
THIRSTING FOR LIFE



Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe,
All things are possible, Lord, I believe.

Let us bow our heads now for a word of prayer. Our heavenly Father, we are grateful tonight, to assemble ourselves together again, and have an opportunity to speak to You, and to sing our hymns, and express to You the very adoration of our hearts, for we love You, and worship Thee. And Thou art the only true God. Jesus Christ, Your Son, Who died that we might be reconciled unto God through the washing of His Blood by the Word. . . And we pray that You'll give us a great meeting tonight.

May sinners find salvation through Christ. May sick find healing through Christ. May the saints find joy and strength through Christ. We ask it in His Name. Amen. (You may be seated.)

² It's so good to be back here in the building tonight, to serve the Lord with you. And I would like to ask now, we have give out tomorrow night as a healing service or to pray for the sick. We don't know what the Lord's going to do. That's the reason we never announce healing service. How do we know the Lord's going to heal, it's just up to Him. And I don't think it's really up to Him, I think it's up to you wants healing. He's paid the price, and—and we have the assurance that He does it, and we know that He's willing. It's just up to the individual.

Each night, or have been, just let the Holy Spirit—it. . . I want to get something off of your mind. Each night I've been having like—let the Holy Spirit when He comes in and moves out over the audience. . . And you people—you people, your own faith moves that Spirit of God to come right back and prove to you that He's here in the building, and knows the very secrets of your heart, knows you condition. Not one time has it ever failed, and never has since I've been a little boy.

³ First thing I ever saw, nearly, was a vision to remember. I was about—couldn't have been over two years old. And I remember it as well as if it was yesterday. And thousands and thousands of them, and not one of them but what's perfectly right on the dot every time. See? So it has to be God. And that just shows that He's here. And here's all of His promises, and He promised He would do that just before the end time. Then we know the message is right. My message is the end time, and get—the church to get right.

And Divine Healing, we seen it advertised: "The blind will see; the deaf will hear; the dumb will speak." I don't know whether they will

or not. I'd rather not have advertisement like that. I've always told the people, "Just say something good about Jesus. We love the Lord Jesus in this community, so we're having a great revival, and we going to expect God to do great things, and so forth." Then down at the corner a little place, say, "Brother Branham, will be our speaker." See? Because it's a—it's whether He does it. Then if God does a miracle, the public will know about it. See? But if I say He's going to do it, I don't. . . . Unless He's told me He's going to do it, then I'll—I know He's going to do it then. But if I—He hasn't told me, I'm kinda a little reluctant about saying that.

But each night, we're expecting God to do something to—that will just shake the people back to the—the place where they should be. That's what we're expecting.

⁴ Now, we haven't prayed for the sick. And I—if right now, if we would stand each person. . . . If I could stand long enough to do it, and take each person down along these lines like this, and go each one. . . . 'Course, I'd pass out before I got one-tenth of them in here done. But you can't do that. Anyone knows the Scripture, knows the Scripture proves that you can't. Why, one woman touched the border of the Son of God, and He said, "Who touched Me?"

And He looked around and everybody was afraid, so He said. . . . Peter rebuked Him, said, "Say, who touched Me?" Said, "Why, all of them's touching You."

He said, "But I perceive that virtue has gone from Me."

Now, anyone knows that virtue is your strength. And if one touch from a woman brought enough to bring a vision to the Son of God to let Him know who it was that did it, took strength out of Him, what would it do to me, a sinner saved by grace? Now, the only reason it's done more, because Jesus said, "These things that I do shall you also; more than this shall you do, for I go to My Father."

Now, I—I know the King James says, "Greater," but it really isn't the original. See? It's "more." No one could do anything greater. He raised the dead, healed the sick, stopped nature, done everything there was to be done. It couldn't be greater in quality, but it could be greater in quantity. So the Holy Spirit then was in one Man: That was the Son of God. He had the Spirit without measure. God dwelt in Christ reconciling the world to Himself. He—God was in Christ.

Now, God is in you if you have the Holy Spirit. God is in you in a portion. But it was in Him without measurement. He had the fulness of God in Him. But now, it's measured out to each one of us.

⁵ I was reading and teaching in my church some time ago upon Pentecost, in a little revival I had. Now, I've got an old Emphatic

Diaglott of the original Greek translation, and it's the one—most outstanding things. I'd advise it to any of the clergymen. It's—it's out of print, but I think you can get in England. I'm not sure. But I have one; it's very old, and it brings it down just at the original Greek word, then it comes over on the other side, and just puts it, because in the Greek the verb is before the adverb. You see? And—and it just turns it around so you can read it out. But you can just read it right off. . . . If it's one word right down, just as He said it.

And when the Holy Spirit came in the upper room, it said, "There came a sound as a rushing mighty wind (now, nothing was blowing, it was just like a sound like it was), and it filled all the house where they were setting, and then, cloven tongues set upon them, like fire."

⁶ And how did this great Pillar of Fire, the Angel of God, the Logos that went out of God, that led the children of Israel through the wilderness. . . . When It come among the people, It separated Itself, and great licks of fire begin to come upon each one as the Pillar of Fire begin to break up, and to—God dividing Himself among His people. . . . Oh, that ought to tear the heart out of anybody. God tearing Himself apart, that He might divide Himself a little bit with each one of us, that all together. . . . You see what it means?

Can you see now why I'm standing for unity of every church, every full gospel church, every believer? We ought to be one heart, one mind, and one accord. No matter how much we different in the Scriptures; that might be. . . . One might see this that way, or—that has nothing to do with it. But in principle, we ought to stand, one great, mighty, army of God marching on, because each one of you in your peculiarity, God has proved that He's ignoring your doctrine, because He give you the Holy Ghost. And the Bible said, "He gave—give them the Holy Ghost that obeyed Him."

Now, if I obeyed Him in my peculiar way, and you obeyed Him in your peculiar way, He give us both the Holy Ghost, so we ought to be Christian brethren and sister enough, to arm up together and march on for one great purpose, the Gospel.

⁷ Oh, how I think of God separating Himself that He might dip down into His big soul and pour out a little spoonful in me, and reach over and pour out a spoonful in you, and in you, and in you, and you, and you, dividing Himself, the fire, the cleansing power of God. Then, if you have a spoonful, and I have a spoonful, and we both get together, we got two spoonfuls. And if fifty of us are together, we got fifty spoonfuls. Where there is unity, where there is gathering, there is safety and whatmore. It's just twice as hard as in the prophet's hand, the sticks to break. Two sticks are harder to break than one. And when we can come to that

place, brother. . . If I can see that happen, I'd walk out here on top of Camelback Mountain, raise up my hands and say, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Take me now; it's all over." See? I'd be ready to go right then.

When I can see all the different full gospel people with one heart and one accord, standing together as one big army, it'll bring Jesus Christ to the earth just as certain as I'm standing here. I've tried every principle that I know how. It'll take God to do it; that's all. See?

8 I have come among them, as—among the brethren as a . . . Out of the Baptist Church, and I have seen this great thing, and I have never taken sides with any different one. Just whatever their belief is and everything, I try to stand right in the breach and say, "We're brothers." We are brothers regardless.

If we can discern the spirit of one another, and realize, if a man comes in, I don't care what church he belongs to, if he's got the Spirit of God on him, he's my brother. And I don't care how great he is, and how intellectual he is, and how powerful he can speak, if there's a—if he's trying to achieve the wrong thing, I—I don't believe it's my brother yet. But it's what he trying to do. If he's trying to save souls, or do something for God, that's a brother. If he's a Jehovah Witness, he's still my brother. If he's a Pentecostal Holiness, Assembly of God, Church of God, Oneness, Twoness, Threeness, or, oh, whatever it might be, it's all my brother and sister. If we've got—if we've got our hearts right with God, trying to achieve something for the Kingdom of God. . . We're trying to build a kingdom of our own, then that's—then God won't honor that.

9 I was just looking. . . The boys probably been selling these books up here. I just turning through it, nervously, a few moments ago, and struck this picture of Miss. Nightingale. I certainly remember that. When that was take—that. . . But this book doesn't give the full detail of it. Mr. Stadsklev printed this book; it's very good, very fine book. Everything is accurate, because it's been—went through the fire and trials.

