

THE SPIRITUAL BIRTH
OR
DEATH, AND ITS TO-MORROW

THE SPIRITUALISTIC IDEA
OF
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 Doten.***

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PREFACE.

4 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 wonderful 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

To those who have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek its last abode."

SPIRITUALISTIC VIEWS.

David said: "Thou hast put a new song in my mouth."
Spiritualism has done the same thing; its poets and philosophers have introduced a new train of thought on the subject of death. The spirit of William Shakespeare, through Lizzie Doten said:—

"The stroke of death is but a kindly frost,
Which cracks the shell,
And leaves the kernel room to germinate."

Again:—

"What most consummate fools this fear of death doth
make us!
Reason plays the craven unto sense, and in her fear
Chooses the slow and slavish death of life,
Rather than freedom in the life of death."

This same influence speaks of the fear of death as follows:—

"See here; another wound,—the fear of death—
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."

In speaking of what death does for humanity, Shakespeare, through Miss Doten, says:—

"From every gaping wound of fear or doubt;
Murder or malice;
Sorrow or despair;
Thy spirit leaps as from a prison door.
It laughs at death and daggers

And it flies to hold companionship
 With spirits blest;
 And having thus informed itself of life,
 The question then, —
 To be or not to be,
 Is swallowed up in immortality."

Iowa's spiritual poet, McCreery said:—

"There is no death! the stars go down
 To rise on some fairer shore,
 And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
 They shine forever more.
 And ever near us, though unseen,
 The dear immortal spirits tread;
 For all the boundless universe
 Is life—there are no dead."

Miss Priest sang:—

"And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river and hill and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail—
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
 I shall pass from sight with the boatmen pale,
 To the better shore of the spirit land.
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will that meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The angel of death shall carry me."

IS DEATH AN ENEMY?

In a certain sense death has a sting—a sting which no religion, no philosophy, no knowledge takes away. Death does not sting the one it takes; it always comes to relieve the sufferer of what he was no longer able to endure; but death stings those left behind. Every time those left behind view the empty shoes and stockings;

every time they see the unpressed pillow, or the vacant chair; every time they miss the pleasant smile or the melodies of the voice, there is an aching void—a sense of something missing; and this brings a pang not to be overcome in a moment. But death does not sting the one taken away. Indeed we will, most of us be as glad to go when the time comes as we ever were to start on any journey.

I have presented this poetical contrast as a kind of foundation for the argument to be made. Any one can see that there are at least two sides to this question; my present object is to try for my own sake, and that of others to find out the truth.

WHERE SHALL WE TURN FOR LIGHT?

On this subject the sciences are absolutely silent. Science, with its telescopes sweeps the fields of space and brings within our purview worlds which, ‘‘hang upon nothing,’’ worlds, the existence of which without their aid, we never could more than imagine. Microscopes bring to us the worlds of infinitesimal existences—worlds of living, organized, competing intelligences, in a single drop of water; but science as yet only reaches the physical; the instrument has not yet been invented that brings the world of spirituality to view. Science confesses it is educated only in the past; it traces the physical man back, back, back, through all the phases of matter, but when it comes to the spiritual part of man, or to the to-morrow of death, its eyes are bandaged.

When one turns from science to the more spiritual portions of the Bible, that, when interpreted in the

light of Modern Spiritualism, when not contradicted by other seemingly authoritatively statements, reflect a glimmer of light on the question. This darkness attending the exit from this world has caused the world to dress death in black, and surround it with the gloom expressed in the texts of scripture and poems to which I have referred.

THE LIGHT OF SPIRITUALISM.

Unless Spiritualism, with its phenomena and philosophy interprets this, death must remain an unsolved problem. If people return from the other country then there is another country. When Jesus "showed himself alive after his passion, by many infalible proofs," (acts i:3,) then he demonstrated a life for the people supposed to be dead. So, our friends, by returning with "infalible proofs" of life for the dead, have proven that there is a beyond,—that death does not end all.

The position assumed by Spiritualism is that death is

ONLY A BIRTH.

