



Gospel Broadcasting and Publishing  
**The Mission Trail**

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Willie C. Murphey • Frances E. Murphey •

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THE MISSION TRAIL

SEPTEMBER, 1977

## *The Burning of Chicago*

Radio Broadcast for August 21, 1977

Good morning, friends. We are so happy to be bringing another message to the listeners of the broadcast. We trust that each of you are well and enjoying the blessings of the Lord. Time is swiftly passing away and what we do for Christ will have to be done soon.

Listen to the text: "Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let him be crucified." Matt. 27:22. Now, this is what the multitude cried out. But, friends, what is your choice today? You also must make a decision either for or against him!

Sunday evening, October 8, 1871 is a day no one who lived in or near Chicago at that time was likely to forget. Moody was preaching on this text and the singer Sankey was there to assist in the evangelistic service. The building was crowded to the doors with the largest crowd Moody had ever faced in Chicago. He started the service in the usual way. Many joined in the worship. The crowd surely had no idea about what was before them. A little after nine o'clock, a fire was seen... by 9:30 the fire had spread to Taylor street. Alarms were sounded, hoses brought out, but the blaze roared on, gaining intensity all the time. A strong wind swept the flames from house to house. Firebrands were sucked up into the air by the heat and showered like incendiary bombs on the roofs below. The whole section of the city became a seething holocaust.

Moody heard the fire bell, but he continued on with his sermon, "What Shall I do with Jesus?" He had heard the bell many times before and was not disturbed by it. Bringing his message to a conclusion, he said, "Now I want you to take that question home with you and think it over, and next Sunday I want you to come back and tell me what you are going to do with it." It is reported that afterwards, Moody said that this statement was one of the greatest mistakes in his life and that he would gladly give his right arm if he could recall it.

Sankey stood before the great crowd, numbering more than three thousand persons, and began to sing, "Today the Savior Calls." He had just reached the third stanza,

Today the Savior calls;  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of justice falls,  
And death is nigh,

when his voice was drowned out by the clanging of fire engines driving past the hall, the shouting and agonized screaming of people fleeing the flames, the tolling of church bells, and the dull, incessant booming of the huge bell suspended in the courthouse near by.

What followed was a nightmare of the worst sort. There could be seen the reflection of the hungry flames as they ravished the homes half a mile away. It seemed the whole city, which some people had compared to Sodom and Gomorrah, would be completely destroyed. This bedlam consisted of frantic horses, fleeing women, and looting robbers.

The fear of the blaze made many people think about their souls, but it also released the pent-up passions of the rougher class. Bands of thieves roamed the streets, burning, looting, committing sins of many sorts.

But let me share with you the way Will Carelton expressed this in poem:

#### THE BURNING OF CHICAGO

'Twas night in the beautiful city,  
The famous and wonderful city,  
The proud and magnificent city,  
The Queen of the North and the West.  
The riches of nations were gathered in  
wondrous and plentiful store;  
The swift-speeding bearers of com-  
merce were waiting on river and  
shore;  
The great staring walls towered sky-  
ward with visage undaunted and bold,  
And said, "We are ready, O Winter!  
come on with your hunger and cold!  
Sweep down with your storms from the  
Northward! come out from your  
ice-guarded lair!  
Our larders have food for a nation! our  
wardrobes have clothing to spare!  
For off from the corn-bladed prairies,  
and out from the valleys and hills,  
The farmer has swept us his harvests,  
the miller has emptied his mills;  
And here, in the lap of our city, the  
treasures of autumn shall rest,  
In golden-crowned glorious Chicago,  
the Queen of the North and the West."

'Twas night in the church-guarded city,  
The templed and altar-decked city,  
The sacred and spire-adorned city,  
The Queen of the North and the West.  
And out from the beautiful temples that  
Wealth in its fulness had made,  
And out from the haunts that were hum-  
ble where poverty peacefully prayed,  
Where praises and thanks had been of-  
fered to Him where they rightly be-  
longed,  
In peacefulness quietly homeward the  
worshiping multitude thronged:  
The Pharisee, laden with riches and  
jewelry, costly and rare,  
Who proudly deigned thanks to Jehovah  
He was not as other men are;  
The penitent, crushed in his weakness,  
and laden with pain and with sin;  
The outcast, who yearningly waited to  
hear the glad bidding, "Come in";  
And thus went they quietly homeward,  
with sins and omissions confessed,  
In spire-adorned, templed Chicago, the  
Queen of the North and the West.