Miss. Nightingale, now, she was a relative of the late Florence Nightingale. This woman's name is Florence Nightingale, and she's a nurse. But she wasn't, of course, Florence Nightingale, the regular—original founder of the Red Cross. But she's from England, and she was a—a nurse, and she was a distant relative of Miss. Florence Nightingale, the founder of the Red Cross.

I'd first heard from her; I was in Africa. This picture that you see in here of her, as a skeleton. . . That we had to. . . Brother Gordon Lindsay, when we fixed that picture, we had to put something across it there, 'cause they just had a little rag tied around the woman, and

it was very, very bad. So we put a piece of—of something over it, and took a photostatic copy of the picture, that we might put it in the book. That's her, when I . . . And she was starved, yet over a month after that picture was taken, and here she is six months later, nursing again.

¹⁰ I'd just like to say before I start tonight, that story. I'd like to tell you about it.

I was . . . She was in South Africa. And how that woman ever knowed that I was coming to London, I don't know yet. And when the plane landed, Brother Lindsay and I, and Brother Jack Moore, we got off of the plane, and Brother Baxter . . . And we started down, and I heard them paging me there at the International Airport at London. And said for me to come, and I sent Brother Baxter. Brother Baxter come back with—to me with a minister and he said, "Did you ever hear of a woman named Florence Nightingale?"

I said, "The name sounds familiar." And I said, "I don't know."

And he said, "Well, they've flown her in from South Africa, and she's dying over here in a ambulance."

Well, there's a great lot of people out there, and I couldn't get to her. I said, "You tell her."

He said, "Here's the minister, you talk to him."

And I said, "Sir?"

He said, "Well," said . . .

I said, "Is she any relation to the Florence Nightingale, that the—the nurse?"

And she said, "She—she is Florence Nightingale, a nurse." And said, "But she's not the founder of the Red Cross." Of course, she's been dead for, I guess, fifty years or more, maybe a hundred. And, no, I—I think she died about 1908, or 09, or somewhere along there. So this is some of her relations."

And I said, "How long you think she'll last?"

He said, "She'll probably be dead if we went to the ambulance right now." Said, "She dying." Said, "They . . . She's come in from South Africa." And said, "Sir, she ain't nothing but just a—just a pile of bones."

Well, I said, "We're going to stay, I believe, they said at the the Picadilly Hotel."

¹¹ And King George had written or sent me a telegram, which I have yet from his staff, for prayer, because he had multiple sclerosis. You remember that? And I prayed for him, and after the prayer, why, he would—he got all right, and was able to go around. And so, I went

over there; I thought I'd get to see him there. And so when we went on to Picadilly Hotel, the minister came and got me that next morning, and we went to his parish right behind his church where they had Mrs. Nightingale with two nurses attending her.

And friends, I've seen lots of sights. I've seen people when their face would be eat with cancer, till it'd be down here in their neck. They'd have to put a little trough here to pour their liquid in their throat here with just the teeth, and the bones eaten—the meat eaten from it. And sights in India, I've seen lepers lay till there was not even enough for them to raise their hands and stubs of ears, and no nose, and just turned out white like a white wart turned inside out. Little children and everything, eat up with leprosy, laying, piled on top of each other . . . Seen little children laying starving by the hundreds of them, through the streets, and their little bellies swelled out from starvation, a poor mother laying by them begging for one penny to help that person. That's the reason I can't . . . If it'd be . . . If I could beg, I could beg for them. I—I don't want nothing when I know human beings, that Christ died for, is suffering like that. And there's hundreds and hundreds of them tonight, everywhere around the world. And there they are in that condition.

¹² But when I seen Florence Nightingale, she was laying there with a sheet over her. And she could hardly move her lips, her—her flesh had all left from her cheeks. Her jaws were sunken in, and her forehead here, you—it just looked like a—a dead skeleton laying there, and the skin had dried up. That cancer had eaten her in that condition, just taken her blood from her. And she kept trying to say something. I couldn't understand it, and the nurse got down. And she said, "I want to shake his hand."

And so the nurse had to raise up them bones and put them in my hand. Why, it's just like taking a hold of a skeleton. Her arms are probably couple of inches around in here, and her . . . They put . . . She wanted me to see her body. And they raised up that sheet, it would break the heart of anyone, even the ring in the hip was sticking like that. It was about that much in being together through here. And her legs was all blue, and I asked what that—that was. Her legs was probably up here near her hip, about that big around. And I said . . . Well, here it is in the picture where they taken it. See? And you can see what she was then after about six weeks later. See? And so I—I looked, and he said, "They fed her glucose until her veins collapsed."

And so then, oh, I said, "My, you are a Christian?"

And she let me know, "Yes." And she . . .

They got down again, the nurse, to see what she was going to say, and she said, "Have Brother Branham to ask the Lord to let me die." See? She—she just hung on till there was nothing to hang on for any more, no—nothing to build to. Said, "Ask Brother Branham to ask the Lord to let me die."

I couldn't do that. She looked like she was a fairly young woman. So I said, "Let us pray." And if anybody's ever been in London, you know, it's one of the most foggy places in the world when it get foggy. You have to feel your way around almost. It was real foggy that morning.

That's why William Cowper could not commit suicide; he couldn't find the—the ocean when he wrote that famous song, "There Is A Fountain Filled With Blood." He couldn't find the—the place to jump in. The—the cab couldn't get to the—let—ocean for him to commit suicide, drown himself.

¹³ And—and as I knelt down to pray, the first thing I started off prayer like this, I said, "Almighty God, Creator of heavens and earth, Author of Everlasting Life, Giver of all good gifts . . ." And when I got through with that, there's a little dove flew from somewhere, and set on the sill of that window. And it was just about that far from my head. And the little fellow was restlessly walking back and forth going, "Coo, coo." You know how they go. Well, I thought it was a pet at the house. I just thought it was a little pet dove.

I'd just been in England about twenty-four hours, or hardly that long; and I thought it was a little pet dove. So I just kept on praying; I said, "Heavenly Father, I—this poor woman laying here a dying, and she's asked to me to—to pray that You would take her life because she's beyond herself like, and she's nothing to build to. But God, You are still Creator; You—You are still God."

And this little dove seemed to be so restlessly. And the rest of the ministers who was praying with me, seemed to stop. And then, as I kept on praying, when I said, "Father, I pray that You'll be merciful to her, and if You are going take her life and not let her live, then let her go in ease. Let her go to be with You now. But if it be Your will that You're going to let her get well, then Father, let her get well." and when I got through praying, I said, "Amen," and the little dove took off through the fog again.

Well, I—as soon as I stopped praying, the ministers by me, he looked over to another minister, he said, "Did you notice that dove?"

I said, "What was that dove? Is that a pet?"

Said, "No. It wasn't a pet," the minister said, "it was just a dove that acted funny."

And I started to turn to say to Mrs. Nightingale, I started to say, "Well, I thought it was your pet." And when it did like that, something said, "THUS SAITH THE LORD."

Oh, my, there over almost her casket where she was laying, there was a vision of her walking along down the street. This is a picture of it right here, how she was a little later. That's what I saw in the vision. Then it come, "THUS SAITH THE LORD, you're going to live and not die."

And when I said that, I thought, "Them things are so supernatural; I don't understand them. I don't know what they mean."

And I walked out; I believe it was Brother Baxter said to me, said, "How could she live?" Said, "God will have to create a new woman."

I said, "Well, He's able to do exceedingly abundantly above all."

And six months from then, after two letters before that, here come the picture, perfectly, normally, healthy, can't find a trace of cancer, and she's back nursing, and been nursing for a long time.

¹⁴ Here some time ago, it come up a dispute between the . . . a writer of a magazine in England, said, "It was a very unscrupple thing that this woman . . . That was a false testimony."

I happen to have in my files her own testimony. I sent it back Mr. Stadsklev. He photostatic it and sent it over, and she got a hold of it. And then she went to this man writing the magazine, said, "Who said this testimony wasn't right?"

See that's where you have it, when you've got their own testimony in writing, you have it there. See? And then, the man wrote me back a letter of an apology, that he said, "I taken somebody else's word for it."

