



# The Mission Trail

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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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## What Is Your Life?

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"Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Jas. 4:14 Greetings, friends, to each and every one of you scattered throughout the world who may be hearing the sound of my voice or those who may read these lines in print. It is a solemn thought which presents itself to us when we realize how short and fleeting is life's day. And this question which is asked by the scripture is very important. Furthermore, I would like to present it to you as a personal question, "What is your life?" Now there are lots of opinions as to what life is and where it came from and where we go after we leave this world. But the acceptable answers to these questions are found only in the Holy Scriptures and the revelation of the spirit of God. Life is like a stream. It must have a source of beginning. Dear friends, God is the spring or fountain of life. Now listen to this poem:

### *Life's Fleeting Day*

What is our life? It is even a vapor;  
Now it appeareth, then hasteth away;  
Dies as the sunbeams all bright in the  
morning,  
Are dimmed by the shades at the  
close of the day.

All of our years, when with care they  
are numbered,  
Mark but a speck on the great sea of  
time;  
Spent like the telling of some ancient  
story,  
They vanish away as the sound of its  
rhyme.

Backward we leaf through the year's  
yellow pages,  
Gaze on the harvester gathering his  
sheaves,  
Feel for a moment the sweet breath

of summer,  
Hear then the rustle of dead autumn  
leaves.

Winter has come and the summer is  
ended;  
Those golden moments shall never  
return.

What do we hold in our hands for our  
reaping--  
Sheaves for the Master or tares but to  
burn?

What have we done for the sick and  
the dying?  
Have we been cheering the faint and  
the weak?  
Out of the byways of sin's desolations,  
Have we endeavored the lost ones to  
seek?

Have we been spending each moment  
for Jesus,

