

now, and I keep my body under, like Brudder Paul ; and nothin' has power to separate me from Him I loves. I's too had sorrows enough to break down a dozen hearts dat had no Jesus to shar' 'em wid, but every one on 'em has only fotched me nearer to Him ! Some folks would like to shirk all trouble on dair way to glory, and swim into de shinin' harbor through a sea o' honny ! But sonny, dere's crosses to bar, and I ain't mean enough to want my blessed Jesus to bar 'em all alone. It's my glory dat I can take hold o' one end o' de cross and help Him up the hill wid de load o' poor brussed and wounded and sick sinners He's got on His hands and His heart to get up to glory ! But, la ! honey ! how de time has flew ; I must go home and get Brudder Adam's dinner ; for it's