

NO SECT
IN
HEAVEN.

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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints
believe,
That night I stood in a troubled
dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing
stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the
river came:
When I heard a strange voice call
his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross
this tide
You must leave your robes on the
other side."

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But the aged father did not
mind,
And his long gown floated out be-
hind,
As down to the stream his way he
took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged
book.

“I'm bound for heaven, and when
I'm there,
I shall want my book of Common
Prayer;
And though I put on a starry
crown,
I should feel quite lost without my
gown.”

Then he fixed his eye on the shining
track,
But his gown was heavy, and held
him back,
And the poor old father tried in
vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other
side,
But his silk gown floated on the
tide;
And no one asked in that blissful
spot,
Whether he belonged to "*the*
Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker
strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was
made;
“ My coat and hat must be all of
gray,
I cannot go any other way.”

Then he buttoned his coat straight
up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he
pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and
white.

But a strong wind carried away his
hat ;
A moment he silently sighed over
that,
And then, as he gazed to the farther
shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen
no more.

As he entered heaven, his suit of
gray
Went quietly sailing—away—away,
And none of the angels questioned
him
About the width of his beaver's
brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle
of Psalms

Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise
thing,

That the people in heaven, "all
round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an
anxious sigh,

As he saw that the river ran broad
and high,

And looked rather surprised as, one
by one,

The Psalms and Hymns in the
wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godli-
ness,
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall
I do?
The water has soaked them through
and through."

And there on the river, far and
wide,
Away they went down the swollen
tide,
And the saint astonished, passed
through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the
throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints
by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's
brink,
I saw one saint from the other
shrink.

“Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask
you, friend,
How you attained to life's great
end?”

“*Thus*, with a few drops on my
brow.”

“But *I* have been dipped, as you'll
see me now.

“And I really think it will hardly
do,
As I’m ‘close communion,’ to cross
with you ;
You’re bound, I know, to the realms
of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I’ll
go this.”

Then straightway plunging with all
his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the
right,
Apart they went from this world of
sin,
But at last together they entered
in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree,
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring long
and loud

Came ever up from the moving
crowd,

“You’re in the old way, and I’m in
the new,

That is the false, and this is the
true,”—

Or, “I’m in the old way, and you’re
in the new,

That is the false, and *this* is the
true.”

But the *brethren* only seemed to
speak,

Modest the sisters walked, and
meek,

And if ever one of them chanced to
say

What troubles she met with on the
way,

How she longed to pass to the other
side,

Nor feared to cross over the swelling
tide,

A voice arose from the brethren
then :

“ Let no one speak but the ‘ holy
men ;’

For have ye not heard the words of
Paul,

‘ Oh, let the women keep silence
all ?’ ”

I watched them long in my curious
dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the
stream ;
Then, just as I thought, the two
ways met,
But all the brethren were talking
yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving
tide
Carried them over, side by side ;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was
done,
And priest and Quaker, and all who
died,

Came out alike on the other side.
No forms, or crosses, or books had
they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's right-
eousness.