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# LIFE

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Let's remain standing just a moment now for prayer. Shall we bow our heads? Blessed Lord, we thank Thee, God, for what Thou hast done for us. And that Your great privilege of ours that we have now to come back to worship Thee tonight . . . And we would ask You to meet with us in an unusual way and to bless our hearts as we put our faith together. And we would ask tonight if there would be some who would be among us that has not this grand fellowship with Thee, may this be the night that all of their sins will be under the Blood, and they'll be able to enjoy these privileges that we have enjoyed so gratefully.

And we would ask that You would bring back those who has once fellowshiped with Thee and have lost that joy. May they know that there is a—a loving Father Who loves them and is standing, waiting with His arms outstretched to receive such as His wandering children that would return.

<sup>2</sup> Be merciful to those, Lord, who are so greatly in the need of healing tonight. May Your Holy Spirit just heal their sick bodies. And there is some perhaps, here, Lord, who has never received Thy Holy Spirit yet. And we pray that You'll give to them tonight, Lord, Thy Holy Spirit to fellowship around Thy Word. Grant it, Lord.

I'm needy myself, very needy, Lord. Twenty-some odd nights of straight preaching and my throat is tired and weary. And I pray that You'll give me help and mind getting dull from the hours of labor in the field. Now, help me, Lord, and may I be able to say that which would be pleasing in Thy sight. For we ask it Jesus Name. Amen. May be seated. Thank you.

<sup>3</sup> I am very pleased tonight to see this nice audience of people on a Monday night, and a rainy bad night. You know, down in the south, a little rain and a little weather kind of hinders the people much, but it don't seem to bother you.

And I'm so happy that our Lord has been meeting with us in the past few nights, and especially in the healing services, and giving the victories that I've just been privileged of hearing. Brother Vayle tell me that they've been testifying around of the different healings. Oh, He's real.

And you ministers, you pastors will notice after the campaign's over a long time, women and men will be coming to you and saying, "You know that that I had, I just don't have it no more."

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Over the meetings at night I see many things happen, but you just can't call them fast enough. See? It happens, and we know it'll be all right, so we just let it go. It would be more spontaneously if they could catch it.

<sup>4</sup> Just reading a testimony here recently in a meeting, and before I take my text, I would like to—to speak that. And I was praying for some people, and there was a lady came up that had a stomach trouble, and it was very bad. I think the doctors had told her that they'd even had to give her a blood transfusions from ulcers which had broke in her stomach. She was very bad, and there it was a duodenal ulcer. That's the very bad kind. So in the vision, the Lord told the woman what her troubles was, and what she had did, and—and then after it was over, she said she believed.

And now, that's all right. You watch that (You see?) and said, "The Lord bless you, and may the Lord heal you," we don't know, yet. But then all of a sudden it changed and come back with, "THUS SAITH THE LORD." That's the vision seeing what's going to be. One sees what has been. The other one sees what's going to be. And many times I see death, but I never say nothing about it, unless I know it's going to happen. Because sometimes death could be pronounced on you, and yet, prayer could change that. Do you know that? It was done in the Scriptures.

<sup>5</sup> When Hezekiah lay dying. Isaiah . . . Did you imagine how that prophet must've felt, when he went up there saying, "THUS SAITH THE LORD, you're going to die. You're not coming off the bed."?

And he was a true prophet, went outside of the chamber. There stood the celebrity of the palace, and, "O, great prophet, what will to happen to our king?"

"THUS SAITH THE LORD, he's going to die."

On out to the soldiers in the—the yards, the palace yards and the gates, "What saith, O prophet, the Lord to our great king?"

"THUS SAITH THE LORD, he's going to die. He ain't coming off the bed."

Then on out into the streets to the poor people, "O great prophet, what does the Lord say about our lovely king?"

"THUS SAITH THE LORD, he's going to die." On down to his little house . . .

<sup>6</sup> Then Hezekiah turned his face to the wall and wept bitterly and said, "Lord, I beseech Thee to consider me, for I've walked before You with a perfect heart." That's quite a testimony, isn't it? "And I ask for fifteen years longer of life."

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Now, who was the greatest man in the nation? The king. There was the great earthly king talking to the great heavenly King. Now, why didn't the King say to him, "All right, Hezekiah, I hear your plea."

7 But you know, God has ways of doing things? And we have to cooperate with His ways of doing it. Hezekiah was not born in that position to—for the Lord to talk to him like that. So the Lord goes back down to the place where the prophet was setting, said, "Go, tell him I heard his prayer, and I'm going to spare him fifteen years."

What that prophet must've thought coming back up there, "THUS SAITH THE LORD, he's going to live. THUS SAITH THE LORD, he's going to live."

"What about it, prophet? What are you going back for?"

"THUS SAITH THE LORD, he's now going to live." What did that? Prayer changes things from death unto life. It always does.

8 And when the Lord had pronounced on this little woman that she was going to be all right, she was healed, well, she went outside thanking the Lord. So she thought she could just go on, be all right. And she goes and tries to eat. Oh, did she get sick. So then in a couple of days, kept getting worse, and she'd try to eat and force it down her, vomit it up, bleeding. So she said . . .

The people in the neighborhood began to think after a couple of weeks . . . And her husband said, "Honey, I believe that you testifying like that, you're going to bring a reproach upon the cause of Christ."

And she said to her husband, "If that man stood there, just a man under inspiration, and told me the things that I had done in my life, told me what caused the ulcer and what happened, it—and what condition it was in, and told me, 'THUS SAITH THE LORD,' the vision showed that I was going to be well, do you think I would doubt that?" She said, "Reproach or no reproach, it would be more reproach for me to doubt it." How right she was.

9 And one morning after, I guess, five weeks or more, four or five weeks, I forget just what she said. She was washing the dishes one morning. The children had gone to school, and all of a sudden she had a real strange feeling strike her. She thought, "What is this?" She felt real blessed. So then she thought, "Well, maybe it's just the Lord blessing me." She was a very fine Christian woman, young woman about in her thirties. And she got real hungry. And she said, "Oh, how I would like to be able to eat just a little piece of toast. And she set down and eat the toast. Just in a few moments it come up, would've done it. But that time it stayed down, felt good.

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Well, she thought, “You know if that’s so, I believe I’ll just eat some of these oats here that some of the children left in their plate.” So she sets down and eats the oats. Now, you know what oatmeal would do on an acid stomach. And she waited about fifteen or twenty minutes, and it never bothered her. So she sat down and had her a real gastronomical jubilee. She fried her some eggs, got her a cup of coffee, just really enjoyed it. And she waited about twenty or thirty minutes. And usually in five minutes she done threw it up.

<sup>10</sup> And she felt so good. She said, “You know, I just can’t keep this good thing to myself.” So down the street she went to a neighbor that had been prayed for the same night, who had a growth on the side of her neck. Well, her husband was retired. They’d gotten up late. And when she got to such a house a few doors below her, she thought they had the Salvation Army in there. She never heard so much shouting and going-on in all her life. She thought, “Well, what’s wrong?” She runs in and said, “Lydia, what’s the matter?”

She said, “Oh, Bertha, I want to tell you. I just got up. I was laying there. We’d been awake for a little while; I felt a real strange feeling. And we shook even the sheets on the bed. We can’t find that lump. It’s gone.”

Well, she told her her story. And they just got all enthused, and—and got themselves somebody in the neighborhood and come to one of my meetings which was about a thousand miles away. And they gave the testimony.

<sup>11</sup> Now, what happened? The Angel of God, Who had pronounced that blessing had passed through the neighborhood confirming it. You see? What if they would’ve give up? Don’t give up. You believe. Stay with it. God will bring it to pass. See?