In the event called death one is born out of his own body, as when he came into this world he was born out of another body. Jesus in his conversation with Nicodemus in the third chapter of John, in various forms of phraseology, says; "ye must be born again." In verse 6 he says: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit." This implies that the spirit is not born of the flesh, nor the flesh of the spirit. Now every one who lives in the flesh demonstrates his birth of the flesh. You may be asked when you were born, where you were born, and of whom you

were born; but no one will ever think of questioning you as to whether you ever was born. The fact that you are here in flesh and blood is all the proof needed of the fact that you have passed through the ordeal called birth. So, when you are born of the spirit you will exist out of the flesh from which you will have been born, as an individualized and separate entity.

In verses 7 and 8 Jesus makes this point still plainer. He says:—"Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again; the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit. Mark you, this text does not say that the spirit of which one is born is like the wind; but the one born of the spirit is like the wind. He goes, and you cannot tell where he goes, and he comes and you cannot tell where he comes from.

This birth of the spirit has generally been applied to an event which takes place in this life—a change which is generally called conversion; now while I do not deny that such people may have passed through a change, which in an accommodated sense may be called a birth, I do deny that they have experienced *this* birth. They do not go so that no one can tell where they go; nor do they come in any different manner from those who do not lay claim to having passed through such birth. Neither of the two tests by which Jesus would have you test those born of the spirit apply to them.

I now assert that the birth of the spirit is nothing more nor less than

THE RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD.

The term resurrection has been so sadly mis-interpreted that I am almost afraid to use it. The word itself brings to the average theologian visions of graves bursting open and dead bodies springing to life. I do not mean that; the word itself has no such significance. This word comes from the Greek term *anastasis*, and signifies a reviving, a rousing up, or rising up.

Rev. Chauncy Giles says: "The Greek work *anastasis* means 'a continuance of existence after the death of the body,' 'the future life of those called dead.'"

Rev. Dr. Dwight says:

"This word, *anastasis*, is commonly, but often erroneously translated resurrection. So far as I have observed, it usually denotes our existence beyond the grave. Many passages of scripture would have been rendered *more intelligible*, and the thoughts contained in them more just and impressive, had this word been translated agreeable to its real meaning."

In over one hundred places in the Greek Testament the word *ek* occurs before the word *anastasis*; that word is the equivalent of the Latin or the English word *ex*, and means, and should be translated, *out*. Take the word *ex*, which is the equivalent of the Greek *ek*, and you will find, no matter how many words you build upon it as a root, it always means the same. Thus we have the word *exit*, going out; *exodus*, the same; *export*, taking goods out of our ports; *exhale*, breathing out, etc. etc. Now in every place where the phrase, resurrection *from* the dead occurs, and in a few places where resurrection *of* the dead occurs, it is *ek anastasis* or *ek anastasin*, and means resurrection *out* of the dead. In Phil. iii:

ii, Paul says: "If by any means I may attain unto the resurrection of the dead." The Greek is, *ek anastasin on nekron*.—Resurrection *out* of the dead.

The fact is, we live in the body; the eye does not see; the ear does not hear; we see and hear through the eyes and ears. Eyes and ears do not remember what is seen and heard. Eyes and ears do not compare one thing with another, and reflect on the things seen and heard. I, the *ego*, which uses the eyes and ears as tools, do all that. When the various parts of the body can no longer be used as helps—when the body can no longer be of service to the man, then the thing for him to do is to rise out of the body. There is now, in a certain sense a misfit between body and spirit, and hence, they part company. The body being of no further use to the man is laid aside, never to be taken up again. The spirit being born out of the fleshly body puts on a new spiritual body. This is the resurrection.

I here and now pledge myself to, at any convenient time and place show that the whole Bible is in harmony with this idea, and that the resurrection of the animal body is unscriptural and unscientific.

IS THE RESURRECTION A BIRTH ?

Yes, the resurrection is declared to be a birth. I will only refer to one place. In Col. 1: 18, Paul says: "And he [Jesus,] is the head of the body, the church; who is the beginning, the *firstborn from the dead*; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence."

