

5th Edition, 190th Thousand.

What is there after Death?

— ALSO —

A TRUE RECORD
OF ONE
POSSESSED OF
THE DEVIL.

By Dr. HEYMAN WREFORD.

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What is there after Death?

“ 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 ” (Luke xvi. 22, 23, 24).

WHAT is there after death? Whatever there is it has to be faced. Not one of us can escape eternity; and the solemnity of it all is that every minute, as it passes, bears us onward; we cannot stay the progress of time, we *must* go onward to eternity. And in that eternity is God. **And you and God must meet one day.**

It is said, as the clock ticks a soul goes into eternity—a soul for every tick! Where do they go? Men and women are dying all about us: the flight of souls into eternity seems to darken the air around us. And we are all going one day—where?

The prophet in old days cried:—“ *Prepare to meet thy God.*” Are you prepared to meet Him? If one of His angels, Michael or Gabriel, came from His presence and stood by your side and said, “ I have come at God’s command to take you into the presence of God,” what would your feeling be? Would you say with dry lips

of fear, "Not me, not me; I do not want to go where God is." Reader! You cannot be where God is not. *He is everywhere.*

THE WRITING ON THE HEAVENS.

A lady who was unsaved had a dream. She dreamed she was out one night in an awful thunderstorm. The lightning flashed before her, and the thunder roared around her. The wild clouds like dark phantoms swept across the sky driven by the fury of the tempest. By and bye the storm ceased, and the heavens were filled with the silver radiance of the moon. She gazed in wonder at the change, and her wonder grew as she saw the moon slowly change its shape, until at last it seemed to take the semblance of a mighty hand, and in the hand was a mighty pen. And then the hand moved across the face of the heavens, and the pen wrote the dreamer's name, and underneath the name these words:—

"Prepare to meet thy God."

Filled with terror she awoke, glad to find it was a dream. It led her to meet God in Christ, and her soul was saved. When one thinks of a world of sinners, and of the peril of the unsaved, one longs for the power to stand on the summit of earth's loftiest peak, and to be able to cry with a voice loud enough to reach from pole to pole, *"Prepare to meet thy God."* May the words shine before you; may they burn into your heart, until their solemn meaning is learnt, and you are upon your knees crying for mercy from your God.

What is there after death? There is no speculation about the future with the Christian. He has no doubts

as to what there is beyond. He can mount like the lark into skies of faith, singing as he goes, until earth recedes and the song gets fainter to our listening ears. He can say with Paul, "*To depart and to be with Christ.*" Ah! to be with Christ. There can be no speculation when Christ is before the soul. And so Paul says again, "**Absent from the body, present with the Lord**"; and "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

Peter says, "Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." He speaks of the Lord's coming; of the passing away of all things here, and of all things being made new.

John looked into heaven and saw wondrous things; things past, present, and to come. The panorama of events **after death** passed before him. He saw the risen and ascended Jesus, the Lamb slain, on the throne of God. He saw the bride of Christ in the everlasting glory. He heard the praises of heaven, and saw the great tribulation fall upon the earth. He saw war in heaven, and Christ coming with His saints to judge the nations. He saw the mighty angel bind Satan and cast him into the bottomless pit. He saw millennial glory shining over all the world. He saw Satan loosed for a little and the last apostasy and rebellion. He saw the devil cast into the lake of fire for ever. He saw the Great White Throne, and the dead, "small and great," standing there before God. He saw them judged and cast into the lake of fire.

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He beheld the new heaven and the new earth, and "the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven." In matchless language he describes the glory and the peace of heaven.

The "**wall great and high**" around that Holy City, the twelve gates, and the mighty angels by them. The twelve gates, twelve pearls, and the wall built of jasper, the foundations garnished with precious stones, and the street pure gold as transparent glass. He tells of this and more. Read it, my friends, read it! Of God wiping away all tears, of the passing away of death and sorrow, of crying and pain; of the throne of God and of the Lamb, and His servants serving Him, seeing His face, and walking with Him in white, in the brightness of a light that came neither from sun nor moon, for the Lord God giveth them light, and "they shall reign for ever and ever."

And this is for the Christian. With such a future shining before him, what room is there for speculation or for fear? Let the unbeliever speculate, and drift on the sea of life with no rudder of faith to guide him.

