

I said, thou being good and great,  
Thou dweller in the Spirit state,  
In words, I cannot now reveal  
To thee, the gratitude I feel,  
That thou should'st deign to meet me here,  
As if I were thy brother peer—  
To question thee I'm fully bent,  
Since I have now thy free consent,  
'Twill be a pleasure manifold,  
That I may have my doubts resolved—  
A future life I must avow,  
Because the proof's before me now,  
Then briefly first to me relate,  
Some facts about that spirit state—

S.—On this you may rest satisfied,  
As something not to be denied,  
That none can spirit life declare,  
Except the beings living there—  
Most human teachings on this theme,  
Are worthless as an idle dream.

Our life and state, hid from your view,  
Are just as real as your's to you—

We have our mountains, lakes and plains,  
In aspect such as earth contains ;  
In fact your globe and scenes so grand,  
Are shadows of our better land—  
When death with dire or gentle hand,  
Dissolves the soul and body's band,  
The spirit leaves the mortal coil,  
And wakes up on its native soil—