'Twas night in the sin-burdened city,  
The turbulent, vice-laden city,  
The sin-compassed, rogue-haunted city,  
Though Queen of the North and the West.  
And low in their caves of pollution great  
beasts of humanity growled;  
And over his money-strewn table the  
gambler bent fiercely and scowled;  
And men with no seeming of manhood,  
with countenance flaming and fell,  
Drank deep from the fire-laden fountains  
that spring from the rivers of hell;  
And men with no seeming of manhood,  
who dreaded the coming of day,  
Prowled, cat-like, for blood-purchased  
plunder from men who were better  
than they;  
And men with no seeming of manhood,  
whose dearest craved glory was their  
shame,  
Whose joys were the sorrows of others,  
whose harvests were acres of flame,

Slunk, whispering and low, in their  
corners, with bowie and pistol tight-  
pressed,

In rogue-haunted, sin-cursed Chicago,  
though Queen of the North and the  
West.

'Twas night in the elegant city,  
The rich and voluptuous city,  
The beauty-thronged, mansion-decked  
city, Gay Queen of the North and the  
West.

And childhood was placidly resting in  
slumber untroubled and deep;  
And softly the mother was fondling her  
innocent baby to sleep;  
And maidens were dreaming of plea-  
sures and triumphs the future should  
show,  
And scanning the brightness and glory  
of joys they were never to know;  
And firesides were cheerful and happy,  
and Comfort smiled sweetly around,  
But grim Desolation and Ruin looked  
into the window and frowned;  
And pitying angels looked downward,  
and gazed on their loved ones below,  
And longed to reach forth a deliverance,  
and yearned to beat backward the foe;  
But Pleasure and Comfort were reign-  
ing, nor danger was spoken or guessed,  
In beautiful, golden Chicago, gay Queen  
of the North and the West.

Then up in the streets of the city,  
The careless and negligent city,  
The soon-to-be-sacrificed city,  
Doomed Queen of the North and the West,  
Crept, softly and slyly, so tiny it hardly  
was worthy the name,  
Crept, slowly and softly through the rub-  
bish, a radiant serpent of flame.  
The South-wind and West-wind came  
shrieking, "Rouse up in your strength  
and your ire!

For many a year they have chained you,  
and crushed you, O demon of fire!  
For many a year they have bound you,

and made you their servant and slave!  
Now, rouse you, and dig for this city a  
fiery and desolate grave!

Freight heavy with grief and with wail-  
ing her world-scattered pride and  
renown!

Charge straight on her mansions of  
splendor, and battle her battle-  
ments down!

And we, the strong South-wind and West-  
wind, with thrice-doubled fury pos-  
sessed,

Will sweep with you over this city, the  
Queen of the North and the West!"

Then straight at the great quiet city,  
The strong and o'er-confident city,  
The well-nigh invincible city,  
Doomed Queen of the North and the West,  
The Fire-devil rallied his legions, and  
sped them forth on the wind,  
With tinder and treasures before him,  
with ruins and tempests behind.  
The tenement crushed 'neath his foot-  
step, the mansions oped wide at his  
knock;

And walls that had frowned him defiance,  
they trembled and fell with a shock;  
And down on the hot, smoking house-  
tops, came raining a deluge of fire;  
And serpents of flame writhed and clam-  
bered and twisted on steeple and  
spire;

And beautiful, glorious Chicago, the  
city of riches and fame,  
Was swept by a storm of destruction,  
was flooded by billows of flame.

The Fire-king loomed high in his glory,  
with crimson and flame-streaming  
crest,

And grinned his fierce scorn on Chicago,  
doomed Queen of the North and the  
West.

Then swiftly the quick-breathing city,  
The fearful and panic-struck city,  
The startled and fire-deluged city,  
Rushed back from the South and the  
West.

And loudly the fire-bells were clanging,  
 and ringing their funeral notes;  
 And loudly wild accents of terror come  
 peeling from thousands of throats;  
 And loud was the wagon's deep rumbling,  
 and loud the wheel's clatter and  
 creak,  
 And loud was the calling for succor  
 from those who were sightless and  
 weak,  
 And loud were the hoofs of the horses,  
 and loud was the tramping of feet,  
 And loud was the gale's ceaseless howling  
 through fire-lighted alley and  
 street;  
 But louder, yet louder, the crashing of  
 roofs and of walls as they fell,  
 And louder, yet louder, the roaring that  
 told of the coming of hell.  
 The Fire-king threw back his black  
 mantle from off his great blood-  
 dappled breast,  
 And sneered in the face of Chicago, the  
 Queen of the North and the West.

