

Dis tex' am not for de debil's tools—
Dey don' need preachin' to make dem wo'k!
Deir massa knows dey am no sich fools
De 'poyment he gibs dem fo' to shirk!

Dis tex' am jest for the Lawd's belubb'd,
The weakly chil'en and kind o' slow,
Dat need like de oxen to be shubbed,
And gadd'd a little to make dem go!

Dis tex' am fo' eh'ry darkey here
Dat's sated by grace from de 'tarnal woes,
And yet forgets deir great Oberseer
Don' 'low no laggin' atween de rows.

So, bred'ring, mind wot E'clastus says—
When on the brush or de razor bright.
De hoe or bucksaw yo're hands you' lays,
Yo' mus' keep goin' *wif all yo're might!*

And yo' in de hindmost pews beware—
(I 'prove no mincin') *beware of hell!*
De snickerin's changed to de gnashin' dere,
Where Lucifer and his angels dwell.

Afore de Massa shut to de doah!
Afore His mercy am clean gone doite!
Repent and strike fo' de shinin' shoah,
And baulk ole satin de ebil one!

De application, and den I close:—
Keep fill'n' yo' lamps at de fount ob grace:
Be fai'ful wo'kers: pay wot yo' owes:
Den look de Lawd right squar' in de face!"

M. A. Moulton.