

And' after him, with his MSS.,  
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,  
But he cried, " Dear me, what shall I do ?  
The water has soak'd them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,  
Away they went down the swollen tide,  
And the saint astonish'd, pass'd 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 stopp'd at the river's brink,  
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

" Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,  
How you attain'd to life's great end ?"  
" Thus, with a few drops on my brow."  
" But *I* have been dipp'd, 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 enter'd in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,  
A Presbyterian church went down ;  
Of women there seem'd a wonderous throng,  
But the men could count as they pass'd along.