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# THE MIGHTY CONQUEROR

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Thank you. Such a privilege to be here, tonight, again under this great tent to minister again in the Name of our Lord.

Now, just before we read His Word, let us speak to Him in a word of prayer. Shall we bow our head:

Eternal God, Who brought again the Lord Jesus from the dead, we pray that You will forgive us of our many trespasses against You, and that Your Spirit will come to us tonight, in the great outpouring, and may the sinners weep their way through tonight and the—the sick be healed, and the great signs of the Living God be done under this tent tonight, God. Grant it.

This is Thy Word, as we are fixing to read It, and no one can interpret it but the Holy Spirit. And we pray that He will give us the context of the Word. Grant it, Lord, through Jesus' Name, we pray. Amen.

<sup>2</sup> I just love the Word of God. I like to read It. There's something about It that's so thrilling, just to know that we're reading Something that He . . . is Eternal. And God's Word is just as Eternal as He is.

Any man . . . no man's any better than his word. If I couldn't take your word, then we have no dealings then. You couldn't take my word, you couldn't trust me. And if we can take God's Word, we can trust what He said to be true. And if we can't take It, then it's time for us to go and pray until God reveals it to us, that He is Word. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

<sup>3</sup> Now, we're going to read, tonight, from the Book of Revelations, and the 6th chapter and the 2nd verse:

*And I saw, and behold a white horse: and he that set thereon was given a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering, and to conquer.*

I would like to, if it should be mentioned this way, to take this under consideration as to be called, "The Mighty Conqueror."

<sup>4</sup> Some time ago, I had the privilege of standing in Lisbon, Portuguese, and I went up to the old galley where they used to have slaves and prisoners of war. And there was a man . . . A picture had been engraved on some metal, and it was the man, some great warrior. He was a hero, because he had taken this great city. And then, just beyond him was a . . . He was a Turk. And just beyond that was another man who gave his life at this wall, another hero, conqueror, who he gave his

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life as a hero as he smashed the walls and taken it away from the Turks, and the Spanish taken it over.

And the world has been full of heroes, and conquerors, and so forth. And I'm thinking, tonight, of Constantine. As the great mighty warrior was on his road to Rome, being just a little troubled about going over. One night, when he was in his sleep, he dreamed a dream, that he saw a white cross come before him. And a voice spoke to him and said, "By this, ye shall conquer." And he woke all of his men up in the middle of the night, and had them to paint a white cross on their shield. And by that, well, they was to conquer.

<sup>5</sup> And truly, if there is any conquering to be done, it'll have to come through the cross. That's the only way there is to conquer, is through the cross.

And we know that Constantine was a great man, but then we're thinking again of about three years ago. I was on my way from Germany, where the Lord had give us a great meeting. And we stopped over at Brussels. And we wasn't too far out there, to Waterloo. And they was telling us about some statues and so forth, they had as relics of the great battle at Waterloo, many, many hundreds of years ago, where the great Napoleon was defeated.

And Napoleon, we all know as being a great man, but he started out on a good path when he was a young man; at the age of thirty-three he had conquered the world. After he whipped everybody in the world in all the nations, he set down and wept, because that there was no one else to whip. And he died at a early age, a alcoholic. When he started off, he was a prohibitionist. But when he died, he was an alcoholic. And he was so feared by the world.

<sup>6</sup> I was reading a little book, there in the airport, that said, that the women at night, when they went to put the little babies in the bed, as many mother says, "If you don't go to sleep, the old booger man's going to come and get you." Why, they'd frighten their babies more by saying that—that Napoleon was going to get them, because he was such a murderer. The little fellows would bright their little eyes and slip under the cover real quick, because they thought that mighty Napoleon would get them. But he was defeated, because he never played the rules of the game right.

And just remember this; that's a good lesson for the church of the living God. If we don't play the game according to the rules, we'll be disqualified at the end. You have to keep the rules of the game to win.

And if the rules of the game in this place, is a man must be borned again to enter into the fellowship of Christ and His church, and we might be the greatest denomination on earth, but if we haven't played

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the rules of the game, we'll be disqualified at the end. We've got to come straight with God's rules. It isn't our rules; it's His rules, that we've got to abide by. We're running the race according to His rules, and we have to abide by them.

7 So you see, Napoleon, after though being a great warrior, and a great conqueror, he conquered people under fear, and that's not the rule of the game. The rule of the game is conquer by love.

There is no other force in all the world as great as love. And I'm almost sure that we, as people, have put too much emphasis upon other rules that (don't mean to be rude, but sometimes), that we've made ourselves, and put so much stress on those rules, only to find ourself disqualified.

