

I saw him again on the other side,
 But his silk gown floated upon the tide,
 And no one ask'd, in that blissful spot,
 If he belong'd to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker stray'd,
 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 button'd his coat straight up to his chin,
 And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
 And his broad-brimm'd hat he pull'd down tight
 Over his forehead, so cold and white.

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

As he enter'd heaven, his suit of gray
 Went quietly sailing—away—away,
 And none of the angels question'd 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 look'd rather surprised as, one by one,
 The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went down.