



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

VOL. 6 NO. 34

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1970

The Hypocrite's Hope - - Part Two

Radio Broadcast for week of September 6, 1970 (See back page for list of stations.)

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." Psa. 32:1 Do you like that scripture? Well, I surely do. That means the Lord has taken my sins away and Christ paid my debt on Calvary and made atonement for my transgression. In Isa. the 53rd chapter and verses 4 and 5 we find these words, "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." Thank the Lord for his saving, keeping, and healing power.

Those of you who heard the last broadcast may recall that I spoke concerning the hypocrite's hope and how it was going to perish. Dear ones, did you know that it is a fearful thing to be a hypocrite? This is someone who knows better but rather than measure up to the truth they go on in their self-righteousness. If they continue in such a state without the grace of God they will miss heaven and be rejected in that final day of judgement. This scripture says, "For the congregations of hypocrites shall be desolate, and fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery. They conceive mischief, and bring forth vanity, and their belly prepareth deceit." Job 15:34, 35

But in speaking of our sins being covered and thinking of those who are self-righteous, I am reminded of this scripture in Isa. 28:20. I quote, "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it: and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." Did you ever go to bed in cold

weather and try to keep warm with some covers which weren't long enough for you to wrap yourself up in? How I do remember that chilly night when sleeping in a tent (Well, really it was in the summer time there at the national campmeeting when we used to have services in the Monark Springs park.) This particular night it just got real cold. Now, one of those canvas cots don't provide much warmth underneath you without some bedding on it. The little bit of bedding material which I had to divide up between top and bottom just wasn't enough. You know what I did? I got up during the night and put on my clothes and then lay back down and tried to keep warm enough to sleep. But truthfully, it was rather a miserable night and I was glad when morning came. Do you know this is the way it is with folks who are trying to cover up their sins with their own self-righteousness? Their conscience hurts them and other folks can see how they are living. In fact their lives just speaks for itself. Now let me show you what

is really happening in many cases. They won't measure to the truth and often they hinder others who would come to the truth. Listen to this scripture which Jesus gave concerning the hypocrites, "But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in." Matt. 23:13 Just think of the condemnation which is going to come on those who not only have to give account for their own sins but they have been responsible for keeping other folks from walking in the light and accepting the truth. In Psa. 1 and verse 1 we find these words, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." I say it means something to not walk in the counsel of the ungodly nor to stand in the way of sinners. You see, sinners are watching your life and if you are not an example then how do you expect them to measure to the truth? Surely we should walk before others in a careful manner and remember we are standing before the Lord and he also is watching our lives. Scarcely a one of us could live in this world and not have influence over another.

But now let us go one step further. Even though there are many hypocrites and many things which stand in the way of sinners it is possible for a sinner who is an unsaved man to enter into the kingdom of God before these hypocrites do. That is exactly what happened even in the days of Jesus. Many of the publicans and sinners heard him gladly, accepted the truth, and were no doubt saved even while the Pharisees and the hypocrites were stumbling over the deep truths which Jesus presented,

often in very simple manner such as parables. It is written that the common people heard him gladly. If it is your fervent desire to know the truth and to walk in it, the hypocrites cannot keep you out of the kingdom of God.

Now let me give you the other part of this poem:

Mr. Skeptical's Experience

Part II: How he became converted.

Pastor Faithful, glad to greet you!
Many years have passed away
Since we had that conversation,
And our heads are getting gray.

How my views I came to alter,
You would like to have me state?
Well, I will with greatest pleasure,
As you ask, the facts relate.

As the years advanced, the harder
Grew my heart in unbelief,
Till it finally was humbled
By a great and piercing grief.

In the furnace of affliction
I was placed for many days;
Thus, at last, I was awakened;
God alone shall have the praise.

Then I saw my lost condition
And how foolish I had been,
Just because of others' failures,
To continue on in sin.

Though I seldom had confessed it,
Some I all along had known
Whom I felt were true and faithful;
This I was compelled to own.

First of all, the Christian living
Of a mother firm and true,
Spoilt my skeptical conclusions,
Just as nothing else could do.

Next to that the testimonies
Of the power of saving grace,
Made a permanent impression,
Which I never could erase.

Then I met some joyful Christians,
So unlike the mournful kind,
That so long and very sorely
Had perplexed my doubting mind.

Sometimes, too, an earnest pastor
Called and warned me faithfully,
Preaching Christ and coming judgment
And the great eternity.

All these agencies the Spirit
Pressed with power upon my heart,
Till he through and through had
pierced me
With conviction's pointed dart.

All the agony I suffered
In those moments, none can tell;
Hopeless of the joys of heaven,
Threatened with the woes of hell,

Sleep forsook my wakeful eyelids;
All my sins appeared to rise
Like so many mighty mountains,
Right before my very eyes.

Then I tried to pray for mercy,
But no prayer my lips would say;
Then I sent for Neighbor Pious,
Whom I knew had power to pray.

For I knew he had religion,
Just the kind the Bible taught;
Had I watched him late and early
Twenty years or more for naught?

Well, he came, and such a meeting
I had never seen before,
As I kneeled, in deep contrition,
With him on the chamber floor.

All my sins I there abandoned,
Yielding all without reserve,

All the world, the flesh, the devil
Vowing never more to serve.

Then by faith I saw my Saviour
And his wondrous love for me;
Like a slave with fetter sundered,
In an instant I was free.

Soon the witness of the Spirit
To my own was freely given,
Testifying to my pardon
And my title clear to heaven.

Then my pastor preached a sermon
Which made very clear and plain
How on earth a full salvation
Every child of God may gain.

That was just the kind I wanted
And believed the Bible taught;
So I made the consecration
And the blessed fulness sought.