8 What if Martin Luther would've played the rules of the game, right? There'd have never been a Methodist Church.

What if Methodist had have played the rules of the game right? There'd never been a Pentecostal church.

But if we fail to play the rules of the game right, God will disqualify us and raise up out of these stones, children to Abraham. And God wants the game played right, and we must do it. So it doesn't make any difference how much we feel like that we're progressing on, until we get back to the rule of the game. . .

9 I was speaking with some Indians this afternoon, Hopi Indians, who came all the way from over in Arizona to be in the meeting. And some of the young men was down here last night at the altar, giving their hearts to Christ. And a missionary had come along with them, and I said . . . He said, "Brother Branham, I would love for you to ask God, if He would just increase my work for the Indian."

I said, "I feel for them too, sir." But I said, "If God has given you a talent, stay with that talent. And no matter what you try to do, if that talent isn't operated, no matter how great it is, if it isn't operate according to the rules, you'll be disqualified in the race."

10 And the strongest force, that I know of, is love. "Though I speak with tongues of men and Angels, and have not love, I am nothing, or become as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Though I have power to move mountains, and have not love, I am nothing."

So if we're going to play this game, as we would call it . . . If we're going to win, we've got to get back to the winning principle. All these great signs and wonders, that we have seen, to God we give praise. But if those things isn't built upon godly Christian love and respect for God and His people, it'll fail. It's just got to fail. See? Because it has no foundation. And in this great thing, I . . .

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<sup>11</sup> Standing some time ago, I was in the Westminster Abbey at London, England, and I seen the form of the poet that wrote the Psalm of Life, Longfellow, and I thought of his poem,

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
Life is just an empty dream! (Just eat, drink and be merry.)

And the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! And life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal;

Dust thou art, to dust returnest,

Was not spoken of the soul.

Lives of great men all remind us,

And we can make our lives sublime,

With partings leave behind us,

Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,

Sailing over life's solemn main,

For forlong and shipwreck brother,

Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us be up then and doing,

With a heart wherein we strive,

Be not like dumb driven cattle, be a hero.

<sup>12</sup> That's what each individual of the church ought to purpose in their heart, to do their very best for the Kingdom of God. And how do you serve God? When you're serving one another. When you're taking the little end of the horn, as it was to say. And men who has ever amounted to very much in the world, has been men who's come down, and become not great men; they made themselves small in order to accomplish a purpose.

I'm thinking, tonight, as I look over this audience of man—you men and women, that's around my age, of a hero that we used to read about in our reader, all too quickly forgotten, and that was of Arnold von Winkelried of Switzerland. Why, up in the Swiss mountains, you can just mention his name today, and the expression on the people's faces will change, and tears will run down their cheeks.

<sup>13</sup> We all are familiar with the story of how that the Finnish people, not the Finnish, pardon me, but the Swiss people, they were just a bunch of Germans that went up in the mountains to live in peace and not to have war, and they're still not a warring people.

But one day, when their little economy had been attacked by an army, and all the Finnish men had gathered into the valley in below

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the mountain. They had gone there to defend their homes, and their children; and all that they held dear in life, they went to defend it. And when they found themselves a small group out in the field, and looked, coming on, to them, a great marching army, like a brick wall, every man trained with spear, and shield, and helmets, and great armors on, just so trained and perfect, till not one man out of step, looked like, for an endless stretch. And here they were standing, and was standing for right as a group all beat up against the wall, with old sickle blades, and rocks, and sticks in their hands to fight with. What could that little army do against such an onslaught as they had, as their foe come every man trained right to the spot? Why, they were helpless. They had not one thing they could do.

<sup>14</sup> But finally, a young man stepped out, of about the age of thirty-three, and he said, "Gentlemen of Switzerland, this day I'll give my life for Switzerland."

They said, "Arnold von Winkelried, what can you do against such a great host coming on?"

He said, "Just beyond the mountain, I kissed good-bye my wife and three children. And there's a little white home, and they're standing in the door to watch me come home, but," said, "I'll never see them again this—in this earth, for today I give my life for Switzerland, and it's right."

They said, "What will you do, Mr. Arnold von Winkelried?"

He said, "You just follow me, and ever what you've got to fight with, fight with all that's in you."

And they said, "What will you do?"