I said, "Don't never print nothing, sir, upon the basis of somebody else's word, 'cause you see what you've done here now. See?" I said, "Don't never do that."

But the testimony's absolutely the truth. We would not print it unless it was the truth. It has to be that way, stated that it's truth.

¹⁵ So you see, the same God was with Florence Nightingale there, is the same God that's right here. He's the same One. And the only thing—you don't have to wait to be prayed for. The only thing you have to do is just believe that the work is done. If you're a sinner, you don't have to wait for an altar call. Right where you're setting. . . "While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on them that heard the Word." They were ready. It's a condition of the heart. It's a condition of the people.

Now, right now, if there is a sick person in here, you don't have to remain sick till I even read the Scripture. You can be healed right now,

because you are healed. The only thing the Scripture would do would be—be a witness, to say that Jesus said it. And if the Holy Spirit would come tonight, and gave a—a great calling here, and called out different people, and that wouldn't mean they were healed. It would only just lift up the—the faith of the people that they can accept their healing, that's already been purchased for them. You understand it now? So that's what healing's for.

¹⁶ Now, tomorrow night, the Lord willing, I've wanted to have a—an old fashioned night in Phoenix once again, and I have chosen tomorrow night, the Lord willing. How many remembers when I first come to Phoenix, years ago? Why, there was a prayer line all the way down the street, pulling the people around out there on the street, keeping the prayer line for a city block. I preached last night, "Don't Turn Your Alarm Off," you know. Just keep that alarm a going, because it's fixing to break day.

Now, tomorrow night, for the sick people of Phoenix, we're going to have a prayer service for the sick. And we're just going to bring the people right down, lay the hands on them, pray for them, and see what the Lord will do. And, you come prepared, tomorrow night. How many in here, would like to be prayed for, like to come into the prayer line and be prayed for? Let's see your hands. Raise them up, everywhere you are. Going to almost have to give out cards. See? If you don't, if I get halfway down that line, and visions would start breaking, it would set some of it off. Well, as far as we know the boys will be down sometime tomorrow afternoon about six, seven o'clock, whenever it is. They'll give out the prayer cards.

Now—now, we'll see then what the Holy Spirit will do when we get into it.

¹⁷ Now, then Sunday is the . . . We continue . . . (We have Sunday night service here, don't we? Sunday night service?) Sunday night service . . . And I believe Tuesday is the ministerial services. Ten thirty in the morning is the ministers and their wives at the Assembly of God at Garfield, Eleventh and Garfield, is the ministers. I'd like to get with you brethren, you ministers brothers. Like to talk with you. You're my brother. See? I—I love you. You say, "But, Brother Branham, I different with you." That don't make any difference. I love you anyhow. So—let the—I want you . . .

A fellow said to me some time ago, said, "Brother Branham, can't you go with this?"

I said, "I can go with you, but I don't whether I can go with what you're saying there or not. But I can—I can go with you anyhow, 'cause you're my brother."

¹⁸ Now, I've chosen for a text tonight, shortly, so we cannot take too much time, and be here tomorrow night where it'll, may be a little late tomorrow night, all that prayer line. Let's turn back in the Psalms tonight, to the 63, 63rd Psalm, you that's keeping a record of the text and so forth.

Now, I'd like to read a familiar text that maybe you have read it before, I hope I haven't preached on this same subject at Phoenix. Maybe the Holy Spirit will take me another way on it, if we do. And then we shall read beginning at the 1st verse of the 63rd Psalm.

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

To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

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

¹⁹ Let us bow our heads again, just a moment. Father God, in this nervous hustle and bustle of life, down through the streets the cars rush, the carriages without a horse, jostling one against another with lights like torches. And we see the end time approaching, and I would ask, Lord, that You would be merciful to every person in Divine Presence tonight. Search our hearts, Lord, as we speak, and not only to my congregation, but my own heart also, Lord, as David said in another Psalm, "Search me and try me." And if there be any unclean thing about me, Lord, I pray that You'll take it away, that my heart might be pure before Thee, that the thoughts of my heart and the meditation in my mind might be acceptable in Thy sight."

Bless everyone here, Lord. And if there be some here who doesn't know You, may this be the night when they'll find that blessed Lord Jesus, the Fairest of ten thousands to our soul, the Lily of the Valley, the Rose of Sharon, the bright morning Star, the Alpha, Omega. May He come shining in upon their life, and light up the way to Calvary, that they might find Him tonight, as their precious Saviour. I pray tonight, for those who are weary in the way, just about to fall out. God let them know that this is no time to fall out, but fall in line, for the battle is on. The evening lights are falling, and soon it'll be dark and no one can work then. We pray, heavenly Father, that You'll give us a great meeting tonight. What we mean in great, Lord, is that souls might accept Thee, and that Thy Son might be honored, that sick might be healed, backsliders brought back to the Kingdom of God, and the churches strengthened by members, ministers' hearts bound together

with the cord of love, that all together the—might get glory unto Thy great Self. For we ask it in Name of the Lord Jesus. Amen.

²⁰ In this 3rd verse:

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

When I first read that, I thought it was an unusual text to take. And God is unusual, and God does things unusual, unusual things. And when I read it, I wondered what David must have been speaking about when he said, “Thy love-kindness is better to me than life.” I weighed that out, wondering just what could be better than life.

If we should take a trip tonight, and go up into the heaven, and I’d meet with father Abraham, and I’d say, “Abraham, what is the most glorious thing that you have ever known? What is the most essential thing that you have ever known?”

Abraham would say to me, “Life Eternal.”

Then I’ll take a little trip, and we’ll go again, and we’ll go up to the great Archangel, Gabriel, Who is the messenger of the covenant to the Jewish people, Who stands at the right hand of God, one of the highest order of Angels in the heaven. And I would say to Him, “Gabriel, Thou art a mighty Angel. You are loved of God, and You’ve been here for aeons of time, and You, perhaps, know everything in the heavens, and where everything is placed, because You’re one of God’s right hand Angels. And You know the great secrets of the heavens. You sounded the trumpet at the coming of the Lord Jesus. You announced His first coming, and You shall announce His second coming, so You must be a mighty man or a mighty Angel. I want to ask You in all of God’s treasures, what is the greatest thing that You have found among His treasures?”

I can see Gabriel bring himself to attention, and say, “The greatest thing that I have found in God’s treasures since He created Me is Life. God made Me to live for eternal, for eternity. And Life is the greatest thing that there is.”

²¹ No matter how rich you might be, no matter how popular you might be, no matter who you might be, the greatest thing there is that any man can achieve in this earth, is to achieve Eternal Life.

Though you be king and potentate, though you rule the world for a million years as king and young men, and you fail to find Eternal Life, you’ve lost the greatest thing that anyone could lose.

²² I’ve often said if I can be a young man of twenty-five years old, if God would appear on the platform tonight, and say, “I will turn you to twenty-five years of age. There you’ll remain for a million years, and

I'll make you the king over all the universe. Everything will be at your command. Or I'll give you a hundred years of misery and woe, and trouble, and sorrow, but at the end of that hundred years, I'll give you Eternal Life. But the end of the million years, you are lost."

Oh, I'd say, "Lord God, I don't have to wait any longer to make my choice. Let me have the hundred years of misery and woe, any kind of a death that you choose for me to die, only, Lord, give me Eternal Life. For though I own the whole world and was king for a million years, at the end of that million years, I become a hell-bound creature for eternity. But no matter how bad my lot is here, at the end of my life, if I've got Eternal Life, I live on in the blessed Presence of God forever and forever."

²³ So it bothered me when I begin to think what was this prophet speaking of? Now, we know David was a prophet. So I wondered, "What was he speaking of when he said, 'Thy loving kindness is better than life.'" Then I found out that life has more than one meaning. Life has many meanings. It depends on which a way you look at it. And your life is what controls you. You have your living, your moving, your being is life. And it depends on what kind of life is within you, the way it will control you.

No wonder that people cannot believe, yet they claim to be religious, cannot believe Divine healing, cannot believe in miracles, cannot believe the Holy Spirit makes people to—to be filled with the power of the resurrection of Christ. The reason they cannot believe it, they have nothing inside of them to believe with, because your life is—your motion is controlled by the life that's in you.

