



The Mission Trail

GUTHRIE, OKLAHOMA

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

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A very cheerful greeting to all who are tuned to XEG. This is Willie Murphey coming to you once again with another broadcast of THE MISSION TRAIL of Guthrie, Oklahoma as we do each Friday night at 11:00. We are very grateful to those who are helping to make this broadcast possible by their prayers and offerings. We do appreciate hearing from you and desire to do our best for God and His cause both at home and abroad.

I would like to ask a very vital question which all of us should consider.

ARE WE WILLING AND READY TO STAND IN THE GAP?

Now, let me further explain what I mean by this. Here's a scripture in Isaiah 59:16, 17 that seems to fit in so well with the thought I have on my heart. "And he saw that there was no man, and wondered that there was no intercessor: therefore his arm brought salvation unto him; and his righteousness, it sustained him. For he put on righteousness as a breastplate, and an helmet of salvation upon his head; and he put on the garments of vengeance for clothing, and was clad with zeal as a cloke."

After the transgression of man, who had fallen into the depths of sin, he needed a saviour. Yet no one was found worthy to bring salvation except the son of God. All other men were in the same condemnation of sin and the "arm" which brought redemption was the gift of God's only son.

Another scripture which brings out this thought is found in Ezekiel 22:30. I quote: "And I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it: but I found none."

Now just as it was necessary for the giving of the son of God to bring salvation to man-

kind even so is it necessary today for the people of God to "stand in the gap" and be an intercessor for those who continue to live in their wickedness.

Who of us is able to say how many lives have been saved from the destruction of sin by the prayers of a godly father or mother? Who of us can say the homes that have been saved from the wreckage of sin through influence of a godly person? It is easy to see a disaster when it comes into the lives of others, but, on the other hand, think of the disasters which have been averted and even more which could be avoided through intercession of the people of God.

Then let us look at it this way. Someone might say: "There isn't much which I can do because I am limited in my ability." Now, friends, let me encourage you, regardless of your limitations, do what you can for the cause of God in this world. God is ever looking for those who have a willing and ready mind. If he can find this, He is able to take the smallest sacrifice which we have to offer and multiply it a hundredfold. Now I would like to bring out this thought of standing in the gap a little more clearly by this legend from Holland.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

by Phoebe Cary

The good dame looked from her cottage
 At the close of the pleasant day,
 And cheerily called to her little son,
 Outside the door at play:
 "Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
 While there is light to see,
 To the hut of the blind old man who lives
 Across the dike, for me;
 And take these cakes I made for him----
 They are hot and smoking yet;
 You have time enough to go and come
 Before the sun is set."

Then the good-wife turned to her labor,
 Humming a simple song,
 And thought of her husband, working hard
 At the sluices all day long;
 And set the turf a-blazing,
 And brought the coarse black bread,
 That he might find a fire at night
 And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother
 With whom all day he had played,
 And the sister who had watched their sports
 In the willow's tender shade;
 And told them they'd see him back before
 They saw a star in sight,
 Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
 In the very darkest night!
 For he was a brave, bright fellow,
 With eye and conscience clear;
 He could do whatever a boy might do,
 And he had not learned to fear.
 Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest,
 Nor brought a stork to harm,
 Though never a law in Holland
 Had stood to stay his arm!

And now with his face all glowing,
 And eyes as bright as the day
 With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
 He trudged along the way;
 And soon his joyous prattle
 Made glad a lonesome place---
 Alas! if only the blind old man
 Could have seen that happy face!

Yet he somehow caught the brightness
 Which his voice and presence lent;
 And he felt the sunshine come and go
 As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
 And the winds began to rise,
 The mother looked from her door again,
 Shading her anxious eyes,
 And saw the shadows deepen
 And birds to their homes came back,
 But never a sign of Peter
 Along the level track.
 But she said, "He will come at morning,
 So I need not fret nor grieve---
 Though it isn't like my boy at all
 To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
 On the homeward way was he,
 Across the dike while the sun was up
 An hour above the sea.
 He was stopping now to gather flowers,
 Now listening to the sound,
 As the angry waters dashed themselves
 Against their narrow bound.
 "Ah! well for us," said Peter,
 "That the gates are good and strong,
 And my father tends them carefully,
 Or they would not hold you long!
 You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
 "I know why you fret and chafe;
 You would like to spoil our lands and homes,
 But our sluices keep you safe!

But hark! Through the noise of waters
 Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
 And the child's face pales with terror,
 And his blossoms drop to the ground.
 He is up the bank in a moment,
 And, stealing through the sand,
 He sees a stream not yet so large
 As his slender, childish hand.
 'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
 Unused to fearful scenes;
 But, young as he is, he has learned to know
 The dreadful thing that means,
 A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
 Grows faint that cry to hear,
 And the bravest man in all the land

Turns white with mortal fear;
 For he knows the smallest leak may grow
 To a flood in a single night;
 And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
 When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger
 And shouting a wild alarm,
 He forces back the weight of the sea
 With the strength of his single arm!
 He listens for the joyful sound
 Of a footstep passing nigh;
 And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
 The answer to his cry.
 And he hears the rough winds blowing,
 And the waters rise and fall,
 But never an answer comes to him
 Save the echo of his call.