And he threw down what he had in his hand; he seen that great army coming on, and he looked it all over, until he found the very thickest of the spears. And as the story goes, he raised his hands and took right towards the midst of the spears, screaming, "Make way for liberty." And he screamed again, "Make way for liberty." And he run right into those—where a hundred spears to catch him, and he threw out his arms and got a whole armload of them, and plunged them into his chest. Such a display of heroism, it routed the army, and those little Swiss men with sticks and stone, and sickle blades, routed that army out of their territory, and they haven't had a war since.

<sup>15</sup> That kind of heroism has seldom been compared with, and never exceeded. And Switzerland, today, remembers it, Arnold von Winkelried, hundreds and hundreds of years of no war. That was a great heroic deed.

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But oh, brother, sister, that was such a little thing, till one day, when Adam's race was backed up against a wall. They'd had prophets; they'd had laws, and they had killed the prophets, and destroyed the laws. And Adam's race was backed up, helpless and hopeless against the oncoming enemy, the devil and all of his hosts. Well-trained spirit beings, the mortal was no match for them at all. And what could they do, they were helpless?

But there was One who stepped out in glory from the bosoms of the Father, and He said, "I'll go down this day and give My life for Adam's fallen race."

<sup>16</sup> And when He was here on earth, He found the darkest spot of the spears that conquered man, that was death. And He grabbed an armful of them at Calvary and plunged Himself to death, and left the commission with His church, the little ragged group, uneducated, illiterate fisherman. He never left with just sticks and stones to fight with, but on the day of Pentecost, He put the greatest weapon in the church's hands that it ever had. And He said, "Follow me, and fight with all that's in you."

He led the way; He was the Mighty Conqueror. He didn't conquer for Himself and for His own glory, but He conquered for the good of Adam's fallen race. There's never been a conqueror like that.

<sup>17</sup> Napoleon was defeated as a drunken maniac at the age of thirty-three, but at the age of thirty-three, Christ, playing the game right, had conquered death, hell, sickness, and the grave. Never was a Conqueror like Him or never could be.

Ladies and gentlemen, and my brothers, and sisters, it's time, tonight for the church to pick up that which Christ left us. "This will all men know you're My disciples, when you have love one for the other." And take that sword and self-sacrifice and get back to the old Gospel line again, going out to conquer our enemy. Conquer him by love, by the same thing that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth Him shall not perish, but have Eternal Life."

<sup>18</sup> When He was on earth, Adam's race had many fears. And it's true, they still have them, but they shouldn't have them. As Arnold von Winkelried ended war once for all. And it—Christ won once for all at Calvary.

When He was here on earth, He walked up to a—a sick man, that sickness had bound the human race, and He said, "Thou spirit of the devil, I charge thee, come out of the man." He conquered the devil.

When a man lay in the grave dead, He conquered death for the man, or the sickness when the maniac come out to destroy Him, and

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the maniac realized that He was the Son of God; he said to Him, "Oh, if You'll cast us out, suffer us to go in that bunch of hogs." For he knew the authority that Jesus Christ had. He conquered the devil everywhere He met him. And He not only conquered in Himself, but left the commission to the church that, "Anything that you ask in My Name, that I will do."

<sup>19</sup> Fight with what's in your hands. If it's singing, sing the Gospel. If you can't do nothing but whistle, whistle just as loud as you can for the glory of God. If you can't do no more than pat your hands, pat them. Conquer with whatever you got in your hand. Clap them in such a way, that all the neighbors will love you. Whistle in such a way, that all denominations will know that you belong to Christ. Conquer them; play the game fair. Play it right.

We're living in a day that when this social gospel is becoming predominate, when the—the churches are uniting themselves together and making a social religion, and binding themselves together; it's a terrible day. They're trying to take all the Deity, and all the—the—the glory away from Christ, and trying to make Him just a prophet. If Christ was just a prophet, we're every one lost. He was more than a prophet, and today when . . .

<sup>20</sup> A woman told me some time ago; she said, "Mr. Branham, there's one thing that I do not like about your speaking."

Well, I said, "What is it, sister?"

And she said, "You try to magnify Christ too much; you brag on Him too much. You try to make Him more than what He is."

I said, "If I had ten thousand languages, I would—could exhaust them, and could never explain what He really is. He is worthy of every praise."

She said, "Mr. Branham, I heard you say from the platform, that you was a fundamentalist."

I said, "According to the Word, yes."

She said, "If I'll explain to you, and prove to you by the Word, that He was just a man, and you try to make Him Deity."

I said, "He was Deity." I said, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself." I said, "If He's just a prophet, we're all lost."

She said, "If I'll prove to you, by the Bible, that He was just a man. Will you accept it?"

I said, "Yes, ma'am, if the Bible said that."