Sometimes God isn’t spontaneously on things. How many knows that Daniel prayed, and it taken, I believe it was twenty-eight days, the Angel said, ‘fore he could get to him. Is that right? Twenty-one days. That’s right. Thank you, sir. Twenty-one days. Twenty-one days before he could get there, but He heard him.

And every time that you move towards God with faith, God knows it. See? Just don’t worry. Be real full of faith and just keep believing.

<sup>12</sup> Now, tonight I’m going to try, if the Lord willing, to speak on a little evangelistic type of a message, that seems to be on my heart. I told you I was going to speak tonight on the “Mighty Conqueror.” It’s a message that I preached once before somewhere. I believe it was in the south. And I just haven’t got that much voice to do it. So you will forgive me for making that promise. And I pray that God will, ‘cause I

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don't have the voice to do it. It's not that I have a cold. This is twenty-some odd nights straight.

And no one knows what those visions do for you. They just tear you to pieces. Pardon me. Maybe before I do that, while we're just a small group tonight, I would like to try to explain what that is the best of my knowledge. Would you like to hear my—what I think about it? All right. We'll just take it in a child form.

<sup>13</sup> There's a great carnival come to the city, and there's these two strong looking men setting here and I are standing there, but we haven't got money to go in and see the show. And it happens to be that they're short strong men who could pack water for the elephants, and I'm a tall skinny man, and—and I—I couldn't pack those big pails of water.

Well, there happens to be where we're standing, a knothole way up high. Now, those little short fellows would never get up there to look through that knothole, but I could. See, God makes every man just the way He wants him. I'm so glad of that.

<sup>14</sup> Christianity is based on resurrection. We know that. Not . . . Well, if you go down here and on earth as a black-headed woman, you'll rise up a black-headed woman. You won't rise up . . . You say, "Well now, if this is a what goes down, in resurrection that same has to come up." Not take this and . . . That's replacement; that's not resurrection. Resurrection's bring the same Jesus up that went down, the same Person.

See, God, He's not Sears and Roebucks Harmony House. God has things. He's a God of variety. He likes people red-headed, black-headed. It just looks like that down in the south, they could understand that about segregation. God made men white. He made them black. He made them yellow, made them brown. Let them alone. He made red flowers, white flowers, pink flowers. He made them to . . . He made big mountains, little mountains, deserts, forests, big trees, little trees. He made things the way He wants it. And that's the way to leave it alone. You go to tampering with nature, you pervert it. Just leave it the way it is. It's always better.

<sup>15</sup> And at this great carnival when I looked through this knothole . . . Now, here's the way I have to do it. I jump way up, and take my hands, and get a hold of it and strain. I look in. I got back down.

"What did you see, Brother Branham?"

"An elephant."

"Is that all you saw?"

<sup>16</sup> "Now, what are you getting at, Brother Branham?" Here's what it is. When Jesus was on earth, He was God manifested in the flesh. We

have the Spirit by portions. He had it without any certain portion. All the Fullness of the Godhead bodily dwelt in Him. He was not just only a Man; He was God.

There's so many people today that likes . . . I want to stop here just a minute before I get to this subject. There's so many people just wants to make Him a prophet. He was either God or the greatest deceiver the world's ever had.

<sup>17</sup> I was talking to a woman here not long ago who was . . . I don't call people's religions out, but you'll know what it is by what I said. They claim they believe in healing, but they don't believe that Jesus was no more than just a philosopher. And that's a social gospel. They said, "He's a good man. He had . . . He's a good teacher, but He wasn't Divine." Why, He . . . Certainly He was Divine. He was the God of the prophets.

This lady said to me, she said, "Mr. Branham, if . . . You brag too much on Jesus."

I said, "I differ with you. I can't brag enough."

She said, "If I prove to you that He was nothing but a man . . . You make Him Divine."

I said, "He was Divine."

"Oh," said, "he was a teacher."

I said, "He was God."

And she said, "If I prove to you that He wasn't nothing by a man—but a man by the Scriptures, would you believe it?"

I said, "If the Scripture says so."

And she said, "Saint John the 11th chapter, when Jesus was going down to the grave of Lazarus, the Bible said He wept."

I said, "That's right. What's that got to do with it?"

She said, "Well, if He was a weeping, He was a man."

I said, "He was a man when He wept, but when He stood by that grave where a man had been dead four days and said, 'Lazarus, come forth,' and a man who had been dead four days stood on his feet and lived again, that was more than a man."

<sup>18</sup> He was a man when He come off the mountain, as we preached last night, hungry, wanting something to eat. He was a man, but when He took five biscuits and two pieces of fish and fed five thousand, that was more than a man. Right. He was a man when He laid on the back of that little ship one night, tossed about like a bottle stopper in a storm. Ten thousand devils of the sea swore they'd drown Him. He was so tired and weary until even the waves didn't wake Him up. He was a

man when He was asleep, but when He put His foot on the brail of that boat, looked up, and said, "Peace, be still," and the waves obeyed Him and the winds obeyed Him, that was more than a man.

<sup>19</sup> He was a man when He cried at Calvary, "My God, why has Thou forsaken Me?" He was a man when He died, but on Easter morning when He broke the seal, and rolled the stone away, and rose again, He proved He was God.

God was in His Son. He had the Spirit without portions. We have It by portion. But if you taken a little dipper of water out of the whole ocean, the same chemicals that's in the ocean will be in the water, the dipper full.

<sup>20</sup> So notice, when God wanted to use His gift, He said to Jesus . . . Now, remember, He said, "I do nothing until My father shows Me what to do, I see the Father doing," Saint John 5:19. Have you read it since we been in the meeting? Saint John, "Verily, I say unto you, the Son can do nothing in Himself, but what He sees the Father doing, that doeth the Son likewise."

The Father sent Him away from the house of Martha and Mary, Lazarus, and He took a journey. And they sent for Him to come when Lazarus got sick. He ignored it and went on. They sent again and He ignored it and went on. And finally He turned, and He said, "Lazarus is dead. And for your sake, I'm glad I wasn't there." Why? He knowed what was going to happen. He said, "But I go, wake him." Watch Him at the grave. "Father, I thank Thee that Thou has already heard Me. But just for these who stand by, I said it. Lazarus, come forth." And that man stood on His feet and lived again.

<sup>21</sup> He never said nothing about being weak, virtue leaving Him. But when a woman touched His garment, He said, "Virtue's gone out of me." Which is the greatest miracle? To raise a man dead four days or stop a issue of blood from menopause? One of them made Him weak. Why? It wasn't God using His gift. It was a woman using God's gift. See? This way the Father had showed Him what to do. He went and done it, and this other way was the woman. Now, He never said, "I saw a vision. You're going to be well." He said, "Thy faith has saved thee: thy faith, not what Father showed Me, but what you acted on." That's what hurt Him.

<sup>22</sup> Now, here it is. All right, you jump up. Look, that's what the woman's doing. It pulls; it strains. Somebody comes to the platform, stand there. You're straining. It's a gift. Who's using it? Not me. You are. You're the one that's doing it, and you set there, you say, "I believe that." Down in your heart you really mean it, then that's pulling strength. What happens? I'm pulling up. "You have a cancer." That's

right. See? Then I look around . . . Still don't believe it. You thought I guessed it. See? Well, I'll have to go back again.

I jump up again. "And you also have TB." Whew. That's right. See? It doesn't—it doesn't jump. It doesn't work among the American people like it does the other places.

