

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication
Copyright 1999 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this CD by any means is forbidden, and
copies of individual files must be made in accordance with
the restrictions stated in the B4Ucopy.txt file on this CD.

* * * * *

IN HELL
By D. W. Matter
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Printed in or near 1943
By Old Paths Tract Society
Shoals, Indiana

* * * * *

Digital Edition 03/01/99
By Holiness Data Ministry

* * * * *

A PICTURE OF THE AUTHOR INCLUDED

As hdm0863.jpg, a picture of the author is included with this publication.

* * * * *

Part 1
WHAT IS YOUR IDEA OF HELL

The subject of hell, or eternal punishment, is one that promotes a diversity of comments. One person will explain it one way and one another. Some will even dare to tell us that the Bible speaks about a hell of fire and brimstone, but that this was the only way that the writer could explain it so we would understand what he was talking about. On the other hand, some say the writer did not mean real fire as some take it to mean.

To this first class, we would answer that if they be right, then hell will be a worse place than a lake of fire and brimstone, because our minds are too small to comprehend the terrible state of hell and therefore, the writer tried to give us a slight idea of what hell would be like by saying it would be a place of fire, where lost souls will be tormented forever, with no water, no rest, no hope.

Then there is another class that say positively that there is no real hell, that hell means the grave, and after you are dead, that is the end of it all. In other words we are just like a dog or any other animal.

To this group we answer that you yourself do not believe what you have said. If you say you do, you are playing the part of a hypocrite, because as soon as one of your loved ones dies, you call an undertaker, get a preacher, and give them a Christian burial. Now, if you believed that when you are dead that is the end, you would call a fertilizer company and have them buy that body and grind it up for fertilizer rather than spend a lot of money for a casket and funeral expenses. Don't try to come back with the argument that the only reason that you gave that loved one a Christian burial was because of what the neighborhood people would think, for that is not so. You don't care what they think when you take God's name in vain, or you get into a fight, or come home drunk, or have a party that would keep them awake half of the night. You don't care what they think about your politics, or how you live, and you wouldn't care what they thought of what you did with one of your family when they died.

Many times we meet people who try to change the Bible around to mean something different, and attempt to make us believe that God is only a God of mercy and that He is too good to send anyone to a place like some people believe hell to be. That person many times has sin hid in his life and he is not willing to confess it out and straighten it up. Many persons have once known what it is to have a real experience of salvation from sin, but have backslid because they have failed to make things right. It may be something they stole, a crooked deal, a lie they told on some one, maybe a murder that they have kept a secret, that they promised God they would make right. It may be they were living a double life and rather than confess it out, they tried to smother their conscience by attempting to embrace such a doctrine as no hell.

The Bible teaches a real hell. The Bible describes it in a number of ways as follows: A place of torment (Luke 16:23); A place where they cry for mercy (Luke 16:24); A place of Fire (Luke 16:24); A devouring fire (Isa. 33:14); A place of weeping (Matt. 8:12); A place where the worm dieth not (Mark 9:48); A place where they gnaw their tongue for pain (Rev. 16:10); A place where their breath will be as a living flame (Isa. 33:11); A storm of burning coals of fire (Psa. 11:6); A place where the smoke of the torments of the wicked ascend up for ever and ever (Rev. 14:11). Many, many more scriptures could be given to show that hell is going to be a reality for every impenitent soul that enters the gates of eternity without having the blood of Jesus Christ applied to his heart before crossing the river of death.

Many people teach there is a chance after death. This is not true, neither is it scriptural. (In Hebrews 9:27 we read: And as it is appointed unto man once to die, and AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT.) In Luke the 16th chapter we read about the rich man that was told that there was a great gulf fixed that no one could cross. Therefore, if you will let any one convince you that you may live in sin and then after death have some one pray for you, be baptized for you or any other method, you are being misled and will sooner or later find yourself in the hell of which we are about to tell you.

* * * * *

Part 2
REALITIES OF HELL

There are a number of things that will be in hell. First, there will be pain, suffering, sorrow, torment, fire, brimstone, devils, fallen angels, liars, murderers, hypocrites, unsaved church members, infidels, Atheists, unconverted preachers, whoremongers, harlots, rich men and poor men, young women and old women, young men and old men. There will be drunkards and fiends of all descriptions. There will also be your conscience, your memory, your hearing, your eyesight; Your voice, and your reasoning.

There are many things that will not be in hell also. Some of them are as follows: no water, no hope, no peace, no friend, no God, no babies, no Christians, no angels, no love, no rest, no mercy, no Saviour.