She said, "When He went down to the grave of Lazarus, in Saint John the 11th chapter, the Bible said, 'He wept,' and if He'd been

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Deity, He could not weep. So that made Him nothing but just an ordinary good man.”

<sup>21</sup> I said, “Sister, your argument’s no good. I said, “You failed to see. You saw the man, but you failed to see the God in the man.” I said, “It is truth. When He went down to the grave of Lazarus, He was weeping like a man, but when He pulled those little shoulders back together, and looked at the face of a dead man, that had been dead and his soul was four day’s journey, and He said, ‘Lazarus, come forth.’ That dead man stood on his feet again; that was more than a man speaking there. He is a Mighty Conqueror. That was God speaking through His Son.

And He was a man, when He come off the mountain, that night, hungry, had nothing to eat, and looked around on a fig tree to find something to eat. He was a man when He was hungry, but when He took five biscuits and two little fishes and fed five thousand, that was more than a man. That was God speaking through His Son, Christ Jesus, Deity in man.”

<sup>22</sup> It—truly He was a man, when He was on the back of that little boat, that night when ten thousand devils of the sea swore they’d drowned Him. It was flopping around out there like a bottle stopper on a mighty sea. And the devil, seeing, said, “Now, we’ve got Him.” But when He woke, put His foot upon the brail of the boat, looked up and said, “Peace, be still,” and the waves and the winds obeyed Him. He was more than a man, when He did that.

He was a man, when He called for mercy at the cross. He died like a man, but on Easter morning, when the seal of the Roman government was broke and the tomb was empty, He rose again. He might have died like a man, but He raised again like God. He was a God-man.

No wonder the poet said,

Living, He loved me;  
Dying, He saved me;  
Buried, He carried my sins far away.  
Rising, He justified, freely forever.  
Someday, He’s coming. O glorious day.

No wonder, blind Fanny Crosby could scream,

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.  
Thou the stream of all my comfort,  
More than life to me,  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee,  
Or Whom in heaven but Thee.”

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<sup>23</sup> He was more than a man; He was God's Mighty Conqueror. Oh, how, we should love Him, how we should praise Him, how we should love one another, as He loved us, and gave Himself for us, that we might be more than conquerors, through Him, Who conquered sickness, death, hell.

We see Him here on earth as a Conqueror. We see Him stand there by the side of the grave and conquer death in that man. His soul was four day's journey; I don't know where he was; neither do you. But wherever he was, He conquered it, brought it back. Corruption knew its Master. Amen. And the soul of this man had been dead, come back and lived again in a mortal body, and set at a table and eat. And never was a man could do that before. He was God's Mighty Conqueror.

<sup>24</sup> The sickness—He never preached a funeral. Death couldn't stay in His presence. How could death and life dwell together? They can't do it. That's the reason today, brother, when the church is borned again of the Spirit of God, death and life can't hold together. Something takes place. Christ comes in and conquers our passions; He conquers our desires. He conquers all that's ungodly about us. And because He lives, we live also. He conquers everything that's ungodly. He's already did it; it's laying at our hands just to receive.

We see Him in His earthly ministry as a Conqueror. Certainly, we do. But now, let's watch Him after He died. He still went on conquering. He never ended at the grave. The Bible said, "His soul descended into hell, and He preached to the spirits that were in prison, that repented not in the long suffering of the days of Noah."

<sup>25</sup> I can see Him as the heavens and the earth turning black, the rocks a belching out of the mountains. The whole heavens, the moon, the stars refused to shine. He conquered it. And when He went down, descended down, and knocked at the door, where those lost souls was, and when the doors came open, and those people who laughed and made fun of Enoch, who made fun of Noah—I can hear Him say, "I am that One, that Enoch said would come with ten thousands of His saints. Why didn't you believe Enoch? Why didn't you believe Noah?"

Everything had to know that He'd conquered. When He shut the door on them, the days of mercy was passed. On down into the lowest pits of hell, He went. And He knocked at the sooty doors of the devil's hell.

And the devil comes to the door, as we could look to see, and there he said, "Well, here You are, after all. I sure thought I had You, when I killed the prophets. I was sure I had You, when I had John's head cut off in prison. But now, after all, You've got here."

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<sup>26</sup> I can hear Him as He said, straighten Hissself up, said, “Satan, I’m the virgin born Son of the living God. My Blood’s still wet on the cross. I paid the price. I’ve conquered, and I’ve come down to take over, strip you of everything that you claim that you had.” Reached over to his side and jerked those keys of death and hell off of him, kick him back into the place where he belonged. He conquered hell. When He rose, He had the keys of death and hell hanging on His side.

