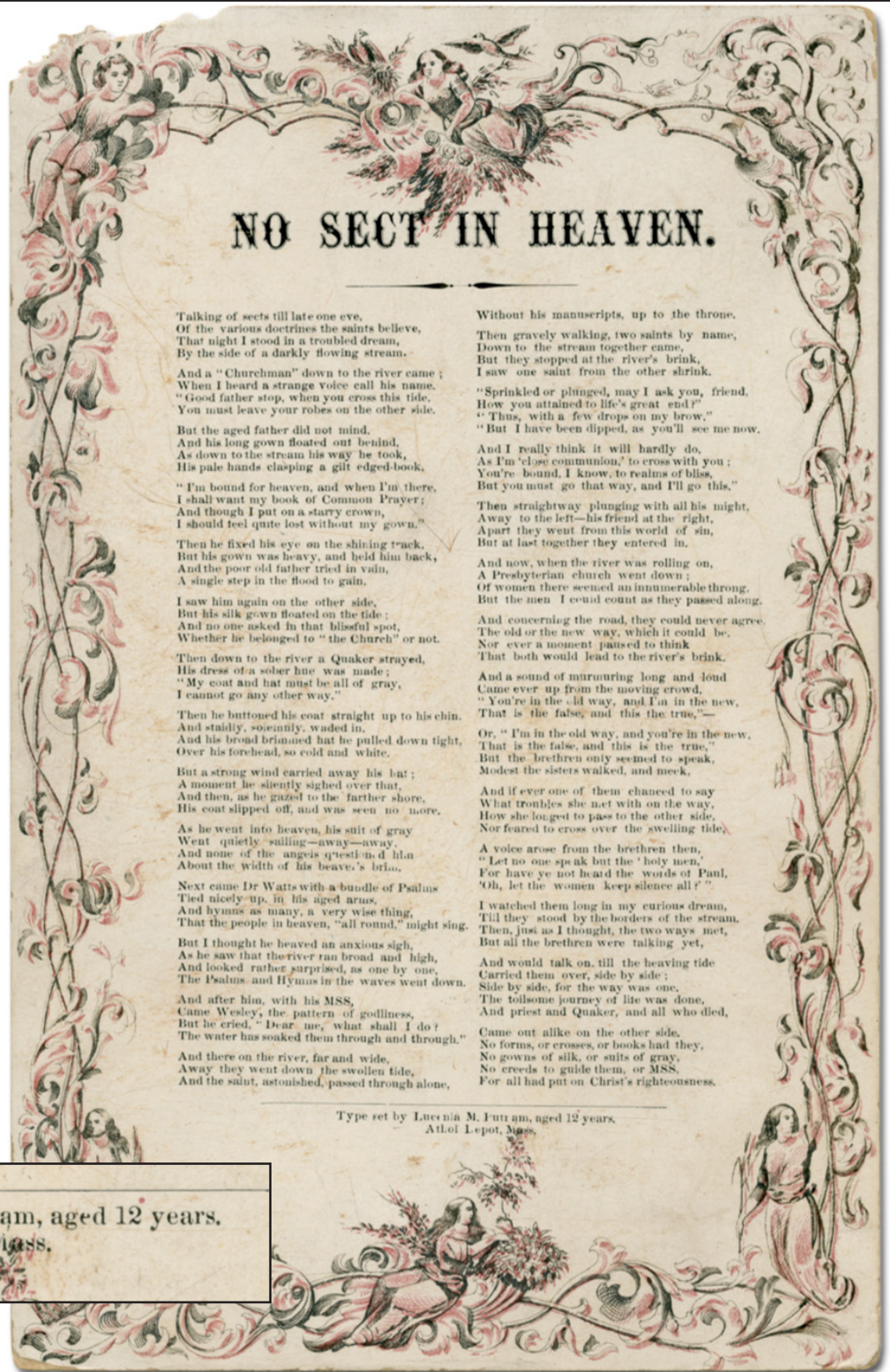


BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

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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 should feel quite lost without my gown."
And though I put on a starry crown,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
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,
His coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he went into 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 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 waves went down.

And after him, with his MSS,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,
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 suit, 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 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 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 over 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 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 righteousness.

Type set by Lucenia M. Putnam, aged 12 years,
Athol Depot, Mass.

Type set by Lucenia M. Putnam, aged 12 years,
Athol Depot, Mass.

[Elizabeth Hannah Jocelyn Cleaveland]. Lucenia M. Putnam, Aged 12 years *No Sect in Heaven*

Athol Depot, Mass.: Type set by Lucenia M. Putnam, aged 12 years [circa 1861-1870?]

First edition thus (in this format). Broadside printed in two columns on white coated card stock, decorative border in black and pink. Approximately 9¼" x 6¼". A small bit of chipping from one upper corner else very good or better. A charming and attractive piece of amateur juvenile printing (from its style and content evidently dating from the heyday of the American slip ballad) of this popular bit of ecumenical verse promoting religious tolerance apparently first published around 1861. A very visually appealing example. *OCLC* locates no copies. [\[BTC#392325\]](#)