For the believer on the Lord Jesus Christ the glory waits, beyond all telling; we should sink beneath the rapture of it all were we to realise what it means to be with Christ. A dear Christian was walking with a friend in the fields, and they talked together of the state of the church of God on earth, of the divisions among Christians, etc. Suddenly he paused, and looking upwards said, "**There Christ is all and in all.**" He then sank slowly to the ground and passed away into the

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immediate presence of the One who had so entranced his soul.

Christian! What is there after death for you?
" Christ, and the glory of the Father's house."

A GLORIOUS DEPARTURE.

Come with me and stand by a Christian's death-bed for a moment. The light of heaven is falling softly on the upturned face, as the lips repeat,

" O Lord, my pilgrim spirit longs
To sing the everlasting songs
Of glory, honour, power ;
'Till then when Thou all power shalt wield,
Blest Saviour, Thou wilt be my shield,
For Thou hast to my soul revealed
Thyself, my Strength and Tower."

The wife and children stand around the bed, and he wishes them all good bye. He sends a message to his absent son, and waits in perfect peace for the home-call.

Suddenly he lifts his eyes filling with eternity. " Hark!" he exclaims. All listen as they gaze upon the shining face. And now he cries loudly and clearly :

" Yes, Lord Jesus, *I'm coming! I'm coming!* I'M COMING!" and then he went. He knew where he was going; he knew to Whom he was going. Perfect rest, and perfect peace for the believer who rests upon the finished work of God's beloved Son.

FROM BATTLEFIELD TO HEAVEN.

Lance-Corporal Roberts sent me this incident, one of the most beautiful I have heard for a long time.

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He says:—"One incident at the battle of H—— will be impressed on my memory for ever. I went out over the Parados of the firing line to a poor fellow who was on a stretcher mortally wounded. One of the stretcher-bearers had been shot down while carrying him, and I bandaged up his wounds as well as I could. The poor fellow on the stretcher was calling for water. The only drop of water belonged to Sergeant J——. I fetched it and took it out under fire, and gave it to the dying man. I placed my hand in his and asked him, 'Do you belong to the Lord Jesus?' 'Yes,' he murmured. Again I gave him a little water, and then said, 'I hope you feel that the Lord is with you now.' And he gasped out 'Yes.' He could not swallow the next drop of water I gave him, but seeing he was dying I said, 'Do you know you are going to be with the Lord Jesus?' His only answer was a slight pressure of his hand on mine. One last question I asked was, 'The Lord is with you, isn't He?' Again I felt the pressure of the hand. Then on a sudden his eyes glared upward to the sky—I shall never forget that moment—then he outstretched his hands and arms towards the heavens above him, and kept them in the same attitude for some moments with his eyes fixed, looking upwards all the time. Then the arms dropped lifelessly down to the sides of the stretcher and he was gone. How delighted I was, and yet how hard it seemed to me to have to leave him behind, when I went back to the trench again under fire. His name I never knew. He was not in my regiment; he was in the Rifle Brigade."

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What is there after death? The narrative in Luke xvi. is fearfully solemn. The question is answered there.

I. THERE IS EXISTENCE AFTER DEATH.

The rich man and the poor man lived their lives on earth—the one had his “good things,” the other his “evil things.” They died and passed into eternity. The Lord Jesus Christ follows them beyond the portals of the grave, and tells us **where they are, and how they are.**

If you took a walk through a cemetery any day, and read the epitaphs, how little would you know of the eternity of those who lay beneath the sod. But every one has his or her eternity. What a revelation it would be if on every grave there was marked the destiny of each soul—“**heaven**” or “**hell.**”

The dead lie there, but the immortal soul is in eternity.

“**The beggar died,**” and around him as he died the waiting angels stand to carry him into his place of rest—Abraham’s bosom. There is no word spoken of his burial. Was he buried? Did the dogs who licked his sores consume his body? Was it thrown upon some dunghill when the angels had borne the soul away? Poor worn-out casket, the soul-jewel that was once in thee has been taken by holy hands to God! Poor man, thou wast a beggar on earth sitting at the rich man’s gate; but now thou art as a prince in Paradise! Thou didst eat gladly of the crumbs that fell from the rich

man's table, but the plenty of the Father's house is thine for ever now.