What’s the church scared about then? Amen. He conquered Satan; He conquered sickness; He conquered death; He conquered hell. He’s on his road out. Remember, there’s some more faithful that went on too. They were in a place called paradise. They could not go into the Presence of God, because they had worshipped under the shed blood of lambs and goats and so forth. It never divorced sin; it only covered sin.

And that’s it today, friend, you can’t cover your sins and get in; it’s got to be got rid of. And there’s only one thing will do it: that isn’t your church; that isn’t your baptism by the water; that’s the Blood of Jesus Christ, that covers sins and divorces it. The only means of conquer that there is, is through the Blood of the Lord Jesus.

<sup>27</sup> And let’s say it’s about four o’clock the—on Sunday morning. Sarah and Abraham are walking around through the paradise. And all of—at once, there comes a rap at the door. [Brother Branham knocks—Ed.] And Job goes to the door, and he opens back the door to see who’s knocking, coming in this morning at this time of day. And he looks, raises his hand; he said, “That’s my Redeemer, that I saw back there when the lightning was flashing. I know He liveth, and at the last days, He will stand on the earth. That’s Him.”

Abraham said, “What did you say, Job?” He looks over his shoulder, said, “Come here, Sarah, look here. Look Who’s at the door, this morning.”

“Why,” Sarah said, “that’s the One that had His back turned to me, and I laughed in the tent, and He knowed it. That’s it. That’s Him.”

<sup>28</sup> Here comes Daniel running up, and looks over Sarah’s shoulder; he said, “That’s the Rock, that I saw hewed out of the mountain without hands.”

Just then, Ezekiel come running up; he said, “That’s the Wheel in the middle of the wheel, that I saw turning, way up in the middle of the air.”

There’s the Mighty Conqueror. Oh, my, as we hear them then, said, “Come on, children, you were faithful over a few things. Come on; we’re going out this morning. You’ve been in here long enough. We’re going higher.” Oh, God, let that be the desire of the church. Let’s go higher. Pull up our stakes out of Egypt.

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<sup>29</sup> Abraham said, "Father, can we just make a little whistle-stop, as we go through? I'd like to look the old place over."

"Sure, I'm going to be talking with My disciples for forty days. Look around awhile."

You know, the Scripture says that many of the saints rose, after His resurrection, went into the city and appeared to many. Abraham and Sarah walking through the city, "Wasn't that wonderful?" Said, "Sarah, look at the old place." Oh, my, I feel real religious right now. I really do. "Look it over. There's the city of David; there's all those beautiful spots. There's the altars that I built. Blessed be the Name of the Lord."

<sup>30</sup> After forty days, He was standing, giving His last commission, "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel (not build churches, not make organizations, but preach the Gospel; we did otherwise.). These signs shall follow them that believe; in My Name they shall cast out devils . . ." and so forth, as He goes on.

As He was speaking, gravitation become conquered. There becomes light under His feet, as hundreds of brethren, watching. And He begins to move up, on up, ascending up, Him and the Old Testament saints, going into glory. They went on beyond the stars, beyond the moon, beyond the stars of stars. And they come in sight of the great City. Oh, what that must have been, Jesus out in front, as that great Conqueror, marching on.

And all of a sudden, the Old Testament saints come in the sight of the big beautiful City, and they screamed with one great blast that shook the heavens. "Lift up, ye everlasting gates, and be ye lifted up, and let the King of glory come in."

<sup>31</sup> You know, they said, when Hitler conquered France, that he stood by the Arch of Triumph, while German soldiers, by the endless miles marched through, and the planes blacked the skies. They were all there to celebrate Hitler's great coming into France. How they brought Stalin into Germany, but oh, brother, when the church brought Jesus in that day: "Lift up ye everlasting gates and be ye lifted up, and let the King of glory come in."

And the Angel said, "Who is this King of glory?"

And the Old Testament saints, cried back, "The Lord of host, mighty in battle, the great Conqueror. He led captive captive and give gifts unto men." The Bible said He did.

<sup>32</sup> And you talk about a welcome home? As the Angels over them great pearly gates, as they swung open, and Jesus, right down through the streets of glory, with the Old Testament saints behind him, singing, "All hail the power of Jesus Name." And He come up in the front of

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the Father's throne, and said, "Father, here they are. They were faithful over a few things."

He said, "Get up here, Son, and set on the right hand, until I make all Thy foes, Thy footstool." There He stands, tonight.

Lo, behold the Mighty Conqueror.  
Lo, and behold Him in plain view.  
For He is the Mighty Conqueror,  
Since He rent the veil in two.

