

An' them mountains talk tew a chap this way :  
"Climb, if ye can, ye degenerate cuss !"  
An' the stars smile down on a man, an say,  
"Come higher, poor critter, come up tew us !"

XII.

An' I reckon, pard, thar is One above  
The highest old star that a chap can see,  
An' He says, in a solid, eternal way,  
"Ye never can stop till ye get to ME !"  
Good fur Him, tew ! fur I calculate  
He ain't the One to dodge an' tew shirk,  
Or waste a mite of the things He's made,  
Or knock off till He's finished His great Day's work !

XIII.

We've got to labor an' strain an' snort  
Along thet road thet He's planned an' made ;  
Don't matter a mite He's cut His line  
Tew run over a 'tarnal, tough up-grade ;  
An' if some poor sinner ain't built tew hold  
Es big a head of steam es the next,  
An' keeps slippin' an' slidin' 'way down hill,  
Why, He don't make out that He's awful vex'd.

XIV.

Fur He knows He made Him in that thar way,  
Somewhars tew fit in His own great plan ;  
An' He ain't the Bein' tew pour His wrath  
On the head of thet slimpsy an' slippery man,