He sees no hope, no succor,
 His feeble voice is lost;
 Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
 Though he perish at his post!
 So, faintly calling and crying
 Till the sun is under the sea;
 Crying and moaning till the stars
 Come out for company;
 He thinks of his brother and sister,
 Asleep in their safe warm bed;
 He thinks of his father and mother,
 Of himself as dying--and dead;
 And of how, when the night is over,
 They must come and find him at last;
 But he never thinks he can leave the place
 Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
 Is up and astir with the light,
 For the thought of her little Peter
 Has been with her all night,
 And now she watches the pathway,
 As yester eve she had done;
 But what does she see so strange and black
 Against the rising sun?
 Her neighbors are bearing between them
 Something straight to her door;
 Her child is coming home, but not
 As he ever came before!

"He is dead!" she cries, "my darling!"

And the startled father hears,
 And comes and looks the way she looks,
 And fears the thing she fears;
 Till a glad shout from the bearers
 Thrills the stricken man and wife--
 "Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
 And God has saved his life!"
 So, there in the morning sunshine
 They knelt about the boy;
 And every head was bared and bent
 In fearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then, but still,
 When the sea roars like a flood,
 Their boys are taught what a boy can do
 Who is brave and true and good;
 For every man in that country
 Takes his son by the hand,
 And tells him of little Peter
 Whose courage saved the land.
 They have many a valiant hero
 Remembered through the years;
 But never one whose name so oft
 Is named with loving tears;
 And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
 And told to the child on the knee,
 So long as the dikes of Holland
 Divide the land from the sea!

Friends, I hope you have enjoyed this story
 of how a young boy saved his home-town from
 destruction by the flood waters of the sea!

Let us ask God to help us to be intercessors
 to stand in the gap and throw out the life-line
 to save others who are struggling under the
 load of their sin and condemnation.

Shall we spend a moment in prayer?

Our Father,

Give us the courage and grace to stand in
 the place which you have chosen for us to
 fill. Make the broadcast a blessing to all
 who hear it for in Christ's name we ask it.
 Amen

Listen now to this song, "Tell Me the Story
 of Jesus", by Bobby Forbes, Dorrall Forbes,
 Melvin Doolittle and Randal Flynn.

AT PRESS TIME WE UNDERSTAND THAT:

This broadcast has been brought to you by THE MISSION TRAIL of Guthrie, Oklahoma. If you would like to have a printed copy of today's broadcast, you may have one free of charge by sending us your request. There is no obligation on your part. Until next Friday night at 11:00, this is Willie Murphey speaking for THE MISSION TRAIL and saying a very pleasant goodnight!

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Bro. Ostis Wilson is scheduled to begin meeting in Dayton, Ohio, Wednesday, Oct. 27. The message which we were privileged to hear him bring Sunday evening in Guthrie was inspiring and soul stirring.

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The services at the Enid chapel Sunday, Oct. 24, were well attended. In the morning Sis. Marie Miles brought an informative and profitable message on the text, "let each esteem other better than themselves." Phil. 2:3. It was pointed out that this text not only applies to having regard for the saints but would include even unsaved people. This opens up a great opportunity for all of us to show forth the spirit of Christ to saints and sinners alike.

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The saints of Wichita, Kansas, are having revival services and are looking forward to the arrival of Bro. Curtis Williams this week. The Lord willing, we hope to be present in Wichita Sunday, October 31, to receive our

part of the blessings of the Lord. Brother Lewis Williams is the pastor there.

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As we wait for some word from Bro. Carver and his welfare in India this week, let us pray that God will open new doors for the advancement of the pure gospel in that darkened land and that he will furnish those with a consecration which will cause them to give heed to the commandment to "go ye into all the world" with the gospel of Christ. Sister Carver remains in West Virginia at the home of her son Vernon also awaiting Bro. Carver's return. The response and co-operation which they received from the natives of Nigeria was very encouraging. That field is truly ripe for the gospel.

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Our mailing list of those who receive these free copies of THE MISSION TRAIL each week continues to expand making it necessary to obtain more and better equipment. For the first time this week THE MISSION TRAIL was printed on our recently acquired automatic offset press which has many advantages over the small press we have been using. This press is a used one but is capable of turning out a much larger volume of production with better quality. If you are not now receiving this weekly report and would like to be included on this list, send your request to THE MISSION TRAIL, Guthrie, Oklahoma.

The Mission Trail

GUTHRIE, OKLA. 73044

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