Let us look at the 16th chapter of St. Luke, verse 19 to 31. There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen. and fared sumptuously every day:

And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores,

And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.

And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried:

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.

And Abraham said, Son, REMEMBER that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but NOW he is comforted, and thou art TORMENTED.

And beside all this, between us and you there is a GREAT GULF FIXED: so that they which would pass from hence to you CANNOT; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence.

Then HE SAID, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest SEND HIM to my father's house:

For I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, LEST THEY ALSO COME into this place of TORMENT.

Abraham SAITH UNTO HIM, They have Moses and the prophets; LET THEM HEAR THEM.

And he said, Nay, father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent.

And he said unto him, IF THEY HEAR NOT Moses and the prophets, NEITHER WILL THEY BE PERSUADED, though one rose from the dead.

Here we find that the rich man died and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment. According to this scripture, the soul that dies and goes to hell will be tormented. You may say, but how will my soul be tormented? (1) With flames of fire; (2) with memories of the past, of the opportunities you had to get right with God and live a Christian life but kept putting off your salvation until it was finally too late and now you are in hell without hope; (3) tormented by what you will see in hell; (4) tormented by what you will hear; (5) by who you will meet in hell (6) by what you can not get in hell.

* * * * *

Part 3

A SIGHT-SEEING TRIP IN HELL

Now, friend, let us take a trip through the regions of the damned in our thinking and see what we will discover in hell. The soul is now about to change worlds. There by the bedside stands the family; the doctor steps back and shakes his head, perhaps the mother stands there with an anxious look as the poor soul gasps for its breath, and is gone. A very peaceful death, we will say, but let us follow it along. Death is cold and the darkness seems to be around about it. The Death Angel lifts the soul up, and across a great gulf it is swept never to return to the land of mercy and grace again. As the soul enters the gates of damnation, it sees the ones that danced with it on the ballroom floors. There it looks upon the fiends of hell and sees the smoke as of a mighty furnace roll from beneath its feet. There are the hypocrites that it tried to hide behind. Oh, eternity, with hypocrites that the sinner claims to hate so much. There comes the masses of harlots, drunkards, and many, many unconverted preachers and church members.

There are the flames of fire that leap up to welcome the next to enter the city of the damned. There to be forever with gangsters and murderers, liars, and thieves. There comes the loved one of that poor soul and as its eyes fasten upon the other, we hear a scream of despair. "Oh, you here! You are the cause of my soul being lost," and, like a flash, memory will bring across your pathway the times you were together in church; and there in the memories of days gone by, you will see the preacher crying-REPENT! EXCEPT YE REPENT, YE SHALL ALL LIKEWISE PERISH. You will remember that one that slipped his arm around you and begged you to give your heart to God but you stood there shaking your head and saying "not to-night." Then the soul will do as did the rich man, "lift up his eyes," and will behold the loved ones on yonder shore. There they will see perhaps that Christian mother that they stood by the casket of and promised that they would meet in heaven. but now it's too late.

There is that baby that God saw fit to take out of the arms of that father and mother to bring them closer to heaven. but now they are parted forever. They cry out, but they get no answer, neither do they look. The scripture tells us that the rich man saw Lazarus, but it did not say Lazarus saw the rich man. Dear friend, if you are not saved, that will be one of the torments of hell-to look across the great gulf of eternity and see the wonders of heaven that could have been yours; but you failed to repent and turn from your sins and now you are lost forever.

* * * * *

Part 4

LISTENING IN ON PERDITION

Then, the lost souls in hell will have ears to hear. As they enter the gates of hell, they will hear the roaring of the terrible furnace of fire that God has prepared for the wicked. There they will hear the screams and cries of the lost as they wail in their despair. As the lost tramp the pavements of hell, they will hear the moral person who thought they were all right scream "I'M LOST!" Think, my friend, if you were to be lost for failing to get right with God and enter hell to hear the terrible words echo back and forth through the hall ways of hell -- LOST! LOST! LOST!

That man, that woman, those young people, that spent their time in the taverns and night clubs drinking and laughing will have the whiskey bottles and wine glasses clanking in their ears and mocking them through all eternity.

Father, Mother, think! Meeting your children in hell because you took them to the beer parlor and taught them to drink and there molded their lives into drunkards and harlots! What will you answer when you meet that boy or girl walking the blistering pavements of hell crying, "You damned my soul; you never told me about Jesus."