One time like that in Africa, India, the whole . . . They just pile up their crutches and things and go on. They seen it. They believe it. See? But we wonder, "What's it all about?" See? That's what kills me in these American meetings. See?

<sup>23</sup> Well, go back again. Hold it with the end of your finger, just barely can look through the knothole as it was, the vision. "Oh, you are Miss So-and-so. You come from . . ." Uh, yes, yeah. That's right. Walk on across the platform. You're weak already. See? Now, that's the way that works.

Now, what if setting in the hotel, like just happened, or somewhere else? And here comes the ringmaster now by the ring. He says, "What are you looking at? You want to see inside?" Picks me up, say, "Here you are." Great big strong man . . . "See these tents set over here? They go down here and does this and over here this way and that way." Why, I'm just setting in his hand. Set down and I know what's going on on the inside. See? He lifted me up. That's the way it is when visions just come by the way God wants to use it. He says, "Go to a certain place."

<sup>24</sup> Here recently, you seen it in your paper. I guess it was on the Associated Press, about the miracle man in Denver. They didn't know whether mystic, miracle. God Who knows. I was in my room. I saw a man where there was a clock. And He was in a wheelchair; it was squeaking. And I looked at the old clock and it was just exactly ten minutes after three. And I was standing by a ten cents store, and I . . . Said, "Go near that man."

And then when I went near him, he was packing a Bible—had a Bible in his hand, rather. And I asked him if he believed it. He said, "Yes." And I took him by the hand, raised him up. He was healed. I seen the way to get away.

<sup>25</sup> Then he come, and I seen a—a—a baby. It was laying dying. And the doctor had went out. I noticed he got in a gray car. He had a mustache. And there was a gate there, and right behind the gate laid a hoe. I had laid my hat upon the television as I went in the room. There was lady with a red sweater on, one with a brown coat, and they were weeping. And He said, "Go over to the baby." And I went and laid hands on the baby. He got well.

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When I come out of the vision, I went in and said to my wife, "Honey, look down, if you see if you see anything about a baby, or about a man in a wheelchair that wrote down here." No.

I called the office. "How many airplane tickets is in down there?"

"Oh, five or six."

"What do they read?"

<sup>26</sup> They told me this way, come here and there. I couldn't feel a thing. Well, I let it go for about, I guess, two weeks or more. After while, a man had sent a ticket for me to come to Denver, and when I got over to Denver, I felt led that I should go to Denver. I went and prayed for the man. I don't know what happened to him. I just went over. He was a tubercular case, was out there, been in the sanatorium: soldier.

So I thought, "Well, I'll just wait now. We're here in the city and it's going to be 5:30 'fore I leave on the plane. So I'm going to look around Denver."

And so, I was walking down the street, just kind of walking along like this, and all of a sudden I heard a woman cry. And I looked up, and I seen the doctor with his little satchel in his hand, said, "Good day," and started walking out.

<sup>27</sup> I thought, "I have seen that man somewhere." Mustache, gray suit, that car, and he come out the gate. And I was pretty close within being about ten feet of him. He looked over. I said, "How do you do, doctor?"

He said, "Howdy do." He stopped and turned around, thought . . . I guess, wonder how I knew he was a doctor. Well, I was patient. He never said nothing, got in the car and drove away.

I thought, "Lord, if that hoe is laying behind the gate, that's it." And I went over there and looked. There laid the hoe. That was it. I walked right on up the steps, knocked on the door, lady come to the door. She had on her red sweater. And I said, "You have a sick baby that has pneumonia?"

"Yes, sir." And said, "The doctor just said there was no hopes for it."

I said, "I'm a minister. My name is Mr. Branham. Do you know me or ever heard of me?"

She said, "No, sir. I don't believe so."

I said, "Are you Christians?"

She said, "No, sir, we're not. We don't go to church." She said, "We ought to, I know."

I said, "Could I walk in and have a word of prayer for your dying baby?"

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She said, "You certainly can. I'd be happy for you to do it, sir."

<sup>28</sup> Walked in, but there was no lady there with a brown coat on. I laid my hat up on the television, and I waited a few minutes. Well, I . . . She wondered why I wasn't going to pray, but I couldn't say nothing. I had to wait for the lady with brown coat on. Now, that's just how simple it is. I waited there, I guess, a half hour talking to her about the Lord and so forth. And then, after while, there was somebody knocked at the door. And the lady with the brown coat in—on come in, but she was supposed to be setting on that side, and the lady with the red sweater on down this side, and vice versa their place. Still I couldn't say nothing until they got everything in position. The vision has to be perfect. Then I said, "Now, lady, you might have wondered why I waited. This is a vision. You might not understand what I'm saying, but just watch your baby a minute."

Went over and prayed for the baby, and the little fellow begin to screaming and carrying on. The mother let it up. In ten or fifteen minutes it was playing around on the floor. The fever had all left it and everything. She took its fever. And there I led both of them to Christ in the floor.

<sup>29</sup> I got out and started down the street, and I thought, "Thank you, Lord. I see now." And I hadn't gone but a little piece, till I happened to think, "What was the rest of that vision?" It was something. And while I was stand there, I heard a clock strike three o'clock. And I walked around the corner by the side of the ten cents store, and there was that old clock over there on that steeple. I thought, "God, I got ten minutes to wait right here."

And when I was waiting there, ten minutes came. At the end of the ten minutes when it come, I heard something screeching coming. It was a man weeping, setting in a wheelchair and a lady pushing him: had a Bible in his hand. Perfect, there it was.

I said, "Do you believe that Word, sir?"

He said, "With all my heart." Said, "I am a Christian."

I said, "The Bible says that you are reading, that Jesus healed the sick in His days."

He said, "Yes, sir. I've just been reading that."

I said, "Isn't He the same today?"

He said, "Yes, sir. He is."

I said, "Do you believe that?"

He said, "With all my heart."

I said, "Stand up then. He healed you."

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30 And he jumped up and begin to scream. I run, went through the ten cent store, went out, and down the alley, and went back over, and got a taxi cab, and went out to the station. A big piece on the Associated Press, "Mystic Healing In Denver." They don't know yet. See?

But the Lord God did it. See? Now, that didn't make me a bit weak. But stand here where you have to pull and strain . . . See? That's you using God's gift. I have nothing to do with it. It's God's. It's not mine. It's God. You can use it or He uses it. There it is. You understand now? That's what makes weakness, and if you'll watch the Bible, compare it with back in the Scripture and see if that isn't just exactly the truth.

31 Let us pray now. Lord, be with us now and as we fellowship around the Word . . . Just tired tonight, Lord, I can hardly stand here, but I pray that You'll help me now to minister the Word. In the Name of the Lord Jesus. Amen.

32 On the 63rd Psalm, I wish to read for a Scripture lesson now. And we expect to be out in the next thirty or forty minutes.

*O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;*

*To see thy power and thy glory, . . . as I have seen it in thy sanctuary.*

*Because thy lovingkindness is better to me than life, my lips shall praise thee.*

Listen at the prophet here in the 2nd verse.

*To see thy power and thy glory, . . . as I have seen it in thy sanctuary.*

But my subject tonight is, "Life." And life is what controls us. Life is what gives you your emotions. And then, by your life everyone knows what you are.

33 Preaching a funeral sermon recently, I said, "There's no need of me saying anything about this man's life. I want to preach to you that's a living, that has to meet this. Every one of you . . . You raised and lived and died in this neighborhood; you got your mind made up what you thought about him." See?

Life, what's greater? Your emotions make up what you are, is your life. And what kind of character should we be if we claim to have Eternal Life? Now, there's only one type of Eternal Life, and that is God's Life. That was the great Spirit in the beginning, the seven Spirits of God like the seven rainbow colors. Each Spirit comes off of it, perverts, comes down.