Here Jesus was said to be born from [*ek*, out of] the dead. The only objection I have ever heard urged

against the interpretation here given, is, that while the text declares that he was born from the dead, it says he was the firstborn, that is the first one born from the dead. This is a mistake; no Bible writer or educated Bible reader, ever believed any thing of the kind; except as a kind of subterfuge, to dodge the interpretations here given. Paul says:—"Women received their dead raised to life again."—Heb. xi: 35. The fact is, the term "firstborn," while it signifies that Jesus was born *out of the dead*, does not signify that he was the *first one* born from the dead. The word signifies first in rank—in importance, and not first in numerical order. This is proved in what follows: "that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." This signifies that, as Jesus stood first, that is, A, 1, among reformers here, so he is first, that is, A, 1, among those born from the dead.

Now let us apply Jesus' tests to himself; he says those who are born of the spirit, are like the wind; you cannot tell where they go, or whence they come. While this is not true of those who profess to have experienced this birth, it was true of Jesus. First, let us bring Jesus and Paul together. Jesus says:—"Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."—Jno. iii: 3. Now may I ask why? Paul answers:—"For flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit in corruption."—1 Cor. xv: 50. Thus it appears that one must be born out of flesh and blood to be born into the kingdom of God.

APPLICATION OF JESUS' TESTS.

Those who will examine the various appearances of Jesus after his death will discover that in every instance he came and went exactly as he said those would who were born of the spirit. That is to say, no one ever saw him come or go. Usually he appeared and then vanished. In Matt. xxviii: 17, the disciples saw and worshipped him in Galilee, but "some doubted." In Mark xvi: 9, he appeared to Mary; then, in verse 12, he appeared "in another form unto two of them as they walked and went into the country." Afterward, in verse 14, "he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat." In none of these instances did they see him come or go.

In Luke xxiv: 15, Jesus drew near to two men who were walking, but "their eyes were holden that they should not know him." In verse 31, after going in and breaking bread with them, he "vanished from their sight." They surely could not tell where he went. In verse 36, Jesus "stood in their midst," but they could not tell where he came from. While he continued his conversation, he was "parted from them and carried up into heaven." Verse 57.

In John xx: 14, Jesus somehow appeared when Mary's back was turned. When she turned and saw him he refused to allow her to touch him. The next seen of him, he was in the midst of a room, where "the doors were shut, for fear of the Jews." They did not on that occasion see him come. Verse 19. In verses 25 and 26, after eight days he again entered a room where the doors were closed and talked with his disciples. Thus

he came and went exactly as he said those should who were born of the spirit.

SOME RESULTS OF THAT BIRTH.

As birth into this world liberated us from the narrow sphere we occupied before that birth, so birth from our own physical body and its environments lets us into a larger, wider and more useful existence. How often have I heard the old proverb, "live and learn ; die and forget all." I once believed it, but I was never reconciled to the idea. It never seemed right that a person should spend three score and ten years in this world, in picking up an education and then die and forget all he had learned. To me the idea of the unconsciousness of the dead was always revolting.

Has this earth been millions of years preparing to produce such statesmen as Jefferson, Clay, Webster and Gladstone, only to have that statesmanship and that manhood swallowed up by the grave? Is the grave the house where all the knowledge, patriotism, statesmanship and experience of the world is to be garnered? Have the mountains of the eternities thus labored for these millions of ages to bring forth this mouse? When one thinks seriously of it he involuntarily exclaims in the spirit of the epitaph on the child's tomb stone:—

"Since I am so soon done for,
I wonder what I was begun for."

Since the above was written, Rev. Minot J. Savage has delivered a discourse on "Immortality and Modern Thoughts," in which he says :

Then there is just one other consideration. If some one asked me

philosophically or scientifically to try to prove continued existence, I should say it falls short of proof. But I should suggest that the universe seems to me a rational thing, and that to end in the dust would seem to be the defeat and denial of reason. For millions of years, from star-dust down to the appearance of these planets on one of which is our home; and then from the first beginning of the appearance of life in its lowest forms on the planet, climbing up through fish and reptile and bird and animal to man, life has been making this wondrous ascent; and then from a period three or four hundred thousand years ago when man first appeared on the planet, until to-day, climbing this pathway of dust, of blood, until at the summit of the world's civilization, the Homers, the Virgils, the Dantes, the Goethes, the Shakespeares, the Gaults, Jesus—to say that this process, climbing age after age through millions of years, should culminate in nothing but—dust, seems to me the very denial of reason. I do not believe that the power and life, of which this universe is only a manifestation, has been going on through this long period of preparation to end in nothing at all.

