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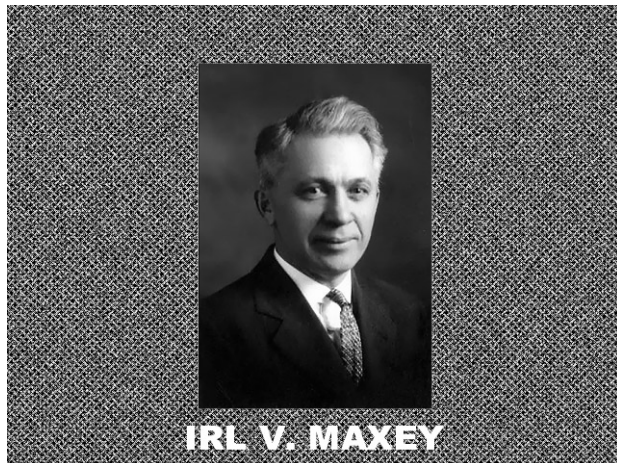
**THE JUDGMENT  
A Sermon By Irl V. Maxey**

**Digitized and Edited  
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**Digital Edition 02/07/06  
By Holiness Data Ministry**

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## **INTRODUCTION TO THIS FILE**

**This sermon is dated November 29, 1913, but while papa did not note it as written in Imbler, Oregon, most likely it was written there. The ink matches that of the other sermons in the same notebook, and though he could have carried the same fountain pen with him and written the sermon elsewhere, I think this message was probably also written in the little town of Imbler.**

**Of particular interest to me, I discovered in this sermon a mention of how William Browder's ongoing influence contributed to papa's conversion: "Neither does the influence of good men cease after death. I personally know a dear man who won six men who became preachers, and I know that they each have won over**

a thousand souls. One of those six won me for the Lord. Only the Judgment will reveal the wonderfulness of that wonderful man of God, William Browder."

Edna Wells Hoke lived in Mt. Vernon, Illinois, papa's home-town, and in her book "He Faileth Not" (hdm2663), she a Will Browder, and I suspect he may have been the William Browder to whom my father referred: -- "I went to the holiness convention on Saturday afternoon and evening. Brother Boswell led in the afternoon, and Brother John Browder preached at night. Then yesterday morning I went to the convention again. Brother Will Browder preached. Brother Fergerson led the praise service preceding the preaching. Oh, I never before had such blessings as I have had the past two weeks."

\* \* \* \* \*

SERMON TEXT: -- Acts 17:31 -- "Because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

I am certain that we do not realize that there must be a judgment of all things. Oh, God help us to realize we are going to the Judgment!

Now we have always felt that because the heathen believe in certain things, and their ideas of them are so weird, now that these heathen have become more civilized, we think that we should count these ideas of theirs as mere myths. However, I am fully convinced that herein we are mistaken. The existence of these ideas among the heathen is positive proof that once these things were real, undistorted truths that are now colored by the ignorance of these people and by their distance from God.\*

[\*Here, papa refers only to "certain things" -- not to "all things" believed by the heathen. Certainly not "all things" believed by the heathen have stemmed from God-revealed truths to their ancestors.]

So, when I tell you that heathen countries believe in a Judgment, I am convinced that people from the time of Adam have believed in a Judgment. Arabia, in burying their dead, tell them when they get to the judge to be sure and tell him they believe in the prophet.\* Then they would be certain to pass the Judgment safely.

[Probably meaning the false-prophet Mohammed]

Egypt always prefigures the Judgment in burying their dead. They took them to the beautiful Lake Moeris\* and examined their dead as to the acts of their life. If they had lived well, they were conveyed in royal style across the lake to the other side and buried in beautiful tombs. If they failed, they were merely covered with sand on this side. They truly believed every soul should stand before Osiris\*\* after

death, and that he weighed them in the balance. If they lived right, they were conveyed across the mystic lake and their souls passed into transmigration. If they failed in the test, their soul merely slid off into a huge dragon's mouth at the end of the scale.

[\*Lake Moeris was an ancient lake located in the Fayum depression, 80 kilometers southwest of Cairo in Egypt. \*\*From the hieroglyphic texts of all periods of the dynastic history of Egypt we learn that the god of the dead was the god "Osiris". -- From Online Sites]

The Jews believed in a Judgment as Christ taught it.

Paul says in Acts 17:31 -- "Because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

Some people might ask: When a man dies, is not that the end? Ah, not so!

Jesus once told a parable that will help us here. It is recorded in Matthew 13:24-30 -- "Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field: But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way. But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also. So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares? He said unto them, An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up? But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn."

Ah, you see it. Let the wicked and righteous grow together till the Judgment of lives. Also, the influence of our lives go on after we pass behind the dark curtain that hangs between us and eternity.

Suppose you that when Ingersoll died that the influence of his life stopped? Ah, the awful fact is that it did not. His books go on and the people whom he influenced still carry on the work of the devil.

Neither does the influence of good men cease after death. I personally know a dear man who won six men who became preachers, and I know that they each have won over a thousand souls. One of those six won me for the Lord. Only the Judgment will reveal the wonderfulness of that wonderful man of God, William Browder.\*

[\*See my Introduction To This File for more about William Browder.]