²⁴ Some time ago, an outstanding thing come to my memory. In the years gone by, in the Southlands, they used to sell slaves, the colored race of people, the negro that came from Africa, that the Hollanders brought over and sold for slaves. It was a pitiful thing. I'm certainly with Abraham Lincoln, that God never intended any man to be a slave. God made man; man made slaves. They're trying to make it tonight, not only over the colored race, but the races of the world, every man in every nation trying to take the rest of them in slavery. God made man free, a free creature under God, to worship Him.

Now, they used to take those poor people and auction them off and have markets. Some time ago, down in Louisiana, I saw one of the original old bull pens they used to have. Where they would take those men and put them in there, and stand them on an auction block, and auction them off, and listen to their hearts, and look at their teeth, and take a buggy whip and run them down the street, whip them

behind their heels, get them running real fast, and then come back and examine their heart.

²⁵ And an old man standing there said to me, “Preacher, I was at your meeting the other night.”

I said, “Thank you, I was just looking this over.”

He said, “I remember when they used to do it.” And he told me, he said, “You know what the highest selling slave was?”

I said, “What?”

He said, “A nice-looking girl.” Said, “A man slave would start a bid of five hundred dollars or three hundred dollars.” But said, “A young colored girl, beautiful girl put up there, they’d start the bid at two thousand dollars.” And he looked at me, and he said, “If there is a hell, their soul is there today.”

I said, “Speaking of theirs, what about yours, dad? Where would yours go?” And a few days after that, a minister friend of mine baptized him in Christian baptism.

²⁶ Then when they used to take those slaves, and buyers would come by, and buy them. And they would go out, and look around, and find the big and healthy, and swap a lesser one to him or something or another, just like you would a used car or something on the lot, get a bill of sales by it.

Oh, it was terrible. And one day such a—a broker came by an old plantation where they had many slaves. And—and the slaves that brought over here, they were sad. They had been away from their home, and never would see papa no more, mama no more, babies no more, drug away and sold over here to die in this strange land. And they were sad, and many times to get them to work they’d take whips and whip them with them to make them work, always scolding them.

And a certain broker came by this plantation, and he said to the owner, “Have you any slaves?”

He said, “I have a hundred and something here. Look them over.”

And they noticed one young slave; he seemed to be different from the rest of them. They never had to whip him: and right up, chin up, shoulders up, ready to do anything, and he just always encouraging the rest of them, “Straighten up, let’s work.” And they wondered why.

So this broker said to the owner; he said, “I would like to buy that slave.”

He said, “No, but he’s not for sale.”

He said, “Why isn’t he for sale?” Said, “He’s a slave, isn’t he?”

Said, “He’s a slave.”

He said, "Well, why wouldn't you sell him?"

He said, "Because I don't want to sell him."

Said, "Well, I want to ask you something. What makes him so much different from the rest of them. Is it—is he the boss over the rest?"

He said, "No, he's a slave."

And the broker said to the owner, "Perhaps maybe you feed him just a little bit better."

Said, "No, he eats out in the galley with the rest of the slaves. He's just a slave."

"Well," said, "then I want to ask you something." Said, "Why is it that he conducts himself different? Why is it that he is so different from the rest of them?"

The owner said, "I wondered for a long time myself, but one day I found out. Over in the old country where he came from, his father is the king of the tribe." And said, "Though he's a alien, and he's over here away from his people, yet in his heart, he knows he's the son of a king. And he conducts himself like one."

²⁷ Oh, I thought no matter what we may have to go through with, if it's trials, if it's heartaches, if it's persecution, if it's to be laughed at and made fun of, what kind of a people ought we to be? We are sons and daughters of the King. Though we be in an unwelcome world, though we be to a place where we're hated, maybe called scandalous names like "holy-roller, pentecostal-tongue." What different does it make? We ought to have our chin up, our shoulders out, believing God's Word, because across the land yonder, our Father is the King.

And I think it's a ridiculous shame when I see King's daughters wearing the kind of clothes that they wear in these days. When I see King's sons smoking cigarettes, and drinking whiskey, and a little drinks of beer, how that's not becoming as the son of the King of heaven.

Our Father is rich with houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, and silver and gold,
His coffers are full, He has riches untold.
We're the child of a King.

²⁸ No matter how poor we are, how we have to be run over, how the world talks about you, and says everything about you, it ought to make you keep head up for the mo—morales of the rest of them. We should never have words against one another. We should always say the highest thing about a brother or sister. If one is down in the gutter, don't never shove them any farther down. Pick him up; get him out of there as quick as you can, because it helps. We should be an example. We should live

an example, like we are sons and daughters of God, the Eternal King. We ought to conduct ourselves in that manner as sons and daughters of the King. We should never do nothing that would bring disgrace.

²⁹ I was saying this the other day, and my wife setting back here listening at me. We were going to a store to get some groceries a few weeks ago, and right in that wintertime we seen a lady with them little bitty clothes on, short clothes, with a little sweater around her. My wife said, "You know she cannot be comfortable like that."

Well, we got to talking about it. I said, "Honey, when I go to Germany I find . . ." I said, "She's just an American, that's all." And I said, "When I go to Germany, they have the German spirit, national spirit. When I go to Finland, they have the Finnish spirit. When I go to Sweden, they have the Swedish spirit. When we go to Africa, they have the African spirit. When we come to America, they have the American spirit."

"Why," she said, "aren't we Americans?"

I said, "No, not me, I just live here."

She said, "Well, th—what . . ."

I said, "That's the reason; they've just got the American spirit. We're called religious."

³⁰ I said to a girl one time; I said, "Lady, are you a Christian?"

"Why," she said, "I'll give you to understand, I was Christian when I was a baby."

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

Old Brother Bosworth ask one, one time, said, "Are a Christian?"

She was so put out; she snorted; she said, "I get you understand, I burn a candle every night." Well, like that had anything to do with it.

One of them said to me up in Mishawaka, one time, said, "I'll give you to understand I'm an American."

I said, "That don't have nothing to do with it. Not one thing to do with it."

³¹ And I said, "Honey, the reason that Christians . . ." I said, "The Christians doesn't have any desire to act like that, because they are not really American. As citizenship they are here, but they are pilgrims and strangers, they . . . Our citizenship is in heaven, and they are borned from above, where holiness, and godliness rule. Real Christians, that's borned of the Spirit of God, doesn't act like that."

No sir. Oh, you can be—you can be a Pentecostal. You can belong to the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist church, smoke cigarettes, drink,

have card parties, bunco dance, but if you're a Christian you won't do that. That's exactly.

In my country we have oak trees. It's coming spring pretty soon now; all the leaves was on them trees last year is still there. Now, I don't have to go out and pick every one of them leaves off so that new leaves comes on. Just let the new life come up, and the old leaf drops off. That's the same thing it is about the Spirit of God whether you're a Christian or not. Let the new life of Christ come in, and the old life dies, and you become a new creature in Christ Jesus. Oh, that's what it is.

³² Then I found out that there was two different kinds of life. Some people try to think life is drinking, having a big time. That's the spirit of this nation: big times, somebody, a TV program, a lot of jokes to be cracked. Why, that makes a real Christian sick at his stomach to hear of such things. A man or a woman can look at that kind of stuff that we have on TV today, some of them programs and—and enjoy it, it shows that it's Ichabod wrote over the top of your heart. The glory of the Lord has departed.

And when the church lose its attraction, when it comes to a time that you have to sign cards and things to come to church, I think it's time for a prayer meeting or something to take place in the church.

³³ Some time ago I was coming down a pole, and a certain minister in my city was there. And I'd been down to—just before coming to the work. And I was taking a—a electric light bill to a lady, and I knocked on the door, and she came to the door, little bitty half-dressed woman, and she said. And there was some kind of a fellow on these wildcat players, you know, with them fiddles and things, and was going on, and playing some kind of a little song, and—and one of the little rock-and-roll jigs, or ever-what it was. And—and a—and that poor little thing went to get me the light bill, and she got so lost with that song, until she forgot that I was at the door. She was dancing all over the floor, and doing all kinds of carrying on. I just stood back and looked at her for a while. And then when she got through, she said, "Oh, pardon me."