Wake up before it is everlastingly too late to take your children to church and get saved yourself so that you can set an example for them lest they some day find themselves in hell, and all through eternity you hear that child's voice haunt you with its cry "I'm Lost."

* * * * *

Part 5

A REMINDER IN HELL

Your memory will go with you to the pit of despair to haunt you all through eternity. There the lost souls will remember as the flames of hell and the smoke ascend up and their breath is as a living flame of fire forever. There they will remember every time that God, through the Spirit, spoke to their souls and warned them to repent of their sins. They will remember the first glass of beer or the first drink of liquor they drank that started them on the road to ruin and the pits of hell. There backsliders will remember the times that they had the peace of God and how they loved to read and pray, and then turned their backs on God and took to the ways of the world. There the proud will remember how haughty they were and how pride kept them from seeking God; and now they are eternally lost.

The lost souls will remember every time they said, "Not tonight." They will remember every evangelistic sermon they ever heard, every altar call will haunt them. The rich that tried to buy their way will remember how they gave to be seen, and that it profited them nothing. They will remember every friend that had an evil influence on them and will curse their memories. There they will remember the preacher that told them that they could not live without sin; that we were all sinners; (when Jesus came to save FROM sin) and that you could not know you were saved.

They will remember every crooked deal they ever pulled, every hypocrite they tried to hide behind. They will remember the bartender that sold them liquor. That girl will remember the first sip of wine she took to keep from being laughed at. She will remember the first cigarette that some young fellow lit for her and she smoked to be smart. There she will also remember the first time some young man placed his arm around her body and started to swing her about on a ballroom floor. She will have memory flash that picture of the first bridge game that started her to a devil's hell. Her mother's influence will haunt her as she remembers how the club entertained in their parlor with cards and little prizes that started her to thinking that there was no harm in a little game of cards among friends. As the results of that influence gather about her lost soul, the wail of despair from her lips will ring through the corridors of hell.

* * * * *

Part 6 THE INHABITANTS OF HELL SPEAK

The rich man also talked in hell. His first request was, "Give me water." Oh, for one drop of water in hell! Friend, if you fail to be ready to have Jesus say, "Well done, my good and faithful servant," let me warn you now there will be no water in hell. The inhabitants of the city of the damned are begging for just water enough to wet their lips. The heat of the furnace of fire that the lost will wade through as the fire and brimstone rain upon them, their tongues swollen, their throats dry, will intensify their thirst. The answer will ring back that will rock the soul, "THERE IS NO WATER IN THE CITY OF THE DAMNED." The backslider will be crying, "I'M LOST, I'M LOST," and all through Eternity, the harvest of the sinner and backslider will be reaped in the flaming, roaring, blistering, scorching fires of hell; lost, never to have another chance. They will curse, they will cry and wail, they will gnash their teeth in pain; but they are LOST forever.

Then, if you remember, the rich man prayed that some one be sent back from the dead to waken the sinner before it be too late and he too finds he has chosen hell for Eternity. Friend, there is not one soul in hell that wants any one else to come there. There may be some one in hell right now pleading that you have some one warn you before it's too late. Maybe a friend, as he makes his own way through the lashing flames, cries out, "I hope (reader) doesn't come here." Oh, the torments of the lost. In hell people are praying that God will send some one to warn you, but will you listen? Will you repent?

I can almost see the souls as they hide their faces and scream in agony, "Oh, God, stop that backslider that's on his mad rush to this terrible place," and a wail that would strike terror to satan himself goes up from hell as a soul comes dashing into the region of despair. The shrieks of

demons welcome the soul to a flaming place of torment, where the lightning of God's wrath will flash, and the thunders of memory and conscience roar and rumble through the streets of the damned.

* * * * *

Part 7

CONSCIENCE IS YOUR COMPANION IN HELL

Then, to add to your torments, your conscience will be there to lash you until it will drive you to despair. It will accuse you of all your past, and laugh and mock you all through Eternity. There in hell your conscience will mock you with the thoughts and memories of the times you had no time for God, no time to go to church, no time for repenting; but at last you took time to die, and now you are in hell with an army of souls following you that have taken your advice and many that your influence has captured. There you are in hell, chained with shackles of eternal fire, waiting for the black demons of the abyss to escort your soul to the city with walls of flaming fire where no one will ever escape. Your conscience that you had deadened for so long will be resurrected and come forth to accuse and condemn you through eternal night. Once it tried to tell you to repent but you smothered it till it could no longer speak. Once you could have been saved while others were seeking God, but you refused. Once Jesus was seeking you, but never again. Once you insulted the Spirit of God too often, and He departed from you for the last time and now you are in hell.

