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**THE PERILS OF RELIGION
An Unfinished Sermon
By Irl V. Maxey**

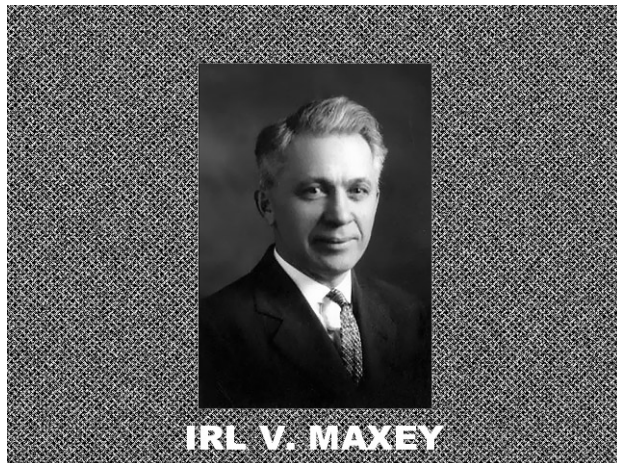
**Appended, Are The
Words Of The Song:
"I Dreamed Of The Great Judgment Morning"**

**Digitized and Edited
By Duane V. Maxey**

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INTRODUCTION TO THIS FILE

This partial sermon by our father was in one of the notebooks given to me by my brother, Gale E. Maxey of Boise, Idaho. It was the last of three items in that notebook, the first two having been written in 1912, when papa was pastoring in Glenns Ferry, Idaho. Thus, while no date or place is shown, I take it that this unfinished sermon may have also been written during papa's pastorate in Glenns Ferry. After the second complete sermon, and just before this partial sermon, six

sheets of the notebook had been cut out. Perhaps they contained a third complete sermon that papa himself cut from the notebook for some reason -- or, maybe someone cut the six pages out because there was nothing on them. Whatever the case about the removed pages, this partial sermon was begun with the title, "The Perils of Religion," at the top of its first page, and with the text, "There are many adversaries," written beneath it. So, we have the true beginning of the sermon, followed by three and one-third more pages to where the sermon abruptly ends with two thirds of the page blank and nothing on the last two sheets of the notebook.

Since this unfinished sermon is quite short, I have decided to append to it words of a song that papa had written as the last item in the notebook which contained three of his sermons: "The Prodigal" which was written January 12, 1906 -- "Growing In Grace" written January 19, 1907 -- and "Where Art Thou" most likely written in either 1906 or 1907, but undated.

The correct title to the song, (the words of which are appended to this unfinished sermon), is: "I Dreamed Of The Great Judgment Morning." For whatever reason, papa placed above the words: "Song The Judgment." The words of the song were written in 1894 by Bertram H. Shadduck (1869-1950). The music was written by L. L. Pickett. It is a song that is quite well known in holiness circles today. And, though the words were written in 1894, when papa was about two years old, it may have been sung quite frequently even during our father's early ministry in 1906-07. Papa also left off his writing of the words to this song with Verse 1, the Chorus, and Verse 2. He had written "(3)" beneath, as if he had planned to continue writing the words, but did not. So, had I included in this file only those words of this song that papa had written, the reader would not have all the words. But, I visited an online site and obtained what I hope are all of the song words, and I have pasted them into this file. -- Duane V. Maxey, (Ahwatukee) Phoenix, Arizona, January 22, 2006.

Thus, herewith I set before the reader together in this file:-- the unfinished sermon, "The Perils of Religion," and the words to the song, "I Dreamed of the Great Judgment Morning."

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THE PERILS OF RELIGION

An Unfinished Sermon

SERMON TEXT: -- 1Corinthians 16:9 -- "For a great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries."

* * *

INTRODUCTION TO THE SERMON

You may think indeed that when I announce my subject [The Perils of Religion] that I am hardly in accord with the general trend of affairs and surely not commensurate with the general line of preaching. Of all this I am fully aware. But, as beautiful as the religion of Jesus Christ is, and as helpful to the soul as it always is, nevertheless the way is so narrow and rugged that close by the daily tread [of Christian Life] are chasms into which one may fall. In fact, if perils are not attendant, one has gotten a little off of the right track. If one did not experience salvation, the perils to which I shall refer would not be experienced.

