

A full-page photograph of a large male deer with impressive antlers standing in a forest. The ground is covered in fallen autumn leaves in shades of orange, red, and brown. The background shows misty trees and foliage, creating a serene and natural setting.

EDITED AND ABRIDGED
STORIES AND LIFE LESSONS

WALKING IN TRUTH

FROM THE SERMONS OF
WILLIAM M. BRANHAM

WALKING IN TRUTH

**I have no greater joy than
to hear that my children
walk in truth.**

3 John 4

Kids, you, each one, seem like mine. You, each one, seem like just my sons and daughters. In one way, you are, see, spiritually speaking. That's right.

The Lord God has put your souls into my care, because you come, listen to me. You believe me. See? And in one sense of the word, you are my sons and daughters. That's right.

63-0601 - Come, Follow Me
REV. WILLIAM MARRION BRANHAM



Note to the Reader:

The stories and excerpts that follow have been taken from sermons preached by Brother William Branham. Edits have been made with the younger reader in mind to assist with readability, attention, and understanding.

These changes are not in any way intended to alter the truth Brother Branham was intending to relay. All portions are referenced, so should anyone discover that this has inadvertently occurred, the compiler requests that you please send corrections to:

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1

The Noble King

Some years ago, I was reading a story. In this story, there was a great, noble king... I forget the name of him, just now. It's perhaps fiction, but it leads us to a point that gives us a background on what we want to say.

This king, he was such a noble king, and such a great lover of his subjects, till, one day, before his guard and his royalty, he said, "Today, you see me for your last time, for many years."

His guard and his nobles said to him, “Good king, why do you say that? Are you going to a foreign country, somewhere, to become an alien?”

He said, “No. I’m staying right here. I’m going out amongst my subjects. I’m going to become a peasant. I’m going to cut wood with the wood chopper. I’m going to till the ground with the toiler. I am going to prune the vines with those who prune the vines. I’m going to be one of them, in order to get better acquainted with what they are doing. I love them and I want to be more acquainted with them personally. They won’t know me. But, yet, I want to be acquainted with them in that way.”



The next morning, his delegates and all of his people saw him (or the ones that were in the palace) take off his crown and lay it down upon the throne; take his robe off, put on peasant's clothes, and walk out amongst the common people.

Now, in that little story, we find out then about God.

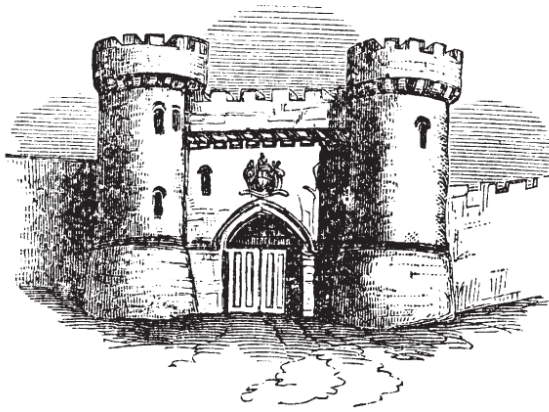
They said to the king, "King, we want you. We love you. We want you to remain king."

But he wanted to become one of them, to know them better, that they would know him better. It would display to them what he really was.

And that's what God did. He changed Himself, from being Jehovah God, to become one of us, that He might suffer, He might taste death, He might know what the sting of death was, and take the penalty of death upon Himself. He laid aside His crown and His robe, and became one of us. He washed

*feet with the lowly. He dwelt in the tents
with the poor. He slept in the woods and in
the streets, with those who were
underprivileged. He became one of us, that
He might understand us better, and that we
might understand Him better.*

64-0629 - The Mighty God Unveiled Before Us



2

The Chinese Laundry

You remember, here in America years ago, the Chinese couldn't speak English, and they ran the laundry. You'd go to his laundry, to get your laundry done. The Chinese laundry men would take a tag, and would tear it in a certain way. You'd take one part of the tag; he'd take the other part. But when you came back to claim your belongings, those two pieces of paper had to dovetail. You couldn't impersonate it in any way, because he had one piece and you had the other. Then you had a right to claim what was yours. And then you'd get

what belonged to you, when you possessed the other part of the contract.

So is it, when we've got the other part of the contract. God tore His Son in two at Calvary, taking the body up for a Sacrifice, and sent the Spirit down to us that once lived in a Man, Jesus. That same God is veiled now, in the form of the Holy Ghost. Those two pieces have to come together, then you're a part of the contract. God did this to be better known to man, when He made Himself Man.

64-0629 - The Mighty God Unveiled Before Us

3

Mr Dorsey

Now, men have their own ideas of what God ought to be and what God is going to do. I have made the old statement many times, that 'man still remains man'. Man is always giving God praise for what He did do, and always looking forward to what He will do, and ignoring what He is doing. See? That's the way they miss it. They look back and see what a great thing He has done, but they fail to see what a simple thing He used to do it with. Then they look forward and see a great thing coming, that's going to happen, and nine times out of ten, it's already happening

right around them, and it's so simple that they don't know it.

One day, there was a man up here at Utica, who was a veteran of the Civil War. I don't know which side he was on, but I believe he was a Rebel. He was an infidel, and he claimed that there was no such a thing as God. His name was Jim Dorsey.

He gave me many a watermelon, when I was a little fellow. He used to raise watermelons down on the river, in the bottoms there, and he was quite a friend to my daddy.

But one day, one of the great outstanding things that was ever said to him, in contrast to his belief, caused him to walk away and drop his head and cry. And I understood that by this, the man was gloriously converted to Christ at the age of about eighty-five years old.

He asked a little girl, one day, who was coming from Sunday school, why she wasted her time doing such a thing as that? And she said, because she believed that there was a God.

Mr. Dorsey said, “Child, you are so wrong, to believe in such a thing as that.”

That little girl stooped down and picked up a little flower off the ground, pulled it from its petals, and said, “Mr. Dorsey, could you tell me how this lives?”



There it was. When he began to search back, he could have said to the child, “Well, it’s growing in the earth.” And then the questions could revolve back, “Where did the earth come from? How did that seed get there? How did it happen?” On and on, and on, and ran it on back until he saw.

It’s not the great glamorous things that we think about, but it’s the simple things that God is so real in - the simplicity. So, it pleases God to reveal Himself, and then hide Himself; then hide Himself, and reveal Himself, in simple, little things.

63-0317M - God Hiding Himself In Simplicity, Then Revealing Himself In The Same

4

Jack Coy (Part 1)

Here some time ago, I was reading of Jack Coy, an Indian guide out there in the West. He was lost one day and he couldn't find his way in. His horse was about dead. She was breathing heavily. All the water was gone. He was in the desert and he was leading her, staggering. He was a Christian man and he knew it wouldn't be long until death would finally take them.

He was going along and after a while, they hit a buffalo trail, where animals had been running. So he tried to get on the horse. He thought maybe they'd go to water, so he

jumped on the horse, and he started going down. The horse could hardly walk, and he couldn't either. So, he got down.

After a while, the trail separated. One went this way and one went that way. Well, the one that went this way just had a few tracks, but the one that went that way was well blazed. So Jack pulled his horse around to start that way, and the old horse wouldn't go that way. He wanted to go back this a-way. So, Jack tried to spur his horse on. She wouldn't go. She kept nickering, trying to go back this a-way. He got real angry, and he threw his spurs into her and he cut her till the blood was running out of her. She started quivering and was going to fall.

He got off her and he thought, "She packed me through this desert. She's been good to me and now she believes the water is that way. There's not very much of a trail going that way."

That's the way it is tonight, friends. There is not very much of a trail that leads this a-way. But it's a way to Life. Receiving the Holy Ghost since you believed is not so very well posted tonight.

Jack reached over, patted her and said, "Bess, I'm sorry that I did that." He said, "You have been faithful to carry me this far, and I'm willing to risk my life. I've heard that horses have instincts that they know where water is. If you've carried me this far...I'd have died long time ago if it hadn't been for you. But I'm going to take your route. I'm about to hold on to you. If we die, we both die together."

I think that (not comparing my Lord with a horse), but He's packed me this far; this good old Holy Ghost religion has brought me safely this far. At the hour of my death, I'll take a hold of Calvary and say, "You carried me through every sick spell, and through the blackness and darkness of life,

and through the bitter parts of hell. I'll trust You in my dying hour." Yes, sir. Not on some theology, but on the Holy Spirit in God's Word. On Christ, the solid Rock.

He hadn't gone but a little piece that way, then the horse started trying to trot. She was so poor and bleeding on the side. He didn't get but a little piece farther down the road until they plunged right into a great big gusher of water there. He said he jumped into the water, both he and the horse, and they drank, and he washed her nostrils out. He patted her and they screamed, and he thanked God, and he raised his hands and cried and shouted and everything like that. He was just having a wonderful time.

To be continued...