" The rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments " (read Luke xvi.). And when he died, no angel of brightness waited for his soul. He passed into eternity amid all his affluent surroundings. He left his sumptuous feasts and costly apparel to wear the cerements of the grave, and to go down to darkness. HE was buried. Yes, he had his funeral train on earth, and the hired wailers and the mourners; they could rend their garments and throw dust into the air, and pass with noisy clamour to his grave. Could they have seen him in eternity—in hell! They talk of his wealth, his splendid home, his well-spread table, of his servants. But where is he, the lord of it all? *In hell.*

Build the splendid monument; rear the costly shrine. Let the tomb of the dead be imposing in its grandeur; cover the pampered body with sycophantic marble; but who will toll the knell for the lost soul? Who will weep on earth for him who wails in torment?

" The rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell . . . "

These are indeed solemn things to engage your thoughts. Think of *your* death, and your eternity. People will say of you one day, and it may be soon, So-and-so is dead and buried. But where will your soul be? Reader? If you died now, where would your soul go? Answer in the presence of God and answer now.

Let me tell you of a solemn ending to a life.

DEATH IN A MOMENT.

A Christian soldier writes :—“ We were holding the front line, expecting every moment to get the order, ‘ **Get dressed,**’ ready for being relieved, and I was making a final visit to see all were ready. I stayed to speak a word to one of the sentries. He said, ‘ Give us a match, Corporal,’ but as I said I had not one, he said, ‘ Oh, I forgot, all you have here is tracts !’ ‘ Yes,’ I replied, ‘ and all you want is Jesus.’ ‘ Oh, no,’ he said, ‘ all I want is “ **Blighty.**” ’ I passed on to the next sentry, when suddenly I heard the sound of a rifle and a cry, and on going back I found the sentry with a bullet in his head. **Death,** not ‘ **Blighty,**’ was his portion. Reader, he did not want Jesus; he only wanted the dear homeland; but in a moment he had passed into eternity. You also may not want Jesus; you only want pleasure, fun, life; plenty of time, you say, to think about Jesus when you are old. You may not be in the firing line, watched by a deadly sniper, but death may be near you. Where are you going? To heaven or to hell? Are you living in sin? Then you need Jesus and His precious blood to cleanse you. God does not desire your eternal loss, but gave His Son to save you. Will you not seek Him now? You need Him to save you, to keep you from sinning; you need Him when the bullets are flying around you, and you will need Him in the hour of death. The one who trusts the Lord Jesus does not fear death, or the judgment after death. **Comrades, you need Him.** Why not turn to Him now and accept Him as your Saviour? ”

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This is a grand appeal from a soldier to any soldiers who may read this little book. May God bless it to many, and when they long for the earthly "*Blighty*," where their loved ones are, may they be ready for the heavenly *Home*, and believe what the Saviour said, "In My Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." Will you be there?

Come with me to a Military Hospital, and stand by the bed of one of God's warriors, and let me tell you what I know about him.

GOD'S WARRIOR.

A Christian sent me the following extract from a letter written about one of God's soldiers. He says: "I visited a magnificent young officer from Queensland, whose eyes had been blown out, and his right arm shot away three inches below the elbow, and his left knee shattered by a shell, but the doctors hope this last will get well again. I spent forty minutes with him; he is a modern Havelock, who prayed with his men and led them in that never-to-be-forgotten dash up Gaba Tepe. There he lay, radiant with the joy of the Lord, and he said to me, "I never was more happy in all my life, in spite of all my pain. **I never dreamt that the Lord Jesus could give so much joy.**" He was a Christian, and was going to be with the Lord for ever.

II. THERE IS SIGHT AFTER DEATH.

We are told further about the rich man that “ *In hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.*” (Read Luke xvi.)

What a sight for those tortured eyes to see! “ Abraham, **afar off**, and Lazarus, transfigured and radiant with happiness, in his bosom.” He had seen the beggar at his gates on earth, and with lordly condescension may have tossed him a coin now and then. He may have missed him when he died, but little thought when and where he would see him again. And oh! the change that death had wrought. It had made the rich man poor and a beggar; it had made the poor man rich with everlasting love and rest. He wanted nothing, and the rich man wanted all. And yet so often we envy the great on earth; we envy them their position, their riches, their titles, and their fame. Not one of these things can bring happiness apart from Christ. The **monarch** goes into eternity without his crown; the **rich man** with empty hands; the **warrior** must leave his crosses and his medals all behind him; the pomp and pageantry of earth all fades away with eternity in view.