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I. THE PERIL OF DISCOURAGEMENT

The first peril I call to your attention is Discouragement -- or shrinking at the responsibility of light.

When one is truly converted, a large field of possibility opens to his or her view. The world is different and great hopes fill the soul. The heights are in full view and seem to be easily reached. They can be "attained"! the converted soul cries.

Right here is the great peril, being the difference from:-- Christ the Savior -- to -- Christ the Standard. In passing from the "Assimilated Christ" -- to -- the "Imitated Christ" converts may fall so far behind that they give up, and say, "I can never attain those heights!" They could be saved this awful peril if they would learn that spiritual heights are never "attained" but always "obtained". It is "attainment through application" in the intellectual world, but in the realm of grace "obtainment through supplication" must be the procedure.

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II. THE PERIL OF CHURCH-ANITY WITHOUT THE SAVIOR

Another class start as well, but the influx of light and its demands and responsibility are more than they can bear. To follow the light would subject them to the ridicule of people and make them a recluse in society. Both classes of people are constantly seeking a cure for their wounded hearts. Inwardly they think that either they will have to give up, or find some easier, and supposedly better way. So, they give up their salvation, but keep their church-anity and begin living a moral life that is no higher than the world.

It is an awful peril to have a Church without the Savior! Here comes a preacher and says, "Peace, for everything is alright. My people are fine people." You will be saved this awful peril if you will listen carefully when you start. One day at a time is the only way, and see to each day's stepping.

I remember having started to climb a State Capital tower once. Only occasionally could I catch glimpses ahead of my path. If the full light had been thrown on my path, I would have failed when seeing the awesome truth of how far I had to climb.

See to your present stepping, and let the future care for itself. Grace is for today, not for tomorrow. We find that the road always opens ahead.

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III. THE PERIL OF RELIGIOUS ARISTOCRACY

The next peril is Religious Aristocracy.

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Alas! Here papa's partially-written sermon abruptly ends! -- and this, after such a good beginning with the first two points. But, we are left to speculate what his thoughts might have been under point three, and about what other points he might have written into this unfinished sermon.

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THE WORDS TO:

"I DREAMED OF THE GREAT JUDGMENT MORNING"

A Song By Bertram H. Shadduck (1869-1950)

Verse 1

I dreamed that the great judgment morning
Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
I dreamed that the nations had gathered
To judgment before the white throne;
From the throne came a bright shining angel,
And he stood on the land and the sea,
And he swore with his hand raised to Heaven,
That time was no longer to be.

Refrain

And O, what a weeping and wailing,
As the lost were told of their fate;
They cried for the rocks and the mountains,
They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

* * *

Verse 2

The rich man was there, but his money
Had melted and vanished away;
A pauper he stood in the judgment,
His debts were too heavy to pay;
The great man was there, but his greatness,
When death came, was left far behind!
The angel that opened the records,
Not a trace of his greatness could find.

Refrain

And O, what a weeping and wailing,
As the lost were told of their fate;
They cried for the rocks and the mountains,
They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

* * *

Verse 3

The widow was there with the orphans,
God heard and remembered their cries;
No sorrow in Heaven forever,
God wiped all the tears from their eyes;
The gambler was there and the drunkard,
And the man that had sold them the drink,
With the people who gave him the license,
Together in hell they did sink.

Refrain

And O, what a weeping and wailing,
As the lost were told of their fate;
They cried for the rocks and the mountains,
They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

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Verse 4

The moral man came to the judgment,
But self-righteous rags would not do;
The men who had crucified Jesus
Had passed off as moral men, too;
The soul that had put off salvation,
“Not tonight; I’ll get saved by and by,
No time now to think of religion!”
At last he had found time to die.

Refrain

And O, what a weeping and wailing,
As the lost were told of their fate;
They cried for the rocks and the mountains,
They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

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THE END OF THIS FILE