<sup>34</sup> The Greek word for Life Eternal come from the word “Zoe” which means, “God’s own life.” And it’s a . . . The love of God is called “Agapao” which means, “God’s love.”

The love that you have for your wife is “Phileo.” Phileo love, that’s human love. Here’s a difference of it. You get them so mixed up, like faith and hope, they get mixed up. Love. The kind of love that you have for your wife is called Phileo love and that love would make you jealous, till if a man would insult her, you’d shoot him in his tracks. That’s what Phileo love would do. You love her with that kind of love. But Agapao love would make you pray for his sinful soul. That’s the difference. See?

<sup>35</sup> Now, there’s life. There’s one kind of Eternal Life and that’s God’s Life. And when you receive that, you have Eternal Life. But life has many interpretations as it comes down. There’s love, Agapao; love, Phileo; love; lust. See, you just keep dropping down, dropping down into the lowest of lows. But all of that had a beginning so it’ll have a end. But those things which had no beginning has no end. So God had no beginning, and His life had no beginning, and it’ll have no end. And if you’ve got Eternal Life, then you have no end to Eternal Life. It’s forever. And your character is proven by the life that’s in you.

<sup>36</sup> Some time ago a slave buyer down in the south many years ago, went by buying slaves on . . . They’d go to the old plantations and they’d say . . . They’d buy slaves, human life, just like you’d buy a used car on a lot, a broker. And they’d go buy these big slaves and big healthy slaves, maybe, and men, breed them like cattle, to big healthy women, bring forth great big, husky slaves. Brother, that’s wrong. And when . . . One day a broker came by a certain old plantation. And he said, “How many slaves do you have here?”

He said, “Over a hundred.”

Said, “Could I look them over?”

Said, “Help yourself.”

<sup>37</sup> And he stayed through the day, and he watched the behavior of the slaves, and how they conducted themselves, whether they were good workers or whether they were not. And as the day passed by . . . You see, the slaves was away from home, away from papa and mama. The Boers bought them in Germany, or Africa and brought them over here and sold them for slaves. And sometimes they’d have to whip them to make them work. Their loved ones was across the sea. They’d never see them no more. They had to die here in slavery. That’s all they knew, and they were sorry, and they—they had to whip them and make them work.

<sup>38</sup> But they noticed one young slave. They didn't have to whip him, chest out, chin up, right now at the minute. And that broker said, "I want to buy that slave."

The owner said, "But he's not for sale."

He said, "What makes him so much different than the rest of them?" He said, "Well, maybe he's the boss over the rest of them."

The owner said, "No, he's just a slave."

He said, "Well, maybe you feed him better than you do the rest of them."

He said, "No. They all eat out in the galley together."

He said, "Well, what makes him so much different from the rest of them?"

Said, "I always wondered myself until I found out what the truth was." Said, "That boy, over in the homeland his daddy is the king of the tribe, and he knows that he's a king's son. And though he be an alien and away from home, yet he conducts himself as a king's son."

What ought the church to do tonight? Though in a blinded world of sin and chaos, we ought to conduct ourselves as sons and daughters of God.

<sup>39</sup> When I read this Scripture verse, I thought, "What could the prophet be meaning? It's a unusual text." Thy loving kindness is better than life. I thought, "There must be many interpretations to life." And it could not mean the life that we now live in the flesh, because that life has heartaches. That life has sorrow, and that life gets so bad sometime until men wants to take a pistol and blow his brains out. So that couldn't be the life he was talking about. It must be another life that he's speaking of. That life gets so miserable until people climb to a high tower, and jump off, and commit suicide. They take poison, tens of thousands a year over the United States, where we ought to be living at the highest rate of life.

So it must have another interpretation, and it says here, "Because Thy love kindness is better than life. And my soul thirsts for Thee. As I have seen thy power in thy sanctuary. In a dry and a thirsty land my soul thirsts for Thee to see Thy loving kindness which is better to me than life. Then in this what we call life today, it has so many disappointments."

<sup>40</sup> Some time ago in a great city in Canada I was having a meeting. And in this certain meeting there was a American group come up there to celebrate some sort of a—a jubilee of a certain lodge in America. And I noticed as they come in that day, they were drinking. And it almost made me ashamed of my own country. And that night, when I left the

arena, and was going home in this great big hotel. I went up to about the tenth or fifteenth floor, and on the elevator whiskey bottles was piled everywhere. And down in the lobby they were drinking and carrying on, and as I—I asked the elevator boy, I said, “What’s all of this?”

Said, “They’re sure having a time.”

<sup>41</sup> And so when they let me off at my floor, I walked along the side. And I heard a noise up the end of the hall. And I looked and there stood two young American women with just their underneath garment on, just as drunk as they could be, both of them, perhaps, married woman, ’cause they was woman in their thirties, just with the little underneath garment on, a bottle of whiskey, coming down through that hall, and men dragging them from room to room.

Mamas, having a little innocent fun. Maybe their husbands were home baby setting, or some hired child is taking care of their children. God gave you them children to take care of them yourself, and it’s your responsible to God. We don’t have juvenile delinquency; it’s parent delinquency. Some mothers has got away from their duty. They want to run to barrooms, and carry on, and run all night long, and leave their children grow up. No wonder they grow up in that neurotic age. God gave you that child to raise and to take care of.

<sup>42</sup> And this woman, as she came staggering by, the two of them, and they stopped in the middle of the floor, pulled their little skirts up, and throwed their legs up in the air, and hollered, “Whoopee.” Said, “This is life.”

I couldn’t stand it any longer. I walked right out from the little place I was standing. I said, “Just a minute, ladies. I want to speak to you. You interpreted that wrong. You said, ‘This is life. Let’s take a drink.’” I caught them with the shoulders; I said, “Are you a married woman?”

She said, “What is that to you?”

I said, “I’d like to ask you. Are you a married woman?”

She said, “Sure,” said, “I’m just having a little fun.”

I said, “The Bible said, ‘She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she’s alive.’” I said, “I’m a minister from America. I’m over here in this ice arena. And you bring reproach on the very name of America and upon motherhood. Aren’t you ashamed of yourself? Where’s your husbands at?”

<sup>43</sup> They begin to walleye, looked at one another. And they started to pull away. I held their arms. I said, “Just a minute. What are you going to do when you meet God? What if under this drunken stew tonight, you die in this condition? What will happen to you? You say you got life. You are dead in sin and trespasses.” And they jerked away from

my arms, and down the hall they went, hardly in any clothes on and away out of my sight.

You think that's living? That's death. What makes a man thirst to do that? What makes a person want to do that? Is because that God made them that way. God made a man to thirst. He made so much in a man to thirst. But God made that thirst for Him. And the devil perverts it from Eternal Life to death and makes you like it.

<sup>44</sup> The reason that you crave for those things is because you are giving the devil the place that God ought to be. Oh, he's good at that. You're going to thirst for something, because you're made to thirst. God made you to thirst, and you try to satisfy it with the things of the world. And the Bible said if you love the world or the things of the world, the love of God's not even in you. You try to satisfy that blessed holy thing with drinking, picture show running, gambling, dances; all that is the wages of death. You got no right to do that. Listen to me as your brother. The devil's put something over on you and you don't know it.

<sup>45</sup> What's happened to our people? What's happened to our churches? I could show you how there won't be one poor person in this town in a year from today. There won't be one trashy house in this city. Let the people that call themselves Christians take the money that they spend on whiskey, beer, and cigarettes and pool it together, you'll end all depressions. Count it up, how many there is and how much money's spent each year on cigarettes. Why can they give these great big prizes away and things, beating it from the government?

