

**THE SPIRITUAL BIRTH; OR
DEATH, AND ITS TOMORROW:
THE SPIRITUALISTIC IDEA
OF DEATH, HEAVEN AND HELL**

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The Spiritual Birth; Or Death, and Its Tomorrow: The Spiritualistic Idea of Death, Heaven and Hell by Moses Hull

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MOSES HULL

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DEATH, HEAVEN AND HELL

BY
MOSES HULL,
AUTHOR OF MANY WORKS ON SPIRITUAL, PROGRESSIVE AND
RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

"The stroke of Death is but a kindly frost,
Which cracks the shell, and leaves the kernel room
To germinate."—*Shakespeare, via Dolen.*

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PREFACE.

The substance of the following pages, I have given to the world in lectures many times in the last dozen years. In nearly every instance individuals have come forward and asked me if I could not furnish the argument in print. I always promised that at some future time I would do so. That time has now come, and, I hand the reader the following pages, which though an abridgement of the argument generally made is sufficiently full, it is hoped, to set the reader to looking further into the matter.

I am getting to believe more and more in small pamphlets. My experience is that hundreds will purchase, read and give away a ten-cent tract where one will purchase and read a heavy volume; hence I am each day getting to be more of a pamphleteer.

The doctrines taught here have taken the sting from death and the victory from the grave. Death, with

those who believe the doctrines herein advocated is as Shakespeare says :

"That blessed consummation of this life,
Which soothes all pain, makes good all loss, revives
The weak, gives rest and peace, makes free the slave,
Levels all past distinctions, and doth place
The beggar on a footing with the king."

The fear or the dread of death, among Spiritualists is out of the question. In proportion as the world opens its spiritual eyes, will it embrace, understand and enjoy the doctrines herein set forth. That readers and writer may so live here that we may be born into that undying life hereafter under the very best conditions is the prayer of

MOSES HULL.

Chicago, 1895.

DEATH AND ITS TO-MORROW,

—OR—

The Spiritualistic Idea of Death, Heaven and Hell.

“If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow,
For any one,
All the fight fought and all the journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise and move and love and smile and pray
For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever, ‘Lord, within thy keeping,
How should I fear?
And, when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
‘Do Thou Thy Will.’

I might not sleep, for awe; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long; and, when the morning splendor
Flashed o’er the sky,
I think that I could smile, could calmly say,
‘It is His day.’

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder
Held out a scroll

On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clew
What should I do?

What could I do, O Blessed Guide and Master
Other than this,—
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While lead by Thee?

Step by step, feeling Thou art close beside me,
Although unseen;
Through thorns, through flowers, whether tempest hide
Or heaven serene; [Thee
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Nor love decay.

I may not know, my God, no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise;
Along the path no deepening shadow stealeth;
No voice replies
To all my questioning thoughts, the time to tell,
And it is well.

Let me keep on abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripe fruition
Or a short day's.
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait,
If Thou come late."

Death is on every hand; look which way we will we see the evidences of the mortality of the physical man. We have crowded our fathers and mothers off the stage of physical life; in turn we are fast being crowded into the great beyond. Why is this? Why do we die? What is death? What does it do for us, and with us?

Are we set adrift on a boundless ocean? or is it only a narrow stream? and what is on the other side of that stream?

These and a thousand similar questions continually ask themselves and the nearer we get to that other shore the more persistently do these questions obtrude. We are all interested in their solution, not merely for our friends who are over there, but we have a selfish interest in the matter. When our friends left us,

"We saw not the angels who met them there,
The gates of the city we could not see,"

But, somehow, we hoped that somewhere in the great beyond, death, which had divided us, would again unite us in more indissoluble ties. Any thing that can give us light on the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" will at some period in the life of every one be a boon the value of which cannot be over estimated.

OLD OPINIONS.

The old view of death is that it is a curse which has come on the race because of a mistake made by our first parents. The text, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," has been interpreted to signify that death is a curse, a penalty for man's disobedience. Paul may at times, have favored that idea. He said:— "Wherefore as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Ro. v: 12. In verse 21 he tells us that, "Sin hath reigned unto death." In Chapter vi: 23, he tells us that "the wages of sin is death." In 1 Cor. xv: 26, he informs his readers that, "the last

enemy that shall be destroyed is death." "It was through death that Jesus was to destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil." Heb. ii: 14.

Thus for hundreds of years, death was regarded as an enemy—a penalty for sin, and a weapon in the hands of the devil. It was of course to be followed by the judgment, and in most cases by endless torture in a lake of fire and brimstone. In secret societies and other places death was represented by a skull and crossbones. Songs had their effect in deepening this fear of death. Death and the judgment were always connected in the minds of the people. Isaac Watts, if my memory is right, asked the people to sing:—

"And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?"

Again Watts sang:—

"Death enters and there's no defense,
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or down to hell."

Once more we were asked to sing:—

"Death, thou art the king of terrors,
Terror felt by mighty kings."

Also:—

"Hark from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry,
Ye living men come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie."

Or worse still:—

"Death, 'tis a melancholy day