I wonder if you die unsaved whether you will see your believing wife for a moment after death? She, “ **afar off**,” and happy with her Saviour; and you with the curse of unforgiven sin upon you in hell. And some of your children are in heaven, and others are on their way. And when you die your Christless death, will you for a moment see “ **afar off** ” your little ones with the light of heaven on their faces, and the peace of God like

a crown upon their heads? Oh! these eternal separations! Families broken up for all eternity. Some in light and some in darkness. Nursed at the same knees, living in the same homes on earth, growing up together, and when death comes, separation for ever and for ever.

I knew a fashionable, pleasure-loving mother, who was one day nursing her little child. And the child says, "Mother, I had a dream last night." "And what did you dream, my darling?" "Mother, dear, I dreamt that I was going **up, up, up**, and you were going **down, down, down**."

Yes, God may take your child out of your unbelieving arms any day, and you will go down, down, down, unless you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and are saved. "And they shall **see his face**." This is the Christian's expectation: to see Christ and be with Him in glory by and bye.

THE VISION OF DEATH.

"He cursed God and died."

My dear old friend, Captain Henslowe, sent me a very solemn incident, and it is well to relate it in these godless days, when men think so lightly of sin, and have "no fear of God before their eyes," or any regard for the Son of God who died to redeem the souls of men. God's warnings seem to teach very few; the Lord's Day is dishonoured; man acts as if there was to be no punishment for sin, and as if God was one of themselves and not the Holy and the Righteous One, "who

is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." This is the incident :—

" The Vision of Death—'He Cursed God and Died.' "

Such was the heading of a paragraph in an American newspaper not long since, which gave details of the solemn calling away of one who used to scoff at the truth of God and the person of His Christ. It went on to relate, under date of January, 18— :—

" The sudden illness of L. T.— while he was blasphemously personating the Saviour at a supper party; his subsequent paralysis of the heart, and the finding his corpse in his bedroom, have given I— and its vicinity a sensation." But to bring this awful story into a small compass, it is related that on a certain Monday this L. T.— met some friends of kindred spirit. Preparations were made for a supper, and the table was loaded with provisions and drink. Everyone seemed in good health and spirits. Before they sat down, one of the party suggested that T—, who was the oldest present, and the host, should offer up a prayer! This he did, amidst the laughter and jests of those present.

After they were seated, one of the guests said that the re-union, on account of their being thirteen present, was suggestive of " the Last Supper." While carousing T— made use of terrible language, which shocked even his ribald companions. Suddenly T— grew pale, and putting his hands to his head, complained of pains and moaned out, " I'm afraid it's my last supper after all." Then clutching his coat, and rising with

difficulty, he announced to the rest, "I must vacate the chair, boys; you must get some other president; I'm going home." He was taken to his house, complained that he felt as if he had received a terrible blow, was put to bed, and was left when it was supposed he had fallen asleep. **Next morning he was found dead in his bed.** A horrible smile had settled on his features, and his eyes were starting from their sockets, "as if," said a relative, "he had seen something awful and died while staring at it."

What had he seen? Where is he now?

He is dead and in eternity. "After death the judgment." God says to such as he, "Behold ye despisers and wonder and perish." I say to you who read these lines: "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take you away with His stroke." If you will not bend before God, you will be broken. If you take the place of a penitent sinner, and ask His forgiveness, He will bid you "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Then if you look to Jesus you will hear Him say, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

III. THERE IS TORMENT AFTER DEATH.

"In hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments. . . . I am tormented in this flame." (Read Luke xvi.)