5

Jack Coy (Part 2)

Directly, he heard somebody laughing, and standing over on the other side was a bunch of drunken prospectors.

He came across and they said, “Who are you?”

He said, “I’m Jack Coy, of the Indian reservation.”

“Well, come on over, Jack,” they said. “We got something to eat. We got some venison here.”

So he started over there and he saw they were drinking, so he ate the venison with

them. After a while, they said, “All right, Jack. What day is it? We’re celebrating the fourth of July.”

He said, “Well, this is October.” They were all drunk and been out there so long.

But they’d found gold and they were on their road back. They didn’t care. They were just having a big time, and they thought they’d have some fun out of him.

Now, one of them staggered up to him, a little old disfigured looking fellow. He said, “All right, Coy, how about having a drink of our good liquor?”

He said, “No thanks, boys. I don’t drink.”

He said, “Ah, come on now.” You know how a drunk is. He said, “Yes, you drink. You’ll have one drink.”

Jack said, “No, boys. Thank you. I don’t drink.”

They said, “Now, wait. If our venison is good enough to eat, then our whiskey is good enough to drink. Now, you’re going to drink—take a drink.”

And the other guy said, “That’s right. Tell him about it. We’ll back you up.”

He said, “You’re going to drink it or you’re going to die.” So he picked up his thirty-thirty and threw a shell up. If anybody knows what that means out in the desert, when they throw that thirty-thirty Winchester up, that means something is going to happen.

So, he pulled up the thirty-thirty like that, and he said, “Now look, Jack. If our venison is good enough for you to eat, then our whiskey is good enough for you to drink with us. If you’re so goody-goody and don’t want to drink our whiskey, well then, you can pay. Let your bones bleach on this desert.”

Jack said, "Wait just a minute, boys, before you do it. I appreciate your venison. I'll pay you."

"We don't want you to pay. We want you to have a drink and be sociable." You know how drunks are like that.

He said, "Boys, just a minute. I ain't going to drink, but before you pull that gun up" (when he was levelling it up) he said, "I want to ask you something."

He said, "Here, you take this jug, and you take this drink, or I'll pull the trigger on this rifle."

Jack said, "Just a minute, before you pull the trigger, let me give you my testimony. I hailed from the old bluegrass country of Kentucky. Years ago, I stood in the corner one morning of a little old trundle bed. My daddy was gone. My mother was laying there, and the morning light was stealing across the little old bare floor. There was a

light which stole across there. God was taking home the sweetest person in the world, my mother.

Me, a little bare-footed boy, running along there not knowing where I'd go, I started out the door, and she said, 'Jack, honey? Come here.' I ran to see what she wanted. She put her arms around me. Her grey hair was streaking down her face.

She said, 'Jack, you know your father died over here in a barroom with his boots on. He died a drunkard. And Jack, mother's a going. Here is the Bible laying here, promise me, Jack, that you'll never take a drink.'

I kissed my dying mother on the brow. Her arms gripped me, and she held me until the breath left her body, when I had to pull my hands away from her side to walk back and fold them across her breast like this, as a dying mother. And there, I have never

drunk my first drink from that time to this.
Now, if you want to shoot, shoot.”



About that time a gun fired, and the jug burst in the man’s hand. Stepping out of the canyon, was a little bitty cowboy, tears rolling down his cheeks, his two big guns in his hands, he said, “Hold still. Just a minute.”

“You won’t do any shooting?”

“No, sir.”

He said, “I too, Jack, hailed from the old country over yonder, back there in the

beautiful bluegrass country. My mother was a Christian woman with that old time religion. I promised her on her deathbed that I wouldn't drink. But" he said, "I'm sorry that I've broke that many times. But the big canyons of heaven heard my gun when it fired a while ago. I sealed a pledge with God, I'll never drink another drop from this time to that. That reminds me of the old time religion that my mother had. I'll never drink it."

And there those men together converted that whole bunch of drunks to the Lord Jesus Christ.

I believe that same old time Holy Ghost religion lives in the world today and is willing to save anybody from a life of sin.

53-0612 - Palmerworm, Locust, Cankerworm, Caterpillar

6

The Little Old Footman

One time Caesar was going to make a great feast and a great parade, and he said, “I want to get a man of honour to set by my side to ride.”

All the officers polished their shields, trimmed their plumes, and made their swords real glittery. They marched by Caesar like this, with their great denominational garments on, walking by like that.

“Caesar, see who I am.”



Caesar set and looked at them. Directly, a little old footman came by all battered and scarred, and kind of bowed his head.

“Wait a minute. Come here.” Caesar said. “What are you doing all scarred up like that? Where’d you get them scars?”

The little old footman said, “Out on the battlefield fighting for you.”

“Climb up here; you’re the one will ride by me.”

Paul said, “I bear in my body the marks of Jesus Christ.”

When the battle is over, when one day we will preach the last sermon, close the Book for its last time, sing the last hymn, and pray the last prayer. The battle will end for me someday; the battle will end for you. Don't have no worry, because then we will meet Melchisedec, the great High Priest, the great High Priest of God, our Lord Jesus Christ, Who will serve us communion, set down after the battle is over.

61-0209 - Jehovah-Jireh

7

A Broken Chimney Lamp

One night, a little lady came in and got a handkerchief. I said, “Now, if you’re not going to use it right at the present time, put it in the Bible on Acts the 19th chapter where the Scripture for it’s at.”

So this little woman, she put it in her Bible, and I’d been gone from there about, oh, I guess six weeks. I was way down around Little Rock, and one night this little lady came in with a testimony.

Now, the Arkansas people are not the most stylish people in the world, but they’re

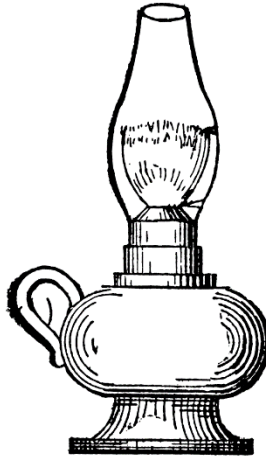
some of the best in the world. They're humble. They haven't got much of this world's goods.

I've seen young ladies sixteen years old, come into the meeting, me setting back somewhere praying. (I usually stay in prayer before coming to the meeting). I see them come packing their shoes and stockings under their arm, then they get down there and brush off their feet, and put on their stockings and shoes, and go on in the church. They have to make that one pair of shoes last a long time.

So I remember one night, a little lady - the one that had the handkerchief. She lived way back in the rural district, her husband was a farmer, and she was cleaning an old lamp chimney.

How many have ever cleaned a lamp chimney? This lady was cleaning a lamp chimney, and she broke the chimney over

her arm; it cut the veins or arteries, that were in her wrist.



Well, as the old superstition (you know), cobwebs, they usually get them, and that's just a superstition, like tearing a chicken open for a snakebite. So they put the cobweb on it, and course, the blood spurting up, just washed the cobweb away.

Well, she wrapped something around it, and a bed sheet and it bled it wet. So she was getting weak, and her first closest

neighbour was two miles or more, and her husband had gone to city to get stuff for their table, and for the animals on the farm. She was bleeding to death, and she knew she was going to die in a little while if something didn't help her.

She runs out, and happens to think about that handkerchief. Now, this is her story. I can't say this. See? I'm only taking her word. But she ran in there, and she grabbed this handkerchief, and she said, "Dear God, my life lays within Your hand. If You don't help me, I'm going to die. And this was given to me for this purpose. And now I lay it on my arm in the Name of Jesus, Your Son," and the blood stopped.

She walked about two miles after her husband got home, wearing big old boots through the muddy rice fields, and so forth. She hung her lantern up in a tree, and flagged a Greyhound bus, and rode about hundred and something miles to Little

Rock where the service was held that night. She came in holding that handkerchief up, not even stained, and showing the place where the cut was.

“Faith cometh by hearing, hearing of the Word.”

53-0613 - God's Provided Way

8

Just Take the Lantern

One time I'd got through preaching, way down in the mountains of Kentucky, where I was born. As I stepped outside the door of the church, there was a man standing there, who was a trapper across the hills.

He'd met me the day before, when I was squirrel hunting, and he had been setting there on the log talking. They were talking about a little baby that been healed the night before, which they said had the jerks: palsy, and they didn't know I was in the woods.

This great big fellow had a hat on made out of limb bark - I guess there's not a person here ever seen a limb bark hat. They take hickory bark and scale it off and make a hat out of it, weaving it together. They were setting there on that log that they'd stopped sawing, with the Winchester rifles on the trees, feuding. When he was talking, he had a big chew tobacco in his mouth, "Spsst!" Then he'd spit, and the leaves would fly up.

He said, "I saw that young'n stop shaking," and I heard them getting pretty rough talking.

I thought, "I'd better make myself known." I didn't want to be a stranger going up through those bushes.

I said, "Good morning, gentlemen." That rough bunch of men who would kill you at the drop of your hat, jumped to their feet.