So on this October day of 1871 Chicago  
 suffered from this great fire which  
 destroyed 17,500 buildings, covering  
 2,500 acres, and left 100,000 persons  
 homeless. The property destroyed is  
 estimated to represent a value of nearly  
 \$200 million dollars. What a tragedy!

And yet let us not forget the text, "What  
 Shall I Do With Jesus?" Friends, each  
 of you have a choice to make. What are  
 you going to do with Him?" It is up to  
 you before the great judgment day  
 breaks upon this world, which was once  
 destroyed with a flood, no more to be  
 destroyed as such, but the next time  
 with fire from heaven. May the Lord  
 help and bless each one to be ready for  
 that great day!

Our Father, we thank you today for the  
 blessings of the Lord. We thank you for  
 the privilege of bringing thy Word over

these stations. Bless each listener to  
 the good of their souls and to the glory  
 of God and for that which is accom-  
 plished we'll surely give you the praise  
 in Jesus name.

And so, friends, may I say as usual,  
 we certainly thank you for a few mo-  
 ments of your time. May the Lord bless  
 and keep you always. If we have been  
 a blessing to you, we would be happy to  
 hear about it. We do this work by faith,  
 trusting the Lord to supply the means  
 to keep the broadcast going and also once  
 a month the printed copy to those that  
 would like to receive them. Do let us  
 hear from you. And so until we meet  
 again, may the Lord bless and keep  
 you always and a very cheerful goodbye!

## Testimonies

From Oregon: "I do enjoy reading the  
 Mission Trail and so glad for the ma-  
 terial you put in recently about the sec-  
 ond coming of Christ. So many are de-  
 ceived on that line, in fact most of the  
 world, who are now looking for Christ  
 to come again and set up His kingdom  
 here and expect Him to straighten out  
 all the tangles. What a terrible awaken-  
 ing they are going to have. I am thank-  
 ful for the truth. . . We have had a lovely  
 summer. Our weather has not been too  
 hot, only a couple of days of 96 and the  
 rest much lower. The drouth has not  
 affected us much here. We have good  
 crops, especially mint and corn and  
 beans look good and the cannery is pro-  
 cessing beans now and corn soon be  
 ready. Pumpkins look good, cherries  
 were plentiful. We haven't been rationed  
 on water in this area and looks as though  
 we would make it thru to our rainy  
 season. . . I'm still pressing on and en-  
 couraged. The way grows sweeter all  
 the time."

--Sis. Grace Jones

From Jamaica: "Your recent letter we have received with great joy. The different passages of Scripture sent was a great encouragement in our present condition. We were happy to hear that you sent up special prayers for our healing. I (Sis. Ferguson) can truly say a miracle of healing was performed on me. On the 17th July my blood pressure read 220/120. On the 18th morning I became dizzy and suffered greatly if I held down my head or laid down. I felt as if I was going to die. On the 19th I called the church to pray for me after the early prayer meeting. On the 20th ... my pressure was tested and he told me it was normal. Praise God I have proven His healing power once more. Bro. Ferguson too is feeling much better. The Lord promised to be a present help in time of trouble... We thank God for the work you are carrying on and we pray He will continue to bless and prosper it to the praise of His Holy Name. The congregation here sends holy greetings to all the saints... Thanks for the prayer of faith for our healing and please continue to pray for all of us." --Bro. & Sis. Thomas Ferguson

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From Oregon: "Hope this finds you all well there. I am fine. I flew home Tuesday morning and am still happy over the good meeting we had at Monark. Surely heard some good sermons and the singing was heavenly. The early prayer-meetings were inspiring and I attended all but one which I left to work in the kitchen." --Sis. Lucille Trimble

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From Calif.: "Just a few lines to tell you I have moved to the Rest home here in Calif. The Lord sent me here. It's a lovely place and I'm sure I will enjoy it. My sight and hearing is not good and I ask you and all the saints to remember me when you pray. I am 82."