I said, "Yes, ma'am."

And she come and said, "My mother forgot to bring the bill, so here it is." She said, "I just love to dance so well, that I—that I—I just forgot you was standing here."

I said, "Yes ma'am, I seen it."

³⁴ So in a little while after that, a minister met me, and he said, "You know Brother Branham," said, "I've had some of the awfulest trouble with my church membership lately." Said, "I can't get the people to come to church." Said, "You know what? I sent out for members of this church a thousand cards, and ask the people to pledge that they

would attend Sunday school at least six months out of the year.” Said, “You know how many responded to that thousand calls of the members of this church?”

I said, “Doctor Brown, I have no idea.”

He said, “Two! Two out of a thousand, that signed that they would come for six months out of the year, at least six months out of the year they’d attend Sunday school. . . .”

I said. . . I told him the story about that little old girl just below the hill, where the church was. She might have been a member there for all I know. And he said. . .

I said, “Do you think when that player went off the air, she’d throwed him a kiss through the television or radio, and said, ‘Bye-bye honey. I’ll see you out to the old, some kind of a hoe-down place tonight where you’re going to have the meeting’ Said, ‘I’ll see you out there.’” I said, “Do you think that man would have to sign—make her sign a card that she’d be there? Certainly, not. She’ll be there if she has to pawn her shoes. She’ll be there. Why? Why? Because the spirit of that world is in her, and she’s a loyal member, and she’ll be there.”

³⁵ And if men and women love God as much as they—the world, loves their pleasures. . . . The pleasure of a Christian is serving the Lord at the house of God. You don’t have to sign no cards; you can’t—you can’t open the door quick enough.

And if the members of the church love one another enough instead of put a little cliques and pulling away from the church. . . . Brother, if you love one another so much that you just—hurts your heart till you got together again, that’s the way it should be.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred mind
Is like to that above.
When we asunder part,
It give us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

³⁶ Oh God, if we have to take every miracle out of the church, if we have to take all the pipe organs out, and the plush pews, give us back to that godly love, brotherly love among the people and fellowship. If we have to do all that, take it back to that again. Life, oh, life. . .

Sometime people think that life is having a—a party, going to the party and having a big time. That’s not life. Some people has brought

it to a place to getting drunk. They get out on the street and get drunk, and they're having a big time. They say, "This is life."

³⁷ A writer once wrote, here not long ago, in a magazine, I believe I referred to it sometime here. I'm not sure. But said, "Life begins at night. Night was made for life." Night was made to rest. The sun goes down, you lay down, take your rest, not prowl all night, and come in at daylight, and—you're not supposed to do that. Evil things prowl at night. Evil works at night: All serpents, and lizards, and bugs, and everything crav—travel at nighttime. And that's the—the demon powers that prowl in the nighttime.

And man has become lower than beast. A man is the—is the . . . We're told that he's animal life, but let that man be away from God, he's the lowest of all the animals. There's not a animal in the world as low as a man that's away from God. You watch.

Take the old m—mother hound dog, or the old mother hog, and so forth, whatever it is you want to call her, whatever you wish to. But you look at her morals, she a million miles beyond a lot of movie stars when it comes to moral. That's right. Just so degraded . . . Man so degraded that he'd jerk a baby out the arm of a mother and ravish that mother for beastly lust. But put the Spirit of God in him, he's a different creature, because he's a new creature. In Christ Jesus he'd shed his blood to protect her. That's the difference. One's death and the other one is life.

³⁸ Some time ago I was in Canada, holding a meeting up in Saskatoon. And we'd been having a great meeting out that at the ice arena, seven or eight thousand people attending. I was with some friends of mine up there in this certain meeting. I'd just left Phoenix. That's the next meeting after I'd left Phoenix, about three or four or five years ago, one of the meetings.

And I went down that night to the service at a—at—at the t—at the ice arena. And on my road coming home, I noticed that evening the people were crowding into this big hotel. I thought, "Well, them all look American license and so forth, on those cars, coming from down in the United States." Then I . . . That night when I come in, I realized America was there in Canada that night.

When I got onto the elevator, it was so full of whiskey bottles and gin, till you could hardly find a place to stand. And I looked in that; I said . . . Looked around like that, and the little operator of the elevator knew me, and he said, "They're here."

I said, "It sure looks like it."

He said, "This place is a—is a drunken sot, Brother Branham."

I said, "Isn't that awful." It was some club. I could call it, right now, but there's probably members of the same setting here. So they're all rotten anyhow to begin with. There's only one society; that's the society of Jesus Christ. You only get in that by being born. Your other societies may be all right, but the real one is Christ. That's the One that molds character and makes people what they ought to be, the society of Jesus Christ. And you only get in that by birth.

³⁹ And then, when we stopped upstairs, and where my room—I got off. My, you could hear up-and-down through here, all the—the cigarette smoke a boiling, and—and the dirty jokes everywhere. And I started to walk up through the hall, and I heard a—somebody around the corner and it was two young American women, both of them wearing wedding bands, with their—just their underneath garment on. Here they come with a bottle of whiskey, staggering over one another, having a little clean fun, hubby home baby-setting.

There's where you get it. Just a little clean fun; that's what we call it. That's what all this here a—popular television screens, and all this advertisement out here, of whiskey and beer and smoking and stuff. It's the gate of hell. I may sound old fashioned, but my young sister, my young brother, remember, that is the gate of hell. He that loves that thing shall die eternally. That's true. "The soul that sinneth shall die. The woman that lives in pleasure is dead while she's alive," says the Bible. That's the truth. How the womanhood, that sweet . . .

Greatest thing God give man outside of salvation was a wife. She was to comfort him, to help him, to bless him, and to console him, and—and be a real companion to him. And today, it's so degraded, and demoralized, till I—it's . . . Why the Hottentots of Africa could come here and teach our women how to live moral. That's right.

⁴⁰ In the Africa there's a tribe of them back there, that if a woman isn't married by a certain time, she has to get out of the tribe. And if she is married, and before she is married she has to be tested for her virginity. If she be found guilty, she has to tell the man that's done it, and they kill them both together. Be a lot of killing around the United States if that took place, wouldn't it?

Think of it. Heathen, it's a disgrace. It's a stain on that flag that our forefathers fought for. It's a disgrace to our nation. And when the womanhood is broke, and motherhood, in any nation, the backbone's broke. God give us old fashion mothers again.

⁴¹ I got a piece of the paper that was in our paper there, our local paper, that showed that three out of every four soldiers that went overseas during the other war was divorced six months after they

were there by their wife. Went to work in powder plants, so forth like that. . .

Now, if a man is sick and his wife can't work, I mean, he can't work, I don't blame; his wife got to make a living. That's right. But if she's just out working to have a little extra money, you'd better keep her away from that scallywag bunch that's she's working with out there. Her place is home. That's it. Here she—she's supposed to be at home.

And mister, you might call yourself ever so good, but if you've got lodges and other things that calls you away from her at night, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. God gave you a home to—for cherish and comfort and things like that, and it's a shame to see the way man does their wives, and wives do man. The womanhood and fatherhood of the nation is tore to pieces, divorce courts piled full.

Jesus said it would be that way, "As it was in the days of Noah, they were marrying and giving in marriage until the day that Noah entered into the ark." It's a sin and a disgrace. Don't call me that kind—I don't. . .

⁴² As Jacob said in his death, when he called to his two sons that had killed that man, he said, "Far be my soul from your wrath. For in your wrath you slew a man."

Even his own sons said, "Let not my soul come near your wrath."

And I say that in my death, "If this spirit that's in America, if that's what I'm to be judged by, God keep me as far away from it as can be. Let me have the Spirit of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Let something happen in me, no matter what has to take place."

⁴³ People are afraid of the new birth. They're afraid of it. Now, any birth, I don't care what level it's on, it's a mess. You take if it's out yonder in a pig pen, any birth makes a mess. If it's in a pig pen, if it's in a . . . If it's in the cow stable, if it's in a pink decorated hospital room, I don't care where a birth takes place, it's a mess. And a new birth is the same. It'll make you do things that you didn't think you'd do. You might cry, boo-hoo, and rub around on the altar; no matter what you do, I've never ask God (it wouldn't do no good) to try to bring the new birth to my level. I want to meet God's level of the new birth and receive it. I don't care what I have to do.