He was in actual torment. And remember these are the words of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. It is fashionable now to decry eternal punishment, and pooh!

pooh! the flames of hell. But what seems to be so inconceivably solemn is the fact that the compassionate Saviour is the One who speaks the most about it. He speaks of a **"furnace of fire,"** into which the wicked shall be cast, where **"there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."** He also speaks of the **"outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."** He tells us it is better to enter into life halt or maimed, or having one eye, rather than to have two hands or two feet or two eyes, and be cast into **"everlasting fire,"** or **"hell fire."** He it is who says, **"Where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."**

The Lord tells us also the parable of the king who made a marriage for his son, and one guest came without the wedding garment; and the command of the king was, *"Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."* The wedding garment prefigures Christ, and if you attempt to appear before God without Christ, you will be bound hand and foot and cast into torment. And when, with fierce denunciations, He exposes the utter vileness of the religious hypocrite, He says, **"How can you escape the damnation of hell?"**

But this is enough; hell was prepared for the devil and his angels, but through the wickedness of man, hell *"hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure"*; and as sure as you read this, hell will be your dwelling-place for all eternity, amid the **"everlasting fire,"** and the **"weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth,"** in the **"outer darkness,"** tormented in the

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flame, unless you repent of your sins and come to Christ to save you.

"IT IS TOO LATE!"

A Christian called to see a dying man, and when he saw the man of God by his bed he caught him by the hand and said, "R——, pray for me, that God may forgive me. But, oh! it is too late! it is too late!"

He turned to his poor wife who was standing there, and said, "Ah! my lass, I refused when God called me, and now He mocks me when my calamity is come. Ah! my wife! my wife! I am going where mercy never comes, and where pardon is never offered, and where a drop of water is never given. I am going to be lost!" The next day he died crying, "I'm lost! I'm lost!"

IV. THERE IS PRAYER AFTER DEATH.

"He cried, 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." (Read Luke xvi.)

What a prayer! "Have mercy upon me." But here, the cry for mercy can never have an answer. There can be no mercy in the "damnation of hell," no alleviation of the "everlasting fire," and no star of hope ever illumines the "outer darkness." "The worm never dies, the fire is not quenched." Mercy's bright angel can never approach the dwellings of the lost. Mercy's hour is gone.

Oh! you unsaved sinners, sporting carelessly on the brink of hell; will nothing arouse you? I heard a preacher once say, "**Some of you hardened sinners want to be taken by the heels and shaken over the pit of hell.**" Would to God you would now appeal for mercy. "God be merciful to me *the* sinner." Think of hell, and thank God you are out of it.

If a lost spirit could speak to you for a moment, what would be his message? We can fancy the tortured soul crying to you with despair in his eyes, "**Flee, Flee, FLEE, from the wrath to come.**" Our God is a consuming fire." "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." "God is not mocked." "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee." You need a Saviour. Christ alone can save.

THE THIRST OF HELL.

He prays for a drop of water to cool his tongue. He had doubtless drunk the most luscious wines on earth, and had everything that heart could wish for. Now in torment he prays for a drop of water to cool his tongue. Oh! agonising thirst of hell that can never be allayed! There can be no drops of heavenly dew to moisten the sinner's lips in hell. To save the sinner, He who made the rivers and the streams, cried upon the Cross, "I thirst." He knew the desert drought of a land where God was not. He said "*My tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and thou hast brought me into the dust of death.*" But from the crucified Christ—the smitten Rock—there flows the river of eternal life to slake the thirst of one

and all. **Pray for God's salvation now!** Drink of the water that He shall give you, and never thirst again, or you will be with the rich man in eternal torment.

V. THERE IS A GREAT GULF FIXED AFTER DEATH.

The moment you die your eternal destiny is fore-closed; there is no amelioration after death; no purgatory for you to be prayed out of, nor any "larger hope" to give you solace in your sinning now.

Listen: "*Beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf FIXED; so that they which would pass hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence.*" (Read Luke xvi.) An impassable gulf! Oh! my God, **upon which side of that gulf will my reader be?**

Stern, inexorable words; they are the words of God, they must be true. No arms of love can reach across that gulf. Husband on one side—wife on the other; the one radiant with everlasting happiness—the other "weeping and wailing, and gnashing the teeth," **in the awful, endless torment of hell!**

There is such human love in many of your homes that you cannot bear to be parted for a day; what then must it be to be eternally separated?