Nor is man to live in the great future without the effects—the *karma* of his earth-existence. The child passes to the beyond as a child; the one who has not improved his time here, passes into that world without the results—the wealth gathered by a life of devotion to spiritual and mental progress in this world.

I cannot remember when I did not thirst for knowledge; nor can I remember when, in my boyhood days, I ever looked upon a great statesman, orator or scholar without indistinguishable longings—longings which often formulated themselves in questionings: Will I ever gain the pinnacle on which that man stands? And when I looked upon grand old men, and saw them faltering in their steps; their hair bleached out; their eyes growing dim; their memory and voice failing; I almost involuntarily said to myself, and sometimes to others, and

must this man die and forget all he has learned? Must that eloquent tongue lie silent in the grave? Must that knowledge be shut off? Must this great man forget all he has learned in three score and ten years of hard study? Indeed, I have seen some of these great men intellectually fail; I have seen the lamp of their genius flicker, and, to all appearance burn itself out before the physical life left the body. Alexander Campbell, a man whose erudition, logic and eloquence astonished the world, became a babe in intellect and ability before he was called home.

Old John Knox, whom kings and queens feared more than they feared the armies of the world, before he passed away, it is said, used to cry for his granddaughter to put him in his cradle and rock him to sleep, singing to him the songs his mother sang to him almost a century before. These things in my youthful days troubled me beyond expression. That trouble is now over.

Neither John Knox nor Alexander Campbell lost any of their power. The machines upon which they played during their long and active earth-journey, failed; and they consequently could no longer manifest their power to an admiring world. I take a musician with me into the hall some night, and ask her to play, she sits down by the instrument and discourses music which almost raises the hearers to the seventh heaven; the next night I take the same musician into another hall and ask her for some more of that divine music; but the piano is cracked, some notes do not sound, some are too high,

some too low ; some broken wires rattle over the old box which could once have been called a piano ; the noise, which takes the place of music, almost throws one into an extasy of misery. Why this difference ? Has the musician lost her cunning ? No, the instrument has failed. So with many old people who seem to have lost their powers. They need a new instrument ; they will soon be born out of the old body of flesh and blood into a newer and more spiritual existence. When panting for knowledge, "as the hart panteth after the water brooks," I used to think, oh ! if I could stand under and catch this power—this knowledge, as these grand old men lose it, so that this knowledge, this wisdom should not depart out of existence, how glad I would be. If as these good old Elijahs are ascending to heaven a few young and vigorous Elijahs could catch their falling garments, how much better it would be ; I almost felt to chide God because it was not so. I am now cured of that ; I no longer want it so, I love an education and must have it, but I love more the effort—the labor—the excitement of getting an education. No, I say to these departing saints, go ; take your experience, your energy, your ability with you ; you have earned it, it is yours—yours by conquest. "Well done thou good and faithful servant," enter the higher classes in "that better country," which your work entitles you to enjoy.

Death does not change the man, it releases for him all he may have invested in justice, purity, truth, wisdom and love—it puts it into his hands where he can use it as never before. Reader, instead of envying peo-

ple the goodness, the purity, the wisdom they attained and carried away with them, let us strive to lay up for ourselves "treasures in heaven where neither moth or rust can corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

WHO DOES DEATH STING ?

Death always comes to the poor sufferer as a friend ; it comes to lift him out of environments he was no longer able to endure. It is those left behind, those who live in "outer darkness," who are stung. As Rachel wept for her children and refused to be comforted, so do those who do not see death as it is, refuse to be comforted. To them, those who have gone with the "pale boatman" are not. They say, a man, a woman, a child is dead. But these clouds have a silver lining ; could we look through our tears, could our spiritual eyes and ears be opened, we would see and hear a different throng from the weeping friends ; we would see a band of angels made glad by their reunion, and we would hear them singing and shouting, a child is born—born into our world with all the education, experience and ability he gained through the long years of his residence in earth-life—his wisdom, his love, his philanthropy are now on our side, Heaven is better for the passage of every good man or woman to its portals.

