

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."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
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 fix'd 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.