Eternity lays such hold on me at times that I close my eyes and shudder at the thought. A father came to me once, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and said, "**Oh! do pray for my poor children.**" Oh, God! to think of one of our loved ones going to hell, the great

gulf fixed between us. I shall never forget the anguish I saw in the face of a Christian wife once as she gazed on her dying husband, who had poisoned himself. He was just breathing his last, but she cried, "**Do look to Jesus, pray to Jesus, even now come to Jesus.**" And then, when all was over, she spoke of the meetings he had attended, and the sermons he had heard. "Oh!" she said, "if Mr.—— had only spoken less about the stars, and more about Christ, my husband might have been saved."

Oh! that great *gulf fixed*. On which side are you? On which side are your children, your husband, your wife, your parents? You love earthly life, but you must leave it; you love your earthly home and friendships, but you must give them up. You **must go** into eternity.

Death came into a house and called a man into eternity. In vain he struggled and cried, "**I will not die; I cannot die; I am not saved; I'm going to hell.**" He had to go. His awful cries were hushed in the solemn silence of the grave, and his poor soul went—where? The great *gulf* was *fixed*. Oh! what of you, my readers? Flee to the Saviour crucified for you, and like happy Lazarus know the blessedness of everlasting rest. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

VI. THERE IS MEMORY AFTER DEATH.

"Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things." (Read Luke xvi.)

" Son, remember !" Remember the life of ease, the selfish, evil days of human life, when all good things were poured into thy lap. Remember now the sorrows of the poor man at thy gate. Thou didst not see the chariot of God descend to take him home, nor the angels that stood around him when he died. But now, when **he** is comforted and **thou** art tormented—**remember.**

And sinner, when you too have passed away into darkness perhaps, because you will not come to Christ, you will **remember.** And what memories shall be yours in hell? The memory of every opportunity you have had of coming to Christ; the memory of every meeting when salvation was offered to you and refused. The " good things " of this world preferred to the treasures of heaven. You will **remember** the days and nights of sin; the haunts of vice, the revellings, and the banquetings, and the wild whirl down the broad road to hell. You will remember the godly influences that sought to win you for Christ, and your utter rejection of it all. You will remember the wreath of folly you placed about your brow, and the mad infatuation of sin that made you defy God and man. **Remember; yes, you will never forget in hell.** The chords of memory will be swept to the awful wailing of the lost.

You may think of your loved ones left on earth, and seek as Dives did, to send a message to them. But no, the stern silence of eternity forbids. **The great gulf is fixed against all such errands of mercy there!**

" Son, remember." Oh, they are remembering now. The souls in darkness **are** remembering now. *They*

were not saved; they will never be saved; but they will always remember.

Oh! poor lost souls in torment. The drop of water to cool your burning tongues can never be given. If tears of sorrow could assuage your pain we would shed them for you. If prayer could mitigate your woes, how we would pray! But no, it cannot, cannot be. You **choose death, and ye must die.**

But you who read this in time still, and not in eternity, what will you do? What will you do? You must do as that dear soldier did who died in a trench—ask for something about Him, for He is the only Saviour, and **“He died the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God.”**

But let me tell you the story of the dying soldier as it was told me.

“READ SOMETHING ABOUT HIM.”

In the battle of the Aisne one evening one of the men, wounded by a bursting shell, was lying in a trench. His captain was an avowed infidel. A great debater, he had been in his college days, a strong-minded man, a man of firm character, and a man who openly declared his belief that Jesus Christ was an imposter. He went up to the soldier.

“Can I do anything for you, lad?” he asked.

“You might read something about Him,” said the dying man, tugging away at the New Testament in his pocket.

There were the shells all around, there was the roar of battle, and the captain felt dazed. But he could not refuse. He opened the Gospel and began to read.

WHAT IS THERE AFTER DEATH?

It was a passage in John : " In My Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. If I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself." There was a pause. Then he read on : " Peace I leave with you ; My peace I give unto you."

He looked at the man's face. There was a dying pallor over it, but such a bright smile of peace and joy. The captain turned away. By and bye, when he turned again and spoke, there was no answer. He saw the soldier lad had gone home. He went to do his part in the fight. Within half an hour he was drawn back to the trench, looking once more upon that face, beautiful in death. He said : " Oh, lad, you have got something that I have not got. I could not go out like that. I wish you would come back and tell me all about it."

Before long that captain became a simple and true believer and follower of Jesus Christ. All things are real when men are face to face with death and eternity.

