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THREE HELLS

By Charles F. Weigele

A Sermon Preached by C.. F. Weigele
At Salvation Park Campmeeting,
Cincinnati, Ohio,
Sabbath Evening, July 5, 1903

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ABOUT THIS DIGITAL PUBLICATION

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SCRIPTURE AND INTRODUCTION

"The pains of hell got hold upon me. I found trouble and sorrow."

When I was told this evening that I was expected to take tonight's service, for a while my heart almost failed me because I realized the tremendous responsibility that rests upon me in this last service of this campmeeting. When I look into the faces of this vast multitude of people and realize that here are thousands of souls bound toward the Judgment, I almost feel like going to my knees and leaving this with the Lord. I am afraid I might not speak the words I ought to speak, unless the Holy Spirit helps me, for before the hour of midnight people under the sound of my voice -- yea, many of you, will have settled the question as to where you will spend your eternity.

This campmeeting will not only mean the salvation of souls but it will also mean the damnation of scores of souls. Many have come up to the light, God has spoken to their hearts, they have felt that they ought to surrender their lives to Him, and many of them have turned away, and some will turn away tonight and go out into the darkness to meet a greater darkness at the Judgment day when Jesus Christ shall judge the quick and the dead, and shall say unto millions, "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity, I never knew you."

And so I asked the Lord to direct me tonight in my selection of a text and the message, and He has told me once more to warn souls with all the strength I have. To once more bring the awfulness of sin, the terrors of the Judgment, and the wrath of God before sinners. And so it is my intention tonight to speak on the subject of Three Hells. In this age there are many people, and many so-called Christian people, that laugh and scoff at the idea of there being one hell, but I know of three, and the first one I want to talk about is, Hell in the Heart.

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01 -- HELL IN THE HEART

I come in contact with people here and there and everywhere I go, who tell me not only with their lips, but by their actions, by their lives, by the expression of their voices at times, that they are having hell in the heart. A man said to me yesterday on this campground that he knew about hell, for he has had it in his own life. He was a man that went deep into sin, a man that had tasted the dregs. He had been a morphine fiend and a whiskey soak. He was a man that had gone away down in sin, and when it seemed as though there was no remedy to deliver him from his awful appetites, Jesus set him free. He is on this campground tonight, and he is a saved and sanctified man; but he told me there is a hell, for he knew something about it. Hell in the heart.

He is not the only one I have known of that has experienced that thing. There are people all around us that have had experiences in sin, and they suffer the very pangs of hell before they ever come to the judgment seat of Christ. There is the blasphemer, the one that scoffs at God's word, and laughs at the scenes that have been witnessed under this canvas and on this campground during the past days; the scoffer at the truth of God, the man that goes so far that he will dare to stand in public places and laugh and joke at the idea of there being a Judgment, or a Heaven, or a Hell or a hereafter. But do you know that when that person gets in the silence of his own room, something comes to him and tells him that what he laughed at and scoffed at was truth, and while he could do that in public, and do it because of the applause of a few fellows that had no more sense than he had, yet in the silence of his own room something tells him that there is a God, and that he is going to meet Him at the Judgment.

There is the man to whom God has come, as He has to you the past days, and shaken with conviction, and caused him to tremble because of his sins. That man realizes the truth of my text; the pains of hell get hold upon him. Conviction when it seizes the heart is almost as bad as being in hell fire. The only difference is that it is sent of God that you might give heed, and get the salvation which is for you, if you will turn from sin and be saved. There are people all over this country tonight that are suffering the agonies of hell. There are people down in the slums of Cincinnati and Chicago, while we are sitting under this canvas and enjoying this spiritual

atmosphere and the company of these saints, that are suffering awful sorrow and awful pangs. Why? Because of their sins. That is the cause of it. Why, it is like Achan when he took the wedge of gold, the Babylonish garment, and hid it in his tent. I believe as he crept under the tent door, and pulled the tent down tightly, and gazed around him to see that no one was in sight while he hid the two articles, from the moment he did it I believe that the pains of hell took hold upon him, and he suffered almost as much as when the stones smote him to the ground after he was discovered. Conscience is an awful thing when it is full of guilt. Conscience is what made Adam conceal himself from the gaze of God. What was it made Cain's punishment greater than he could bear? What was it caused Ahab to cry out, "Thou hast found me, O mine enemy?"

