

B Q U H F Y J A I D E M A H S A T A
 B B Y I I J S P Y K L O B Q U A H S
 R I B A I G I P W V M U B E I L F G
 I A V O A W D R Y O T T T B O T J H
 O M T S Z P P O G N A C M P P L R H
 Q N G S Y S A V S E H X W N R G O I
 U I U X T A D E J A T H O G I V I J
 J D O U W T E D K K U Z M Z G T A Y
 H B D T I E H J X Z Y C J P H G O Y
 S Y C B N O Y O G F K X C N T J X N
 F N Y A R Z T B T Q I N W Y L O Y G
 S G K X B F W G H R H T I O Y F W W
 H A K Y R D Y O E T U W H T R C C V
 M D F D Y U X Q R P E T K Y H D C W
 D I V I D I N G Y K W D H H S E X W
 D B Y H X U T H X D M E E G S E L Z
 O X T D I J N T V F S A H E O T L L
 G Y J L C N O Q Q N V K N S N K F F

11 Timothy 2:15

Words to Find:	unto	not	the
Study	God,	to	word
to shew	a	be	ot
thyself	workman	ashamed,	truth.
approved	that	rightly	
	needeth	dividing	

“What A Sweet Sight!”

S. B Shaw, Dying Testimonies
 Through the kindness of L. B. Nalliett, M. D., we furnish this touching incident. When ten-year-old Lillian Lee lay dying she spoke to her father thus, “Oh, papa, what a sweet sight! The golden gates are open and crowds of children come pouring out. Oh,

such crowds!”
 Later she cried, “They ran up to me and began to kiss me and call me by a new name. I can’t remember what it was.”
 She then lay looking upwards, her eyes dreaming. Her voice died into a whisper as she said, “Yes, yes, I come, I come!”

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I Will Live Forever

Dwight L. Moody
 Some day you will read in the papers that Dwight L. Moody of East Northfield is dead. Don’t you believe a word of it! At that moment I shall be more alive than I am now. I shall have gone up higher — that’s all; out of this old clay tenement into a house that is immortal; a body that death cannot touch, that sin cannot taint; a body fashioned like unto His own glorious body. I was born in the flesh in 1837. I was born in the Spirit in 1856. That which is born of the flesh may die; that which is born of the Spirit will live forever.



“I Am in the Flames”

Adapted from an article by C. A. Balch
 Mr. W_ died in New York about the year 1883 at the age of 74. He was an avowed infidel. He was a good neighbor, but he was very wicked and scoffed at Christianity. He had several instances in his life to be saved, but he turned them down.
 When Mr. W_ was stricken with his last sickness, a preacher called on him often; sat up with him several nights, and was even with him when he died. The infidel was conscious of his near-approaching end and now, when too late, was conscious of the terrors of his lost condition.



Last Words of Mrs. Catherine Booth

H. Gottshall, Dying Words
 The last words of Catherine Booth, the wife of the Salvation Army founder, when she died in 1890 were: “*The waters are rising, but so am I. I am not going under, but over! Do not be concerned about dying — go on living well, and the dying will be right*”

On one occasion he said, “Warn the world not to live as I have lived, and escape my woe.”
 Another time, when visited by a doctor, he was groaning and making demonstrations of great agony. The doctor said, “Why do
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“I Am in the Flames”

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you groan; your disease is not painful?”

“Oh, doctor,” said he, “it is not the body, but the soul that troubles me!”

On the evening of his death, as the burdened preacher entered the room, he felt that it was filled with an awful presence; as if he were near the region of the damned. The dying man cried out, “Oh, God! Deliver me from that awful pit!” It was not a penitential prayer, but the wail of a lost soul.

About fifteen minutes before his death, he exclaimed, “I am in the flames! Pull me out. Pull me out!” He kept repeating this, though as his strength failed his words became fainter. At last, the preacher put his ear close to catch the man's departing whispers, and the last words he could hear were, “Pull me out! Pull me out!”

The Death of a Wealthy Man

Dying Testimonies

A man spent his life amassing a fortune without giving any attention to his soul's salvation. When he came to die, his wealth was no satisfaction to him. In fact, great anguish came upon him as he fully realized that he had spent his life in getting wealth to the neglect of his soul.

In his dying condition he called in his brother-in-law to pray for him. This man said he called so loudly for mercy that he could scarcely hear himself pray, or fix his thoughts on anything. After the prayer was over, the dying man took his brother-in-law's hand in his, and said as he shook it, “Good-bye, John. Pray for me. I shall never see your face again.” He never did.

After he had gone away, a neighbor came in and seeing the condition he was in, said something must be done. “I would suggest that we do something to quiet his mind and fears.” He then recommended a game of cards.

“Cards!” the poor man exclaimed. “Cards for a dying man! How contemptible. I'm going into eternity! These are not what I want. I want mercy!”

A little later, his son came into his room and said, “Father, what arrangements, if any, do you wish to make in regard to the property?”

The dying man answered, “I have given all my life to gain property; I cannot take a dollar with me. The law and the family will have to take care of that. I want to take care of my soul. Property avails nothing. I want mercy!” So he died, calling upon God for mercy; though he left no evidence that he found it.

“He Will Not ...

S. Shaw, Dying Testimonies

A well-to-do farmer was in the last stages of tuberculosis. He was a wicked man who spent all of his life laying up treasures on earth.

Several days before his death a local pastor visited him. The man's mind was full of unbelief. He talked earnestly with him about the saving of his soul, but had to leave him without his being saved.

In a day or two later, again the pastor visited him and found him more willing to converse, but he still seemed to be far away from God. He pleaded with him, urging that he call on God to have mercy on him for Jesus' sake.

“I cannot!” he cried. “I have never spoken the name of Jesus except when using it in profanity, and I have used it that way all of these years. I have treated Christ like a dog all of my life. and He will not hear me now. I would give all I am worth if I could only feel as you say you feel.”

They told him that God was no respecter of persons, and that He never turned any away that came to Him for pardon.

The dying man continued, “I cannot get any feeling. What can I do? My heart is so hard!”

The man was afraid to die without faith in God, but he seemed to have no ability to repent.

Two Kinds of Death

Gospel Herald

Dr. Walter Wilson, tells of how he was called to conduct a funeral service for a poor family. The day of the funeral was rainy, and the roads were muddy, so he asked the undertaker if he could ride with him. As the two were riding along, the preacher asked the undertaker whether he had ever read in the Bible the verse that says, “... and let the dead bury their dead.”

“There is no such passage in the Bible,” he promptly replied. “If there is, it must be a wrong translation, because it does not make any sense. How can a dead person bury another dead person?”

“No, it is not a wrong translation,” the doctor said. “These words were spoken by the Lord Jesus himself who always spoke words of truth.”

“What does the passage mean?” asked the undertaker.

“You say that you are not a Christian; so you are a dead undertaker in front of this hearse, driving out to the cemetery to bury this dead friend in the back of the hearse. That friend is dead to his family, and you are dead to God. He does not respond to their caresses, their calls, and their commands; neither do you respond to the love and call of God.” After this, it was an easy matter for the doctor to lead this undertaker to Christ.

No man ever repented of being a Christian on his death-bed.

“For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.” — Romans 10:13