

The Damnation of Hell - Part 1 (Compilation)

by Compilations

The sermon emphasizes the terrifying reality of hell as a place of eternal torment and the necessity of repentance to escape its horrors.

Duration: 29:12

Scripture: Proverbs 6:16-19, Isaiah 55:1, Matthew 12:36, Luke 15:10, Romans 2:5, Romans 9:20, 2 Peter 2:6

Topics: "Compilation"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the consequences of rejecting God and living a life of sin. He vividly describes the torment and despair that awaits those who die without repentance. The preacher argues that the Bible is filled with statements and doctrines that confirm the dreadful fate of the unrepentant. He also addresses objections to the justice of God's punishment, stating that those who reject God's offer of salvation cannot complain when they face eternal punishment. The sermon emphasizes the urgency of accepting Jesus Christ and warns of the severe judgment that awaits those who remain unbelieving.

Transcript

The thing we need to understand is hell is no slap on the wrist, the horrors are real. Eternity, that's the thing, eternity, it is utter, utter hopelessness. Spurgeon says that about it, in hell there is no hope.

They have not even the hope of dying, the hope of being annihilated. They are forever, forever, forever lost. On every chain in hell there is written forever.

In the fires there blaze out the words forever. Up above their heads they read forever. Their eyes are galled and their hearts are pained with the thought that it is forever.

Oh, if I could tell you tonight that hell would one day be burned out, and that those who were lost might be saved, there would be such jubilee in hell. At the very thought of it, but it cannot be, it is forever. They are cast out into utter darkness forever.

And we look at that, that's the severity. It's the longevity. Burnings, yes, it talks about fiery furnace, it talks about the hell of fire.

But more, who among us can dwell with everlasting burnings? Yes, it says we are tormented by the sulfur, but it goes beyond that. Torment, is there punishment? Punishment, yes, God's Word says He will repay

you to your face if you die in your sin. He will.

He will hate you. He will deal with you according to your sin, face to face. But more, it's called eternal punishment, the punishment of eternal destruction.

Is there wrath? Is there fury? Is there vengeance? Yes, He says I will gather you and blow on you with the fire of My wrath. That's a text out of Ezekiel. Again in Ezekiel, therefore I will act in wrath.

My eye will not spare, nor will I have pity. And though they cry in My ears with a loud voice, I will not hear them. This is a, in Daniel it says everlasting contempt.

It means you are everlasting hatred. When God says that He will punish you to your face and He will blow upon you with the wrath of His breath. It is a picture of God's perfect hatred.

God will hate you. God will not pity you. You are eternally an object of defiled wretchedness.

And God looks at that with total disgust. That is the picture, forever, forever. That is the ultimate horror of hell.

Now, you guys know Jonathan Edwards. I think I quake more when I read him than anything. Consider what it is to suffer extreme torment forever and ever.

And I want you to consider it. Let your minds go wild here. I want you to be filled with a sense of this.

And to suffer it day and night. From one year to another. From one age to another.

And from one thousand ages to another. So adding age to age and thousands to thousands. In pain, in wailing, and lamenting, groaning, and shrieking, and gnashing your teeth.

With your souls full of dreadful grief and horror. Your bodies full of wracking torture. Without any possibility of getting ease.

Without any possibility of moving God to pity you by your cries. Without any possibility of hiding yourselves from Him. Without any possibility of diverting your thoughts from your pain.

Consider how dreadful despair will be in such torment. To know assuredly that you never, never, never, never shall be delivered from them. To have no hope.

When you shall wish that you might be turned into nothing. But you have no hope of it. When you would rejoice if you might but have any relief.

After you have endured these torments millions of ages. But shall have no hope of it. After you shall have worn out the age of the sun, the moon, and the stars.

Without rest day and night. Or one minute's ease. Yet you shall have no hope of ever being delivered.

After you have worn a thousand more ages, you shall have no hope. But that still there are the same groans, the same shrieks, the same doleful cries. Incessantly to be made, not just in your hearing, but made by you.

And that the smoke of your torment shall still ascend up forever and ever. The more the damned in hell think of eternity, of their torments. The more amazing will it appear to them.

And alas, they will not be able to keep it out of their minds. Their tortures will not divert them from the thought of eternity. But will fix their attention to it.

Oh how dreadful will eternity appear to them. After they shall have been thinking on it for ages together. And shall have so long an experience of their torments.

