

What Turkish rover, or what heathen foe,
Shews more contempt of gospel equity,
Than those, to sultry climes remote who go,
T' enslave their fellow men, by nature free?

The yelling warrior, with relentless hand,
Leaves parent childless, fatherless the son;
Their griefs our tender sympathy demand;
But what have distant Afric's children done?

Will still the pick-thank, temporizing priest,
Give this oppression pharisaic aid?
Will civiliz'd believers still persist
To vindicate the abominable trade?

Th' extensive, deep, unrighteous t' unfold,
West-India's dark, inhuman laws explore;
What gross iniquity we there behold,
In solemn acts of legislative power?

Britons who loud for liberty contend,
Affect to guard their nation from the stain;
Yet fordidly in Mammon's temple bend,
And largely share in the ungodly gain.

What ardent execrations do we hear,
'Gainst barb'rous Mohoc's, bloody Shawanese?
From father's arms their hopeful sons who tear;
From mother's breasts love's tender pledges seize.

O Christian! think with what redoub'led force,
'Gainst which fallacious artifice is vain,
On thee recurs thy aggravated curse,
Heav'n's righteous Judge pronouncing——“Thou art the
“Man.”

Think for what end the Mediator came,
On earth an ignominious death to die;
Thy soul from wrath's dominion to redeem,
And to himself a people purify.