

Expository Files 2.11
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Several years ago my friend, W.R. Jones held a meeting where I was working in Kansas. He used this poem I found recently.

THE HORRORS OF HELL

Hell, the prison house of despair:

Here are some things that won't be there:

No flowers will bloom on the banks of hell

No beauties of nature we love so well.

No comforts of home, music or song;

No friendship or joy will be in that throng.

No children to brighten the long weary night;

No love, nor peace, nor one ray of light.

No mercy nor pity, pardon nor grace;

No water, O God, what a terrible place!

The pangs of the lost no human can tell;

No moment of ease --- there's no rest in Hell.

Hell, the prison house of despair;

Here are some things that will be there:

Fire and brimstone are there we know;

For God in His word has told us so.

Memory, remorse, suffering and pain;

Weeping and wailing, but all in vain.

Blasphemers, swearers, haters of God,

Sinners who refused to be washed in the blood.

Christ-rejectors while on earth they trod;

Murderers, gamblers, drunkards and liars,

Will have their part in the lake of fire.

The filthy, the vile, the cruel and mean;

What a terrible mob in hell will be seen.

Yes, more than humans on earth can tell

Are the torments and woes of Eternal Hell.

-Author Unknown.