This big fellow with that long neck and his Adam's apple sticking out, he looked at me; his eyes pushed out; he jerked off that hat and swallowed that chew tobacco, and said, "Good morning, Parson."

Oh, if Christ is presented in the right way, the world will respect it, if there's any respect in them. Certainly it is, if it's brought in the way of Divine light.

That night when we left the church, he had a lantern in his hand; he said, "I'd give anything, Parson, if I could only believe that God would forgive me of my sin. I've killed two or three men, and I know that I'm a guilty sinner. But when I seen them things happen in that little church, I'm aware that there is a true and living God."

I said, "He will forgive you and He wants to forgive you. The very hunger in your heart means that He's working on your soul."

He said, "If I could only feel it."

I said, "You'll feel it."

He said, "When I feel it, I'll believe it."

I said, "Believe it and then you'll feel it."

He said, "I wish I knowed how to do it."

I said, "Where do you live?"

He said, "Across the mountain about two miles."

"How do you get there?"

"Up over the ridges and through the paths."

I said, "It's very dark."

He said, "But I got a lantern."

I said, "You can't see your house with your lantern."

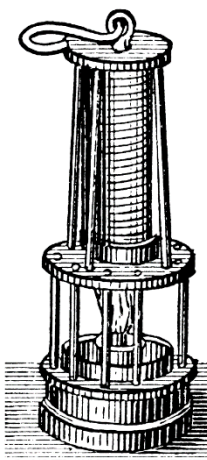
He said, "No, that's right."

"Then how do you know you're going to get there?" I said. "Just take the lantern in your

hand and you're standing in the light; you walk in the right direction; every step you make, the light will light up the road. That's the way you find Christ."

Stand in His Light.

58-0112A - His Wonders To Perform



9

Old Auntie and the Boy

So, it's good to know God, to find God, to get on speaking terms with Him while there's nothing wrong. Then in the time of trouble, He's a very present help.

Not long ago, I was talking to an evangelist and he said, "One of the strangest things happened."

A young coloured boy had come to him a few nights before to be saved.

He said, "He just never waited for altar calls. When I got to the pulpit, he walked right straight up, and he said, 'Parson, I

want to accept Jesus as my personal Saviour.'

So I said, 'Certainly, son. I'm very happy to hear you say that, and to pray with you. But what is the sudden change? What's happened? Have you ever been to church much?'

The boy said, 'No, sir, I haven't. I've been more or less a vagabond. About six months ago, I'd wandered way up in the state of Maine. I was out on a little lonely road, walking. I'd gotten hungry, and I was out of money, so I hired out to some pulp cutters. They told me, 'You might help. We got a coloured woman washing dishes, or cooking. You might wash dishes for her.' And he said he told them, 'Well, that's all right. I don't care what to do. I want to work awhile.' And they said, 'We'll feed you and give you so much.'"

So he said, "About two nights after he'd been there, he just washed the dishes and had been laying down in the bed, thinking, and between his room and the old lady's room, there's a piece of canvas was hung up. She had a lantern setting on a box.

And he said that he heard two men outside, talking, and he began to hear a real funny noise taking place, a real mournful, rumbling noise.

One of the men said to the other one, those great big husky woodsman, 'Jim, we better go on down to the cabin, for we may be blowed off the face of the earth in the next few minutes.'

It alarmed the boy, and he'd had his head under the covers. He threw the little blanket back, 'What could be going wrong?'

In a few minutes, the lightning began to flash in the window. He got up and looked out the window, and said one of those great

tornadoes that hits that country was a winding through the timbers just a little way ahead.

He said within himself, 'What if it would strike this place?'

The old auntie in the next room knocked on the little canvas, and said, 'Son, come over here. I've got a lantern lit.'

The boy said, 'I went over into her room, and she took hold of my hand and she said, 'Young fellow, are you a Christian?''

He said, 'No ma'am, I'm not.'

'Well,' she said, 'you'd better get down here now, for within the next few minutes, this little cabin, if that hurricane stays in its path, will be blowed into pieces.'

He said, 'She dropped down by the side of that old soapbox. I never heard anyone pray with such coolness. She talked to Somebody that she'd talked to before. She

didn't seem to mind if the cabin blew away.'

But he said, 'All of a sudden, limbs began to hit the cabin, trees uprooting and falling in.'

And the minister said, "Did you pray?"

He said, "No, sir. I was too scared to pray. I didn't know but what the next one fell would take me. But this one thing I said, 'Lord, if You'll be merciful to me, when I get out of here, I'm going to know You as my Saviour. That's what I'm here for now. For I don't know when I'll hit another storm like that.'"

He wanted to come while he was in his right mind, while he could think, and when he could pray, and when he could think for himself, and get in contact with God.

I do believe there is a death-bed repentance. But don't you depend on it. I've seen many

*on the side of the road in wrecks, glass
driven through their bodies, and some shot
and a bullet through them. I'd run to them
quickly, I say, "You're a Christian?"*

"No. No," and can't pray.

*Don't you take a chance on it, for now God
is our refuge and our strength, and He's a
very present help in trouble. Think on your
ways now!*

59-0814 - As I Thought On My Ways

10

A, B, C, D

There was a saying about a little boy, one time down south, that was kneeling in a row where he had been ploughing.

A clergyman passed by and heard the little fellow repeating the alphabet, “A, B, C, D,” and so forth, and he was on his knees. The clergyman was very much disturbed. He heard the little boy repeat the alphabet, and then say, “Amen.”

As he got up, the clergyman spoke to him, and said, “Sonny, I am the servant of the Lord. And I heard you praying, but you were only saying the alphabet. And I don’t

understand why you were just saying the alphabet.”

He said, “Sir, I can’t pray. I had never prayed. But, I had a praying mother and father, which has done gone on to Heaven. Mother, she died when I was such a little boy. But I remember hearing her when she was in trouble, she went to the Lord, and she prayed. And she died when I was so young, she couldn’t teach me to pray.

And I have been given into the hands of an unkind person, who beats me and mistreats me. And I thought, maybe, after I had learned my ABC’s, if I could take all the words and say all the letters, maybe He could put it together and understand what I meant.”

That’s the prayer of sincerity. Certainly He could put them together. It’s not how we pray, in our lips, it’s the motive of our heart, is what God hears. He sometimes doesn’t

*hear our lips; He hears our intention, what's
the motive of our heart.*

57-0120M - The Impersonation Of Christianity

11

“You’re of Another World”

God’s people had unsettled rest down in Egypt. They were out of their right position. They were out of their homeland. They were strangers and pilgrims, and God was going to bring them from that housed-in place, in Egypt, up to the homeland - it’s a type of today; we’re unsettled.

Little chubby-handed boys playing marbles, little girls with the dollies, playing; the first thing you know, you’ve got grey hair, and you’re wrinkled up. There’s something wrong here. This is not home. We’re in the wrong place. That’s why we say we are

pilgrims and strangers. Something has happened.

A little lady said, this morning in the room, about how people laugh at her sometimes.

I said, “But, sister, dear, you’re not of them people.” We are a different people.

My little girl said, “Daddy, certain-certain girls did certain-certain things.”

I said, “But, look, honey.” (They had these records of Elvis Presley). I said, “I wouldn’t want them in my house.”

She said, “But, Daddy, they’re nice little girls.”

I said, “They may be. I have nothing to say against that. But there is one thing, we are different. Not as that we want to be different, but the Spirit that’s within us has come out of that. You’re of another world.”

57-0901M - Hebrews, Chapter Three

12

The Old Violin

There was a story, many years ago, about an old violinist. He had an old violin they were going to sell, and they wanted to sell it for a certain thing.

The auctioneer said, “Who will give me so-and-so?” I believe he was offered a few coins, maybe fifty cents, or something.

“Going once, going twice...”

Directly, a man raised up in the back. He said, “Just a minute,” and he walked up and got it.

Let’s think that he played this:

*There is a Fountain filled with Blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel’s veins;
When sinners plunged beneath the flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.*

Then when he laid it down, there wasn’t a dry eye in the place.

Then he said, “Who will offer?”

One said, “Five thousand.”

“Ten thousand.”

It was priceless. Why? The old master of the violin had revealed its true quality.

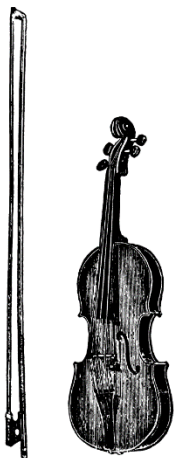
*Oh, brother, sister, now let the Master of
this Word, Who wrote It, the great Holy*

*Spirit, rosin up His bow with love, and pull it
across your heart.*

*“There is a Fountain filled with Blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel’s vein.”*

*You’ll see the full value, and see the unveiled
God come right in view.*

64-0629 - The Mighty God Unveiled Before Us



13

In the Bat Den

One day I was having a meeting at Carlsbad, New Mexico, and we went down in this big old bat den there and it was kind of spooky-looking. We got down there in this place, the man snapped the lights off. Oh, my, you can imagine how dark it was. It's so dark you could feel it.

