

Many Generations did toil,  
 Beneath the burning Sun,  
 Scratching a living from the soil,  
 Till Reason great was spun.

I did not meet with any Presbyterians searching for the Keys of Knowledge in the Asylum for Insane, Toronto, but had the pleasure of hearing a Professor of Knox College preach to us lunatics. I do not remember his text, but I am certain it was not "Be ye therefore perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect," as no Presbyterian minister can preach a sermon from that text.

Perfect is the doctrine to preach,  
 Predestination is a fraud,  
 "Saved by blood" is silly to teach,  
 'Twas never taught by Spirit-God.

I found the Keys of Truth after a long search hid in the Asylum for Insane, Toronto, and felt I was well rewarded for surrendering my business and playing the fool for seven months.

Peter ne'er built a mill,  
 Nor did he work his mind,  
 Fishing can spin no will,  
 With which to loose and bind.

The Gospel has not been preached to all Nations, but has been published to all Nations by the Pen of God the Printing Press and Ink the Blood of