And the doctors completely say, all the time, that it's cancer, cancer, cancer. And these women of America continually drag it down their throat.

You think you're having a big time, don't you? I'm not speaking to Christians. I'm speaking to you that thinks you're Christian. What's happened to our churches? Let's go through it just a moment, see what's—how—what a business man the devil is.

<sup>46</sup> It used to be a long time ago that all of our fashions come from Paris. Now it don't come from Paris. Paris comes to Hollywood to get it. It used to be it was wrong for you to go to picture shows, you holiness people, and see those bad plays; but the devil beat you to it. He put it on the television and set it right in your own house. It's right.

No wonder you got little children out that police officers are being shot at, and stabbed to death, and everything standing on the corner with two guns and everything. They see that stuff. They're raised into it.

It's time the church took its position and come out of the things of the world. You know it. It used to be that it was wrong for Christian

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women in the holiness groups to wear short hair. What happened? I can remember when you couldn't be taken into the church with short hair. It was wrong in the first place; it's wrong yet. The Bible said that if a woman cuts her hair her husband has a right to divorce her and get away from her. That's exactly right. What do you do it for? To follow fashions.

Now, you're not going to like me after this, but at the judgment bar, you're going to find out something. The Bible said if a woman cuts her hair, she dishonors her head, which is her husband. If she's a dishonorable person, she should be put away. It used to be wrong, but something happened.

<sup>47</sup> Holiness women wearing these little bitty old clothes and getting out here in the yard, mowing their yard, walking up and down the streets with shorts on, letting your children do it . . . Then you say, "God, send us a revival." How would God ever put a revival on a bunch of filth? Can't do it. Now you're going to find out why we haven't got a revival. Why did you do it? You see, the world begin to seep in.

Many people that call themselves Christians will stay home on Wednesday night from prayer meeting to hear this old, "We Love Lucy" or all kind of nonsense like that, instead of going to a church. Shows what's on the inside of you, what you're thirsting. That's your character, your conduct.

<sup>48</sup> And you women, at ten o'clock at morning when you ought to have prayer meeting, you listen to some old ungodly thing like Arthur Godfrey with his old dirty jokes and things with that bunch of women and then call your selves Christians. Go on. That's the truth.

You say, "Brother Branham, I don't wear shorts. I wear slacks." That's worse. The Bible said that a woman that'll put on a garment pertaining to a man it's an abomination in the sight of God; and God doesn't change. And you wear these little old skirts that's so tight, going down the street so tight till the skin's on the outside. And you call yourself, "Holiness women." Is that the way a daughter of God would act?

Listen. You say, "Preacher, that's the only kind of clothes they sell." But they still make sewing machines and sell them. You ain't got no excuse. And besides that, they still sell goods that you can make your clothes. I know that hurts, but it's good for you. It's the truth. It's what the Bible says.

<sup>49</sup> That . . . You see, we can't have a revival. That's the reason. Oh, certainly, it makes you hard—makes—goes down . . . But if it was wrong to begin with, it's wrong now. Something's happened. Here's where it's



at. There's no foundation to lay a revival on. How can you do it when God forbids it?

Now, you say, "You're awful hard on us woman." All right, men, here you are. Any man that'll let his wife wear them kind of clothes and smoke cigarettes, that shows what you're made out of. I got little respect of you being a man. You're supposed to be the head of the house. What happened? Something went wrong.

<sup>50</sup> Now, and you women, used to you didn't wear this manicure, ever. . . . What is that stuff you put on your mouth? Ever what it is, I don't know nothing about it. I'm not saying it for a joke. Ever what the stuff you. . . lip—lip rouge, ever what it is. It used to be wrong for you to do that, but it sure is common among you Pentecostal folks now. What happened?

An old Methodist preacher used to tell me—sing a little song.

We let down the bars.  
We let down the bars.  
We compromised with sin.  
We let down the bars;  
The sheep got out,  
But how did the goats get in?

You let down the bars. That's what did it, because you had a weak pulpit back there with a little preacher that thought that his ministry was a meal ticket in the stead of a commission from God. You'd excommunicate him, throw him out if he said anything about it. He ought to be throwed out if he wouldn't say something about it.

<sup>51</sup> Listen, ladies. This is not a joke. But there was one woman in the Bible that painted herself to meet a man. You don't meet God like that. Her name was Jezebel. You know what God did to her? He fed her to the dogs. So when you can see a woman all made up like that, you can say, "There's Mrs. Dog meat." That's exactly what God called it. Now, you know it's the truth. That's not joking. I'm telling you what God said.

What is it? She wants the hounds of hell to holler, "Wheet-whew!" You know it's the Truth. What's the matter? Something else come in but the love of the Bible and the love of God. That place that God should've been in there giving Him first place and all the places, you let the world come in; and you went to hungering and thirsting and filling that place where God wants to fill, with the things of the world. That's what's the matter.

<sup>52</sup> Not long ago, I was driving over to California. And I had a sinner man to drive my truck over. And when I got over there, one of the great officials come. This man would pull the truck up, was unloading

some books. I drove another truck. And this man was a sinner. He was smoking a cigarette. And one of the great big men of the church walked up; He said, "Why, Brother Branham. I'm surprised at you."

I said, "What's that?"

He said, "That man's smoking a cigarette over there unloading that truck."

I said, "He's a sinner. He gets some money just a few minutes and his way paid back home. I have nobody to drive my truck."

"Well," he said, "our people are holiness people, and we would never stand for that."

I said, "I'm sorry, sir. I wouldn't put a stumbling block in your way for nothing." I said, "The man's a sinner. He don't profess anything. I just picked him up on the street, asked him if he wanted a job. He said, 'Yes', and I said, 'Drive this truck to California, and I'll give you so much a day and pay your way back.' All right. He took it. I said, 'When you unload the truck, that's all of it.'" I said, "I'm sorry I did that."

He said, "Well, don't you never bring anybody again that smokes cigarettes around where our people are and know that you've hired them or anything."

I said, "I'll sure watch that from this on if I have to send to California to get a man."

<sup>53</sup> So he said . . . Well, we started down a few minutes. We went to the big tent, and he said, "Brother Branham, I want you to meet my wife." Said, "She's going to be your pianist during this revival."

And I said, "What?" And she had real manicured . . . or cut off hair, you know, with little frizzes up on it, and whole lot of that stuff on her face, and great big earrings hanging down, and a dress that looked terrible. And I said, "Is she a saint?"

He said, "Yes, sir."

I said, "She looks to me like a haint." I said, "I never seen such a thing in my life." I just had to tell him, "Brother, something's went wrong. You gag at a gnat and swallow a camel."

<sup>54</sup> Something wrong. That blessed holy thirst that God gave you to thirst after Him, you've perverted it into the things of the world and craving the things of the world. See where the church is? Something's wrong. We've let down the bars somewhere.

You say, "Oh, we're saved by grace. I thought you was a Baptist." That's right. We're saved by grace, but if you're saved your life proves what you are. No matter how much grace you say you've got, if your life don't tally up to it, you haven't got it yet. It's all. You can't get

pumpkins off of a grapevine. Huh-uh. It don't bear them. The fruits of the Spirit don't come by the things of the world. Now, you know it's the truth. I don't want to hurt you, children. But I want to tell you what's this. . .