How often earth's pilgrim feels as he journeys through life, that every step of it is new ; every move on earth's chess-board, one never made before ; hence how numerous are our mistakes. Who is there that does not, when taking a retrospect of his or her life, see where, if

they had it to do over again, they would do differently. How numerous are the mistakes in the lives of the best of us ; if the youth could only learn from the mistakes of those who have lived before them ; but, alas, they never know of these mistakes until they have been repeated in their own lives.

There are few who cannot say, if I could only be put back to my boyhood, or girlhood, with the experience I have gained in my long battle with adverse circumstances, I would be a nobler, wiser and better representative of my race by the time I again arrived at the years I have now reached.

Reader, it will soon come ; you and I will, ere long, be born again, we will enter that higher life under superior conditions, we will have the benefit of the experience we have gained here. The lessons thoroughly learned here will not need to be repeated. If we fail to learn by the things which we suffer here, then we may, in the great beyond, be relegated to the a, b, c, class in that other world. Let us make all we can of ourselves during this life-journey, so as to enter the world into which we are to be born, under the best possible circumstances.

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS IN THE HEREAFTER.

I am sometimes asked if I believe that there are rewards for our good works, and punishments for our sins, in the great hereafter? I answer, I do not like the terms reward and punishment. There are consequences here and hereafter, of every act of life. You put your hand into the fire and it is burned, not as a punishment, but as a result. If you go out improperly clad, when

the mercury is below zero, you are frozen, not as a punishment, but as a result. If you neglect education, you remain ignorant, as a result—not as a punishment; so your education is a result of your studious habits—your industry.

Spiritualist do not generally believe that God goes out of his way to reward or punish anybody. Heaven and hell are each latently within every one; the former is quickened into activity by your conduct—yourself—denying work for the elevation of your fellow beings. So of the latter; you hold in yourself the fuel, the kindling-wood and the match; and, if it is ever touched off, you, yourself will be the incendiary who will do the job. Every act we do here brings forth fruit in the great hereafter.

As an illustration, let me suppose two characters; one has spent his time in moral, mental and spiritual growth. He has gone about doing good—has made the discovery that there is an actual wealth in knowledge of something beyond how to make a good trade or how to raise a good colt or pig. Where he has found it possible to relieve suffering, of no matter what kind, he has done it. He has learned that to work for the elevation of humanity is happiness; and, that he cannot be happy while others around him are miserable. He therefore tries to relieve the world of its aches and pains, whether of the back, head or heart. Such a person works, not with the mercenary motive of a reward in the great future; but because his over-mastering love of humanity causes him to spend his energies in an effort to elevate it. Such an individual, by helping others has helped himself—has elevated himself. Death does not put so

much as a punctuation point in the existence of such a person as that. He finds himself on the other side reaping what he has sown here. Possibly he spent his last fifty cent piece in making a little orphan girl wealthy by purchasing a doll for her; or he has given a boy a knife, worth more to his expanding genius than a farm would be worth to him in after years. He thus, in working for the comfort of others, kept himself poor in this world's goods, though rich in good works. The body of such a person, when he leaves it, may be thrown into a pine box and loaded into a dray, and driven off to the music of a cracking whip and a song:—

"Rattle his bones, over the stones,
For he's only a poor pauper that nobody owns."

But, on the other side such will find a wealth—a wealth of satisfaction—a wealth of welcome—a luxury of ease and happiness which has ripened in the work he has done for others. This is a happiness which cannot be compared to the wealth of this world. Such lay up their treasures in heaven where moth, rust or thieves cannot reach them.

The other character, in this illustration, spends all his life tying himself to his gold. Gold was his god; at any expenditure of honor, yes, and of happiness too, he must have gold. What matters it with him who suffers? Is some one afflicted? That is their own lookout. Is some one starving for bread? That is nothing to him as long as he can pile up his mountains of wealth. He literally sells himself—his happiness here and in the great hereafter for gold.

When such an individual wakes up in the to-morrow

of death, he will find that notwithstanding gold over there is a useless commodity, he is chained to it. He spent his whole life here forging chains and binding himself to his gold. In this life he was *en rapport* with nothing else; now nothing else is *en rapport* with him. He is literally in a golden hell. The gold he in this world kept from the poor and the suffering, in the other world will serve as an immense weight on his progress and happiness. He will there count it over and over; instead of enjoying himself he has doomed himself to watch his gold. He has not prepared himself for other enjoyment; he trusted in "uncertain riches," and did not lay up for himself a "foundation against the time to come;" now he reaps the result.