<sup>33</sup> There has never been nothing conquer like our Lord Jesus Christ. What this world needs tonight, is some reality. What this world needs tonight, is something that means something. What the world's looking to see in you Christians, is something that's genuine. They're so tired of seeing church played. They're so tired of being fed up. "I'm Presbyterian. I'm Methodist. I'm Catholic. I'm Pentecostal. I'm Nazarene." That isn't what the world's a hungering for. They're hungering for the true Bread of Life.

Jesus said, "You are the salt of the earth, but if the earth has lost it's savour—or the salt has lost it's savour, it's not good for nothing but to be made roads out of."

Salt is the savour, if it contacts. You just be salty; the world will get thirsty. God give us men and women who are real, men and women who stand gallantly. Your weakest link, in your chain, is the strongest place. That tells the chain, no matter how strong other things are, that weak in one point. There's where you want keep covered.

<sup>34</sup> Here, some time ago . . . As all of you know, that I'm a hunter. Not to kill the game, I just go to live where—out to see God, get out in the nature. Sometimes I get so sick and tired of smelling gasoline and cigarettes, till it make you vomit. I like to go way up into His cathedral up on top of the mountain somewhere, there be alone, not hear the hums of airplane motors and so forth, but to hear the everlasting whisper of God's voice through the winds as it comes through the pines. That's God to me. Oh, there's something real about it.

<sup>35</sup> I used to hunt up in the north woods, with a friend of mine, Bert Call. I met him a few days ago, and shook his hand, and had dinner with him, while I was in New England, in those country up there, in the—a healing revival. And one day . . .

I would go up there to hunt, each fall, and one day going up, I was talking to Bert. And he was one of the best hunters I ever seen. I . . . You never had to worry about him; you would know where he was at. You didn't have to hunt him up; he knowed where he was at in the woods. He was a good hunter, but the meanest man I ever knowed. He

was just cruel as he could be. He loved to shoot little fawns, just to make me feel bad.

<sup>36</sup> Now, that's all right to shoot a fawn, you Texas boys, here, you hunters. If the law says you can have a fawn, that's all right. No matter the age of the deer. Abraham killed a calf, and God eat it. That's right. So there's no harm in killing them. That's exactly right. But just to be a murderer, that's different.

Did that stump you? He did do it. He eat the calf, drink the milk of the cow, and eat some corn cakes. It's exactly right. Eat the butter, that the milk was churned from, He certainly did. And God did it, and vanished right before Abraham.

You say, "That was an Angel." Abraham said it was God, Elohim. That's right. Was God. Oh, I'm so glad, that He holds it in His hand. How great Thou art.

<sup>37</sup> Someone said to me, "You believe, Brother Branham, that was God?"

I said, "Sure, It was God." That . . . Our great Creator? He just . . . We're all made out of sixteen elements. He just reached down and got some petroleum, cosmic light, and—and atoms, and, phfff, blowed a little body, stepped into it, and put His Angels in there, and walked to Abraham. Certainly. Eat the meat, and was hungry, and vanished out of his sight. That same God knows where I'll be buried. He knows where you'll be.

<sup>38</sup> Not long ago, I was combing these two or three hairs, I got left. My wife setting back there, she said, "Billy, you're just about baldheaded."

I said, "But I haven't lost a one of them."

She said, "Where are they at? Tell me."

I said, "Where was they, before I got them? They're there waiting for me; someday I'll go to them." They was. Every hair of your head's numbered, and not one of them can be lost. These hands that used to be a little boy, these shoulders that's stooping under preaching the Gospel, someday will spring back again to the picture made in His image, stand in His likeness, washed in His Blood, redeemed by His grace, I shall stand (Yes, indeed.), and no fear to death. There He come.

<sup>39</sup> And one day, I went to Bert, and he'd made him a little old whistle. And he'd make that little whistle go like a little baby fawn crying. I said, "Bert, you're not going to use that?"

He said, "Oh, Billy, get next to yourself. You're just a chicken-hearted preacher. That's the way with all of you." Said, "You're a good hunter, but you're too chicken-hearted."

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I said, "Bert, I'm a hunter, but not a killer. I don't like to see you do that." I said, "Don't use that, Bert."

He said, "Aw, go on."

We started hunting that morning, about six inches of snow, good tracking weather, as any hunter knows. And we hunted—I was a little late in the season, 'fore I got there. I'd been in the meetings quite a bit, and we'd hunted all morning and found nothing, because them white-tail deer, up there, they really know how to hide. And they got away, under the daytime, especially.