--Sis. Amy Hunter

From Jamaica: "To Brother and Sister Murphey, and to all my dear brothers and sisters in the Church of God everywhere. Holy and happy greetings in the wonderful name of Jesus our blessed Redeemer. Bro. Murphey, I have received your letter and Mission Trails with thanks... the message on the second coming of Christ in the Aug. issue is wonderful. I have read it twice already and I believe I will have to keep on reading it. (I really do not want to help to make an image to the beast.) May God bless you and help you to be an instrument in His hand to continue to enlighten people to the truth... Please continue to pray for us here in Jamaica. One minister who passed on some years ago wrote this: "What's the matter with Jamaica? God sees she is lukewarm." I am expecting to go to Frankfield to see if I can make it there. Please pray for me."

--Sis. Olga Smalling

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From Kansas: "Time moves so swiftly and summer will soon be over. I only hope many sinners will not say "the summer is ended and still we are not saved" ... may the Lord continue to bless your ministry."

--Sis. Shirley Knight

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From Okla.: "I am well, hope you all are the same. I am yet saved today. I don't mean to stop shorter than heaven. I am denying myself to help save this world. I am helping out with the Mission Trail... the Lord left me here for some good purpose. He took my four sisters and left me not a one. If I had not found the Lord I would have been in torment today. I was in a church but I thought I was in the right church. The Lord reached down and lifted me out. He made an everlasting person out of me, both soul and body. My soul and body are both at rest... I am living now to live again." --Sis. Lizzie Jordan

Boley, Okla., Aug. 23, 2 p.m. service:  
 "Just a little line to let you know we still think about you all and pray for you and the good work you are doing. We are having wonderful meeting here. The Lord is surely here. Not many are getting saved, but a few for which we are thankful. Dear Bro. Ulysses Phillips is here in our midst and has preached several times. Bro. & Sis. Eck are here. Bro. Zero Francisco is here; 3 others from San Bernardino with Bro. Phillips to help in the battle. Bro. & Sis. L. Williams are here; Sis. Savage is here from Goulds, Florida. The song being sung is "Go Forth". Sis. Eck is breaking the Living Bread this evening. One scripture, Solomon 1:7."

--Sis. Vera Mae Hawkins  
 --o--

From Colo.: "Well the people of the world are in a sad condition. Heaven has not changed, so if we get there we're going to go by the Bible. The people now are just like they were in Noah's time ... glad I got Jesus to take my troubles and sorrows to. I do desire your prayers for my unsaved children and their families. ... Do pray for us all."

--Sis. Addie McEndree  
 --o--

From Okla.: "I want to say -- though the outer man perish and my strength is very limited; I praise God for victory in my soul. He is very near and dear to me and I still find Him a present help in time of need. When the suffering gets great and the pain severe He is so good to answer prayer and send help again and again. I'm so glad I've learned to TRUST HIM. He is so precious to me and I can say with the song writer, The better I know Him the sweeter He grows, The more that I love Him the more love He bestows. I enjoy the broadcasts and Mission Trail. God bless you in your work. I'm pressing on to my eternal home."

--Sis. Nellie Poulos

From Minn.: "This finds me well and going on for the Lord who has been so good to all of God's people. He said I will never leave you nor forsake you. And He also provides all our needs. Praise His Holy name forever. I hope and pray that you folks are in good health and continue to spread the gospel to this dying world."

--Bro. Andrew Senti  
 --o--

From Calif.: "Greeting in Jesus dear name, the one who saves from sin and sanctifies our nature and heals when we are sick. I claim healing for I know God has touched me ... I got to go to camp meeting on bus, and had good camp meeting. Bro. Trotter met me at bus station and I got to stay at nights at Sis. Hazel Cones home and husband. They were so nice to me. I saw lots of people I knew long ago."

--Sis. Opal Williams  
 --o--

From Mo.: "Thank you for your prayers. Just please keep us all on your prayer list as we do you. For these are trying times as of course you know. I am again with much Christian concern and God's love in my heart sending a small offering wherever needed."

--Sis. J. Edw. Leach  
 --o--

From Okla.: "...there's not but one way, one church and one hell and one heaven. I'm living that life. I am saved and sanctified, kept by the power of God, praise God for the truth and for Jesus who died on cross to save people from their sins."