The soul walks the blistering streets of the damned. Conscience will walk with you and talk with you, reminding you of times you stood with tears streaming down your face while God's faithful minister pleaded and the Holy Ghost urged you, and the people of God prayed for you, but you refused because of that one that stood beside you. Then conscience will point across the street and say, "See that soul coming across to meet us? That's the one that stood by you that night and was waiting for you to give your heart to God, but you did not and now you are both in hell." There comes that soul closer and closer, shrieking and gnashing its teeth, and with a scream that seemed it would rock all hell, it cries, "YOU DAMNED MY SOUL."

Those souls that loved the dance and amusements will find their conscience in hell following them and entertaining them with the clanking of beer bottles, the ruffling of the deck of cards, the laughter of the night clubs, and the tapping feet of dancers. Conscience hears the sermons preached over and over again, the old invitation songs, and the pleadings of the preachers. There Evangelistic Memory will preach to you every sermon you ever heard. There you stand, and with a wail of agony, you cry, "Oh, how can I escape?" and a million souls answer, "THERE IS NO ESCAPE IN HELL."

Now conscience cracks its whip, and lashes the soul as the whip seems to wrap about its victim and drags it into a theater of the past and there on the screen of eternity is portrayed by memory the wickedness of the past, every lost opportunity, every sin that the soul had ever committed, every evil thought. Oh, the anguish of a lost soul in hell! There they will see themselves as they were when in a world of opportunity, grace and mercy. There they will see the old family altar as they bowed in prayer. Later in life came the small sins as they were called. They drifted from God and the church services. Later came the clubs and fashions as the picture proceeds, it

finally comes to the death bed where the soul is reminded of the last few moments on earth. There, gasping for its breath, its eyes getting glassy, the finger nails turning blue, its lips getting purple, the soul sees a close-up of the picture as the devils begin to fill the room and the imps of darkness dance with glee as the soul gasps its last. The demons snatch the soul and flee to the gates of perdition, and as the soul is swept through the entrance of hell, the gates swing shut; the death angel bars the gates never to be opened again and as the screen's last scene appears, the devils applaud.

* * * * *

Part 8

MEETING THE LOST SOULS IN FIRE

As the souls walk down the avenues of fire, they meet those they knew in yonder world. One cries, "Oh, why did you come here?" The answer comes back, "I REJECTED JESUS CHRIST TOO OFTEN." Another will say, "I was about to give my heart to God one night in a revival meeting but one of the imps slipped up beside me and said, 'You have plenty of time,' but I didn't have." Millions of souls will give millions of reasons, but now it's too late. Opportunity is gone forever.

Many times people make a joke of hell. They laugh at sin and the punishment that awaits the soul that will embrace it. If men would only stop to think and realize that hell is real and that the demons of the abyss are crouched about the bedside and sitting on the pillows of the soul that is about ready to cross into Eternity without God. There they whisper the destiny of the soul as he lies on the hospital bed under the influence of drugs, unable to get his mind to function and not physically able to do anything about his soul's salvation.

How many people these days go to hell in a flash! Just one drink too much, a wreckage, and another soul enters the unseen world. A dance, a glass of wine, then an argument, a gun flashes, a body slumps, and hell opens its mouth for another new-comer to the regions of the damned.

Think, my friend, of walking through the city of the lost. On the street corner stands that Bartender that took the shoes from that baby, that starved those children when he sold liquor to the parents and took the money that should have clothed and fed the babies. Look! He stands there wringing the blood from his hands. Oh, the hell that awaits those that make and sell the liquor that makes murderers, orphans, wrecks homes and makes harlots and gangsters of our youth.

There on the other corner stands the drunkard that died in delirium tremens. His eyes are as balls of fire with flaming fire coming forth with every breath. He stands afraid to move as the devils torment him. He sees the creatures of hell, he wails for fear. There he sees the imps of hell as they bring forth a whiskey bottle. That poor soul drinks it down only to find it to be fire from the bottomless pit which adds to his torment. He thought it would quench his thirst but there is nothing to drink in hell to quench his thirst.

There on the corner the soul can see the news stand with its filth, its nude pictures and lustful stories. It reaches to pick one but finds that it is only memory portraying the sins of its past.

There in hell many will meet their wives and husbands that they married for lust and then divorced and married again and again.