<sup>55</sup> You think you're having a big time. You've got the biggest church there is in the city. Your spires reach plumb to the skies. "Oh, we're better off. We got the best paid pastor. We—we got the—the. . . We can take care of our pastor. We're better off. We live better. We—we can wear better clothes. We can associate with a better class." I don't whether you could or not. The best meetings I ever had was in a little old mission down on the side of the street somewhere, where a dozen come together with a true heart. That's right. I'd rather be there any time.

<sup>56</sup> Oh, you see how easy, because they let down the bars. The first round of you Pentecostal people did fine. Another round comes along, it begins to weaken down. Then you begin the denominations stick in the back. "We're Oneness. We're Threeness. We're Fiveness." You're nothing. That's exactly right as long as you think that.

Well, you got that thought in your heart, get it out. It'll canker you. Your soul will rust over it, because you've fussed and stewed and argued and went on about your little old pet theologies. If you had Christ in your heart, it'd never happened. You'd all coordinated together and went in one big group and went on. Why has the devil have to fight you when you're fighting one another? He just sets back and let you kill your own self.

<sup>57</sup> There you are. Let down the bars somewhere, and you're feeding in that blessed holy place in your heart. You've brought the unclean vessel of the devil into there where the vessels of the Lord should've been, where the fruits of righteousness ought to be with peace, longsuffering, goodness, gentleness, patience, meekness. It's selfishness, greed, denominational barriers, fighting one another, and that's the reason you're wearing earrings and short hair and manicure over your face and all kinds of things like that. That's the reason. That's what done it.

Where we at now? You know it's the Truth. What we need today is not a new church. What we need today is—is not a—a new evangelist. What we need today is the old time Saint Paul's revival and the Holy Ghost, and a housecleaning all the way from the pulpit to the janitor. That's right. Swept out, cleaned out. . . Somebody stand up there will tell you the truth whether it cuts or whether it doesn't. That's right. God's Word, sharper than a two-edged sword, a discernor of the thoughts of the mind, Hebrews 4 says so.

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<sup>58</sup> But what happened? Then the devil tries to satisfy that thirst for you. “Well, John’s got a better job. Bless God. We’ve went and left that old holy-roller church and we went over to this one.” See where you went?

All right then. Here’s another thing. The devil try to satisfy it with—with television, with drinking, with gambling, with wearing ungodly clothes, selfishness.

And I went into a church here not long ago. They wanted me to hold a revival. And the preacher actually had to let loose after about twenty minutes of sermon and let all the deacons go out and smoke cigarettes. Brother, there we had—we had a revival one night, and the next night I was throwed out. But they heard about it anyhow. The blood’s off of my hands. What do you think Christ would do if He was on earth today? He—He’d break more than a couple of ropes together to beat them out: “Make My house a den of thieves.”

<sup>59</sup> And another thing the devil tries to do to quench that thirst, you say, “Well, I’m very religious.”

Said to a woman here not long ago on the platform, I said, “Are you a Christian?”

She said, “I’ll have you understand; I burn a candle every night.” That’s the strength of Christianity, so-called. You might burn a bonfire, and it’d never do you any good unless the Holy Ghost and fire is lit into your heart.

I asked a man on the West Coast; I said, “Sir, are you a Christian?” I wanted to catch him right there and tell him to his face.

He said, “I’m an American.”

I said, “That don’t have one thing to do with it, not a thing.”

Walking through a pig pen don’t make you a pig. That’s one thing sure. You’ve got to be born again, then your habits are different.

<sup>60</sup> Did you ever take the crow and the dove? In the ark they both sit on the same roost. One could fly just the same place as the other, but the crow was satisfied when she turned loose, went out and fly from one old dead carcass to another where the bugs and things was eating, there she’d on that; it was all right. But the dove couldn’t find no rest for her feet. She had to come back. She couldn’t stand that old stink.

You know, a crow is one of the biggest hypocrites there is. You take a dove, will fly down in a field of wheat and eat wheat. A crow can fly on an old dead carcass and eat his belly full and come over here and eat wheat too. But the dove cannot come from the wheat field to the dead carcass. No, sir. Anything sickening is a hypocrite. I’d rather be an infidel any time. But an old hypocrite will go to church, and stick

their nose up in the air, and act like they're somebody, take off for the things of the world and say, "Well, my pastor's broader minded than your narrow minded pastor." You poor, decrepit I don't know what. You need an old fashion pastor that'll shake your hair for you, that'll tell you the truth.

Jezebel hated her pastor. Her pastor was Elijah, but he told her what was going to happen. She had to listen anyhow. She wouldn't accept him as the pastor, but God sent him as the pastor. He was God's pastor.

<sup>61</sup> Now, watch what happened. The crow, reason he can eat, he can digest anything. But the dove is made up different. It's a different makeup. A dove doesn't have any gall. It couldn't digest it. And a borned again Christian cannot eat the things of the world. He doesn't have any gall any more. It would kill him. You won't see the dove eating dinner with the crow as long as he's on that dead carcass.

"Oh, I just went with them down to the pool room. I didn't think there was any harm." The Holy Ghost teaches you better than that. And then the devil wants to satisfy that. You say, "I'm religious. I joined a church." That don't have one thing to do with it. The devil tries to satisfy that thirst that you have in your heart for God to let you join a church. That's as big a lie as he could get you to believe. Joining church don't have one thing to do with it. You could join every church in this town and go to hell like a martin to its box. You could belong to every one of them.

<sup>62</sup> Except you're borned again, except something's happened here that changes your whole appetites of the things of the world or the . . . All your love and devotion, everything's give to Christ. Then's when you're coming along. You can tell when your spirit bears record with His Spirit, your life copes with it. Yes. "Oh, my soul longeth for Thee, O Lord. I long to see Thee," David, when he seen the church getting away. "I long to see Thee like I seen Thee in Thy sanctuary," pure, holy. "My thirst . . . My soul thirsts for Thee like in a dry and thirsty land where no water is.

<sup>63</sup> David was a hunter. He dealt with wild animals. And he knowed what they were. You can learn a lot by wild animals if you'll just watch them. I just love to watch wild animals. I was out today, driving through the roads and things trying to find something to look at it, see if I could see a deer or something I could watch. How that you can see God in them if you'll just watch them. . . .

And David had noticed how that in the country where they had a lot of deer, they had, in that country, wild dogs, or we call them here,

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wolves. And he said, "As the hart thirsts for the water brook, my soul thirsts after Thee." As a hart, the deer, thirsting for the water brook . . .

<sup>64</sup> Now, to some of you hunters, if you wound a deer and he can get to the water, you'll lose him. He will keep drinking, go up, circle back. You can track him wherever you want to. Come right back to that water. He will never leave that water. But if he doesn't get to the water, you'll pick him up right away.

Then in David's time, like it is in British Columbia and many places where I hunt, you notice that wolf. There's the little deer standing out there, a very typical sight of a little young lady in her teen-age, or a little young man, or some man's darling, his wife, or some woman's husband. And they call it today, "The wolf's whistle," you know, the wolf call.

<sup>65</sup> That's what I was getting at you a while ago. Why do you make yourself up like that and act like that, women? Let me tell you something before I leave it. You know what's going to happen at the day of judgment? You're going to be guilty for committing adultery. You say, "Why, I'm just as pure as a lily to my husband. Mr. Branham, I never was defiled."

Let's find out. Jesus said, "Whosoever looketh upon a woman to lust after her, has committed adultery with her in his heart already." Is that what He said? All right, if you walk down the street dressed with that little old dirty looking clothes on and some man looks at you and lusts after you, that sinner will answer for committing adultery, and who did he do it with? Who presented themselves to him? Who's guilty? You're guilty. You stuck yourself out there before him like that, and you're guilty of committing adultery with that sinner and will answer for it at the day of judgment.