A CLOSING PRAYER.

Lord Jesus ! send Thy blessing down upon my readers so that they may come to Thee, and come now. May they never join the rich man down in hell, but after this life is over see Thee face to face in all the glory of Thy home above !

" He that belleveth on the Son hath everlasting life ; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life ; but the wrath of God abideth on him " (John iii. 36)

" For the wages of sin is death ; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord " (Romans vi. 23).

A TRUE RECORD OF ONE POSSESSED BY THE DEVIL.

I can vouch for the truth of the following solemn narrative in every detail. It happened when God was giving us great blessing in the old Royal Public Rooms, London Inn Square, Exeter; that was in the 'eighties. If anything the narrative has been toned down, for it is simply impossible to describe all the awful details of the satanic possession. The effect on me was such that for many nights I could not sleep, for I was always seeing the lurid light of those demon eyes, and hearing the tortured cries of the poor woman possessed by the devil. I firmly believe that when the devil was driven out of that poor tortured body—the soul, redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, went to be with Him. May this narrative be a warning to those who in these days of “seducing spirits and doctrines of devils,” are led captive by the devil at his will.

HEYMAN WREFORD.

IN THE GRASP OF THE DEVIL.

MORE than thirty years ago I saw a poor woman in Exeter possessed by the devil; and I will narrate my experience to you now. It seems incredible, but it is quite true. Mrs. E—— lived in one of the back streets of our city, close to where we had our Sunday School. Her children used to be sent to that school, and she herself came once or twice to our evening meetings. She was but twenty-four, yet an

open and avowed sceptic. There was no God and no devil, she would say, and laugh when Christ and His love were spoken of. I used to see her standing by her open door as I passed and repassed to the meetings. Little I thought how soon she would pass into eternity.

She of whom I speak was taken ill, very ill, but she got better, went about her work too soon, caught a cold, had a relapse, and the hand of death was on her.

I received a message one afternoon to come at once and see Mrs. E——, who was dying. I was out when the message came, but went to call on her about five o'clock. Entering the street where she lived, I noticed an unwonted stir. People were talking together in groups with pale and earnest faces. As I passed on I was startled to hear shriek upon shriek in a frenzied human voice. They came from the house of Mrs. E—— from the room where she was lying—yes, from her dying lips. I stopped for a moment to speak to a man standing in the doorway of the next house and said, "S——, what is it?"

"Oh," he replied with trembling lips, "it isn't her body, it is her poor soul. All the day she has been like this; her cries are fearful." And, again, as he spoke, the shrieks were heard.

I said, "I will go and see her."

Slowly I mounted the stairs of the house to the room from whence these awful cries had come.

As I went up, I heard moans and groans and cries. At the first hurried glance around the room I saw a form on a bed by the window, and three or four women standing round.

As I approached nearer, never, to my dying day, shall I forget the sight I saw.

Stretched out before me was a human body, the chest heaving, the heart palpitating wildly, the cheeks hollow and flushed fearfully, the dark hair tangled and confused about the head and brow; but, oh! the eyes! What awful light was that which shone so luridly there? Those rolling orbs in such indescribable unrest! As I gazed I cried out in uncontrollable emotion:

“Those are not the eyes of a human being; they are the eyes of a fiend!” My whole body seemed conscious of an awful presence, and my soul rose up in arms as against a deadly enemy.

I bent over her and said, “Mrs. E——, did you ever hear of Jesus Christ?”

No more could I say, for she gave a shriek as from the burning pit of hell, which seemed to pierce my heart. The awful gleam of those satanic eyes seemed to hurl defiance at the sacred name, and on me for uttering it.

Again I bent over, for I had started back appalled, and said, “Yes, Mrs. E——, of Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners?”

Again and again she gave that awful cry, the only answer, a cry of unutterable agony, with some tone in it as of a frightened hare in the hand of its captors—a wild, despairing cry, that gave one the idea of limitless human woe that could not be appeased.

And now the eyes seemed shining with fire and with an inexplicable something that made me tremble. I

took up my hat with shaking hands, and felt as I turned away, "I could not stay here to-night for anything."

Looking back as I stood in the doorway I noticed that wherever I went I was followed by those burning eyes. I passed appalled outside the room and into the street, promising to call again later on.