That's just about the way the times are getting, when we see the church that fails to recognize God's Word; when you see our daughters of Zion doing the way they're doing; when you see our brothers that smoke and drink, and tell dirty jokes and

things, while still trying to hold their confession in Christ. Oh, my, it's dark. It's pitch dark.

We see the sign of His Coming. It's always darkest just before day. Then the Morning Star comes out to hail the day, and to herald it, and show that it's coming.

In that bat den, when they turned that light off, there was a little girl who just screamed to the top her voice.

There was a little boy standing by the guide, and he had seen that guide when he switched the lights off like that.

That little sister was just about to have a fit. She was screaming, and jumping up-and-down. "Oh! What's going to happen next? What's the matter? What's the matter?"

Do you know what he screamed? He said, "Don't fear, little sister. There's a man here who can turn on the lights."

*Listen, little sister, you might think we're
small and in minority. But, don't fear.
There's a Man here, Who can turn on the
Lights. That's the Holy Spirit.*

64-0629 - The Mighty God Unveiled Before Us

14

Old Gabe

Some time ago, way down in the Southlands, there was a minister of the Gospel, and he had a man that worked for him, a coloured man. They called him Gabe. His right name was Gabriel, but they called him Gabe, for short.

Gabe was a good old fellow, but he just couldn't get lined up with the Lord. No matter what we would do, he would just be out of line. He liked to play dice and cards, and drink a little whiskey, and he just couldn't stay lined up.

Gabe liked to hunt real well, but he couldn't hit anything, and the pastor of this certain church, he liked to hunt also. So one day when they had been out hunting, they had shot so much game till the rabbits and the birds were hanging all over them. It was late in the evening and they were coming up along a little familiar path. No one had said anything for a few minutes. Old Gabe was just loaded down with game, toddling along the path. After a while he tapped the minister on the shoulder. The minister turned around, and to his surprise, tears were running down old Gabe's cheeks.

He said, "Parson, you know what I's going to do?"

He said, "No, Gabe, what are you going to do?"

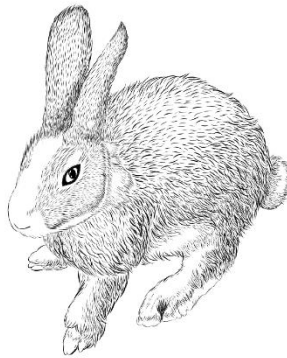
He said, "I's coming right down to your church Sunday morning. I's going to find

my position, place, right down at the mourner's bench. And I's going to come in and fellowship in the church. And I'm going to live true to God till I die."

The pastor was rather upset about the quick decision of Gabe, after years trying to persuade the old fellow to become a Christian.

He said, "Gabe, you don't know how I appreciate that. How happy I am to have you to say those words about our Lord, and for your decision. But there's one thing that's a bothering me, Gabe. After all my preaching, and I picked you up on the street and took you to your wife at home when you were drunk to keep you from being arrested, and all the things that I have done, and still I couldn't get you to come and join the church and be saved. What made the sudden change, Gabe?"

He said, “Boss, you know I’s a poor shot. I couldn’t hit one rabbit. Looky here at the rabbits and game that He’s give me. Surely He must love me or He wouldn’t give them to me.”



Oh, it’s simple. But if you only knew the blessings that you possess come from the hand of God: the clothes that you wear, the food that you eat.

Are you guilty of eating good food, enjoying good sight, wearing good clothes, driving a good car, living in a great nation, going to a good school, and all the blessings that we

*are enjoying, and yet you've never looked up
to see where they come from?*

58-0112E - The Door To The Heart

15

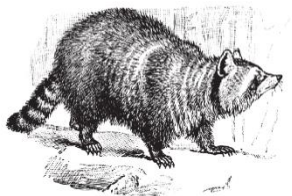
‘Coon Grease

I wish to hit another door just for a moment, and that is the door of your eyes. The Bible said that we ought to buy eye salve from the Lord.

You know, I’m a southerner. Down in the country where we live, way back in the mountain country of Kentucky, the children used to get sore eyes. My grandpa used to hunt and he used to hunt coons. He would take that raccoon and render out the grease.

You usually get sore eyes when you’re sleeping. That’s when Christians get sore

eyes too. When they're asleep in the things of the world, their eyes get sore. You look at too much television, maybe. Anyhow, it'll make sore eyes.



We used to take this coon grease, and rub it, massage it into their eyes until their eyes come open.

Oh, but in the spiritual realm, God has some holy Oil, the Holy Spirit, which massages the heart with the power of His resurrection, until spiritual eyes fly open and see the glory of the Lord. Oh, how we need an eye massaging, that our eyes of understanding might be open.

Then another thing, when your eyes come open you can see. You might hear. But when your eyes come open, you can see.

When our eyes are opened up, we can see the goodness of the Lord.

There's many times that God has walked with you. He kept you from the wreck. He brought you from the hospital, and you go on as if you were like a hog under an apple tree. That's a southern expression. You know, an old hog can get under the apple tree, and the apples will beat him on the head all day long. He will just grab them and eat and never look up to where they're coming from.

That's the way many Christians do. The blessings of the Lord falling all around them, and they never get on their knees to recognize that it comes from God.

58-0112E - The Door To The Heart

16

Something's Tugging

I can see, the first time lightning came up and flashed across the skies, Noah said, "Come on, honey."

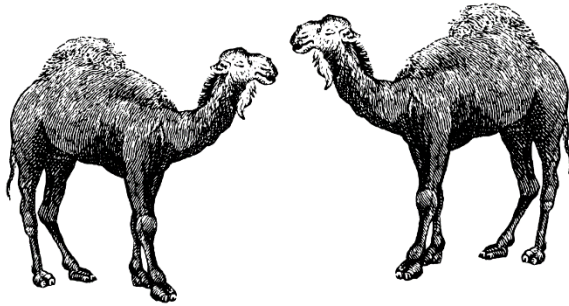
His boys said to their wives, "Come on." They got in the ark.

Why, the people said, "I wonder what happened? A blast went off somewhere."

But I tell you, there was such a pull till even the animal creation knew that something was wrong.

I can see the old mother bird setting up there, and the father bird just singing away.

That first clap of lightning, the first time that signs and wonders began to happen, I can see father bird say, “Mother bird, come on, let’s get right straight to the ark, because that’s exactly what Noah said was going to happen. That’s the Spirit of God moving in us, let’s go to the ark.”



I can see the old mother camel out there eating on the side of the hill, and the father camel over here. When the first bolt of lightning went through the sky and the signs and wonders began to appear, I hear father camel say to mother camel, “Come on, that’s it. Something’s tugging on the inside of here, something’s moving me, I

got to get into the ark.” I tell you, God had ordained that they’d come into the ark.

And I believe that today, when the signs and wonders are appearing everywhere of the Coming of the Son of God, I believe that every man or woman that’s ordained of God to hear the Voice of God, hears that tug, they shove to the ark as fast as they can go, getting to safety; for it’s God’s provided way for man to escape.

You see signs appearing, wonders appearing, mysterious things happening, sure, flying saucers through the air and everything else. Jesus said, “There’d be signs in the heaven above and in the earth below, pillars of fire and vapours of smoke; it shall come to pass before the great and terrible day of the Lord shall come.”

He spoke all these things: the sea roaring, tidal waves breaking; and everything; man’s hearts failing, the greatest time of heart

trouble we've ever had; fear; perplexed of time; distress between the nations.

The prophet said, "That horseless carriages here that race in the broad ways, and seem like torches and run like lightning."

Everything that was spoken of, we're looking in the face of it today. What is it? It's God warning to you people: "Prepare to meet God. Get ready!"

53-1201 - God's Provided Way

17

The Little Girl and the King

I was telling about the King, George, the late King George of England, as he came through British Columbia and was in Vancouver. All the schools turned out to see the king - the Canadian people wanting to be loyal to their king. They gave all the little children a little British flag to stand on the street, and when his majesty, the king, went by, they'd wave these little flags to show that they were behind him, and they were his subjects.

After the king had passed by, all the little children in a certain school returned but

one little tiny tot of a girl. The teacher was very much upset, so she called all the older children, and she said, “What became of little Martha?” And they couldn’t find her.

They said, “Well, she was in the group of us.” But they couldn’t find her.

The teacher hysterically ran into the street and began looking for this certain little girl that did not return.

After everybody was gone, following the king, singing “God save the king, the streets were cleared, they found this little girl standing behind a telegraph pole with her little head leaned up against her hands just crying her little heart out.

The teacher picked her up. She said, “Martha, honey, why are you weeping? Did you not get to wave your flag at the king?”

