



The Mission Trail

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VOL. 6 NO. 24

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

JULY 3, 1970

Talents - - Chapter 4

Radio Broadcast for week of June 28, 1970 (See back page for list of stations.)

Good morning, friends. "For the kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey. Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents. And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two. But he that had received one went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money." Matt. 25:14-18

For several weeks this has been the theme of our message on this broadcast. Last week we discussed the talents of speech and influence. Now here is something which all of us need to remember. It is to make the best use of our

TIME: Our time belongs to God. We are under a very solemn obligation to use it to his glory. The value of time is beyond computation. Christ regarded every moment as precious and it is thus that we should regard it. Life is entirely too short to be trifled away and yet so many are doing that today. We have but a few days of probation in which to prepare for long eternity. D. O. Teasley, the writer of that very solemn song, "Eternity" put it in this way,

I stood at the time beaten portals,
Where many a pilgrim had passed
Out into the infinite future,
To be with the pure and the blest;
And, musing in silent devotion,
Eternity seemed to draw near;

And strains from the choir of the
faithful

I seemed in my fancy to hear.

I lingered, and silently listened
To the dull heavy tread of the years,
And tho't of the fate of the guilty,
When Christ in his glory appears.
A shudder came over my spirit,
As I tho't what a moment might cost;
For eternity's stillness was broken
By the groans and the sighs of the lost.

I saw then the Judge in his splendor,
As he stepped to his great judgment
seat,
And tho't of the crashing of ages,
When time and eternity meet.
For Time, who has laid many millions
To slumber in death's silent shade;
Shall reel at eternity's presence,
And sleep in the tomb he has made.

Let us work while 'tis day, brother,
sister,
For soon shall the Master return
To garner the wheat that we harvest
The chaff in his fury to burn.