Someone said not long ago, "I'm afraid to receive the Holy Ghost. I'm afraid It'd make me speak in tongues like them others." I don't care if I spoke in tongues, talked in tongues, crowed in tongues, or anything else; I want the Holy Ghost. That's the main principle; I don't care what level it is. I'll meet God on His level. What He wants to say is right. There's where I want to stand. That new birth that changes a man, changes a woman, changes a new desire, changes their appetites. . .

Wrestle with God until you can hold on until the blessing comes. Then God will change you like He did Jacob, “supplanter,” to Israel, “prince.” The new birth. . .

⁴⁴ These women walked down through there, and they had a—a man draw out—a couple of old man run out trying to grab them. They missed them, and stroke their hands down behind them like that, one grabbed by the heel, and she sprawled out in the floor, and spilled some of her whiskey. And this other one took and poured some more in her glass. And this old man was so drunk he couldn’t get up off of the floor, oh, having a nice, clean time, just a little fun.

That’s what breaks up homes; that’s what spoils children; that’s what makes neurotics; that’s what makes teen-age delinquency is when motherhood and fatherhood is broke.

That woman raised up this bottle; she pulled up that little underskirt, as much as she had on, kicked her little leg up in the air like that, and hollered, “Whoopee!” She said, “This is life.”

I couldn’t stand no more. I walked out there, and I said, “I beg your pardon; that’s death.” I said, “The devil has deceived you. That’s death.”

And she said, “You want a drink? Come on, honey, take a drink.”

I raised out this same Bible here, laid It out before her, I said, “I’m a Gospel preacher.”

And they started to drop the bottle, that make-up stuff all over their face and eyes, and everywhere, and their lips supposed to be down here, and painted plumb up around their nose, and all that kind of stuff, and that blue stuff running down their eyes.

I looked in their hands, and wedding bands on; I said, “Aren’t you ashamed of yourself? I’m an American citizen too.” I said, ‘You disgrace the nation.’

“Oh,” said, “we didn’t mean nothing by it.”

I said, “You don’t mean nothing by it. And you’re both wearing wedding rings.” They started down the place like that. I grabbed them by the hand; they was too drunk to get away from me. I grabbed them by the hand. I said, “Look women, let’s kneel down here and pray to God that He will have mercy on your sinful soul. Go get you some black coffee and sober up, and go home to your children and babies.” Life, life. . . It’s death!

⁴⁵ That’s the kind of life David said, “That Thy loving kindness is better to me than life. Oh, my heart thirsts after Thee, O Lord. I long to see You in this dry, thirsty land, like I have seen You in Your sanctuary.”

[Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . Climb a high tower, or jump off into a river, or flatten yourself on the street, or take carbolic acid, to end that kind of life. That's not what David is speaking of. That kind of life has a end, and the end is disastrous. But that kind of life has no good end to it. But then, I just want to ask the audience this question, for a moment: "Then what makes a person do that?"

Now, you take, I went to a party one time, where . . . It wasn't a party; it's where that we had sold lamps, campaign. And they give a little speech. And we went over there to find out at Louisville, Kentucky, and the service company that I worked for, I'd sold more lamps than—than the whole company had, any of the rest of them. So they give a little time over there; we had a little dinner. And then after it was all over, they moved back and—and the—and they had some dancing. Some girls come out to dance. When they did that, my boss said to me, said, "Billy, go stand back there at the door; we going to have a little clean fun."

I said, "What kind of clean fun?"

Said, "Would you mind stand at the door?" Said, "I know you don't believe in dancing, but these people are going to dance."

"Well," I said, "can't I wait outside?"

Said, "Suit yourself."

I said, "All right." And it's when I started back, I—little old girl run out like that, and run out on the floor begin to doing the—kind of crazy looking acts, and—and going on, her little old skirt flying around. I thought, "That's some mother's girl." I stood there at the door just a minute and looked out. I thought, "Oh, God. Really a pretty little girl. Isn't it a shame, make some man a idol, some good preacher, maybe, a—a consolation, or some good workman to come in at nighttime to a little castle, where they'd have the little babies they could pick up, and play, and freely have life right. That's . . . Maybe her mother might have been a Christian."

⁴⁶ And she started running around, grabbing each man. And she run back to me. And said, "You want to dance?"

I said, "Yes ma'am. I sure do."

And she said, "Come on."

Started out in the floor, I said, "Just a minute." And I held her; she was too little to get away from me. I held by her hand, I said, "There's one thing that I always make a practice of." I said, "Before I always do anything, I always pray. Will you pray with me? Bow down." I held her hand. She couldn't help it. We broke that thing up there in a few minutes. Sure.

The old jazz band stopped, and they picked up their instruments and left. I said, "Mr. Hanson, you could fire me if you want to."

He said, "No, Billy, you done the right thing."

That's it. That ain't life. It's two different conceptions of what life is. One has suicide; the other one has rapture. Oh, rapture Divine. Let that life fall on me. But what makes a person do that? There's some reason. Why?

⁴⁷ Now, listen close. The reason people do that is because God made them to thirst. "My soul thirst after Thee, like in a dry land, thirsting." Well, God made a man to thirst. But you see, that God made a man to thirst, to thirst after Him. He wants to thirst after God.

Now, the devil tries to satisfy that thirst by the things of the world. And he will never do it. Now, if he could take and make you thirst after dancing, make you thirst after the televisions, and rock-and-rolls, and all these other sinful things . . .

Now, I don't mean to condemn all television programs, nor all radio programs. If you want to look at television, watch Oral Roberts. He's got a good program. Watch that. If you want . . . That's okay. I'll endorse that a hundred percent. Billy Graham, Oral Roberts, or some of that, that's fine, or anything that's decent and moral. But all this nonsense of this drinking . . .

⁴⁸ And here the other day, I'm in a tax dispute myself, of the money that I spent in these meeting. The government said, "It ought to be mine alone. I ought to pay taxes on all that . . ."

I said, "How do you think that?" I said, "It went through my church, and paid for these meetings."

Said, "Oh, it was yours before it was the church." And they was going to arrest me for it.

And I said, "I want to ask you something, in the name of all decency." I said, "You put on these programs at night. I've spent thirty-two years of my life across the nation, around the world, trying to make it a better place to live in, trying to break up crooks, and make them honest men, try to take children from the cradle size, and put them in the church, and a thing for right. I spent my life, on earth, to try to do that. And the money that I've used out there, you're trying to tell me that I owe it." And I said, "Then you'll let all this old, nasty vulgar programs come one, of television, and that whiskey company, and tobacco companies, which is killing the nation, and making rape, murder, and everything else, juvenile delinquency that's tearing your nation to pieces, and they write it off as advertisement." I said, "What have we got left?"

⁴⁹ There's one thing we got, and that's Christ. Sure, that beer companies, and everything you see advertising that, that's government taxes. They're writing it off. But let me try to write it off, say, "Well, I had a meeting at Madison Square Garden; they took up so much. I have to show every penny of it. And then we paid this out for the auditorium."

"Yeah, but the people give to you. It was yours. You have to pay income tax on it."

There you are. See? Now, that's—and then you call it justice up over the courthouse doors. Not in my books, it isn't. Not in this Book, it isn't. That's right. We've give Caesar what's Caesar's, and God's what's God's. That's true. But this world is so crooked, till they're even examining the examiners. Why, it's pitiful. The neurotics are examining the neurotics, and the—the psychiatrists the—are taking care of the psychiatrists. Why, the things corrupted, gone to eternity. But the Kingdom of God shall stand forever.

⁵⁰ Listen. You'll never satisfy that longing. You go out and get drunk tonight, and paint the town red, tomorrow morning you got a headache, and a dread. You'll break up your home. You'll ruin your life. You'll throw it to the dogs, as it was. But there's only one way to ever satisfy that—that . . . And I'll tell you now, you'll . . . Listen to this! You, the people, young or old, how dare you to try to take the things of the devil to hush that blessed, holy thirst that's in you. How can you ever take pleasure of the world, or whiskey, or drinking, or big times, and luxury, to ever satisfy that blessed, holy thirst that God give you to thirst after Him.