The Shylock, who sells the poor man's furniture to pay his rent, may find himself in cold and very poorly furnished appartments in the beyond. Truly the road to happiness in the other world, is "straight and narrow;" and "few there be that find it."

OTHER HELLS.

I am not sure but our ungoverned appetites in this world, may contribute their share toward making hells for us, in the great to-morrow. I am certain that while we are cultivating passion and false appetites, we are not cultivating the spiritual, which is the opposite of all such things. I have, several times in my life, known of spirits coming back, and begging for, and using both tobacco and whisky.

I know a medium—a very refined lady, who, when under control, has gone to a toothless and filthy old man, and taken his nauseous old pipe out of his mouth,

and sucked it more ravenously, and ejected her saliva more carelessly, than I ever knew a regular tobacco smoker to do. This was done under the influence of an Indian; and one thing strange about it is, it not only did not affect the lady, but she did not have the taste of tobacco left in her mouth, or the smell of it left on her breath, after the influence left her. While on this subject I will say, that I verily believe some mediums are made drunkards and tobacco users by this class of spirits.

The fact is an individual cannot be a medium, in all that word implies without being negative to whatever influence he or she may represent. A medium must, for the time being, be swallowed up in the influence of the one they would personate. Only as spirits can make—mediums a part of themselves can they fully manifest themselves to—the world. Thus the more negative one becomes the more perfectly do they represent the spirit world, whose servants they are. And thus, again, the better the medium the more liable they are, when they pass under undesirable influences, to fall.

Our lives, in the to-morrow of death have grown out of our lives here—are, in fact, made up of that which has been worked into our lives in this world. If all could realize this—if all could know that every act of this life contributes toward the building of our heavens and hells in death's to-morrow, we would, perhaps, be more careful of how we live than many of us now are.

“How careful then ought I to live,
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
Of my behavior here.”

Poor undeveloped spirits are often forced back here to get the lessons they neglected to learn while in earth-life, and sometimes to overcome, through mediums, what they failed to overcome when using their own material organisms as mediums.

I have known spirits to come back and beg, even cry for tobacco and whisky. Oh, mortals, could you but know, that in the use of these things, you are cultivating appetites which may hold you as slaves, not only in this world, but perhaps for hundreds of years in the hereafter, it seems to me you would put forth one grand effort to overcome them now.

It will be seen from the above, that Spiritualists do not believe that death makes an individual either much more happy or miserable than he was in this life; he simply enters the other world with the conditions he has made for himself here. Spiritualists do not believe there is a heaven such as Dr. Watts had in mind when he said:

"In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there."

Indeed, if I could have my choice, I would not go to such a heaven. I want the privilege of sinning to all eternity. "What," said an objector to me: "You must be dead in love with sin to want to sin to all eternity."

The poor man did not understand me; I do not want to sin either here or hereafter; but I want to live in either world, where both roads are open, so that I can do right from choice and from the love of right; not because I am cooped up in a heaven where sin cannot enter. I want to always feel that a love of right prompts

me to do right, not that I am doing right because of an *ab-extra* power which holds me from evil. I think more of my identity than I do of a forced righteousness. Let me then, not be so changed by death as to lose the distinct individuality that makes me differ from others in this world. If there are things in my character here, calculated to make me or any one else suffer here or hereafter, now is the best and easiest time to overcome them—the central point in Spiritualism is

PROGRESS HERE AND HEREAFTER

Eternal progress eternal growth. How pleasing the thought that we can spend an eternity adding to our store of knowledge—of wisdom—that the universe is infinite—containing enough that is new and interesting to keep us investigating as the *eons* go by.

When I think of it, I feel, as I apprehend Sir Isaac Newton must have felt when; after looking through telescope and getting a faint glimpse of the infinitude of the universe, he retired from his observations, trembling with emotion and said: "I seem to myself like a little child, picking up pebbles on the beach of the ocean, while the whole ocean lies unexplored before me."