<sup>40</sup> And it was along about noon, why, Bert set down at a little opening about the size—half the size of this tent, and he was setting there. I thought he was going to get his coffee jug out, or his—wasn't coffee we drink, it was hot chocolate. And I thought he was going to get his—his—his jug of chocolate, and we'd have some sandwiches, then we'd separate and hunt back, because we hadn't even seen one track all morning. The deers were scared. They stayed under brush piles in daytime and in the thickets, so you couldn't find them.

<sup>41</sup> And I noticed him, as he set down there, when he was getting into his pocket, and I was standing up. And he pulled out this little whistle.

I thought, "Surely, Bert, you won't do that." And he looked up at me with them lizard-looking eyes, and he said—laughed, and he started to blow it. I said, "Don't do that, Bert."

But when he blew it, just across, about twenty yards from me, a great big mother doe stood up. Now, a doe is the female deer. Why, she was so close I could see her big brown eyes, and those veins in her face, beautiful looking animal, her ears standing up. What was it? It was a baby crying.

And I looked down to Bert, and he looked up at me again; I thought, "Bert, you won't do that. Surely, you won't."

<sup>42</sup> And he blew it real easy again. And usually, that's very unusual for a deer to stand up like that at that time of day. And she walked right out in the opening. Oh, they never do that. And she walked out so you—she could be seen.

And I heard that rifle, as he pulled back the—the lever, on that .30-06, a hundred and eighty grain mushroom bullet in there. And he was a dead shot. And as he leveled down that rifle, I thought, "Oh, God, surely he won't do it. That loyal mother, she wasn't playing church; there was something real in her. She's a mother. A baby was in trouble. She wasn't just acting that way. She had something in her that was real, genuine. She was a mother. She wasn't just acting that way. There's something making her do that. It was because she was a mother."

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<sup>43</sup> And she walked a few feet farther. I thought, “Oh, Bert, could you blow her heart out of her like that?” I knew if that rifle fired, he’d blow that loyal heart plumb through both sides of her. Why, he’d turn her flip flops, at that close to her. I thought, “That precious mother, hunting for her baby.”

And the deer looked around and saw the hunter. She quivered, but, no, she didn’t run away. She was a mother. She stood there. The baby was in trouble. Oh, how real it was.

I turned my head; I just couldn’t look at it no more. I thought, “God, I can’t see him do that, kill that poor precious mother, and her there with that—with something in her that was driving her, a mother.” And I listened for the gun to fire. I turned my back. I thought, “God, don’t let him do it.” I waited a minute; I didn’t hear the gun. I looked around, and the gun was going like this. He couldn’t do it.

He looked around, the big tears running down his cheeks. He threw the gun on the ground and grabbed me by the trouser leg; he said, “Billy, I’ve had enough of it. Lead me to that Jesus that you’re talking about. Let me know that Christ that brings love.”

<sup>44</sup> What was it? He saw something real. He saw something that wasn’t put on. He saw something that wasn’t hypocritical. He saw something that was genuine. And there on that snowbank, I led that cruel hunted—hearted hunter to the Lord Jesus Christ, and become a sweet humble Christian. Why? All the preaching didn’t do it. It was, he saw something real.

Oh, church of the living God, the world’s looking for something real tonight. Would you love to have enough Christ in your heart, that you could stand in the face of death? Even you sick people, that’s sick, could you just take Him at His Word, live or die, stand here on His Word? You, that’s had these differences, and all these little troubles, and denominational barriers, wouldn’t you love to have something to display, that when you walk down the street, men and women say, “If there ever was a godly woman or man, there it goes.” Something real, a life that tells.

<sup>45</sup> Let’s bow our heads, just a moment while we think of this. What is it? Love conquered that hunter. God’s love conquers. Would you love, tonight, in this building, which I know you do. . . All in here, would love to have Christ so real in their heart, just Christ would be just as real to you, as the love was of that mother for her baby. Would you just raise your hands, quietly, while we are waiting? No matter how long you’ve been a Christian, I just want to ask you. God bless you. God bless you. That’s fine. Hundreds of hands, all around.

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“Lord, make in me . . . Let me rise, Lord, as a woman or as a man, let me rise a saint. Let me rise from my seat to be something real. And, God, let me display Your love so in my heart, that cruel-hearted sinners might follow, and watch me for an example, and follow me to Calvary.

<sup>46</sup> Is there some more, while we’re waiting, just a moment? Put your hands up. I know—that didn’t put their hands up a while ago. God bless you, sister. God bless you, young lady. God bless you, honey. That’s good.

