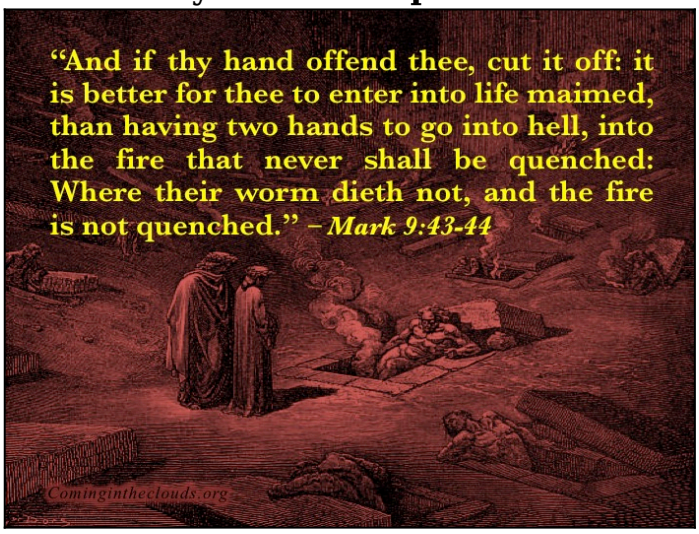
Testimonies From The Verge Of Hell

by G. F. Eberspacher



Unsaved Man Had A Vision Of Hell At A Church Meeting

At a Free Methodist camp meeting, a lady became greatly burdened in prayer for her unsaved brother who was also in the meeting. Some tried to persuade him to come and see how his sister was pouring out her heart in prayer for him. He refused and replied, "Go away from me." He then got up to leave when he fell to the ground prostrated under the power of God. After yielding to God, he came through shouting. He testified that while he lay there, he saw Hell open and heard the shrieks of the damned. He also saw Heaven and all its beauty unfold before him and after describing the two places, he said "you cannot make me believe there is no Hell, for I have seen." This incident spoke to those present, and soon many were crying for mercy all over the room.

Many Have Visions Of Hell On Their Deathbeds

There have also been many death-bed testimonies of the reality and torments of Hell left to warn this world, but these with plain written Word are ignored and unheeded. True if they hear not the Word of God – "if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." (This account of the rich man in Hell is no parable as some have said, for Jesus says: "There was a certain rich man," etc.) Oh, the stupidity and hardness of the human heart.

Unsaved Member Of A Church Did Not Believe In Hell Until Too Late

Not long ago, a letter came from a friend in New York telling of a church

member of her acquaintance who said she did not believe there was a Hell. Our friend talked very plainly to her as she felt so concerned for her, and urged her to give up her sins and find God, and told her that tomorrow might be too late. In three days, she was in Eternity. Sick for only a few hours. Her people did not know what she meant when she said ”it is too late!”. They sent for her friend and said she never witnessed anything like that before. The dying woman said, ”there is Hell!” and begged her to warn others. She knelt by her bedside and told her that God was still willing to save her, but the dying one said ”It is too late!” This awful death made a deep impression on our friend. At the funeral, the minister spoke of her as a ”great worker” in the church and ”what a beautiful life she had led.” But false prophets who smooth things over at funerals do not change the realities of a lost soul in Hell.

Death Of A Young Infidel Soon After Being Warned By Parents To Repent

”I never will be guilty of founding my hopes of the future upon such a compiled mass of trash as is contained in this book (the Bible), Mother. Talk of that being the production of an infinite mind? A boy of ten, if he was half witted, could have told a straighter story and made a better book. I would rather go to Hell (if there is such a place) than have the name of bowing to that imposter – Jesus Christ – and be dependent on His merits for salvation.”

”Beware! Beware! My son, ’for God is not mocked;’ although he beareth with the wicked long, yet He will not keep His anger forever. And many are the examples, both in sacred and profane history, of men who have been smitten down in the midst of there sinning against the blessed spirit.”

”Very well, Father, I’ll risk all the cutting down that I shall get for cursing that Book, and all the agonies connected therewith. Let it come. I am not at all scared.

”Dear God, lay not this sin to his charge, for he doesn’t know what he is doing!”

The above conversation took place between two fond parents and their only son, who was at home on a visit from college, and now was about to return. And the cause of this outburst was, the kind-hearted Christian parents had essayed to give him few words of admonition, which, alas, proved to be the last. John left home and hastened to the station where he took the train which was to take him back to the college, where he was in a few months to finish his studies. The whistle blew and swept the train across the trembling plain. But, alas, they had gone but a few miles when the train came around a curve in a deep cut, came suddenly upon an obstruction on the track, which threw the engine and two of the cars at once from the rail.

The son was at that moment passing from one car to another. He was thrown in an instant from the platform, his left arm being broken and his skull

fractured by the fall, and in an instant one of the wheels passing directly over both of his legs near the body, breaking and mangling them in the most dreadful manner. Strange as it may be, he was the only one injured. The dread news soon reached his already grief-stricken parents; and ere long that beloved, yet ungrateful son was brought back to them; not as he left but lying on a stretcher, a poor mangled, raving maniac. Many skilled physicians were called, but the decree of the Almighty had gone forth and no man could recall it.

When the news reached the college, his classmates hastened to see him. When they came, nature was fast sinking but the immortal was fast becoming dreadfully alive. Oh! That rending scene. His reason returning brought with it a dreadful sense of his situation. His first words were, and oh, may mortal never hear such a cry as that again upon the shores of time: ”Mother! I am lost! Lost! Damned! Damned forever!” and as his classmates drew near to his bed, among whom was the one who poisoned his mind with infidelity, with a dreadful effort he arose in the bed and cried, as he fixed his glaring eyes upon him: ”Jim, you have damned my soul! May the curses of the Almighty and the Lamb rest upon your soul forever.” Then like a hellish fiend, he gnashed his teeth and tried to get hold of him that he might tear him to pieces.

He fell back on his bed exhausted, crying, ”Oh Mother! Mother! Get some water to quench this fire that is burning me to death.” Then he tore his hair and rest his breast; the fire has already begun to burn, the smoke of which shall ascend up forever and ever. ”Oh, Mother, take me in your arms, and don’t let them have me.” And as his mother drew near to him, he buried his face in that bosom which had nourished and cherished him, but, alas, could not now protect or shield him from the storm of the Almighty’s wrath, for he turned from and with an unearthly voice he shrieked, ” Father! Mother! Save me; they have come to drag my soul to Hell” And with his eyes starring from their sockets, he fell upon his bed a corpse.

”He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.” [Proverbs 29:1].

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

Seek The Lord While He May Be Found!

For YOU, Tomorrow May Never Come!