What was it made Belshazzar's teeth to chatter, and caused him to turn pale and tremble in the midst of that banquet when he saw the hand appear and write upon the wall? What was it caused Pilate to take the water and try to wash the stains off of his hands, and that followed him for days and weeks, and months, and years. He never had any rest from the time he surrendered the Son of God into the hands of his enemies. What was it caused Judas to go out and hang himself? Why, it was conscience. What is it that causes men and women all over this country to return money or articles that were stolen years ago? They are trying to quiet their conscience. They are trying to quiet the pains of hell. Conscience is an awful thing when it is disturbed, but beautiful when at rest. A conscience void of offense is a beautiful thing to have. So people have hell here in their hearts.

A woman came to an evangelist in Pennsylvania some time ago in a very large meeting at the close of the night service, and said, "Can I speak to you?" He said, "Yes," and took her to one side, and she made the following confession. She said: "I have been an infidel all the years of my life. My father was an infidel. I was raised an infidel, and not only that, but I have been giving my time to organize infidel societies, and some years ago I persuaded a minister of the Gospel to give up preaching the Gospel and preach infidelity. A few weeks ago I was called to his bedside in New York State. He was dying, and when I came into the room he cried out, 'I am going to hell, and you are the one that sent me there.' I said, 'You are a fool, you are not going to hell, you are crazy.' He answered, 'I was crazy; but I have got my right mind now, and know what I am talking about.' I tried to talk to him and tried to quiet his mind, but he screamed out, 'Get down and pray for me! pray for me!' and the only way I could quiet him was to get down beside the bed and try to pray for him; but I could not pray. I did not believe in God. How could I pray? Then he cried out: 'Pray for yourself! I am going to hell and I know it. Perhaps God will have mercy on your awful soul. Say, Lord, be merciful to me.' That man's screams have haunted me and followed me every day since. I have been reading, and I believe now there is a God, there is a Heaven, there is a Hell, and there is a Judgment and I want to know if you think there is any salvation for me."

The evangelist got down and prayed for her, and she fell upon her knees, and he said, "Now, you pray." She lifted up her voice and said, "O God, you know how I have antagonized you all these years, you know how I have denied you and taunted your people, and laughed at the idea of a hell. O God, if you will have mercy on me, mercy! mercy! mercy!" and when she got there she raised up and said, "I can see nothing but eighteen people that I have sent to hell, and I am going there," and with an awful wail of despair she ran from the room, and the evangelist never saw her again. You need no tell me that men will not feel the pains of hell until after the

Judgment. People's sentences are pronounced here, and God is giving them a taste of what they will have at the Judgment and throughout eternity.

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02 -- HELL IN THE HOME

I want now to talk about a second hell, -- Hell in the Home. I want to talk something practical. I will never see the greater part of you until the Judgment, and God helping me, I want to come right down to facts tonight and get as close to the heart as I can. I have been in some homes that were veritable hells. I have been in some homes where the atmosphere seemed to be freighted with the very breath of hell, and that seemed to be the vestibule of hell. Then, on the other hand, I have been in homes that seemed to be perfect Heavens. O, the difference! I have been in some homes that I was glad to get away from, and in others where I wished I could stay forever. It seems to me that a godly home with a father and mother, and a whole lot of little ones tagging after them up to Heaven is a beautiful picture. And, on the other hand, if there is an awful picture this side of hell, it is that a father and mother and whole lot of little ones tagging along after them towards hell. I have seen it. There comes before my mind now a man who helped lead me into the experience of holiness, at least he sent light upon my pathway, and made me hungry for it. That man once enjoyed the blessing, but his wife was a society woman, who wanted to go to theaters, and such places. She said he was getting too religious, and as the family increased she said, "We must have our children enjoy something, and not raise them like old fashioned Quakers." And so she led that man astray until he looked at things as she did, believed in a "liberal Christianity," became a "broad-minded Christian," and now he and his wife and the whole family of little ones are going to theaters, going to dances, having them in their home, having euchre parties, and things of that kind. O, what a picture of a family going to the Judgment! And when those children meet their father and mother there they will clench their fists, and say, "Curse you! curse you! You are the cause of my being damned and lost in hell." The very ones they are trying to please, and giving money, time, and everything to please them, and give them enjoyment in this life will turn on them in hell, and curse them through eternity because they never set them the right kind of an example. Think of it, mothers; perhaps some of them are here tonight. You, mothers, who want to teach your children to dance so they will be graceful, your daughter to go in society, and marry some rich, ungodly man, -- perhaps an infidel, -- do you know that daughter will meet you at the Judgment, unless saved, and curse you through eternity for what you have done? Only look at things in the light of the Judgment, and see what a few years will bring about.

