

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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From the Shore of Eternity.

BY F. W. FABER.

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore !
With no one sight that we have seen be-
fore,

Things of a different hue,
And the sounds all new,
And fragrances so sweet the soul may
faint,

Alone ! Oh, that first hour of being a
saint !

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore !
On which no wavelets lisp, no billows
roar,

Perhaps no shape of ground,
Perhaps no sight or sound,
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange,
But to begin alone that mighty change !

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore !
Knowing so well we can return no more ;
No voice or face of friend,
None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand,
But to arrive alone in such a land !

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore !
To begin alone to live for evermore,
To have no one to teach
The manners or the speech
Of that new life, or put us at our ease ;
Oh, that we might die in pairs or com-
panies !

Alone ! the God we know is on that shore,
The God of whose attractions we know
more

Than of those who may appear
Nearest and dearest here ;
Oh, is he not the lifelong Friend we know
More privately than any friend below ?

Alone ! the God we trust is on that shore,
The Faithful One whom we have trusted
more

In trials and in woes
Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly
strife.

Oh, we shall trust him more in that new
life !

Alone ! the God we love is on that shore—
Love not enough, yet whom we love far
more,

And whom we loved all through
And with a love more true,
Than other loves—yet now shall love him
more—

True love of him begins upon that shore !

So not alone we land upon that shore ;
'Twill be as though we had been there
before ;

We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning
dove,
And be at home at once with our eternal
love !