

TO THE
INHABITANTS OF PLANET EARTH.

My Sov'reign-King, I look to Thee,
To give me words to write ;
Be pleased to let all Mankind see,
And give us Truth and Light.

Remove delusions far away,
And may they ne'er return ;
Save all who will ask how to pray,
And come to Thee to learn.

Be pleased to watch this holy seed,
And let it not be stole ;
Be pleased to pluck the heathen weed,
The belief in a soul.

Heaven above fixed in the mind,
Let it now pass away ;
Thy "Father's House" may many find,
All who will, "Lead me," pray.

"Follow Me," is Thy plain Command,
Which we must all obey,
Or we'll not see a Guiding Hand,
Which is the only way.