Hell in the home is sometimes caused by unfortunate marriages. Even girls who are saved (and some of them claim to be sanctified) run around with an old sinner and say, "I am going to reform him." You had better let him alone. If you go any further than to pray for him you are on dangerous ground. He will not only be damned himself, but he will very likely drag you down to hell with him. Saved people have no business marrying unsaved people. The Bible says "He that committeth sin is of the devil."

I remember a girl in North Carolina last year when I was holding meetings in Winston-Salem. She was beautifully saved and sanctified, and one night I preached along the

line I am tonight, warning the girls. This sister came to me with tears in her eyes, "Brother Weigele, do you really mean what you said tonight?" and I answered, "Of course I do." "Well," she said, "My company is here and he is not saved, and he is waiting for me. What shall I do?" I said, "You walk back there and tell him he can go home by himself," and she did it too. There are some people who mind the preacher. I was working with some people at the altar about half an hour afterwards when a young man came and fell on his knees and broke down and cried, and said, "Brother Weigele, I am the young man who has been keeping company with that young lady, and I want salvation," and he got it, too. He got it that night and she went home with him. You say, "Well, he only did that for her." But I came back a year later, and he was one of the brightest people on the platform, shouting the praises of God. It pays to have a little spunk. Better life and die an old maid than to marry a fellow that does not want salvation. Some of you boys that feel called to preach may be tempted to marry some society girl who likes to dress and flaunt around. You do that and see where she will bring you. These unfortunate marriages are what make hell in lots of homes.

While some parents may do their best, there are some children who make home a hell. There are some boys and girls that seem so devil possessed that after their parents have prayed and agonized and done everything they could for them, they will try to break a father's heart, and bring mother's gray hairs down to the grave with sorrow. It is almost incredible, but I have known such cases. John B. Gough, after he was saved and his mother was dead, said he would rather have his right arm cut off than to have committed a certain sin. He would not tell what it was, but it is believed that it was the way he had treated his mother. His conduct broke her heart and sent her to the grave. There is one kind of murder that is not punished in this country. The boys and girls who break their father's and mother's hearts are just as truly murderers as if they took a knife and plunged it into them. I have had fathers and mothers break down and weep, and say, "Brother Weigele, if you can do anything for my boy, I wish you would do it, for if he keeps on the way he is going he will break my heart."

Last winter my wife and I, Sister Stephenson, of the Rescue Home, and some others went through the slums of Cincinnati.

We went along Longworth and George Streets late one Saturday night, and I never had believed that in the city of Cincinnati such things could be seen as we saw. As we entered the houses of shame we saw boys that could not have been over twelve, or thirteen -- boys sitting on the laps of girls, smoking cigarettes, laughing and joking, and telling lewd stories. At one place we saw five or six boys that could not have been over twelve or thirteen, and the thought came to me, Where are their mothers? What are their fathers doing? One great cause of hell in the home, besides the unfortunate marriage, is the lack of home-training. Fathers and mothers today do not govern their children (many of them); they do not use the hickory and the strap. Thank God for a mother who whipped me as often as I deserved it. There were five of us boys, and I was the meanest one of the lot. The neighbors often prophesied that I would end up on the gallows, and if God had not got hold of me I do not know where I might have been. When I got a whipping I generally got a good one. Sometimes when mother was not able, father took a hand, and then I did not get over it for a few hours. I thank God for it. I do not believe in abusing, in clubbing, but I do believe that a little hickory with prayer is a good thing. Mother would give me a good whipping, then get down and pray, and get up and sing "Beulah Land." A woman down South

who had eight sons all grown up to manhood, -- all good, upright men, -- was asked how she brought them up that way. She said, "I did it with prayer and hickory, hickory and prayer." Some one says, I do not believe we ought to whip the children." Well, I do. I have whipped my child, and I will do it again if she needs it, and I believe I am sanctified. I am not angry when I do it. Generally I cry while I am doing it, and it hurts me as much as it does her, and I would rather take it myself, but it has to be done.