Some people, even the devil's got so bad that he lets them join the church to satisfy it. Oh, yes. People go and join the church, say, "Well, I'll put my name on the church book, and I'll . . ."

The church is all right, but let me tell you friend, joining the church will never satisfy that holy, hungry thirst. That's the place that God comes in, and nothing else can fill it until you're filled with the Holy Ghost. Then the Holy Ghost comes into your heart. He is the everlasting fountain of God. He's the inexhaustible Fountain of Life. You just receive Him and drink from Him the rest of your life, in all ages. God made that place in here for Himself. You're thirsting, what for? For Him. He wants you to thirst. Thirst after Him.

⁵¹ David was a woodsman, a shepherd. He talked in the terms of shepherd, and woods, and so forth. One—in another Psalm he wrote, "As the hart panteth for the water brook, my soul thirst after Thee, O God."

Now, I'm a hunter, and I've hunt the world over, about. Now, did you ever see a deer wounded? "As the hart thirst for the water brook, so my soul thirst after Thee, O God."

Now, in Africa, Brother duPlessis, his country, they have wild dogs there, they catch the—the deer. And if you get a deer wounded, if he can get to water, you've lost your deer. As long as he can get to water . . . He will find water and he will go back this way, walk down, walk up the branch, and fa—fool the dogs, come back around, come over the hill, come back behind them again, walk into the branch, drink some more, until enough of that cold water clots the blood, and he can live. But if he can't find that water, he will die.

⁵² So is it. I've watched many times, the wolf after the—the deer. And if he can catch a little deer out to itself, that's the one they work on. There's a lesson. If he can catch a deer away from the herd, then he—that that's what the devil wants to do. So to you, young ladies, he wants you to go out with a boy that's not a Christian. To you, young men, he wants you to go out with some little painted Jezebel that's—that's not a Christian. That's where he wants to break you up. That's where he wants to—he wants to sock his teeth into you.

And this little deer will get out to itself, away from the herd. That's the one the wolf works on. And to you, old man or woman, when you separate yourself from believers . . . People say, "I can stay at home, be just as good a Christian as I can at church." You can't.

The Bible said, "Not forsake our assemble ourselves together, and that much more as we see the time coming."

If you're a Christian, you long to go where other Christians are, and fellowship with other Christians. So you cannot stay away from church and live the same life. You—you can't do it, because it's like, "I—I—I—I'm hungry, but I'll never go to a table. I just . . . I'll never eat. I just—I ain't going to do it." See? You've got to go and feed on the Word of God, and fellowship one with another.

We need one another—another more now than we ever did need each other, is now. When you get yourself singled out from the rest of them making yourself just a little different, you don't want to associate with them because they believe this, and don't want to associate with that, you're getting on dangerous ground, right then, keeping away from church. Find the one of your choice, and remain there, and be a Christian brother to all of them. That's the way to be a real Christian. Then we've got fellowship, protection; people love you and pray for you.

That's the success of my meetings, is because real godly people pray for me. That's it. That's the reason success in my meetings. When I

come in and introduce these things about the visions and things, there's a many old mother and dad, sister and brother, setting out there that believe that with all their heart. The Holy Spirit drops right down on them then. If they didn't do that, I have no way of doing it. No matter how great it would be for myself, it has to be for you the same. We have to do a unit, two of us together, to make the contact with God: you, as a believer, and myself, as a believer.

⁵³ Now, then when this little fellow got hisself out, then the wolf comes up. He watches the dog—watches the—the deer. And he keeps getting closer and closer. The little deer begins to feel kindly excited. A many person set under a meeting, set in preaching, felt, "You know that might be me. Maybe, I ought to do this. Maybe, I ought to come to God." That's shows that the wolf is right on you.

Now, when the wolf makes his great dive towards the deer . . . Now, the first thing, a wolf has two fangs that called, "blood fangs." If they can catch the—the deer right behind the ears, there's a blood vein there, and it's a artery, right behind the ear. They throw their teeth right into them. It's like a snake, and they swing their weight right down. And what it does, it cuts the deer's throat. He's finished. That blood vein will start spurting blood, and he won't run fifty yards until he's done. He just bleeds hisself to death, and the blood's spurting right out. His life is gone.

How many precious boys and girls, men and women, has the devil caught off of guard and done that to? Such a pity. "As the hart thirst for the water brook . . ."

⁵⁴ Then we notice, if the—if the little deer's quick, jerks his head up, spies the wolf coming, he can turn. And when he does, the deer—the wolf's got one more place to grab. That's right in the flank. Now, that's the middle balance of the deer. The hind quarters is heavier than front quarters, and it takes the middle here to make up the weight.

Now, if the wolf will grab—if he tries to hit these ribs, he will miss it. If he hits in the flesh here, he will do not good. But right in the flank there, if he can grab his mouth right in there, and take a good hold, and that deer half balanced like that, he can throw the deer to the ground. And if he doesn't, he jerks a whole mouthful of flesh out of the deer, if he misses it's throat.

If he hits the throat, the deer is done. But if he grabs it like this, and if the deer is quick, and jumps, twists itself sideways, he jumps, and he throws before the wolf can swing himself to throw the deer down, the little deer catches that swing and jerks a whole mouthful out. And when he does, a big place comes in there then, and the wolf's fell to the ground, and the little deer is a jump ahead. He can outrun the wolf.

Now, that deer just run as hard as he can go. And as hard as he can go, still he begins to bleed, bleed. His blood is a losing.

⁵⁵ Oh, how many tonight in Phoenix, is bitten by the hounds of hell. Their precious life is fading out, because they—they're looking, hole in their side. Something happened to them, let somebody come in their life, something happened, a man went out with another woman, or a woman with another man, or they taken a little sociable drink. They wanted to be like the Jones' next door or something. That's when he grabs you.

A little twist, then he's got to find water. That's what David said, "As the hart thirst for the water brook, so my soul, thirst after Thee, O God."

And that little deer out there, bleeding, trembling, and thirsting. He will throw his little nose up. I've watched them many times. He will smell. [Brother Branham makes a panting sound—Ed.] He's smelling for water. He looks; the hounds is behind him. If he can find water, he will live. If he don't find water, he will die, 'cause he's getting weaker and weaker. Now, when that deer, he's got to get to the water or die.

⁵⁶ And when you get to that place, my brother, where sin has cankered your life into such a place that you've got to find the waters of God, till you've got to get to that fountain filled with Blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins, where sinners plunge beneath the flood, lose all their guilty stains . . .

If you've so thirsty that you're breathing for the water, "Oh God, where is it at? I must find Jesus or perish." Something . . . You're going to find Him. God will place the water . . . To see that Beersheba—that—a—Hannah found for the baby . . . God can create a fountain right by the side of you. Maybe a cancer has got you eaten. Maybe you're bound in a wheelchair. Maybe that heart's about ready to quit beating, the doctor look at it, said, "Can't be long." Maybe tubercular has about got you, that demon has grabbed you and chewing you up, until you found that fountain. If you're thirsting for it, "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst, for they shall be filled."

My precious friend tonight, let me say to you as your brother, and one that loves you: If you have a need tonight, if there's—if you've been bitten by physically or spiritually, by the devil's hounds, get to the water just as quick as you can. There's a fountain open tonight in the house of God, in the city of David. It's for the unclean. You may dive beneath that fountain, lose all your guilty stains. I recommend to you the Blood of Jesus Christ, while we bow our heads.

⁵⁷ "Thy loving kindness is better to me than life. And because Thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee. O Lord, that

I might see You as I have seen You in Your sanctuary. May I see You in this dry, thirsty land. My soul thirst after Thee, O God." Thirsting, thirsting, trying to find some—the place to drink.

Are you here tonight, person, man or woman, boy or girl, that has never drinken from this fountain? You've been bit by sin, and you're thirsting tonight to be healed. If you are, would you raise up your hands, say, "Brother Branham, remember me in your prayer" I—I now. . . ."

God bless you, sir. God bless you. God bless you, lady. God bless you. There is a fountain filled with Blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins.