<sup>66</sup> I'd like to put a tent up out here and preach on some of these things just for a while. You just run over the top of those things. Jesus said, "Whosoever look upon a woman to lust after her . . ." And you present yourself out there. You might be, morally speaking, undefiled, but because a demon spirit made you dress and act like that, you're guilty of letting a sinner committing adultery with you, because you presented yourself like that. That's what Jesus said. Have to talk to Him about it.

That's why I'm telling you, sister dear. That's why I'm telling you, brother dear. What is the matter with this country? Oh, don't you see that the devil has took it without firing a shot? He's got the church. He come right in sly as a way of modern education and science, waded right in and took them with this in his arms. And women get themselves out here, not realizing it. Setting in our hotel window a while ago, seen a little woman come out that didn't have enough clothes on to wad a

shotgun, and put a—had a little baby in her arms, running out in the street after a hub cap going down the street, a—a—a little lady with a baby? That poor little thing, what's it going to be raised up in?

<sup>67</sup> When I was a game warden, I was coming down on a train one day and a woman setting there with her limbs crossed and smoking a cigarette, and knocking the—blowing the ashes out of her baby's eyes. I walked around; I said, "Woman, did God give you that baby for an ash tray?" But the world don't want to hear those things.

Half the time, Satan won't even let people set and listen to it. So defiled, so corrupted, minds so far gone, so polluted with the things of the world, they have no conscience. The Bible said, "In the last days they'd be heady, highminded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, and despisers of those that are good; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such, turn away. For this is the sort that goes from house to house, and lead silly woman laden with dav—divers sin," laden away in our societies.

<sup>68</sup> Your societies, got so many of it now till the church can't even move, it's paralyzed. What good's it done? You need a prayer meeting and an altar call is what you need. There they stand, the little innocent things, standing out there not knowing. What's the matter with you preachers? Get woke up. God will hold you responsible for it, brother. Preach it. Get the blood off your own hand. Get out there, they want the boys to say, "Wheet-whew!" Look what happened.

<sup>69</sup> A little deer, standing in the field picking, and a wolf sees it. He's attracted to it. Now, the wolf's a killer, and that wolf that whistles is a killer too, sis, worse than the other one.

So the wolf has a tactic. When it grabs the deer, it's got two blood fangs. And he runs . . . Many times have I shot them off of my horse, getting our calves and so forth, watch them how they run just as fast as they could, cut right into this little deer, and jump up and throw those blood fangs just behind the ear like that, and swing his weight around: cuts the throat completely. The little deer makes a couple of stumbles and it's gone. Then it's covered all over with coyotes in a few minutes. Coyote is a prairie wolf. Picking their bones . . .

<sup>70</sup> And then if he misses that place, he's got another place he can grab. That's right in the flank. Now, the flank is kind of middle weight of the deer. The hind quarters is heavier than the front quarters, and that's about halfway; so if he can grab and get a hold of that, he can shake the deer. If he gets a good hold he can throw the deer down anyhow, if he sees he's going to miss the throat when he's turning. And he will grab the flank. And if the deer is real smart, it can give a certain twist,

and the wolf will grab the whole mouthful off. Then the little fellow starts bleeding. But if he can get away, if it's fast. . .

<sup>71</sup> Oh, sister, dear, brother dear, I wonder where it's grabbed you tonight? Remember, there's female wolves too. Where has he grabbed you, little girl here that's just attended your first rock-and-roll party. And you little fellows out there, lusting your soul on dirty old rotten stuff like Elvis Presley.

I'd get out here on this corner and preach the Gospel for thirty minutes, I'd probably be in jail for disturbing the peace. Elvis Presley could stand there and sing them old dirty songs and young girls run up and pull their underneath clothes off and throw it into him and he autograph it. And he can stand there, and they take police court and throw them—people away so he could sing.

<sup>72</sup> It shows what the world's come to. The world give their decision when they said, "Take Jesus and crucify Him and give us Barabbas." There's only one difference between Elvis Presley. . . I happen to live in his country, you know, know his pastor and all. Said he's religious. There's one difference to my opinion with God's Bible between Elvis Presley and Judas Iscariot. Judas got thirty pieces of silver. Elvis got a fleet of Cadillacs and two or three million dollars. That's the difference. They both sold out to the devil. Exactly right.

All this stuff. Tennessee Ernie Ford, all that stuff, stand and sing a religious song, and roll their eyes like a dying calf, then go out of a daytime and in them places, and old vulgar things, and put their arms around those women, and act like that. . . And you tune that thing in on your television, let your children look at that woman. You need an old fashion prayer meeting with a open Bible. That's right.

<sup>73</sup> Some of you churches. . . I went down here the other day to a YMCA in a certain city. I was across the street from it, rather. Raised my curtain, they had little girls over there, sixteen years old, teaching them this boogie-woogie, or what—rock-and-roll. I'm a missionary. I can prove this without a shadow of a doubt, that woman wearing paint come from a heathen trait. The heathens do it. And boogie-woogie and rock-and-roll is a African dance of the heathens. Can't you see how the devil come in and polished it up?

<sup>74</sup> Used to be the old drunkard was old Charlie BarleyCorn, horrible looking hideous scarecrow in the field somewhere, but today he's all polished up. He's in bumpers and setting in every ice box. He's still the same devil. Oh, yes.

The church used to be a holy place. The people used to be a holy people that went there, but look at them today, dress alike, look alike, go alike, can't tell one from the other, all of them just dog-eat-dog.

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75 Notice, if that little deer, when he gets away . . . Now, I'm closing now. I guess you think it's time. But when that little deer could get away, what happens when he go to bleeding? He goes to thirsting. He's got to find water. That's what David said, "As the hart thirsts for the water brook." He's wounded. His life's bleeding out of him. Hart thirsts for the water brook. My soul thirsts after Thee, O God. If that little deer can't find water, he's going to die. But if he can find water, he will survive it.

76 O God, I would that every soul in here tonight would see the wounds of Satan.

Now, take inventory of yourself, each one. See where he's wounded you. You say, "But, Brother Branham, I haven't gone all the way . . . ? . . ." Child, you're wounded. Does your soul thirst for God? "O God, I must find You or die. I can't go on without You, God. I can't eat no more or I won't sleep no more. I've got to have You, Lord, or perish." When the church gets to that condition, God will come back to His church. God will be to the church . . . Oh, as the hart thirsts for the water brook, my soul thirsts after Thee, O God. Let's bow our heads just a minute.

77 Merciful God, look across this audience tonight at all of us, Lord, see the wounds and the scars of the world. Look at these poor little women setting here, Lord. Look at these men. What a pity, what a shame, God. And let them know that Thy servant, Lord, who loves them, surely, if You'd let me know the thoughts of their heart and things by a gift to manifest Your Presence, You would let me know that this message needed to come tonight.

God, grant tonight that every person in here will see their need. They're wounded. Maybe some of them's long church members, bobbed hair, painted faces, men who lets their wives go and smoke cigarettes, and . . . O God, what a wounded church. What a sick body. May they go to thirsting right now, O God. "Take me just as I am. Forgive me, Lord. Try me just once more. I'll straighten up, Lord. I'll make things right. Just give me a chance." Grant it, Lord. If they're real deers, your deers to your heart, they'll certainly come to the water brook now.

78 While we have our heads bowed, I wonder, you that's been wounded by this old hound of hell, that's bawled down your track and got you all in the fixed condition that you are tonight, surely you see it. If you believe God hears my prayer for healing the sick, how about your soul? Would you come here, and shake my hand, and stand here, and let's pray? Come on, down through the balconies, out of

the building, you know you're wounded. Don't say you're not. Your presence even shows it.