Think, preacher friend, of the hell that awaits you if you are not saved. Think how you will walk the hall ways of perdition and every few feet there will be a pulpit with an imp standing behind it preaching to you and then with a fiendish laugh, he will mock you in your pretense prayers.

There are the doctors and parents who murdered their unborn infants screaming and crying, wringing their hands, trying to get the blood of that innocent baby off their hands. Think of the murderers that will populate the streets of hell as they go on their march to the great white throne. the judgment bar of the Almighty God that will judge every soul.

There along the boulevards of hell will be the flaming signs of fire advertising the filth of the lost. Think of seeing a bill-board flash on the wall of hell 'THEY SATISFY' and as it flashes on and off the imps mock you for they know that it was placed there to add to your misery.

On the tops of the buildings flash the brimstone signs. Come in and enjoy the greatest picture hell has ever produced. "Filthy Days are Here Forever." As it fades out before your eyes a voice that seems to quake the brimstone under your feet will ring through the great fiery streets of hell. "THERE IS NO ENJOYMENT IN HELL."

On and on to the Judgment with the shackles of fire clanking about your feet, the basements of hell shaking under you and all about and from underneath, the devils come about mocking and tormenting you as the flames of hell get hotter.

On to the Judgment and the lake of fire with voices from above ringing down, "WOE TO THE WICKED. WOE TO THE INHABITANTS OF HELL."

* * * * *

Part 9 A CITY OF FIRE OR A CITY OF GOLD, WHICH?

In HELL the torments of a lost soul will be indescribable. There are no words that will ever express what souls will experience if they fail to have the favor of God upon their hearts and lives when they cross over the line of worlds. Oh, that men and women would seek God before it is too late.

My friend, perhaps you have never been saved and have never known what it is to have the sweet peace of God's love flood your soul. Would you not like to have a peace of conscience and mind, be free from condemnation of the past life, have every sin you have ever committed to be forgiven and know it, and have freedom from habits that have held you so long? How often you have tried to reform and turn over a new leaf, only to go back in a little while to the same place where you tried to deliver yourself. Friend, Jesus came all the way from heaven that he might deliver you from the fetters that hold you fast. You may say, "I am an awful sinner, I have been

bound with the chains of drink, tobacco, gambling, or some other sins," but, my friend, if you will come to Jesus Christ, chains, shackles and all, he will break every fetter that ever held you fast, take away every sin you have ever committed. He has saved harlots, swindlers, murderers, thieves, and even religious Nicodemuses. So there is hope for you. Jesus came to save you from sin and to give You grace to live above sin in this world and then finally take you home to heaven where there will never be any more pain, sorrow or sickness, no death, no heartaches nor disappointment. Never a tear will stain the cheeks of a soul in paradise, but all through the streets of the celestial city, we will be praising Jesus who took our place on the cross, there to be crucified between thieves for our sins. There they will walk the streets of transparent gold and hear the heavenly hosts singing praises unto our God. There the great choir of the redeemed will sing the glad redemption songs.

There we will see Jesus face to face. There we'll see the loved ones that have gone on before. We'll never hear of the devil again. Never will there be another temptation to do wrong. Never will hell open her mouth to welcome us for we will be safe in the city of the redeemed. Friend, would you not like to go to heaven when your duties of this life are over? The Old Ship Zion will soon make her last trip to the port of the pearly white city, and you have no time to lose. Jesus is watching for you, the angel has the book open ready to write your name in the Book of Life. "Waiting," you say, "for what?" He is waiting for you to come to Jesus just as you are, waiting for you to be sorry enough to quit the sin business; and the moment you do, the Lord Jesus Christ will forgive you and cover you with His blood. If Jesus loved you enough to be spit on and beaten, whipped and crucified, mocked and scoffed, and die for you when you were worthy of hell, and He was willing to take all your sins upon Himself that you might be saved and escape the hell you have just read about, you should be glad to repent.

Why not just find a place of prayer right now and confess your heart's need out to Jesus, tell Him about your troubles and sins and He will take your burden and give you a song instead.

Don't put off your salvation a minute longer, open your heart to Jesus and let Him save you right where you are. Pray, confess until Jesus forgives. He said, "In the day that ye seek me with your whole heart, I will be found." Escape for your life. Heaven is real, and hell is certain for every unsaved soul.

You are going to make your choice of heaven or hell before you lay this book down. If you refuse to repent and get right with God now, you are making your choice by your actions and choosing to go to hell. REPENT while you still have time. Today is the day of salvation. TOMORROW MAY NEVER COME FOR YOU.

* * * * *

THE END