The damned in hell will have two infinities perpetually to terrify them and swallow them up. One is the infinite God, whose wrath they will bear. And in whom they will uphold their perfect and irreconcilable enemy.

The other is the infinite duration of their torment. There the sinner will clearly see what a God he has offended. What a Savior he has neglected.

What a heaven he has lost. And into what a hell he has plunged himself. All the sins which he has committed, with all their aggravations and consequences.

All the Sabbaths he enjoyed. The sermons which he heard. The warnings and invitations which he slighted.

The opportunities which he misimproved. The serious impressions which he banished. Will be set in order before him.

And overwhelm him with mountains of conscious guilt. And oh, keen, unutterable pangs of remorse. The bitter self-reproaches.

The unavailing regrets. The fruitless wishes that he had pursued a different course. Which will be thus excited in his breast.

The word remorse is derived from a Latin word which signifies to gnaw again or to gnaw repeatedly. And surely no term can more properly describe the sufferings which are inflicted by an accusing conscience. Well then, may such a conscience, when its now sleeping energies shall be wakened by the light of eternity.

Be compared to a gnawing worm. The heathen made use of a similar figure to describe it. They represented a wicked man as chained to a rock in hell.

Where an immortal vulture constantly preyed upon his vitals. Which grew again as fast as they were devoured. Nor is this representation at all too strong.

You just come with me. You just come with me. There you are standing.

And you're watching one after another after another. He is calling his angels, come. Bang them hand and foot.

You watch that one go and be cast into the lake of fire. One after another they fall. Now you're up.

Son of man, you're up. And there you are pleading away. Oh Christ, please have mercy.

I didn't mean it. I really didn't want to serve you. The tears are freely flowing perhaps.

Because you see what's awaiting you. The smoke is rising up. And you know in just a moment of time you're going to be cast there.

You have pled with all your soul. And the Lord simply says. Bind them hand and foot.

Cast them into the lake of fire. No regret. There will be no one to pity you there that day.

No one to shed a tear for you. What does Jesus mean by that expression? It will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah. And for Christ of course is this.

With the punishment which people will have who has still resisted him. And will actually find every eye. We're prone to overlook.

The point is. That this thing is so frightfully unimportant. What about other sins? If an idle word is not going to escape the judgment.

Do you think. If an idle word is going to. If an idle word is.

Express this truth. The differing degrees of divine judgment. That a sinner in hell.

Were he able. Would give the whole world. That the number of his sins.

Be one less. The differing degrees of divine punishment in the world. Are going to be so terrible.

That a sinner. Were he able. Would give the whole world.

That the number of his sins. Should have been just one less. Greatest picture.

Of the suffering that men will endure in hell. Here's what the anguish of hell is. Here's what the very essence of hell is.

Here is what the law of God demands. And the penalty of breaking God's law. Is finally.

To be utterly forsaken. By almighty God. Oh my Lord.

Not for his own sins. But for mine. Utterly rejected.

Utterly forsaken. He cried out of the agony of his heart. My, my God.

Why hast thou. Forsaken me. My wife.

Will not sleep well tonight. Sometimes when she's with me. Which is not often.

I tell her the only time. In our experience. Where we were able to understand.

Just a little. Of the agony. And the heartbreak.

And the helplessness. And the hopelessness. And the forsakenness.

Of that awful cry. When God's well beloved. And his only begotten.

Forsaken. By a people on earth. Despised and rejected of men.
Hanging on a cursed tree. In the agony of his soul. Looked up into God's face.
And said why. Why have you forsaken me. I was away from home of course.
When I was first born. They called me and I drove many miles. And when I got home.
And I would have helped him if I could. To help his son. But he wouldn't.
The earth protested. And the earth quaked. The rocks did what I had to do.
To his well beloved son. Brother if you go on in your abyss. He wasn't forsaken.
Because of his own sins. He is forsaken because his sins. Are sending everybody to hell.
And if that don't break your rebellious will. You ought to burn in hell. And you said in the merits of him.
There isn't any place. And is unchangeably the same. He must forever be displeased with sinners.
And be constantly present with them. In other words. The fire of his anger must burn.
It is a fire which cannot be quenched. Unless God should change or cease to exist. It is this which constitutes.
The most terrible ingredient of that cup. Which impenitent sinners must drink. Dreadful as will be their sufferings.
They would be comparatively light. Were there any hope of their termination. But of this there will be.
Everything will conspire. To force upon the sinner's mind. A full conviction.
That his existence and his sufferings. Must continue forever. That they will be without mitigation.
And without end. And this conviction will. Above all things.
Wither his courage and his strength. It will banish all thought of summoning up. Patience and fortitude.
To endure his wretchedness. And cause him to sink down under it. In the faintness of despair.
My hearers. If any of you think I exaggerate. Or color too highly.
Listen to the plain unadulterated language. Of God himself. The wicked shall be turned into hell.
Even all that forget God. They that know not God. And obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.
Shall be punished with everlasting destruction. From the presence of the Lord. And from the glory of his power.
In the hand of Jehovah is a cup. And the wine is red. And he poureth out the same.
But the dregs thereof. All the wicked of the earth. Shall wring them out and drink them.

They shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God. Which is poured out without mixture. Into the cup of his indignation.

And shall be tormented with fire. In the presence of the holy angels. And in the presence of the lamb.

In the smoke of their torment. Ascendeth up forever and ever. Will anyone on hearing these passages reply.

My feelings revolt at such statements. I will not. Cannot believe them.

Then you must reject the Bible. For it is full of such statements. And every fact.

Every doctrine confirms them. The incarnation of the Son of God. The tears which he shed for sinners.

The blood which he poured out for sinners. The joy which angels feel when one sinner repents. And the unutterable anxiety.

Which inspired men felt for the conversion of sinners. All conspire to prove. That the fate of those who die without repentance.

Without conversion. Must be inconceivably dreadful. Will you then say.

Such a punishment cannot be just. It is impossible that I should deserve it. But remember.

That you know nothing of your sins. Or of what sin deserves. Were you properly acquainted with your own sinfulness.

You would feel convinced that it is just. All true penitents feel. And acknowledge that it would have been perfectly just.

To inflict this punishment upon them. Were not you impenitent. You would feel the same.

Besides this punishment. Dreadful as it is. Is nothing more.

Than the natural necessary consequence. Of persisting in sin. The corroding passions.

The remorse of conscience. And the displeasure of God. Which will constitute the misery of sinners.

Are all the result of sin. Every sinner has the seeds of hell. Already sown in his breast.

The sparks which are to kindle the flames of hell. Are already glowing within him. Christ now offers.

To extinguish these sparks. He shed his blood to quench them. He offers to pour out his spirit as water to quench them.

But sinners will not accept his offer. They rather fan the sparks. And add fuel to the fire.

How then. Can they justly complain. When the fire shall break out.

Into an unquenchable conflagration. And burn forever. As well might a man.

Who should put vipers into his bosom. Complain of God. Because they stung him.

As well might a man. Who has kindled a fire. And thrown himself into it.
Complain of God. Because the flames scorched him. But I can spend no more time.
In answering objections. Or in defending the justice of God. Against the complaints of his creatures.
I cannot stand here. Coolly arguing and reasoning. While I see the pit of destruction.
As it were. Open before me. And more than half my hearers.
Apparently rushing into it. I feel impelled rather to fly. And throw myself before you.
In the fatal path. To grasp your hands. To cling to your feet.
To make even convulsive efforts. To arrest your progress. And pluck you.
As brands. Out of the burning. Oh but sin.
Sin is such a small thing. I mean if I commit it. Sin for 70 years.
Of my life here. How is it God. Can torment me forever in hell.
Doesn't there seem like there's. Some disproportionate. Dealing with the sin there.
But not at all. Once we realize. Who our sin is against ultimately.
And what. Who the God is that we sin against. What he is.
You know it's one thing. It's one thing. If we squash a fire ant.
Or we swat a mosquito. But you know it's another thing all together. If you find your child.
Out in the yard. Out in the yard. Rather than stepping on ants.
He's out there. Taking living cats. And mutilating them in your yard.
You would probably respond differently. You know why. Because you attach.
Greater. Significance to a cat. There's greater worth.
In your estimation. And it would be even different. If you saw somebody.
Brutally. Killing. A child.
In your estimation the sin would be much greater. Because the one the sin is against. Has greater worth.
But how do you measure sin. That is committed against. An infinitely holy God.
Even the smallest sin. Committed against an infinitely. Holy God.
It is infinite. It is infinitely wicked. When we hear.
Forever. Forever. Forever.

Hell. Is reasonable. When we see.

In the one. Who is sentenced. To that place.

Wickedness. That is infinite.

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