Just as I am without one . . . (Will you come here, let me shake your hand.)

That . . . (God bless you, sister. God bless you.)

Honest—honest hearted, a little lady setting here, clean looking little lady. No, she . . . Would you just stand here a minute, sister. Let's . . . Just come right on down. That's right. Come out of the balcony. We'll wait.

<sup>79</sup> You believe I told you the truth? Raise your hand. You believe I said that to be mean? No, sir. If I did, brother, I'm not fit to stand here. I've told you from my heart if I know it to be clean. I've said it because you need it. You're dear people. Last night you give me a portion of your living to feed my children with. You think I'd come here be hypocrite enough to throw off something on you that wasn't right? I come here because I'm warned in my heart. That's why I come. Now, you know you're guilty. There should be scores of you coming here right now. You know you're wrong. Look at yourself. Think yourself over. That's up to you. If you want to continue on, that's up to you. I plead and offer you Christ while we sing once more.

Just as . . . (God bless you, brother.)

[Brother Branham leaves the microphone and blesses the people—Ed.] . . . ? . . .

Whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God I come! I . . .

<sup>80</sup> Are you willing to admit you're wrong? I feel led to say this while these are standing here, church members. I said, "Sisters, I don't mean to be mean."

They said, "God bless you, Brother Branham. That's what we needed."

All right, would you take this before God tonight, each one in here? "Jesus, seal me in my condition right now the way I set. And let my opinions and everything be just as they are now. When I meet You at the judgment, let my same condition exist now if I meet You at judgment." What about that? You want Jesus to seal you just the way you are now? Let your opinions, your thoughts, if you're not condemned or anything, let Him meet you like that, with that spirit you have and condition now at the judgment. Think of it now while we bow our heads quietly. Come here, in Christ's Name. If there's condemnation on your soul in any way, come here to the altar now. Methodists, you come. Baptists, you come. Pentecost, you

come. Presbyterian, Lutheran, Nazarenes, Pilgrim Holiness, Catholic, whatever you are, come. Listen, the Holy Spirit is on me, tells me that this place should be standing, going up and down these aisles. Now, you be the judge.

<sup>81</sup> Let us pray. Lord, I said those words because that I felt like I should say them, never thought of them before in my life. Never did I feel that in my life. You're my Judge, Lord. But I said it because that I love these people, and Your Spirit has warned me to say so. They're lovely. They're kind. They are conservative, a little indifferent many of them, yet good people. But seeing, Lord, that darkness now in this way, hanging to the people, God, raise them from their seats and bring them out here to make their confession before Thee.

Grant it, Lord. Hear the prayer of Your servant as I intercede and stand as the—between the living and dead. With this hard cutting sermon that cuts plumb into the marrow, but God be my Judge, I said it because You placed it in my lips to say. Let the people understand, Father, just now.

Just as I am, Thou will receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe

That's right. That's right. Now you're obeying.

Just as I am, and waiting. . . (Listen to these words  
now.) Waiting not. . . (To rid my soul of what?)  
. . . of one dark blot.  
To—to Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
Just as . . .

Oh, that's the way, brother, sister, come right on out. No matter where you are, who you are. Come right on. If there's a spot on your life, this is the time. I promise you. God's going to do something for you now.

<sup>82</sup> How many of you's seeking the Holy Ghost and has never received It, yet? This is your time. We're waiting. They're coming down out of the balconies and around, getting in, gathering around. This is the hour of your decision. Will you come to God and make the old fashion confession? Will you come and say, "God, I'm guilty. I'm guilty of doing wrong. Forgive me, God. Take me into Your care and Your confidence tonight. I promise You, I'll serve You."

To Thee, whose Blood can cleanse each spot,  
. . . I come! I come!

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While we sing it once more, I want ministers to come here to the platform. All ministers that's here, come up here to the platform with me just a minute.

. . . without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou . . . (Hear that little voice speaking,  
bidding you?)  
Come to Thee . . . (Now, walk right forward up  
around the sides here.)  
. . . Thou will . . . (Just gather right . . . ? . . . )  
Will wel . . .

<sup>83</sup> Are you finished back there? Are you sure there's nothing on your soul? Step out in the aisles if you—if you want to. Hadn't you rather make it right here? What if tonight is your last night? What if you go in a heart attack or something before morning? What if your car crashes tonight? What if the doctor comes along early in the morning, takes your pulse? You're gone. Come now. Make it right now. Don't—don't gamble with your soul, friends.

Just as . . .

<sup>84</sup> Up in the balcony, if you think it's too far to walk down, stand up on your feet. Just stand up and say, "God, I got something on my soul." God bless you, brother. Listen, you might've done a many great thing in your life, sir, but that's the greatest move you've ever made. You're man enough. I got confidence in you to stand up and say, "I'm wrong. God, forgive me." Men that'll stand . . .

God bless you, young lady. You, you, sir. All around. God bless you, lady. That's right. Stand up if you feel that you're wrong. Stand up. Say, "God, I'm—I'm wrong. I'm ashamed of myself. I now want to confess my sins. I—I want to be right with God." Hear sobs and weeping, broken up spirits. He that goeth forth sowing in tears will doubtless return again rejoicing, bringing in precious sheaves.

<sup>85</sup> Stand now, everyone. Now, raise up our hands and each one do this. Make this prayer; say, "God, I'm ashamed of myself. I'm sorry I did this. Help me, Lord. Forgive me. I'm guilty. Take that guilt away. If I've shaved off my hair, I'll let it grow again, by Your grace. I'll wash my face from this paint stuff and never wear it again. I'll never wear them dirty looking little old clothes again. I'll dress myself like a lady. I'll conduct myself like God's daughter. Though I'm here in the world where it's all different like that slave was." Strange people, strange things . . .

<sup>86</sup> How about you men? You boys with your girlfriend, you girls with your boyfriends, if you're God's children, conduct yourselves like God's children. Be different. The world wants you to see that—wants to see

that in you. Now, let's raise our hands and we ask God to forgive us. Each one with their hands up . . .

While we bow our heads, I'm going to ask the minister here, brother here, if he will come lead us in prayer. Brother McCloud, one of the local men here . . . All right. Let us bow our heads while we look to God now. Be sincere. Don't doubt. God has promised to forgive you, and that He will do. All right. Let us bow now while Brother McCloud offers prayer.

[Brother McCloud prays: Our Heavenly Father . . . —Ed.] O Lord! [ . . . we thank Thee for Thy Word . . . ] Yes, Lord! [ . . . that Thou has so graciously given to us tonight . . . ] Oh! [ . . . through our Brother Branham. Lord, we believe it shall find fertile ground tonight . . . ] Grant it, Lord! [ . . . and it shall bring forth fruit, Lord, that this revival that America needs, this revival that we've been praying for, for New England, shall begin this night, Lord, . . . ] Grant it, Lord, in every heart. Grant it, Lord! [ . . . that Thy people, that are called by Thy Name, begin . . . ] O, God! [ . . . to confess their sins and turn from their evil ways, that You'll heal our land.] Yes, Lord, grant it tonight! [God, I pray tonight that each and every one of us, Lord, that You'll humble ourselves as we never have humbled ourselves before. God, cleanse us tonight from our evil sins, from our evil ways, from our wanderings, from our backslidings. Search our hearts; try our thoughts and cleanse us by Thy precious Blood. O God, tonight we covenant with Thee, Lord . . . ]



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