An illustration or two will show the vast difference between the views of Spiritualism and the views which are fast giving way to Spiritualism on the great hereafter. The recently popular views have only two classes in the other world: the "blood-washed," happy throng—eternally felicitous because they have been touched by the magic wand of a vicarious atonement, and those who are eternally miserable because they

could not see the justice, or accept the idea of going to heaven on a complimentary ticket.

With orthodoxy there could be no half way work; every one in the other world must either be as happy or as miserable as an Omnipotent God could make him.

Again, no matter how good a person was, if he had failed to accept "the plan of salvation," he must in eternity be herded with the "goats on the left hand," and be eternally damned. In the estimation of these same people no matter how wicked a man was, even the malefactor and thief who hung the cross at the same time Jesus did, if he could be induced to accept a complimentary ticket, he was at death ushered into a heaven filled with blood-washed rogues,

Two cases will sufficiently illustrate this point, and show the difference in the orthodoxy which is now happily a thing of the past, and the Spiritualism of to-day.

Permit me to introduce as an illustration two of my

PATRON SAINTS:

One from the world of politics and statemanship; the other from the world of theology and ethical reform.

As my first saint I will introduce the rail splitter, the lawyer, the politician, the statesman, the president, the patriot, the martyr, Abraham Lincoln. Materialism says this giant among men has crumbled to dust; Agnosticism says, I do not know; while Orthodoxy cannot possibly without deserting their systems, place him anywhere except in a tormenting hell of fire and brimstone, where he is to forever "bite and gnaw his fiery chains." If the orthodox people do not put him there

it is only another proof that they have out-grown their creeds—they are better than the religion they profess.

Mr. Lincoln did not accept the religions of the day. He did not join the church; he made no profession of faith; was not baptized, did not partake of the communion; in fact, made no pretension to be a Christian. He received his death-wound not in the church, or on his bended knees asking God to have mercy on this wicked world; but in a theatre, watching ungodly people play an ungodly play. In short, he neglected every condition on which orthodoxy proposed to admit people into their heaven and fellowship in the great hereafter, and obeyed the most of the conditions on which they guarantee him first class apartments in the hell prepared for the devil and his angels.

Again I ask where is Lincoln? If he is in heaven then all the cumbersome machinery invented and operated by the church to save men is useless. If Lincoln can run the quarantine and get into heaven some other way, then your machinery is superceded, half of the inhabitants of the infernal regions may get to heaven in the same way, and rents in the brimstone regions must come down.

If Lincoln is in heaven what is he doing there? Singing Psalms? flattering the approbateness of the boss who has allowed him, un-washed as he was, to enter among the people with whom he never associated in this life? That would not be one bit like Lincoln; he would be sadly out of his element. It would be more like him to have a *coterie* of the most un-orthodox saints he could find, around him and engage in telling stories!

If orthodoxy were true to its creed it would send

Lincoln to hell; but who dares to send this honest, patriotic statesman to the regions of "dark despair?"

The fact is, the world has out-grown the inhumanities of its theology—nobody but an ignoramus believes it, and the man who, to-day would preach it, would be thought a fit companion for the dwellers on Blackwell's Island.

Lincoln can neither be in an orthodox heaven or hell, then where is he? He has returned on several occasions and told the matter as it is. He parted with friends, neighbors, soldiers, statesmen, here—he here bade farewell to those interested in the salvation of the country, to meet exactly the same kind of people on the other shore, Jesus and Paul were not the first to meet him there; they were not so near to him as his mother—had not suffered so much for him—had not the same interest in him. On the other side, after such greetings as he might receive from his mother, he was met and received by the former patriots of this country—by Clay, Webster, Jackson, Hancock, Jefferson, Paine, Washington. Not only by these but by such men as John Brown, whose soul had been "marching on" some time; and many of the officers and private soldiers whose blood had been swallowed by the battle-fields of the south. Lincoln had ceased to preside over the destinies of the republic here, and joined the cabinet of immortal statesmen on the other side, who are using all their power to bring about a *real republic*.

Besides this, Lincoln, according to Spiritualism is neither singing Psalms in heaven nor cursing God in hell. He is working—working out the principal of a 'govern-

ment of the people, for the people and by the people."