Lots of children are not raised at all. They simply drift along,

Just three days ago, down in the city waiting for a Westwood car, there came along a fine-looking young man whom I used to chum with years ago at an old backslidden Methodist camp-ground. His father and mother are good members of the Methodist Church, and I never thought when I went with that boy that he would do the things that he is doing today. His mother kept him tied to her apron strings unless he wanted to go to the theater, and then she would let him go. His father is an alderman in Cincinnati, and he has a good position working for the city, through his father's influence. That precious boy that I loved, when we met at the street corner, looked me in the face, after I had shaken hands with him, and said, "Charlie, you don't look like I do; you do not look around the eyes like I do, and you have not got the kind of stomach that I have." I said, "No, thank God, I have not," for I could see without his telling me, that the boy was dissipating. There were rings around his eyes, and his face was bloated, and his stomach was swelling because he was drinking. I said, "Will, do you mean to tell me that you are living the kind of life that you intimate?" He answered, "O, I do not look at things as you do; I am going to have a good time." I looked at him and said; "Will, if you keep on this way you will go to hell. You will never see inside of Heaven." I talked straight to him, and as I left him and got on the car, I broke down and cried. He was a precious boy. How I love him! What a fine specimen of manhood! But if he keeps on as he is now I will give him a few years, and can tell pretty near where he will end up. I'm talking to some here who are in the same condition. You are there yourself. Why? Because of the lack of parental authority. People tell me you ought not be so strict with your child. After she comes of age she will have a big time." That is all bosh. I am going to be strict. I am going to do my best to train my child right. I have got to answer for it. The idea of being too strict, too straight, too religious.

Another cause of hell in the home is because of the lack of home example. If we only had more fathers and mothers saved and baptized with the Holy Ghost, we would find more young people being saved. Fathers and mothers come to me and say, "I wish you would pray for my children." The first thing I do I look at them and say, "How much have you been praying for them? How much have you been living before them?" I have seen fathers and mothers that could shout like angels in meeting, then go home and live like devils. Come to meeting and talk about Heaven, then go home and make a hell of it. You cannot shout any higher than you live. If you shout higher than you live, it is all pumped up. It is all wind. But if you live it at home, and have something solid, people will feel it and realize it.

If you parents laugh and scoff at holiness and say there is no such a thing, you are just raising a crop of holiness fighters around you. You go away from this meeting and laugh and talk about the "show" and the "circus," and laugh at the people that were seeking and trying to find God, and you will raise up a family of scoffers right around you. They will grow up and taunt

you and some time you will want some holiness people to pray for them, and you will wonder why it is that your children are so bad.

I was helping in a meeting just last winter in a Methodist church. Hundreds of people were getting saved and sanctified, and the whole town was stirred. One woman got under conviction and got mad and stayed away. She said to her daughter, "Don't you dare to go to that meeting; I am not going, and don't you dare to go." Two weeks after I left there I got a letter from the mother, wanting me to pray for her daughter. because she had run away with a fellow that was no good, and they did not know where she was. If that mother had let her come to the meetings she might have been saved. If we only had more parents that would use common sense. If they would only get salvation and get the Holy Ghost, they would see how quickly their children would get saved, and their homes would be so different!

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03 -- HELL HEREAFTER

I now want to speak of another hell; Hell Hereafter. There are lots of people that do not want to believe in a hell, because there is something that tells them they are going there, and they try to put it from them.

You say, "I do not believe it. I can not believe it." Well, there is such a place, and the very fact that you do not believe it will send you there with all the higher critics and all the infidels like Bob Ingersol and Tom Paine. The "unbelieving" and the "fearful" lead the procession. There is a hell, an awful hell, an awful place of punishment, and people will go there, not because of God's unwillingness to save them, for He willeth not the death of any, but because they have rejected His mercy and refused every effort for their salvation. God in His mercy has been calling you year after year, trying to persuade you to surrender to Him, but you have hardened your heart time after time. After awhile mercy will leave you if you do not repent, and then you will have no shelter, no place of refuge.

