, WINNIPEG.

I dreamed—my hopes like dead leaves fell,
Their dry, crisp rustle seemed to tell
Of naked boughs where winds would blow,
Of branches bare to winter's snow.

I woke—but shivering through me still
I felt the cold November chill,
Still falling leaves brushed past my cheek,
As when they touched me in my sleep.

Yet soon I smiled ; the dream had gone,
A child of night, from evil throng,
But some who sleep awake to grief,
To know their hope a withered leaf.

Their hearts grow chill, 'neath winds that blow,
Their lives are bare to winter's snow,
They may not say, "It is a dream
That will be gone 'ere morning's beam."