**I knew another preacher who won a young Irishman, and the young Irishman in turn won 1,100 souls for God in one year. Remember also, if a man turns from sin to Christ the evil he has done before his conversion goes on till the Judgment. Ah, Israel, "prepare to meet thy God" (Amos 4:12).**

**Some ask, Well how will the Judgment be? God's Judgment will reveal everything.**

**Luke 12:2 says: "For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known."**

**Paul says in 2 Corinthians 5:10 -- "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."**

**Solomon says in Ecclesiastes 12:14 -- "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."**

**I believe God will judge us according to deeds done in this body, though with God thoughts and intents shall be judged the same as deeds done. Jesus says all the world shall assemble and be separated, and that surely will be the Judgment:**

**Matthew 25:31-41 -- "When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."**

**All shall be separated and judged according to their deeds, but God counts thoughts and intents as deeds.**

**Hawthorne's fancy Show-Box will illustrate this:**

Mr. Smith is an aged man whom the world counts a moral man. His silvery hair seems to be a crown of glory. His children are all grown and gone. His grandchildren are living with him, but they are out of the house now. He sits there with his feet under a mahogany table. On the table sat a bottle of Madeira wine. After drinking this, he felt a little stupor. He dreams. Into his room march three persons in stately garb.

The first who came in, Show-Box, was dressed as a traveling showman, and had a box of pictures and a large magnifying glass. He took the place directly in front of Mr. Smith so that he could show him the pictures better.

The second had a pen over his ear, an inkhorn hung to his left side, and under his arm was a large volume. Mr. Smith recognized him as "Memory".

The last person to enter had a dusky garb thrown over his head which concealed his whole form. But, he took his place by Mr. Smith's left side, near his heart. Mr. Smith recognized him as "Conscience".

Now, Show-Box hands Mr. Smith the magnifying glass and began showing him the pictures. He showed him several pictures, but we will only mention three:

The first picture was of moonlight, and in the distance was a farm cottage, some maple trees, perhaps on the left, and in front stands a young man with a look of pride on his face. By his side stands a girl. The young man had been her ruin. She pleads with him, but he spurns her. His face is hard.

Mr. Smith applies the magnifying glass, and he recognizes the man to be himself and the girl by his side is his boyhood girl-friend, Martha Burroughs. "Oh!" he said, "take away your picture! When did I ever triumph over ruined innocence? Martha Burroughs was my boyhood love, but did not David Tompkins win her girlhood love? Did they not live together many years? Is she not now the respectable widow of David Tompkins?"

"Memory" turned and turned in his book, and found a sinful thought against the innocent Martha, and read that thought in Mr. Smith's ears.

"Conscience" then threw back his robe and struck Mr. Smith with his sword, torturing him.

Show-Box then showed Mr. Smith another picture. There lay a young man on the floor beside a table -- an ugly wound in his temples. He was dead. On the table was some half-filled wine glasses. Above the table, with fists in the air and with an angry scowl on his face was another young man, whom Mr. Smith recognized as himself. He beheld the glass; he recognized the table. Oh my! -- the man on the floor was his friend Edward Spenser. "Oh, what does this picture mean? Edward Spenser was my earliest and dearest friend! Nobody else, nor I, murdered him! He still lives,

and not more than five years ago I gave him a gold-headed cane as a token of our friendship."

"Memory" turned and turned in her book and found a place written where it was poor scribbling, as if one was tipsy who wrote it. She read it in Mr. Smith's ears. It told of a quarrel between Smith and Spenser which followed some wine-drinking. Smith grew angry, snatched a bottle and threw it at Spenser. He dodged and it went through a looking-glass. The next morning they shook hands and made up. But "Conscience" threw back his garb and frowned -- a record of an intent.

The last picture showed Mr. Smith tearing the clothes from some children's backs. "Oh! what do you mean by that picture? I never did such a thing!"

"Memory" read to him of a time he was going to law to protect the estate of some children, but failed to do so for some reasons. [Which failure, according to the thought of the dream here, must have resulted in those children being robbed of their rightful inheritance, and thus impoverished.] "Conscience" threw back his garb and struck Mr. Smith until he groaned and awoke.

Ah! in the Judgment our lives will be there to condemn us -- words, thoughts, and deeds.

When will the Judgment be?

Nobody knows but God Himself. But two things we do know: First, it will not be here on this earth. God does not pull the tares from the wheat till the Judgment Day, for if he did root out the tares now He would destroy some of the wheat with the tares.

Some have said the San Francisco earthquake\* and Igneous Fire, etc. are gods of judgment.

[\*The San Francisco earthquake of 1906 -- "The terrifying rumble of an earthquake shattered the early morning silence of April 18 at 5:15 a.m. The quake lasted only a minute but caused the worst natural disaster in the nation's history. Modern analysis estimates it registered 8.25 on the Richter scale (By comparison, the quake that hit San Francisco on October 17, 1989 registered 6.7)." -- From an online site]

Oh no! Many times we reap what we sow swiftly, and awfully, but often at the same time many innocent people also suffer with the guilty. The Titanic disaster [on April 14, 1912 -- about 19 months before papa wrote this sermon], the Igneous Fire, the Collinwood school, the Dayton flood, and many other disasters were due to the carelessness, heedlessness, and neglect of men. Ah no! God does not judge lives now as he shall at the Judgment.

**The Judgment is not at death. Paul says in Hebrews 9:27 -- "And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."**

**We know that God has appointed a The Day of Judgment, and Peters says if God begins with the Christians, and they are scarcely saved, where will the ungodly appear. (cf. 1 Peter 4:17).**

**Sing the song: "I Dreamed Of The Great Judgment Morning."**

**\* \* \***

**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.**

**\* \* \***

**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.**

**\* \* \* \* \***

**THE END OF THIS SERMON**