Some more particulars I heard from those outside depicting her awful condition. They told me that she had begged her husband to close the door and not leave the room as the devil was there to take her. This was before I saw her, for she could not speak then—her mouth was like the coal, and her tongue seemed burnt like a cinder.

Yes, this was Mrs. E——, who had said that there was no God or devil, lying upstairs in the grasp of the demon, struggling with the little life she had left against the power that was dragging her down to torment. Who could deliver her? Only One I knew: and as I walked home that quiet evening hour, my thoughts went back to other days, and I seemed to hear echoing down the aisles of time the words, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, come out of her."

"Yes, Lord," I said, as I looked upwards, "this is the power wanted now; and oh, for the faith to use it."

I prayed earnestly for guidance and felt happier.

It was Tuesday afternoon, and we had a meeting at the Room in the evening. Calling to see her again between 7 and 8, I found she was just the same. The doctor had seen her and spoken to her, so had her husband, but she had taken no notice. No, her shrieks were for the name of *Jesus* now.

I went to the meeting, called a dear brother, and talked briefly with him about her case; then we prayed together to the Lord for guidance. Between 9 and 10 we returned to the house, and went up into her room. I shuddered again as I saw those eyes fixed with such a malignant hate, it seemed, upon me. Her whole soul seemed in arms, and as if its portals were barricaded by an invading power that kept unceasing watch and ward out of those sentinel eyes.

But now I felt, too, within me, as I never felt before, the truth and power of these words, "Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world." "If God be for us, who can be against us?" This was the place, and now the time, to battle for the Lord. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world." "Let us pray."

As I uttered the words, a deep hush fell on all the room, but as the prayer was continued, appealing to the Lord for help, we felt the presence of the strife. Around us invisible combatants seemed to be contending for this passing soul. Sobs came from every bosom, tears from every eye. Still faith kept her stand on the heights of prayer, and as the supplications increased in power it seemed to us as though slowly and surely the enemy was being dislodged. The prayer closed, and one look at the eyes told me that still the demon held the gateways of the soul.

Our dear brother bent over and began to speak. This I felt to be the supreme moment in the strife—that now

the time had come for the name above every Name " to be magnified."

I said, " Speak to her of Jesus; speak the name of Jesus to her." Stooping lower he said, Jesus, *Jesus*, JESUS, Jesus, JESUS!" until the room resounded with the sound of that precious Name. It rose above the sobs that came from all the rest. It seemed to flood my soul with ecstasy. Jesus, *Jesus*, JESUS, JESUS," he continued, when he was arrested by a cry from one of the watching women.

" O look, look!" she cried, " what a blessed change! Her face is like the face of a child."

I looked, and it was even so. The power of the name of Jesus had prevailed. The eyes, so lately the outposts of the demon, were now calm and peaceful, the bosom ceased to heave fearfully, and the heart to throb wildly.

The devil had gone out of the woman, and the wondering friends around her bed spoke with awe of what they had seen.

" Did you see it?" they exclaimed. " It was in a moment."

Yes, it was done. Praise and glory to His Name!

On that battlefield what thankful hearts gave praise to Him! She slept calmly and peacefully now as we left the room. It was midnight as we passed along the street, and came to the city wall. There we stayed awhile and gazed over the sleeping city, and talked of the city that hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Then with bare heads and thankful hearts we prayed to God to bless the dying sinner we

had left. My dear brother then left me for his home, and I went back to watch the end.

She lay still peacefully breathing. She had not spoken, nor could she speak. The eyes were restful, and her face had a peaceful smile upon it, as of one who had suffered much but who was tranquil now. I stood and watched her as the hours went on, praying to God on her behalf, and between three and four o'clock in the morning as I gazed upon her face, she breathed her last.

You ask me, Was she saved? I cannot tell : the day will declare. I cherish the hope even as I speak, and God's grace seems to encourage me, that she was snatched " as a brand from the burning." Let me ask you now, are you saved? If not, a fearful hell awaits you; a just and everlasting judgment on your sins. " Flee from the wrath to come."

" And Jesus rebuked the devil; and he departed out of him : and the child was cured from that very hour " (Matthew xvii. 18).

" For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil " (1 John iii. 8).

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