He has stated that his sympathy for poor misguided Booth was so great that he could find little rest until he found him and helped out of the darkness and horror by which he was surrounded. He took his slayer by the hand and said "come up hither." Thus Lincoln was his murderer's savior. This makes heaven a place of practical work—place of reform—of love. Who would not strive to enjoy such a heaven as that?

SAINT THEODORE.

The next saint I will introduce is Theodore Parker; a man who was execrated by the churches because he believed in, and preached "the revival of religion which we need."—a revival which would deal justly by everyone from the most humble servant in the household to the president of the United States.—which would not allow a poor Burns, or a Simms to be remanded back to slavery—a revival which would cut down the hours of the daily toil from fourteen to twelve, from twelve to ten from ten to eight, and would keep on cutting the hours down until the toil is equally distributed among those who need it. He preached of a revival which, while it cut down the hours of work, would keep up the toilers' wages until those who toil could at least have as much of the results of their labor as those who "toil not, neither do they spin."

This kind of preaching caused a trembling among a class of rich sanctified, over-reaching sinners. While it was popular among some of them to preach against African slavery it was the most heinous of all offenses to pour out the vials of wrath against New England

puritanic robbers. This excited orthodoxy until it prayed not only for the Lord to put "hooks in Theodore Parker's jaws," but it is said, they actually asked God to kill him.

When Parker passed away, they thanked God that the world had now gotten rid of one of orthodoxy's worst enemies. How mistaken! Theodore Parker did not die! His voice still rings as harmoniously and as melodiously in behalf of every reform as when, through his own organs of speech he used to pour forth floods of burning and eloquent truths in Music hall. Parker is not now sitting down in listless supineness; he is still, on the hither side of life, marking out paths for others to follow, while he follows the way-marks of those who have gone still higher. He hails reformers on this side, and with immortal energy helps all who desire help to be men and women, more than they desire to follow dead and rotten creeds, on to higher planes of thought and life.

The Spiritualists' heaven is a place of incessant but untiring work, a place of activity; a place of reform; a place of reaching down to help others up; a place of organization and of eternal progress.

The beauty of death, when considered as a birth; and the vastness of the theme,—its to-morrow; the desire to traverse the fields of the beyond, causes me to sometimes feel almost impatient to join the throng on the hither side of death's narrow stream. I do not allow this desire to get the better of me; I am placed here to work and wait; and so I toil on, knowing that in due time I shall reap what here I sow. "What shall the harvest be?" Reader may you and I so live in this world that our fruitage shall be abundant and rich in the "sweet by and bye."

They Are With Us Yet.

BY MATTIE E. HULL.

Sometimes I stand by a beautiful stream,
That laves the shore of the Border Land;
I watch, for perhaps, o'er the waters gleam,
I may catch a glimpse of a shadowy hand.
I know that the loved who have gone from sight,
Of't speak to me from the viewless air;
When my stars grow dim in the weary night,
They meet my soul by the Mount of Prayer.

When the day is o'er and the sun sinks down
From our sight, in its beautiful couch of gold,
And one by one the stars shine forth,
'Till the earth is touched with a shimmering fold,
Then foot falls gently about us tread,
And we wait and watch with bated breath,
For love gives back our beautiful dead,
Now glorified by the touch of death.

O hallowed sphere, where soul meets soul,
Where we find the hopes of our weary years;
Where we garner the grain that we have sown,
And to jewels are turned our crystal tears.
I think of thee 'till thy blossoms sweet,
Like perfumes rare o'er my life are flung;
And my spirit a language learns to repeat,
That never trembled on mortal tongue.

O, glorious thought, that our loved, not lost,
May sometimes touch earth's atmosphere;
Their boats have only anchored first,

Across the way where the skies are clear,
With a beautiful bridge the stream is spanned,
And o'er it our loved ones come and go;
We cannot tell, yet we understand,
When their presence touches these lines below.

E'er long I know, when the days are long,
When the sunset's glory has touched the hill,
I will hear the notes of an angel song,
And my spirit with new found joy will thrill;
Dear friends may weep when I go away,
When I cross the tide of a stranger sea,
But I shall turn back some golden day,
And my cherished friends shall follow me.

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