“Yes, teacher, I—I got to wave my flag.”

“Well then, did you not see the king?”

“Yes, teacher, I got to see the king.”

She said, “Then why are you weeping so, honey?”

And she answered, “You know, teacher, I saw the king. But I was so little, he didn’t see me.”

That’s not so with our King Jesus. I don’t care how little you are, how little you do, you cannot do the smallest thing without Him knowing all about it. He knows every little heart ache, every little pain that you bear, every little disappointment you have, no matter how little it is. He still knows all about it.

60-0712 - Hear Ye Him

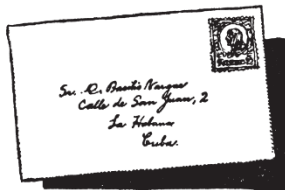
18

The Postage Stamp

Here some time ago, a little boy was up in the attic looking around, and he found in an old trunk a little postage stamp, just about one-half inch square. Well, he knew where there was a stamp collector down the street, so he ran down the street, and thought maybe the stamp collector would give him five cents for the postage stamp to go in his album, and he would get himself a cone of ice cream.

He quickly ran down the street to the stamp collector, and he said, "Look at this stamp, I have just found." He called him by

his given name and said, “How much will you give me for it?”



The stamp collector looked at it through his magnifying glass. It was old and had turned yellow. He said, “Oh, I—I’ll give you a dollar for it.”

Oh, the bargain was made right quick, and the business was on. That was about twenty cones of ice cream. Oh, the boy sold the stamp right quick.

I may have the over or under estimation, but I believe that that stamp was sold about two weeks later for around five hundred dollars. And then later on, it was sold for an enormous amount, and it went

on and on, till I just don't know how much that stamp's worth. It's one of the most valuable stamps there is in the collector's album.

What made it so valuable? It wasn't because of the size of it. It wasn't because of the paper that it was written on, because it'd already turned yellow. But it was what was on the paper that counted. That's the way it is with any Scripture. It isn't the size of it, or the paper it's written on; it's what's written on it. It is the Word of the living God which is just as eternal as the Author of the Writing.

60-0312 - Door To The Heart

19

The Poor Washwoman

God does things wonderfully and sometimes we look around and we think, “Well, there’s not many people,” but how do I know that there’s not a Finney setting here somewhere. See? I don’t know. There might be somebody here that God has His hand on, and something will take place to send that person out winning thousands of souls for Christ.

Was it Moody? I forget just the one. I won’t call his name to be sure. There was an old washwoman. She was washing, and she just kept on her heart that she wanted to do

something for God. So she rented an old livery stable, cleaned it out and she hired some preacher to come over.

She went down and got a dollar's worth of tracts or something and stood on the corner and passing them out. People would look at them and throw them down the street. Nobody wanted those tracts.

Directly, a little old boy came along with his daddy's suspenders on, hair hanging down his neck, pants all ragged, barefooted, said, "What you giving away, lady?"

She said, "A tract. Would you have one?" and gave it to him.

He looked at it and said, "I can't read."

She said, "Well, they're going to have a meeting down here tonight."

You know who came to the meeting that night? That woman and that little boy.

The old faithful preacher, no matter who was there, he got there, and he preached just as hard as he could the sermon God had on his heart and that night that little lad - I don't know whether it was Smith or Moody. (I don't think it was Moody). It was one of them. Anyhow, he sent about a half a million souls to God in his ministry. He was converted right there that night.

That poor washwoman probably never knew till she got to heaven what she'd done that day.

See? You never know what you're doing when you're doing something right. Here's an old slogan I want you to remember it.

***“Do right; That's your duty to God.
Think right: That's your duty to
yourself.
And you're bound to be right.”***

That's right. See? You'll come out right if you'll do right. That's your duty to God. Think right; That's your duty for yourself, and you'll come out right.

I told my boy here when he was fourteen years old. I said, "Stand and hold your hands out like this, son. You're coming to the adolescent age now, place where I'm away from home a lot. Now, I won't be able to direct you."

I said, "And now I want you to hold your hands out. This is your right and left hand. As long as you're going this a way, we'll say that's wrong and this is right."

I said, "You can't be going right and wrong at the same time. Now, as long as you're going that way, you're going wrong. You may think you're going right, may seem like you're going right, but you're going to come out wrong. And when you're going this a way, you may think you're going

wrong, but you're going right, and you're bound to come out right." Isn't that the truth? It's just exactly truth.

I said, "Just remember. Now, any time you ever get in trouble, when Daddy comes to you, I'm going to spread my arms out, and say, 'Which side did you take, son?'" That's right. "You're a free moral agent now. You have to act for yourself. I've raised you up the best that I knowed how to this age now. You're going to get out with other boys in high school and college and around, and you're going to have everything before you. But remember always hold fast to the right. Keep to the right and you'll come out right."

53-1203 - Testimony (Raising Dead Boy)

20

Footsteps in the Snow

In an old story of some years ago, in England, there was a man. He thought he would go out and have a little friendly drink at Christmas time, just for fellowship.

And he went out among his neighbours and he was exchanging presents, and everybody would say to him, "Now, John, just take a drink of this." A little sip here and a little sip there, and he got really intoxicated.

On his road home, there had come a snow, about six inches, and his little boy was following him. He couldn't pack him; he

was too drunk. And he was on his road home, and he happened to turn around and notice his little boy just almost wallowing in the snow.

He said, “Son, why are you wallowing in the snow?”

He said, “Daddy, I’m trying to follow your footsteps.”

He picked the little lad up in his arms, and said, “God, from this day on, I’ll never take another drink.”



Somebody is going to follow your footsteps. Let’s walk that straight line, from the cradle to Calvary. Let’s have them walk in those footsteps.

59-0301E - What Does Thou Here?

21

The Dog that God Sent

I was reading a little article some time ago. It happened out in the West. There was one howling, stormy night, and the winds were high. There were some people who had a prayer meeting, and the one that led the prayer meeting was a very attractive little lady.

Not thinking about the danger she would be in, she lived kind of cater-cornered across the little city. Usually on the streets there were lots of people at that time of night.

When the prayer meeting closed, their songs had been to the Lord, and their hearts were happy. And I guess, altogether, they felt just so happy, they couldn't contain the joy, and just had to let it roll out some way. After the last "amen" had been said, they all made their way to their homes.

The little young lady, picked up her coat, pulled the collar up, latched over the front of it, and started down the street. She came to find out that the cold night had run everybody in to their own fireplace and found herself alone on the streets. It seemed to be like a danger began to haunt her.

You know, I'm so glad that the Holy Spirit can warn us of things that's coming; escape those dangers.

She had never thought of being afraid, and she just got to singing that old song: 'No,

Never Alone'. As she went on across the city, it seemed like no one was going to bother her, but all of a sudden there arose that great fear again. And she happened to look, standing close, and there stood a real hideous-looking man, looking right at her, holding his arms out like this, coming towards her. There was no way to get away.

And it's a true story. So she could not run; he'd catch her. She couldn't scream. The wind was blowing so hard, almost lifting her body from the street. She'd never make anyone hear, and the snow was just blinding. There was only one thing to do, that was pray.

So she began, under her voice, whispering a prayer to God. She never knew where it came from, but, all of a sudden, by the side of the door, stood a great big dog. He had his bristles up, and he walked out to her side, and came on the side which the man

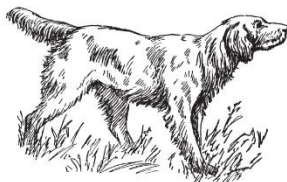
would be on, and began growling viciously, as he passed on by the man.

As soon as the man went on down the street, the dog turned and went back and laid down in the door.

God will care for His Own. Sometimes He works through even a dog or an animal, or some other way, to show His glory and His protection.

I'm so happy that I know Him in the forgiveness of my sins, and with the assurance that my sins are under the Blood, as I confess them daily to Him.

59-0301E - What Does Thou Here?



22

The Boys, the Boat, and the Crocodiles

Not long ago, one was speaking at our little tabernacle at home. He had a coat and he gave his testimony of how God had marvellously sent him over there as a missionary.

And this man telling the story, said God put it upon his heart to go. He didn't know how he was going. He needed five hundred dollars.

He was in Brooklyn, preaching in a little mission and some lady, a rich lady, was going down to deposit some money in the bank from her husband's business, five

hundred dollars, and she heard him preaching. She came across the street to listen; and he said nothing about the five hundred dollars. At the end of the service, she walked up.

She said, "Sir, I don't know what's happened to me, but I was taking five hundred dollars down to the bank, but God told me to come give it to you." See. There it is.

When God's moving, God will break the way and make it right.

He wept bitterly. He just said, "Oh, God, how I thank you."

How He's able to put it upon the people's hearts, and if He's sending you, He'll make a way for you.