Back over here to my right, God bless you, young lady. God bless you, young man. That's good. God bless you. That's wonderful. Just think, friends, see that thirsting in you. Have you given that over to the enemy? to the things of this world? Have you just tried to satisfy that with, say, "Well, I'll go downtown and buy new clothes. I. . . ." That isn't it. You need—maybe you need new clothes. That's legitimate. But when you just make that your idol of how you must be so spic and span all the time. Maybe it's your home. Maybe it's something else that's taken that place of that thirst and calling. It ought to be God. God is that satisfying portion.

⁵⁸ I'm going to ask you to do something. If you believe that God hears my prayer, if you've got confidence in me as your brother, and if you have need of that, I wonder if—if you'd come here, and believe that . . . I was just talking to a lady; she's met me, today in the restaurant. And she was telling me about Brother Outlaw, I believe it was, bringing me to her bedside when she was dying with TB. She was healed. The doctors had give her up. And she was healed, later, was healed in another meeting by cancer. Her little girl laying dying with leukemia . . . If the lady hasn't testified, I had Brother David to tell me about her—get her to testify. And the little girl with leukemia, the last stages, done fell down to twenty something pounds, and today, there's not a trace of the leukemia.

Oh, my, about a man here, last night, said he couldn't get into the meeting. . . . And I believe he found out where I laid my hat back there, and he said, "I can't get in, but I—Lord, I'll touch his hat." And he had TB, and was healed.

⁵⁹ If you believe the God. . . . Don't. . . . Be simple. The Holy Spirit's so simple. It just—just follow It with the way It goes. And if you believe that God hears my prayer, and you've really been bitten tonight, somewhere along the line. . . . You got a temper that just makes you fly loose; that's the devil. He bites you; he will poison your experience. It's like sulfuric acid. It'll kill you, and you'll be lost.

If you want me to pray for you, would you come stand here so I can put my hands on you, while we sing? If the organist will go, while you're playing, and with your heads bowed, "There is a fountain filled with Blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins; sinners plunge beneath the flood, lose all their guilty stains."

⁶⁰ God bless you, sir. Come right up here. That's good. Would someone else come now? While we're waiting, come up here and stand. God bless you, lady. That's good. Stand right there, my brother. I want to come down and lay hands on you, just in a minute.

Now, all right, brother if you'll give us a chord on that, "There Is A Fountain Filled With Blood."

There is a fountain filled with blood (God bless you,
my brother. I'll be right with you in a minute.)
... from ... (Come right, sister.) ... el's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty ...

Won't you come right ahead now, raise up? You that's bitten, are you thirsting for something real? Are you thirsting for an experience with God? Come now, right here, let's pray and lay hands on you right now.

... Their guilty stains.
The dying thief ...

God bless you, sister. That's good. Come right out, walk down here, around the altar now. Stand right around here, just a moment for prayer.

... his day;
And ...

God bless you, sir. Come right on. It's a real man to do it. Come right out. ... ? ... Come right down here and stand.

... wash all my guilt away.
Wash all my sins away,
Wash all my sins away;
And there may I, though vile as He,
Wash all my sins away.
E'er since by faith I ...

Won't you come now? The rest of you come right down, would like to stand around here a moment now. You that's been bitten. Wants to be healed of that bite of the devil, come right down now. Now's the time to receive it.

. . .ing love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
And shall be till I die,
And shall be till I die;
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

⁶¹ Now, as we are gathering, come right down, won't you? I wonder how many ministers are in here tonight? How many ministers, would you raise your hands? Look at the ministers. Bless your hearts. I'm going to ask you: Come down here just a minute and stand with me. I'm coming down to lay hands on these people. Now, they'll want a church home after this. They'll want to be baptized by Christian baptism, and they'll—they'll want . . . You'll want to invite them to your churches. And we want you to come down and stand with us here, that we'd pray. In just a moment then we're going to have prayer for the sick too, just in a moment. Just remain a—the sick people in your seats.

Now, I'm going to ask the pastor here, Brother Shores, if he will stand here and—and lea—and lead us in a song real quietly, while the rest of you bow your heads. I want to lay hands upon our brothers here and sisters, that's come to consecrate their lives. They've been bit by the enemy and we are going to lay hands upon them, that they . . . And I want you ministers to do likewise. And then, we're going to pray the prayer of faith for these people.

⁶² Now, you that's standing here, no matter what you have ever done . . . Now surely, you people know here that I'm telling you the truth. God vindicates that. I'm telling you the truth, because it's the Word. The Holy Spirit comes and moves . . . A few minutes ago, instead of making a—a line of discernment like I was planning on doing, Something at the end moved and said, "There are those that are bitten." See?

How do I know that one of these standing here isn't a Gospel minister after while. How do I know that some of these young women, so forth, standing here, might be missionaries heading for the field. How do I know who they are? Might be another Billy Graham, it might be another Sankey, Moody, Finney, Knox, Calvin. How do I know? Only thing we do is cast the net in, and then draw it. The Holy Spirit draws. Jesus said, "If I be lifted up, I'll draw all men unto Me."

My friends, standing here at this altar, the real, the real Christ Who heals the body, heals the soul. Now, while we're praying. Every one with your head bowed, and you—you lead us in a song as you . . . ? . . . [Brother leads the song, "Jesus Is Passing This Way—Ed.]

63 While we're impressed . . . ? . . . in prayer now, I want the ministers now, to come up close to these people. Each one that's standing around the altar here, now just confess all your wrongs. "Lord, the enemy has broken me down, but tonight I'm standing here for one purpose: to know that I'm a person that's dying. Know that my life is burning out, and I have used it; and the thirst that I really should have given to You, I've turned it to different things. Forgive me, oh, Lord. Clean my heart, and clean my thirst, and may I turn it to You, oh, God, and from this hour on, drink from the fountain of life freely, because God has invited me to this fountain."

64 And now, to you out there in the audience, that's sick and needy, would you just raise up your hands? I'm going to ask you to do something, as I did last evening. Lay your hands over on each other now. Just put your hands on one another.

I heard such good reports since last night from the meeting. Now, while I'm praying, I want you, each one, to receive your healing. Believe it with all your heart. Believe that it's going to happen tonight, not . . . God didn't just promise to hear my prayers. He promised to hear your prayer. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick. God shall raise them up." Physically sick, spiritually sick, no matter what your sickness is, the Blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all. "And these signs shall follow them that believe, if they lay their hands upon the sick . . ."

65 Now, we're in a—we're in a unity; we're in an agreement now. We're Christians; the Holy Spirit's here, that great Angel of God, that Pillar of Fire, that you got the picture of, right here. That same Angel of God is right here now in this building, right here. If you are believers, and will wipe all the musk of unbelief away from you, all the doubts away from you, and will believe right now . . . Now, don't pray for yourself; pray for the person you got your hands on. See? You pray for the next man; he's praying for you. And you be praying for one another, and while I pray for you, that'll make the chain here, and God will heal every person here. There will not be one sick person left in our midst, if you'll just believe.

Every one of these people here, that's up here around the altar. I look here and see this Indian woman, I believe, moving up here. Remember last year, the year I was here, the little blind Indian girl receiving her sight up on the reservation. How I remember those precious Indians up there, how that God healed among them, and you're here now. God will fill you with the Holy Spirit and give you exceedingly abundantly.

Now, you ministers, bow your heads and pray with me. Everywhere now, everybody with one accord . . . When they had assembled

together, they prayed with one accord; and the place was shaken where they were assembled together, and the Word of God went forth with boldness.

⁶⁶ Heavenly Father, as a servant of God, I bring this audience into Your Presence, praying now, that You'll break every power of Satan, every unbelief. These precious people, standing here, has been bit by the devil's mad dogs and they are needy of Your healing powers. May they hold onto the madstone, the Stone, Christ Jesus, until all the poison of—of sin has been pulled from their souls, and all the sickness has been pulled away from their bodies. May they stick to the Stone of God until they're perfectly free. Let the Holy Ghost fall in this building now, upon every heart and every believer.

May the power that raised Jesus from the dead, now come into force in every one. Let them know that You're God, the great Healer, that never can lose a case. Thou art God for evermore. I commit them to You, Lord.



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