While I see my former folly
And lament it every hour,
Still it grieves me that so many
"Have a form without the power."

And I want to be so faithful
That I never thus will be
Such a stumbling-block to others
As professors were to me.

--Selected

Let us pray,

Our gracious Father,

Help us to honor you, both in word
and in deed. We thank you for the pri-
vilege of sending forth the true gospel
over this radio station and we ask you
that the seed sown may fall into good
and honest hearts. Break down the
barriers which stand in the way of those
hypocrites who are only professing to
serve God and have no genuine life of
Christ within them. Especially bless
the sinner man who may be honest at

heart but knows that he is away from God. Then we pray especially for the saints who listen to the broadcast scattered throughout the various areas of the country. Comfort their hearts and give them standing grace to live for thee. We ask it in Jesus name. Amen

Thank you, friends for taking the time to listen. If we may be of further help to you we invite you to write us. Tell us of your burden that we may be agreed with you in prayer. Address your letter to The Mission Trail, Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Until we meet again this is Willie Murphey saying may God's richest blessings be with each of you and a very cheerful good-bye!

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Testimonies

From Colo.: "Greetings in the Name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. We trust this finds you dear ones well in body and happy in the service of the Lord. Wife and I are both doing well in body and enjoying the blessings of the Lord. The Sunday school and children's meetings are doing fine, have had 5 more children the last few Sundays for which we praise the Lord. We are really enjoying the Mission Trail to the full. Keep the good news coming. . . May the Lord bless and keep you true is our prayer. Bye for now. In Christian love,"

--Ed and Addie McEndree

--O--

From New Mexico: "Greetings of love in Jesus precious Name. Trust every one well and pressing forward. . . I had a wonderful vision of Jesus on July 30th, seemed he just woke me. As I opened my eyes and saw the dear Lord just standing a few feet away at first it

startled me and he looked so peaceful and kind, seemed to say to me 'it is I be not afraid' so I felt peaceful and at ease, but it was so real and so beautiful. How I do believe it was for encouragement, or a message so I do thank and praise him so very much. The Lord bless and encourage every one. Christian love,"

--Sis. Ruth Doolittle

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TRAVELS IN OTHER LANDS

By E. E. Byrum

(Printed in 1905)

"Soon after our arrival at Calcutta, we were again at the Home, at which place we remained a day or two, during which time we held some more meetings. In the midst of the discourse one day we noticed a gentleman whom we had not seen in the meetings before, but who appeared to sanction all that was being said, and was highly pleased with the teaching of the Word. At the close of the service one of the brethren asked if we knew this man. We replied that his face seemed familiar, but we were unable to remember his name. The brother said, "This is the missionary of the Church of England who was very sick the night you went and prayed for him after meeting during the camp-meeting." He told us that the Lord had healed him. He was now well and strong, and said that he was determined to walk in all the light of the Word of God. One of the brethren said, "We have heard from many who sent in requests for prayer by letter and otherwise during the camp-meeting, and all that we have heard from were healed."

One boy living two or three hundred miles away was healed of cholera, and there were many other marvelous healings. As the time was nearing for me to leave India, there were a few more places to visit. The next place was Lahore in Northwest India, about

twelve hundred miles from Calcutta. About dark one evening we left home for the railway station, about two miles and a half distant. Upon our arrival at the station Brother Khan, who accompanied me on this trip, purchased the tickets while I remained in the carriage with the baggage. As the train was not to start for about fifteen minutes, we had sufficient time to secure a compartment at one end of a coach, which for a time we had alone. After entering the car Brother Khan soon discovered that he did not have the railway tickets. He searched his pockets and all around about the place, but could not find them. We did not know whether they had been lost or some one had acted as pickpocket. The railway officer was informed. He told us to go to the booking-office and if possible find out the number of the tickets, and said the guards would be on the lookout in case any one handed in that number. We then returned to the car not knowing just what to do, nor where to continue the search, as it was now nearly time for the train to start. We knelt down in our compartment and asked the Lord to direct us to the place where the tickets could be found, as they had cost us over thirteen rupees each. The prayer was short, but we had agreed according to Mat. 18:19, remembering the words of Jesus: "Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that ye shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." We realized that we were sufficient in number to claim that promise, and arose from our knees believing that God would direct us. We passed through the station across an open courtyard to the street, to an open driveway, near where the carriage had stood before

we left it. Brother Khan went to speak to an officer about it, and we all came together at a place near by. The street lights were shining sufficiently at the place that as we looked down at our feet we there saw the tickets. We went to our car again, and knelt in prayer and thanked the Lord for his direction and answer to prayer. We were soon on our twelve-hundred-mile journey. The heat was quite intense. In the afternoon of the second day we arrived at Lahore. This is a city of one hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants. We were told that in the city and immediate vicinity the week before over fifteen thousand people died of the plague and cholera. This place is in what is called the Punjab district. This was the district of which we read in the paper just before landing in India that over thirty-four thousand people had died of the plague the week before, and we were told that there had been an average of over thirty-four thousand a week to die of plague ever since our arrival in India. This is one of the hottest places in India. The mercury frequently rises to about one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade, but a temperature of one hundred degrees in Calcutta would be more oppressive than one hundred and twenty in Lahore, as the heat is more damp and oppressive in Calcutta. Upon our arrival at Lahore, Brother Robert Jarvis met us at the station, and we were soon in a carriage on our way to the Faith Missionary Home conducted by himself and wife for the relief and education of famine children. . . At the Faith Home are about one hundred and seventy children that have been rescued during the famine. Most of them at the time were in a starving condition. Some were near the point of death. Their parents had died from starvation, and they were left as helpless wanderers. . . "--Sel.

