



The Mission Trail

Box 99

Guthrie, Okla. 73044

Willie C. Murphey • Frances E. Murphey • Kathleen E. Murphey • Patsy M. Murphey

"LIFT UP YOUR EYES, AND LOOK ON THE FIELDS; FOR THEY ARE WHITE ALREADY TO HARVEST." — JOHN 4:35

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"He That Winneth Souls Is Wise"

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(Radio broadcast on KOMA Sunday, July 9, 1967.)

. . . A very pleasant good morning to all of those tuned to radio station KOMA. We hope each of you are well and happy in the service of the Lord today. We surely have much to be thankful for. We appreciate the letters which we have received from those who hear THE MISSION TRAIL broadcast from week to week. If you are not already on our mailing list to receive the printed copies, write us a card or letter giving us your name and address and let us include you among those who enjoy reading the printed copies. We often have some poetry which we believe will prove a blessing. Address your card or letter to: The Mission Trail, Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Listen now to this text in Proverbs 11:30. I quote: "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise."

I am very much interested in winning souls, for we realize that the value of a single soul is worth more than all the world. It often seems expensive to spend the Lord's money for broadcast time, machinery, paper, and other equipment necessary to print and send forth His word, but when we realize that one soul is worth more than all the world, then we are made to know that the price is cheap.

I have an illustration which we are going to give you on our broadcast today. I am not in a position to verify whether or not the story is true, therefore, we will only give it as a parable. Surely the truth illustrated in this story is of great value. But listen now as Kathleen and Patsy help me with the dialogue.

"Ruth, I have tickets for the concert of the Bell Ringers on Wednesday night,

can you go?"

"It is prayer meeting night."

"I know; but they sail for Europe Friday night, and this is their last concert."

"But I never stay away from prayer meeting for anything."

"But this is a sacred concert--and only once. We can worship just as well there."

So, reluctantly, against her convictions, Ruth consented.

That night the girl dreamed that an angel in shining raiment stood beside her, and asked gently:

"Where are you going tomorrow night?"

"I thought I would go to the concert."

"Have you so little appreciation of the value of a single soul?"

Vividly the vision came back to Ruth the next morning, as she lay, saying softly to herself, wondering what it could mean--"So little appreciation of the value of a single soul."

She decided that she must take back her promise to attend the concert, and go to the prayer meeting.

Ruth sat in the house of prayer with a strange joy in her soul, singing:

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity."

As the music ceased, the girl sprang impulsively to her feet.

"I meant to hear the Bell Ringers tonight, but I decided that I would rather come to prayer meeting; and I am happier here than I should have been at the concert; and I am sure no music could be sweeter to me than the hymn we have just sung."

As the hour for closing drew near, the pastor arose, and invited any who would give themselves to Christ to come forward.

As he waited in silence, a lady in mourning walked slowly up the aisle, and kneeling, was shown the way of salvation.

When the service was ended, a friend

came to Ruth, and said:

"The lady who went forward wishes to be introduced to you."

Much astonished the girl went to receive the introduction to Mrs. Walters.

"I wanted to tell you that I owe the fact of my being a Christian tonight to your testimony. I have not been inside of a church for ten years. I came here to please a friend, and when you said you would give up a concert for a prayer meeting, and that no music could be sweeter to you than the hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul', I thought to myself 'There must be something in religion, and I am going to have it.' So, I wish to thank you that it is because of your testimony that I shall go home tonight a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Ruth held out her hand, and pressed gratefully that of her new friend. She answered simply:

"I thank you for telling me this. I shall never forget it."

Yet she little guessed what cause she would always have to remember it. Ruth's home was close beside the railroad track. About midnight she was awakened by a horrible crashing sound. Looking from the window she could see where the midnight express and the 11:30 freight had collided.

The frantic cries of the frightened and the piercing shrieks of the wounded made her shudder. But she bravely put away all thought of self, and calling her father, was soon ready to go with him to the rescue.