And there he had taken the money and they worked their way over on a fruit ship. He was going to some island, I forget just

where it was, way down in there where there's a lot of head-hunters, and people who had not become civilized yet to Christianity. They were very fond of dog meat. They'd take the dog and beat it in a pulp, and then just sit down and eat it. So, they wore bones in their ears, and so forth.

They had a lot of these big crocodiles and things around in this part of the country where he was. They couldn't let him off right at the place where he wanted to go and they put him in a boat. He and his wife in one, and they had a quartet in the other. One of the boys of the quartet was his own son.

The people had a great big image, a devil, setting out there on a rock. They call it the 'devil' rock. He said there were many of those great crocodiles and things along the banks, and the people began to scream out to this devil rock to turn their boat over.

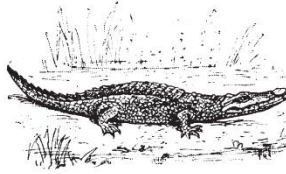
He said, “Brother Branham, I know how much you believe this, but,” he said, “our boat began rocking.”

Now look, a devil is a power. That’s right. Now, I believe just as much in a personal devil as I know there’s a God, because God said there was.

And there the boat began to rock, and he said, “My wife got off the seat back there in the stern and slipped down, raised up her hands and said, ‘Father, dear, You’ve sent us over here. Now, help us, will You?’”

He said they came on by the rock, went on to the shore, and when they landed, oh all of the natives were down there and they were making a big scream and beating those tom-toms and things. After a bit, why, they heard them screaming again and they were screaming to this rock to turn over these boys that were coming some hundred yards behind them, coming in.

He said, “Brother Branham, their boat turned over; a crocodile turned their boat over, or something out there.” And there were their boys right out there among those crocodiles. The mother started weeping in the church, when they were telling it.



She said, “Oh, I just knew that they’d just pull those boys apart. Dad and I put our arms around one another and fell down on the bank and began screaming to God with all of our heart to save our boys, knowing that God had sent us down there.”

The people became frantic, cutting themselves and everything, because their god had overcome the missionaries’ God, seemingly. They were screaming and

jumping around, the missionaries expecting anytime to feel a big stone hammer, maybe, to mash through their skull and kill them.

As they were kneeling there praying, all at once everything got quiet. They didn't know what would happen. They listened closely, and the only thing they could hear then, was the waves coming in the shore.

They began to hear some singing, and they looked out, and these boys were lined up, every one of them perfectly in harmony, swimming right through those crocodiles, singing,

“Rock of Ages,
Cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

I'm telling you, brother, the same God that could close the lions' mouth in the den with Daniel, can close the crocodiles' mouth. He's

*the same God today that He was back in
those days.*

51-0506E - At Thy Word

23

The Pigeon and the Message

I want to tell you a little story that I read not long ago. This was in the time of the First World War. I had my father's older brothers there, and my cousins were in that war. Many of them got killed.

In one place, they had a whole regiment of soldiers, American soldiers, pinned down by the German army. The machine gun fire, and the big cannons and mortar fire, or whatever it was, had them pinned down. They couldn't get out - there was no way of getting out. There was a whole regiment of

soldiers perishing right there, because they were trapped on every side.

They had planes, but daresn't send one up; they'd shoot it down. A man couldn't try to get out; because well, the enemy was just on every side.

Their fine guns had failed. All their military strategy had failed. They were penned in by the enemy. There was no way of getting out. There was nothing.

Then finally, one little soldier came up. He had found a pigeon, one of those homer pigeons. That was their only hope. They wrote a message, and thought, "If this pigeon can only get through, and back to the main headquarters where it came from, it can take this message." A messenger pigeon was the only thing they had. All their military things had failed, but they had a simple, little pigeon.

They wrote the message, tied it to his little leg, and turned him loose with a blessing and a prayer that he would make it. Of course, the Germans saw that white pigeon



going up. They fired on it, and everything else. One bullet went through its wing and knocked the feathers out. Another one stripped around its neck, cut its craw off. Another one struck its leg that had the message on it. But the poor little pigeon kept flying, trying to get the message in. He must. There was life at stake.

Finally, with his struggles, flopping in the air, turning and flying, it fell. And it fell in the barracks, or the camp, where the soldiers were. One soldier picked him up, and looked at him.

This little fellow said, "He's been shot." He looked at his little leg, and on his little bruised leg there was a note. They read the note. It was covered with blood. Though it was covered with blood, the message got through.

They sent reinforcements quickly, and saved the whole regiment of soldiers. If the little pigeon hadn't got through, all those men would have perished. What a disaster that would have been! It would have been a horrible thing. And that was a great thing for that little pigeon to do, though it cost his blood. His blood was on the message.

That was a great thing, but not half as great as one day when sin had the sons of God pinned down. There was no hope. There was nothing that they could do. All hope was gone. But there came, not a pigeon, but a Dove. Nineteen hundred years ago, in simplicity, had been born in a manger, dying on a cross, but He reached Heaven with the

Blood of His Own Self on the Message. And He delivered the sons of God, that now we can be again sons and daughters of God, to live in holiness and purity, to live in His Presence.

I'm so thankful for that Dove that came down from Glory, that took the Message, that, I was in need, and He flew back to Heaven with It. And It was bloody all over. But, today, I'm liberated. I'm free. I'm so glad. And, yet, the simple can understand It. I'm glad I'm simple enough to understand It. Aren't you glad for that? Aren't you thankful? God hiding Himself in simplicity.

"He became esteemed and reproached. We esteemed Him reproached and afflicted. We hid, as it were, our face from Him." He wasn't the great soldier that they thought He would be. He wasn't a gallant military man that they looked for. "But they hid their face from Him." They were ashamed. "But, yet, He was wounded for our transgressions,

bruised for our iniquity.” What was it? God hiding Himself in simplicity. Jehovah becoming Man, that He might die for men; to take the Message back, with His Own Blood, God’s requirement, that the price was paid, and we are redeemed.

And today, as humble as it may be, you don’t have to be smart, you don’t have to have an education. Just believe that Message, God’s Word and you too can be saved and be a son of God, to stand in the Presence of God, and do the works of God.

63-0412E - God Hiding Himself In Simplicity

24

Satan's DDT

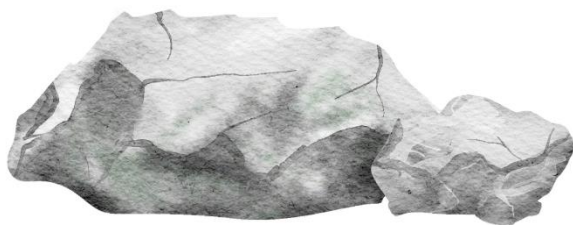
To my little story: This chaplain said he had been down in the hospital, and said there were so many boys laying in the tent. He had just come from the outside. He said he went out there, and some officer said, "Chaplain, we want to ride out, to take a look at the fields out there." They had thrown this mustard and chlorine gas, as they did in those days.

The chaplain said, "I got out there, Brother Branham, and there wasn't a bark on a tree, there wasn't a sprig of grass. It was on an Easter morning. There were some old

wrecked tanks down there. The officer had to get record of them, and see if there was anything that could be done for them, near the great Argonne Forest. When I was standing there by myself, I looked up and said, ‘O God, this is the way it’s all coming to.’”

It was all burnt up, no life anywhere at all. Grass burnt off by that gases, trees killed, everything was killed, twisted, hanging down, where bullets and things riddled it.

If that isn't a picture of the world today, where Satan is spraying his unbelief, his hybreeding, his science, his knowledge! When God put Adam and Eve in the garden, it was a beautiful paradise without death, without sickness, without sorrow, and everything was in perfect order, look what Satan's DDT has done! She's in chaos. There is nothing left in it.



He said, “I started crying. I walked back, and I was attracted to a rock. I just went over there and looked at the rock, and pushed it over. Down beneath the rock was a little white flower growing, the only living thing left, because it had been sheltered by a rock.”

God, my Rock, shelter us today, O God, when these poisons are flying everywhere in the name of science and education. Shelter us. Keep me until that day, O God, is my prayer. Now I hope that we, each one, are under that Rock, Christ.

65-0911 - God's Power To Transform

And don't let the devil spray you with education and poison, and stuff like that,

“You have to be modern. You have to be this.” You don’t have to be nothing but sons and daughters of God. And if you’re born of the Word, you do. Notice that spray. If you take a seed, a good seed, and you spray it, it’ll kill it. When they spray this denominational stuff over the top of you, it’ll ruin the influence of the original Word.

If they tell you, “You have to do this. Why, the other girls do it. The other men do it.” Don’t you believe that. It’ll ruin God’s influence of His Word upon you. You know that.

Our text says, “Don’t be conformed,” sprayed, “but be transformed,” the seed that’s in you.

65-1031M - Power Of Transformation

25

The Knock-Kneed Mule

I remember a little story. I don't know whether I've ever told you it, or not. It's just a little fiction story.