Way back in there. The Lord bless you. Way outside now, put up your hands, say, “God . . .” Look friend, you say, “What difference does that make, Brother Branham?”

Oh, friend, let’s not be cold and stiff any longer. Let’s realize where we’re standing. Let’s raise up our hand, say, “God, be merciful to me, a sinner, I . . .” God bless you, way over here in this aisle. I didn’t see you a while ago. The Lord bless you, back over here. Be real honest.

<sup>47</sup> You say, “Oh, Brother Branham, I’ve spoke in tongues; I’ve shouted.” That’s good. I have nothing against that; that’s the works of God. But look, friend, if you haven’t got love to go with that, no one will believe you, no one will believe you. That’s wonderful. I believe in that, but you have love even without that, they will believe you quicker. That’s right. You get the real love of God, these things will take place for themselves, but first get God. Get God, get the real thing. Get the tree, it will bear it’s own fruit.

Will just someone else now will raise your hand, that didn’t a while ago, say, “God, be merciful to me.” Don’t you think He’s standing there looking at you? God bless you, young lady; that’s good. Little lady here, maybe . . . God bless you, the lady setting here. It may be the last opportunity you ever have. Bless that little girl back there, a little boy it is, bless his little heart.

Say, “What does that child know about it?”

Jesus said, “Suffer little children to come to Me, forbid them not, for such is the Kingdom.”

<sup>48</sup> God bless you, sister, with your hands up there. God bless you, young man. That’s fine. I pray that God will make a little preacher out of you, honey, another little boy. Real quietly, now. Think of it. What if this is your last night? You won’t have any chance after this. When you leave this life, it’s all over. You might have wasted many years along, but what about it now? Let’s start tonight. God bless you, lady. Just waiting a little bit might meant so much to you. You’ve past from death till Life. You raise your hand to God, and mean it, and see if God doesn’t create something in here, in you. Certainly, He will. God bless you, sister, young lady there, just a teen-ager. Right in this ridiculous rock-



and-roll, boogie-woogie age, see a young girl raise her hands to serve Christ, God bless you, young lady. You couldn't do that by yourself. Christ is here. "No man can come to Me, except My Father draws Him first. And all that comes to Me, I'll give them Eternal Life, raise them up at the last day."

Another hand? God bless that young woman, her little friend setting there by her.

<sup>49</sup> You say, "Does that mean anything?" It depends on what you meant, when you raised your hand. I know we have little creeds, and little things that we do this, that, or the other, but Jesus said this: "He (personal pronoun)—He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath (present tense) Eternal Life (That's Zoe, God's own Life.), and shall never come to the judgment, but hath (past tense) passed from death unto Life." That's what He said.

Whether you want to run to the altar, whether you want to kneel at your seat, whether you want to raise your hand, where you want to make your surrender, it matters not. It's the condition you meant when you went to the altar, knelt at your seat, or raised your hand. It's all what you meant, what you thought about God.

<sup>50</sup> Would there be just a few more, before we pray? All that's in need for God, for anything, raise your hand, just now. "God, be merciful to me; I have a need of You." God bless you. God be merciful. Think of it now; this may be your last hour.

God willing, tomorrow night, or next night, I want to preach on the handwriting on the wall, the sputnik in the sky, drawing God close to the end of the age.

Was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,

What if this is the last hour to separate you between mercy and judgment?

I come . . .

Would you just raise up your hand? "God, be merciful to me." God bless you, back there, young fellow, weeping with your hand down. No doubt a many an old mother's prayers went up for you, son. God heard you. He saw you. He's standing there by you. He's the One told you to raise your hand.

<sup>51</sup> Someone else, just before we offer prayer? Sincere . . . God bless you, young man. I've notice, right along a row, a young lady raised her hand. Now, three young people, setting in a row, there's one more left in that row, that hasn't raised their hand to accept Christ, just now. "Make in me, oh, God, something real."

Maybe you do belong to church, oh friend, that—that just—it's nice to belong to church, but oh, my, if you're not borned again, you're lost. See? Think of it. Jesus conquered; He will give you something in your hand to fight the battle with. Once more now, before we pray. Be sure you've made the right decision. If you've raised your hand, you know you have. If you haven't. . . God bless the little lady here. Bless you, honey. All right.

Way back in the back, yes, a little teen-age girl. God be wonderful to you, sister dear. Let's bow our heads real reverently now. Every one in prayer.

I'm going to ask Brother Cerullo, if he will come here and lead this prayer for me. I'm getting hoarse. With your heads bowed, every one. Pray now, and God be with you.



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