The Judgment day is coming, and God will break loose the thunder bolts of His wrath upon the whole world, and the "wicked shall be cast into hell," where they will be forever and ever, with no possibility of escape from those sweltering walls of flame. You can laugh, you can scoff at the idea of a hell, but as sure as God is God and truth is truth, every unsaved soul will go down to a devil's hell. Mercy has been on your track, mercy has tried to persuade you to accept salvation. I have seen the trembling lips; some of your hearts have been tendered; and you have been melted by the working of the Holy Ghost, but you have turned away. Mercy has been repelled. There is an enemy on your track, and that is death. Mercy may have been turned away, but death is approaching. Death will lay his cold, icy hand upon you, and you cannot get away. O, ye profane men, ye scoffers at the truth of God, ye slights of His proffered mercy, know ye not that death is after you? Death will come in a few hours, or a few more days, or a few more years, and then you will find that God is true, and His Word is true. Death will come in, and you cannot keep him out. You can barricade the doors and close the shutters and blinds, but he will come stalking in with his grinning scull and his bony hands; you will feel his icy breath as he looks into your face, and you will realize that he is reaching for your vitals; your time of

probation will be ended, and as you give one last groan and gasp, death will seize you and drop you down into the pit of hell. O, that God would awaken you tonight! O, that He would let you see the horrors of hell, and the terrors of the Judgment! In hell you will writhe and writhe in the flames; you will pace back and forth and on your chains will be written the word "Forever," and in ghastly letters over the door you will see the word "Eternity." As you go from one place to another hell will only become worse and worse, more awful, more hellish and the faces of damned souls become more ghastly as eternity marches on, and devils will taunt and torment you. If death could come there lost souls would fall down and worship him, but there is no death in hell. "The worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." O, if people could only realize it! If people could only see it! "the soul that sinneth it shall die." Not eternal deaths not annihilation, but eternally dying.

Brothers sister, are you going to let this meeting close, are you going to let the benediction be pronounced without your being saved? Are you going to do it? O, brother, sister, I love your soul. I would like to put myself in your way, I would like to stop you, I would like to warn you. If I could see this whole congregation saved I would willingly give up my life. I would willingly give my last bit of strength to see this congregation turn to God, to see this whole place turned into a mourners' bench. Yes, there is a hell, an awful hell, and I believe some of you are staggering right up to the brink of it. In Jesus' name come to Him tonight. A few more days, a few more hours, and all will be over.

Alfred Cookman, was preaching one night years ago in New York City, in a church with two galleries. It was the close of a series of meetings. He had been there weeks, preaching night after night to thousands and thousands of people, and many had found the Lord, but his brother George Cookman, who was a sinner, would not come out to the meetings. At last Alfred went down and visited him in his office and begged him to come that last night) and he promised him that he would. Then Alfred Cookman went to the saints, and begged them to pray as they never prayed before, that God would send George to the meeting, and that he might be saved. That night the church was packed to the doors, and as Alfred Cookman stood up to preach he looked from gallery to gallery, and away over to one side he saw his brother George. He lifted his heart to God in prayer, and said. "Now, Lord, help me, help me to do my best tonight." He preached such a sermon as he had never preached, and the Holy Ghost honored it and people wept all over that vast assembly. A woman right down in front of him broke down and cried so they could hear her all over the house. When she did that, Alfred said, "I would give my life and everything I have, if my brother George, who is in this house tonight, would weep like that." When he had finished his sermon and gave the altar call they came from all over the house, but George, away up in the gallery, sat still. By and by he took his overcoat and hat, and started down the stairway until he reached the door that led out into the street. Something turned him around, and he started this way and that, and wavered and wavered until he settled the question, then he turned boldly around, went up to the altar, fell on his knees, threw up his hands and prayed to God to save him, and God saved his soul and Alfred Cookman shouted the praises of God for answering his prayers and settling the destiny of George.

But the woman who cried out at that meeting also settled her destiny that night, for some months or years later, Alfred Cookman while in New York was called to a certain house. He went, and found a little hovel. On entering he found a woman dying, and asked her, "Why did

you send for me? She said: "Mr. Cookman, do you remember the time you preached the last sermon of a series of meetings you held in this city, when a woman cried out, and you said you would give your life to hear your brother George cry like that?" He said yes, "I remember the circumstance." She, said, "Well, I was that woman. That night God broke my heart, and the Holy Spirit wanted me to go to the altar, but I would not go. I wavered and wavered until at last I went out, and God never spoke to my soul again. I am lost and doomed and going to hell. I am lost, and I know it."

O, the thought came to me when I heard that instance, it is not only true of that woman and that man, but that very thing is being repeated all over this land! In every meeting souls are turning towards God and Heaven or are turning the other way and taking a step towards hell, and at the Judgment they will hear the words, "Depart from me ye workers of iniquity, I never knew you."

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THE END