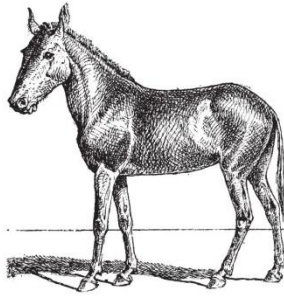
Under the law, if the old mother horse had a little colt, and he was a mule, you know, with his ears broke down, and his knees knocked - a cross-eyed and horrible-looking mule, well, that mule, if he could look at himself, he'd say, "Oh, my! When the master comes out, he'll kill me, 'cause he wouldn't feed me. I'm not worthy to live. Look at me, what a horrible-looking mess I am!"

But if the mother could speak back to the little fellow, she'd say, "Wait a minute, honey! You can live, because you're my first, and you have a birthright. Now when the master comes out and sees you in all your condition, he has to go back and get a lamb without a blemish on it, and kill it, so that that crippled-up-looking mule can live."

You see, the priest never saw the mule; he saw the lamb. It wasn't whether the mule was perfect; it had to be a perfect lamb.

Oh, I hope you see it. It isn't whether you are good enough to be a Christian or not. It's whether Christ was good enough. If God accepted Him, His Blood makes an atonement. God doesn't see you; He sees the Lamb.

Then that little mule could stick his tail up in the air, and snort, and jump, and run



around over the field, and have a good time, because he is going to live.

But one perfect one, had to die for the imperfect. That was me, William Branham; no good, not fit to live, worthy to go to hell; born in a sinful family, raised a sinner; no good at all, not one sound part about me. That's right. But, one day, I accepted! Hallelujah!

When God looked down on Christ, and Christ took my place, then God doesn't see me; He sees the Perfect One.

Then as long as I'm in here, in Him, then I am perfected; not in myself. In Him; not my

perfection! I don't have any; you don't have any. But it's His perfection. Therefore, Jesus didn't make a mistake when He said, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." How could a human being be perfect? He could be perfect by His perfect faith, resting in Him, saying, "He paid the price for me."

*Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.*

54-1006 - Law Or Grace

26

The Bicycle Riding Competition

Look friends, don't look at things right here, look at the end. If I had to look at things right here in front of me, I'd be a discouraged person. But I never look here; I watch the end.

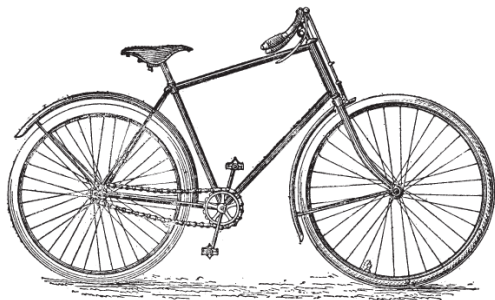
Not long ago, one of my managers, Mr. Baxter, was quoting a little story that I always like.

They were all riding bicycles; he was a Canadian, and they would ride bicycles, and they got pretty good, so that they could ride without holding the handlebars. So the Schwinn (I think that is) Bicycle

Company was going to give a prize to any boy in Vancouver that could ride a twelve inch plank a hundred yards without falling off.

Well, they all got up there to ride these bicycles, and they had a little sissy-like boy, around there. He was just kind of like what we'd call, we rough fellows, you know, call "mama's boy." And so, they knew he wouldn't ride it.

So when they all got on, every one fell off but this little sissy boy. He rode out to the end, got off, and won the bicycle.



All the boys got around him and said, “How did you do it?”

He said, “Fellows, I tell you what you did. When you got on, and they gave you a push, and you started off, you were watching like this, trying to keep yourself on the board. That’s what made you get wiggly, and nervous, and fall off.” He said, “I never looked down there. I watched the end and just kept my eyes on the end, and rode steady right to the end.”

Keep your eyes on the end, Jesus is coming. What will it be then? It doesn’t matter what people say about you now, and how you’re persecuted, for all that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution, be made fun of, and mocked, and so forth. But watch what it will be at the end; that’s where it’ll pay off. Just hold steady and keep your eye on the end.

55-1001 - Expectation

27

The Poor Old Crow

I love nature, and I saw one time a little story of a man that had caught a crow in a trap, and he tied him up to scare the rest of the crows away.

Well, the poor old crow, he stood there and jumped up-and-down, and the farmer didn't feed him or anything. He got so poor, he just couldn't hardly stand up any longer.

So there was a good man who came by one day, and saw the old crow looking so poor and thin. He just untied him. All the crows would fly over hollering, "Come on, Johnny

Crow. Winter's coming. Let's go South. Get out of this cold weather coming." But do you know what? The old crow had been tied up so long, till he still thought he was tied. He didn't know that somebody had redeemed him.



And that's the way a lot of people are, friends. You've just been in sin so long, serving the enemy, till you think you're still tied when really you're loose. Let's go to Calvary and get out of the things of the world. Know that we are free: He who the Son has made free, is free indeed, and you

were freed to Calvary when Jesus paid the all sufficient price to God the Father when He suffered in flesh and died, and paid the price of your redemption, that you could be redeemed back to God.

55-1119 - Redeemer, Redemption

28

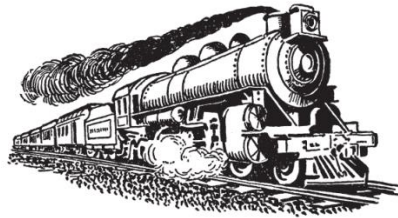
Little Miss Modern Snicklefritz

Here some time ago, a little story was told me of a mother. Her young girl had been away to college, and on the road back, she brought a young girl home with her.

The girl was one of those little modern snicklefritz, we call it, you know, just kind of a little feisty. So her mother went out to meet her. When the young lady that was with her looked around and saw the mother, she said, “Oh, who’s that old hag?” because she was all scarred up.

The young lady that had been away, she was ashamed to say it was her mother,

because her little self-styled friend had said she looked like a hag. So when they had to finally leave the train, the mother ran up to the daughter and said, “Oh, darling, I’m so glad to see you.” And the girl turned her back and walked away, because she was ashamed of her ugly-looking mother in the presence of her little girlfriend from college.



It happened to be that the conductor who was standing there knew the case. He caught that young girl and turned her around. He said, “Mary, what makes you act like that? What’s happened to you since you’ve been away?” He said, to the girl, who was with her, “No, doubt but you’re looking at that ugly mother of hers. I’ve seen the

day when she was twice as pretty as her daughter will ever be. I happened to live in the neighbourhood, and this girl was a baby upstairs; her mother was in the backyard washing. All of a sudden, the fire engines ran up, and came to find out the house was on fire. It was hot and there was no possible chance for the baby to be saved. This mother ran through those blazes, a beautiful woman, and grabbed the baby, and jerked her clothes from her body, and wrapped the baby's face up in it, and rushed back through those blazes, That's what made her ugly, it tore the meat from her face, and she's all bent over, where the fire had drawed her down. And the reason why she was made ugly, was so you could be pretty, and then you're ashamed of her."

I thought when I heard the story, 'That's right. What Jesus became for us, He became death and sin, for we who were really guilty and sinners.'

You say, “If that’d have been my mother, I’d have been proud about her.” What about your Lord? Are you really ashamed of Him, or are you really proud that He saved you, and you’re willing to give a testimony?

Divine love is one of the most powerful forces. It’s one of the greatest forces in the world, and when Divine love has been projected and comes to Its end, then sovereign grace will take its place.

56-0726 - Love

29

The Son of a King

Here's a little story I've told so many times. I might have told it at the tabernacle, but it comes right into my heart at this time.

Here some time ago, down into the southlands, they used to buy slaves. They would buy them and have the brokers to go buy, just like they do a used car lot today; selling people, the coloured race, for slaves. When they did, people would go by the old plantations, and they'd see a bunch of slaves; if they looked like good workers, he would offer a certain price, buy these slaves and take them and sell them for good

workers somewhere else, and make a profit on the exchange.

Now, one day a broker came by, and he saw a bunch of slaves working on a certain plantation, a hundred or more slaves, and they were sad because they were away from home. Many times they would whip them because they wouldn't work. They thought they'd never go home again; they thought of their babies they would never see; the papa and mama they would never see; and their relations they would never see. They were very downcast, as it's so easy to become, especially when you are oppressed.



That's how the devil likes to work on you, and oppress you. You know, that's a trick of the devil, to oppress. But when the Christian knows his legal rights! When you can quote God's Word, "I'll never leave thee, nor forsake thee," that takes all the oppression away, and the clouds begin to clear back. But if you just know that God has promised, and God is faithful! He can keep His promise, or He would never have promised it.

And this broker came by and he noticed one of those slaves. Oh, my, this slave wasn't like the rest of them. You didn't have to whip him. He was right up, with his chest stuck out, and his chin up. He was just willing to work or do anything, just real snappy, brilliant fellow.

