

Hell!



“I am in the flames—pull me out, pull me out!”

Mr. W—, the subject of this narrative, died in J—, New York, about the year 1883, at the age of seventy-four. He was an avowed infidel. He was a good neighbor in some respects, yet he was very wicked and made a scoff of Christianity. About seven years previous to his death he passed through a revival. The Spirit strove with him, but he resisted to the last.

One Sabbath after this, Mr. N—, who relates this sketch, was on his way to church and passed Mr. W—’s house, who was standing by the gate. He said, “Come with me to church, Mr. W—.” The infidel, holding out his hand, replied, “Show me a hair on the palm of my hand and I will show you a Christian.” During his last sickness, Mr. N— called on him often and sat up with him several nights, and was with him when he died. The infidel was conscious of his near approaching end and of the terrors of his lost condition. He said once to Mr. N—, who, as a local worker, held meetings in school houses around, “Warn the world not to live as I have lived, and escape my woe.” At another time when visited by a doctor, he was groaning and making demonstrations of great agony. The doctor said, “Why do you groan, your disease is not painful?” “O, doctor,” said he, “it is not the body but the soul that troubles me.” On the evening of his death, Mr. N— came at ten o’clock. A friend of his was there also. As he entered the room he felt that it was filled with an awful presence—as if he were near the region of the damned. The dying man cried out, “O God, deliver me from that awful pit!” It was not a penitential prayer, but the wail of a lost soul. About fifteen minutes before his death, which was at twelve, he exclaimed, “I am in the flames—pull me out, pull me out!” He kept repeating this until the breath left his body. As the bodily strength failed his words became more faint. At last Mr. N— put his ear down close to catch his departing whispers, and the last words he could hear were, “Pull me out, pull me out!” “It was an awful scene,” said he. “It made an impression on me that I can never forget. I never want to witness such a scene again.” I was talking with my friend years after, and he said those words, “I am in the flames—pull me out, pull me out!” were still ringing in his ears.

From the testimony of Rev. C. A. Balch, Cloverville, New York.

And read this testimony of the awful death of Mr. P— K—.

Near L— lived P— K—, talented and wealthy, but a hater of God, of the Lord Jesus Christ and of the Holy Bible. He talked, lectured and published books and tracts against the Savior and the sacred scriptures, circulating them freely wherever he could. His influence for evil had been very great in all that country for years.

From a neighbor and from members of his household the following facts are learned concerning his death:

His death-bed beggared description. He clinched his teeth, and blood spurted from his nostrils while he cried, “Hell! Hell!! Hell!!!” with a terror that no pen can describe. A neighbor declared that he heard him a quarter of a mile away. His family could not endure the agony of that death-bed scene. They fled to an adjoining wood across the road, and there remained among the trees until all became quiet at home. One by one they ventured back, to find the husband and father cold in death. He literally had been left to die alone, abandoned of God and of man.

From the testimony of Milburn Merrill, Denver, Colorado.

From the book Dying Testimonies, by S. B. Shaw

The Word of God says, *“There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day.”* When this rich man was alive, he never sought God. As soon as he died he was tormented in hell. *“And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.”* Dear friend, Heaven is not in your bosom, Hell is not in your heart. But Hell is a literal place of torments. All men are sinners and need to repent of their sin. God is ready to forgive that sin and give you eternal life.

“Even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference: For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus:”

God loves you and is ready to forgive your sin. If you would like more information or literature, or want to receive Jesus Christ as your God and Saviour from your sins, put a check in the box below:

- I would like more information, please send me some literature
- Send me a free correspondence course
- I want to receive Jesus Christ as my Saviour
- I want someone to visit me at home

Name _____

Address _____