

Death that is deemed with ills so rife,  
Is but the gate that leads to life,  
And is as natural as birth,  
To all that dwell upon the earth—  
Those then, who say that sin's its cause,  
But little know of nature's laws ;  
Whose power both birds and beasts confess  
Who never sinned nor did transgress—

W.—But tell me, will you, what's the fate,  
Of those who reach the spirit state ;  
Is their condition ill or well,  
Go these to heaven and those to hell ?  
Your answer I would like to hear,  
It causes much discussion here—

S.—There's no such hell or heaven there,  
As ignorant teachers oft declare,  
Souls carry with them when they go,  
The status they had here below ;  
And enter on their new career,  
Just as they leave the mortal sphere—  
Were that not so, 'twere hard to see,  
How they could know themselves to be ;  
They soon find out where'er they dwell,  
Each being makes its heaven or hell,  
Which are but states of soul or mind,  
That mortals here, as there will find—  
Pursue the good, let evil cease,  
In time, 'twill yield a heaven of peace ;  
Persist in vices' ways to go,  
And you will find a hell of woe—  
But in our life things always tend,  
To shew progression has no end ;