

PAPA, HELL IS SO HOT

OR, HER LAST DRINK

A TRUE STORY

A young lady, just as intelligent as any young lady, went to a revival meeting. The power of God was on the meeting. Sinners were being saved, and Christians were being revived.

The power of God struck this young girl, and tears began to roll down her cheeks; she took out her handkerchief and wiped them away. Her father, a wealthy farmer, stood on the outside with others, and looking across the tent, he remarked to a friend, "If my daughter goes to that altar I will wade in blood to my neck to take her out of there." But a young man was standing by her side, and she did not go that night. The father got into his car and drove home, and the young man took the young lady home in the buggy. When she got inside, she saw him—her big 240-pound father—walking the floor, and she knew that something was wrong. She said, "Papa, what is the matter with you? Why are you not in bed?" He answered, "I have stayed up to give you your orders." She said, "Papa, what in the world have I done?" He replied, "I looked across that tent tonight and saw you weeping, saw you with your handkerchief up to your eyes. May, if you go to that mourner's bench, I will wade through blood to my neck to take you out of there; and when I get you home, I will wear out a hickory over your back."

He put it so strongly that she knew he meant what he said. She began to weep and went to her room. There in the darkness she settled it that she would not go with God. She was a beautiful girl, between 19 and 20 years of age. She closed her fists and said, "Oh, God, I will never seek Thee! Oh, God, take this feeling away from me!

Oh, God, lighten my heart! I do not want to feel this way! Lord, I will never seek Thee! I will never go to that altar! Take this burden away from my heart!" God heard her prayer. The Holy Spirit left her, and her conviction was gone. She went to bed and went to sleep. Because you can go to bed and go to sleep, do not think you are saved. Many people go to bed and go to sleep to whom God will never speak again.

The next morning this young lady got up and went to school, came back, and went to the service that night. Her father stood in the same place as the night before, and kept his eye upon her. When the altar call was given, he looked across and saw her standing with a young man, laughing. He took his neighbor by the arm and said, "Look at my daughter. I conquered her last night before I went to bed. She will never go to that altar." So this girl laughed and giggled while other folks wept and got saved.

But listen! The meeting closed on Sunday night and settled the destiny of dying men and women. The tents were taken down, and the preachers left the grounds. On Monday morning this girl went to school as usual, as she did all that week. The next Monday morning, as she started, she said, "Mamma, my head is hurting me." The mother said, "May, go on to school." She went, but returned in two or three hours saying, "Mamma, my head is hurting me so badly I couldn't stay."

She went to her room and went to bed. She had been in bed three days, when on Thursday afternoon, she sent for her mother to come up. She said, "Mamma, I am sure that you and papa do not know my condition, and I want you to send for a doctor. I am in an awful condition, and I am going to die." The mother was excited, and said, "I will, I will!" She had the family physician come.

He touched the big, strong father on the shoulder and asked him to come outside to the

automobile. He loved the family. They had been kind to him. He said, "You have been true to me, and I must be true to you. You have called me too late. Your daughter will soon be in eternity, and if you have anything to tell her, tell her at once. It is no use for me to tell you that I can help her, or to call for more doctors. In a few hours she will be gone."

Some of the neighbors a mile away heard that father's scream. What do you suppose was the first thing he thought of? I know—the night that he conquered her and made her settle with God. He left the automobile and came in wringing his hands. He fell at her bedside and said, "Oh, May! Seek the Lord. May, pray! Give your heart to God! Pray, May, pray!" She put her hand on his face and said, "Papa, please do not taunt me with the name of God—please don't mention His name to me. My heart has been like stone since that night you gave me my orders. I went to my room and asked God to leave me, and God took me at my word." Then she told him that she was conscious that her doom was sealed, and that from the beginning of her illness she knew she was going to die. She said, "Papa, what time is it?" He answered, "Four o'clock in the afternoon." She said, "How slowly these hours are passing by, but just think, I am going to a place where there is no time."

They had built a new home out on the pike, and their old home stood back in the field, with the old moss-covered bucket. She said, "Papa, go to the old moss-covered well and bring me a fresh drink of water. In the place where I am going there will be no water." He went and brought the water, put it to her lips, and she drank it. Her mother was praying, and her two unsaved sisters were down on the floor praying.

Oh, I have heard the loudest prayers from sinners praying for their loved ones that I have ever heard from anybody's lips. I have heard louder prayers around corpses than I have ever

heard around the altar; but I had to rebuke those who prayed, saying, "Do not mock God by praying for dead loved ones."

This dying girl said, "Papa, put your arms under my arms and pull me up in this bed. My feet are in fire. They are slipping." He put his arms beneath hers, and drew her up in the bed. Again, she said, "Papa, my feet are slipping. Take my feet out of the fire." He said, "May, I have done all I can. Your head is against the head of the bed." She said, "Papa, go back to that old well again, and bring your daughter another drink of water." He started for the water, but before he got back, his beautiful daughter had gone into eternity.

Listen, friends! That father goes to town to buy hardware or groceries, and he stands over the counter like a maniac, and the merchant has to talk to him to find out what he wants. He goes to the field to plow, but he does not plow. He goes to salt the cattle, but forgets to take the salt. When he goes to the market, he stands there and does not know what he wants.

Everyone who knows the story knows what is the matter with that father; they know what is on his mind.

Jesus said, "Let the little children come to Me: do not forbid them, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."... China has 350 million young people, but it is illegal to preach the Gospel to China's millions of young folk under 18 years of age. Sunday Schools etc. are not permitted!

Who is responsible? Who will be punished? when the Lord Jesus comes from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance!

Pray for China's young people and China's Rulers!