

Devotional Thoughts :: Hell and Everlasting Punishment, Part 25: Yearning

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Part 25: Yearning

Yearn means "to feel mental uneasiness from longing desire; to be filled with eager longing; to desire; to long for; crave." D.M. Fletcher writes in his "Soliloquy of A Lost Soul," the yearning of a soul in Hell:

At last I am in hell. In spite of all my resolutions not to come, I am here to suffer the just demands of a broken law. O God, can it be that I, who was taught the way of truth, virtue and Heaven, should choose sin and eternal damnation?

Death and the judgement are past. The time of repentance has slipped away. Mercy's door is forever shut. I would not heed the warning voice of God, though it thundered in my ear night and day, from my cradle to my grave. I hardened my heart and said I will not yield. At last death came; I tried to repent, but my heart would not melt, and my eyes refused to shed a tear. I passed into eternity a damned soul. The worm that never dies has coiled its slimy folds around my naked heart, and in it fastened its venomous fangs. Merciful God, pity me! But the white-winged angel of mercy has forever flown. The fiends with their bony hands are grasping for my defenseless soul. Away, ye demons, ye shall not touch me. Ah, they have me at last; it is useless for me to resist. Is there none to deliver- none great God, none! I turned my back on Thee; now Thou dost refuse to hear my cry of anguish.

The flames of damnation are wrapping my soul in shrouds of eternal misery. Oh, that I had a drop of water to quench this raging thirst that consumes me: but there is no water here. Demons laugh at my agony, and exultant shout: Enjoy the wages of sin forever! Forever! O God, I have been here but one short hour, and I have suffered more than a thousand tongues can tell and must I forever suffer thus? Through the ceaseless ages yet to come must I still suffer on? None to heed my bitter prayer; none to say it will soon be over? It is forever! Forever!

The darkness is intense; broken only by the lurid flashes of Divine wrath that are thrown like thunderbolts from the hand of a just God! I grope in the darkness to find Him, but plunge over the precipice of despair on the rocks below. Bruised and mangled I rise and stagger on in search of a friend, but not one is found. All are my enemies: I scream for help; and the only help is the echo of my own sad cry and the yells of delight from the throats of demons. Alone! yet multitudes are here; they gnash on me with their teeth, they trample me under their feet. I struggle to rise, and they dash me into the lake of everlasting fire. Alone! Yes, alone! without God, without hope, without Heaven.

Oh, that I had a moment in which to repent; but it will never be given. I sealed my own doom. God's mercy was extended; I refused till too late. Now Eternal Justice is being satisfied. 'Tis just. God is love; is just and holy. He is clear, but I am guilty- damned, and that righteously."

The saddest words of tongue or pen, Are these, "It might have been". - Chelsea Stockwell