--Sis. Della Harrison  
 --o--

From S. Car.: "...I got the Mission Trail paper and the message you had in it on The second Coming of Christ, part 4 sure was plain. I am glad that God has a people that do know the full truth of the gospel, bless His name."

--Bro. Eddie Driggers

# at press time

we understand:

After attending services in Guthrie on Sunday evening, July 31st, Bro. and Sis. Russell Douglas were returning to Okla. City. Indications are they pulled over and parked near the interstate to await the passing of a rain shower where they were struck from behind by another car. Upon impact their small car burst into flames and both their lives were taken in a very tragic manner.

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From New Mexico: "I think maybe you have heard about my dear husband passing on to his reward. Truman died July 26. The funeral was the 29th. We feel assured he was ready to go to be with our loving Saviour and that is worth everything to me. Thank you every one for your prayers time and time again that I asked. I miss daddy very much." --Sis. Ruth Doolittle, Box 182, Texico, New Mexico 88135.

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From Calif.: "A short note, a big message! We arrived home Monday fine, no trouble at all. Yes, it pays to pray. What a mighty God we love and serve. On the following Wed. the 10th we became great grand parents. Our grand daughter, Julia Mercy, brought forth her first born, a son, 9 lb. 6 oz. all boy. Both are fine. His name is Nathan Andrew Mercy." --Sis. S. E. Abbott

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Congratulations and best wishes to the newly weds: Danny Doolittle and Cheryl Wall, July 23; James Bell and Patricia Huskey, August 20; Paul Simpson and Sharon Beisly August 27. We wish them all much happiness.

Congratulations to Mancil and Shirley Doolittle upon the arrival of their daughter, Rhonda Lynn August 3.

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Pray for Bro. Curtis Williams who slipped and fell getting a bad break in or near his wrist.

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Bro. Gene Harmon has been in the furnace of affliction for a long time. Because of this he nor Sis. Loretta get to meeting very often. They would be glad to hear from the saints: Bro. Gene Harmon, 507 "A" St., Orland, Calif. 95963.

--o--

August 25--"We are leaving early in the morning for Stanley, Wisc. Mother, Mrs. Alice Adams passed away this evening."--Bro. Leslie Adams, Box 51, Hornersville, Mo. 63855.

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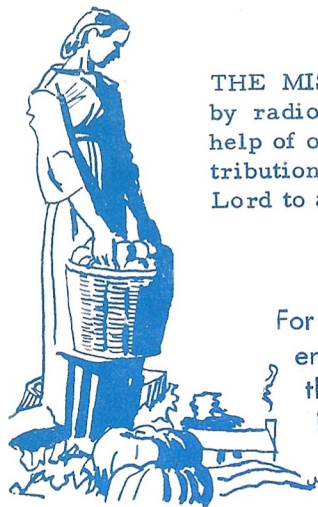
We wish Bro. Ole O. Lowe a happy birthday on Sept. 21 when he will reach the age of 88. He lives at: 405 East 20th St., So. Sioux City, Nebr. 68776.

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Marvin Probst and Colleen Bock have set their wedding date as Sept. 10. We wish them much happiness in life!

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With most of the hot summer over and cooler weather on the way, we would like to encourage the readers to listen for the broadcast if you are within range, as reception should improve. We are encouraged to proclaim the truth both by air and the printed messages. One soul saved is worth more than all the world. Pray for us.--Bro. Willie



THE MISSION TRAIL, originating in Guthrie, Okla., is broadcast by radio and published in printed form by Willie Murphey with the help of others. Its principal support comes from the free will contributions of its listeners and readers. Those who are led by the Lord to assist may do so by sending their offering to:

THE MISSION TRAIL, Guthrie, Oklahoma 73044



For some it will come true: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Jer. 8:20. Let us hasten with the message which Jesus gave: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

## Broadcast Schedule

Listen for THE MISSION TRAIL weekly on one of the following stations:

RADIO STATION	LOCATION	DIAL SETTING	TIME
<b>KGGF</b>	Coffeyville, Kansas	690 kc.	Sunday, 8:00 a. m.
<b>KCKW</b>	Jena, Louisiana	1480 kc.	Sunday, 7:30 a. m.
<b>WFPR</b>	Hammond, Louisiana	1400 kc.	Sunday, 7:45 a. m.
<b>KBOA</b>	Kennett, Missouri	830 kc.	Sunday, 8:30 a. m.

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