

**THE DOCTOR'S DREAM.**

LAST evening I was talking  
 With a doctor, aged and gray,  
 Who told me of a dream he had,  
 I think 'twas Christmas day.

While snoozing in his office,  
 The vision came to view,  
 For he saw an angel enter,  
 Dressed in garments white and new.

Said the angel, "I'm from heaven ;  
 The Lord just sent me down,  
 To bring you up to glory,  
 To wear your golden crown.

"You've been a friend to everyone,  
 And worked hard, night and day ;  
 You have doctored many thousands,  
 And from few received your pay.

"So we want you up in glory,  
 For you have labored hard,  
 And the good Lord is preparing  
 Your eternal, just reward."

Then the angel and the doctor  
 Started up toward glory's gate,  
 But when passing close to hades,  
 The angel murmured, "Wait."

"I have here a place to show you ;  
 It's the hottest place in hell,  
 Where the ones who never paid you  
 In torment always dwell."

And, behold, the doctor saw there  
 His old patients by the score,  
 And taking up a chair and fan,  
 He wished for nothing more.

But was bound to sit and watch them,  
 As they sizzle, singe and burn,  
 And his eyes would rest on debtors  
 Whichever way they'd turn.

Said the angel, "Come on, doctor,  
 There the pearly gates I see ;"  
 But the doctor only muttered,  
 "This is good enough for me !"

He refused to go on further,  
 But preferred to sit and gaze  
 At that crowd of rank old dead-heads,  
 As they lay there in the blaze.

But just then the doctor's office clock  
 Cuckooed the hour of seven,  
 And he awoke to find himself  
 In neither hell nor heaven.