And the first face that looked into hers as she stood beside the burning

train, was that of Mrs. Walters. Pale and peaceful it was, though showing how intensely she suffered. She was extricated and borne to Ruth's home. The power of speech was almost gone. She rallied a little as they laid her on Ruth's couch. Taking her hand and pressing it to her lips, she whispered feebly:

"Child, I'm going away--it was my last chance--what if you had not spoken--what if I had not taken it?"

And kneeling there beside the dead, the tears raining down her face, Ruth promised her Father always to do her duty; always to give her testimony; always to appreciate the value of a single soul.

Yes, friends, who of us can tell the value of a single soul. May we realize that we are working for eternity and for values which cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. We need divine wisdom to know how to win them with the gospel which will bring happiness to their lives. Let us spend a moment in prayer.

Our Father,

Make the words of the message today a blessing to all who are tuned to this radio station. Give us wisdom to know how to use thy word skillfully in winning souls, and to thee we will give the praise through Christ our Lord. Amen

Listen now to the poem entitled:

WE ARE HIS WITNESSES

We are His witnesses;
The call rings wide and far.
We are His witnesses
Wherever we are.

Our task: to tell of Jesus' love,
And of the Holy Spirit.
To tell the countless millions
Who have never heard it.

To tell how Jesus died for us
On a cross at Calvary.
And how, by trusting in His Word,
We may have the victory.

To share the Holy Spirit
With His cleansing power supreme,
Power to drive out all our sin,
And to leave us whole and clean.

This is the message we must tell
To everyone we know;
No matter what we do,
No matter where we go.

Yes, we must spread this message
To every soul that's lost.
They all must hear the story,
No matter what the cost.

So, we are His witnesses;
It's up to us to tell
Of Jesus Christ, the Saviour,
Whom we love so well. --Selected

Listen now to the song entitled, "Careless Soul" as sung by the Carver quartet.

Friends, it has been a real pleasure for us to bring this message to the listeners of radio station KOMA. We would appreciate hearing from you if we have been an inspiration or a blessing. And if there is a single individual who we could help spiritually, please feel free to write us. Address your letter to: The Mission Trail, Guthrie, Oklahoma.

If you would like a printed copy of the message today, you may have one free of charge by simply sending us

AT PRESS TIME WE UNDERSTAND:

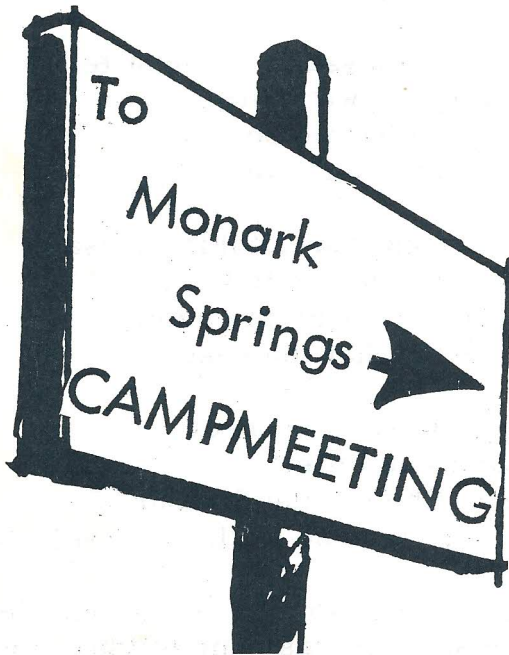
your request. Now until next Sunday morning at 8:30, may the dear Lord watch between you and us while we are absent the one from the other. Until our next broadcast this is Willie Murphey and Kathleen and Patsy saying may God's richest blessings be yours and a very cheerful good-bye!

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"The Lord is great in Zion, and he is high above all the people." Ps. 99:2

In speaking of our Lord being the King of kings, one writer recently wrote: "It is He who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood. It is He who loved us and gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works. It is in His love that the hearts of all His children are knit together."

--O. B. Wilson



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Do you know what is going to happen on the date circled on the calendar? That is the time scheduled for the starting of the National Campmeeting at Monark Springs, Missouri.

The Mission Trail
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Guthrie, Okla. 73044
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