The broker said, "I'd like to buy that one."

The owner said, "He is not for sale."

He said, “Why, what is it? Is he a boss over the rest of them?”

“No. He is just a slave.”

“Why,” he said, “maybe you feed him a little better than you do the rest of them?”

The owner said, “No, he eats out there in the galley with all the rest of them.”

“Well,” said the broker, “what makes him so much up-and-at-it?”

“I’ve always wondered myself, till I found out something. You know what I found out? His father is the king of the tribe. And though he’s an alien, yet he knows he’s a son of the king.”

Though we are alienated in this world, where there’s sin and chaos, stick out your chest and throw up your eyes. You’re sons and daughters of a King.

He did that to keep up the morale of the rest of them. And that's what we've got to do, who are born again of the Holy Spirit - keep up a good courage. What kind of a people we should be, knowing that our Heavenly Father is the King?

Only one thing, the slave never knew he would ever go back home again. But, there's one blessed thing, we know we're going Home someday. Jesus said, "I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there you may be also. And don't let your hearts be troubled. Don't think about anything else, but keep your mind on these things." That would make a mockingbird sing at the middle of the night.

I used to preach down at the Baptist church. I'd see that old mockingbird sit out there at night time and sing in that cedar bush, and I wondered what made him sing. I got to reading up on the birds, and I found out what he does. I notice on a

cloudy night, he would just sing now and then; he was watching for the stars. Every time he sees the stars shining, he knows the sun is shining somewhere, so he starts singing, and I think that's the way it is with Christians. As long as we can feel and know that the Presence of God is with us, a little glory falling down once in a while, a good old-fashion revival, or an old hallelujah song that makes us sing with all of our hearts, for we know the Holy Spirit is still falling somewhere. God is still getting glory. What a wonderful thing!

Daniel was an alien, away from home, way down, but watch what he did. "He purposed in his heart, that he wouldn't defile himself with the king's doings down there." Oh, the king's fancy foods, and all of his dainties that he was to eat upon, and his wines and liquors, but he purposed in his heart, while he was an alien, he would keep himself for God.

There you are. Though the world forsakes you, and everybody laughs at you and calls you every fanatical name that can be called, purpose in your heart to do that which is right. Purpose in your heart that you'll have nothing to do with the world.

We're living in the shadows of the Coming of the Lord. What can you promise yourself, anyone? What can any nation promise? There's not a promise left. Nothing is left. There is chaos in everything. There is nothing this way you can see. But look up That way, every promise in the Word is true. Some glorious day, Jesus shall come, and all these things will be taken away, and Christ will reign.

56-0902 - The Handwriting On The Wall

30

The Contest

Now, a great contest has been going on for many years. It started in Heaven, and Satan was kicked out into the earth, and then he became an enemy to God's people. Since then, he's used all of his strength and his strategy to try to pull God's people into his fires.

We know Who has the most power - God does, and God gave His people the best Thing He could to combat Satan with - His Word. The Word is God, and who's stronger than God? So, the Word is God, and the Word becomes our strength.

God in the Church, becomes its Strength to pull Satan to his own fires that he has made. And the tug goes on.

Jesus said in Mark 16, “In My Name they shall cast out devils.” People don’t believe in demons in this day. But the thing to do, to my opinion, is know your enemy. Know your enemy, know what his strength is, and then train for this contest when you do meet him. For it’s one thing sure, you’re going to meet him, and so you train for the contest.

Now, training for a contest is just like a boxer. A really good fighter usually knows and studies his opponent, the enemy that he’s going to meet out there in a contest, to fight. He studies his licks, knows where he fights for, whether he leans forward, hangs back, fights right-handed or left-handed. He studies all this. Then if he’s a good, smart fighter, he gets him a sparring partner that’ll fight just like his opponent

fights, for he'll know all of his licks when he gets to that place. And I think that's a very good thing for Christians to do.

Now, if you want to start training, start with John 3:16, the Golden Rule. Start right out with that, and that'll get you on the floor. And then train for the knockout punches, because you're going to have to use them. Everybody knows that. You have to train to hit your enemy. And always, God uses His Word. We must remember that God uses His Word to defeat His enemy. If God could think or could give His people anything better to defeat the enemy with, He would have done it. So, as I have always said, "When God makes a decision, that's the best that there is. He never has to alter His decisions."

So the first decision God gave His people in the Garden of Eden to combat the enemy, was His Word. They were fortified with His Word. Now the enemy is going to study our

strategy with the Word. Satan had studied that all out so perfectly till, when he came to Eve, he had the best strategy he could use upon her, and that was to reason with the Word.

Now, you never want to reason with God's Word. Just believe It. Don't try to explain It. Don't try to figure It out. Now, you cannot figure out God, so God is the Word, and It's just made to believe. That's our Strength, just accept the Word. Anyone knows that a seed in the right kind of ground will produce its kind, and we just take the Word.

62-1231 - The Contest

31

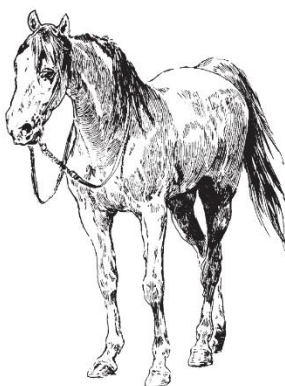
John Wesley

God is in His people. He has always been a miracle working God. All ages when they had revivals breaking out, they had healing: Martin Luther, John Wesley, Sankey, Moody, and others you could call.

I stood near the shrine of John Wesley not long ago, that's built there at England, where he was preaching Divine healing. They turned a fox loose and a bunch of foxhounds, and scattered his audience. John Wesley turned and pointed his finger in that man's face, and he said, "The sun will not set on your head three times, till you'll be asking me to pray for you." As the

sun went down that evening, the man died with cramps in his stomach and Wesley never got to him.

When Wesley was here in America, he was going to pray for a woman. He was riding his horse, and the horse stumbled and fell, and broke its leg. John Wesley went in his pocket and got a bottle of oil, and said, "Almighty God, You made this horse's body the same as mine. I've got a need to be there." He anointed the horse with oil, and rode it away.



Now, that's Wesley's own word. Today, they want to set it out of church, nearly. Brother, we've just fallen away. We've had scarecrows, but get around behind it. The devil's trying to keep you away from God. If we've got a bogus dollar, we've got to have a real dollar for it to be made off of.

51-0414 - The Angel Of The Lord

32

The Pink-Tea Party

Now, I can't speak of all things, but I want to speak of one certain thing of all these things and I think that's an important thing. That's 'pardoned'. I love that word, 'pardoned'. The word means 'a release from guilt.'

What an experience that is, to everyone who has had an experience of it, to be released from guilt. Not trying to turn away through some form of psychology; but to be pardoned. That means it's put away. There's no more to it. It's forgotten. To turn away from anything, you could turn back to it. Like sins at one time were covered, but

they're completely gone, put in the sea of forgetfulness never to be remembered any more. I like that.

I know jokes are not proper in the pulpit, and especially in a Pentecostal assembly. But to make a point, I was told once about a young lady who had a father that was constantly weeping and shouting when he read in the Bible about his sins being pardoned.

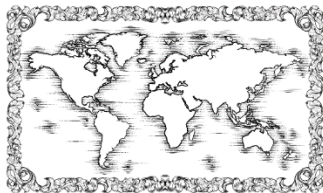
So the young girl got married, moved into town, and belonged to a formal sort of a church with many societies, and the ladies' society was to be entertained in her house.

She wondered how she was going to keep her daddy quiet during this time, because he got really emotional. So she said, "Well, if I give him the Bible, he will cry and shout all the time. So there's only one thing that I know to do. I'll just give him the atlas and

put him up in the attic, just let him look at the pictures.”

At about the time that they got ready to serve their pink tea, or whatever they do, there was the most awful commotion upstairs, screaming and jumping, and rolling around, and bouncing up and down, and screaming, “Hallelujah! Hallelujah!”

All the women got scared, and they ran upstairs. She jerked the atlas out of his hand, and said, “Daddy, that’s not the Bible. That’s the atlas.”



He said, “I know it,” but he said, “the other day I was reading in the Bible where my sins, being pardoned, were put in the sea of forgetfulness, buried into the sea. And I see

here in the atlas where the sea is so deep,
till they can't even find the bottom of it.
They're still going on and on."

*So I think that's what 'pardon' means,
"completely erased," not just turn aside and
give something a try, but it's erased, it's
gone. We are released, not by psychology.
We're not released by a creed. We're not
released by emotion. But we are released
through the power of Calvary. We are
pardoned, free. Oh, what it means to be free,
a burden off your shoulders, out of your
heart, a free person.*

62-1124E - All Things

33

God's Record

We, each one, will come down to the end of the road, where we're going to give account for every word.

When we are born, our first little cry goes all on a tape. It's going to be played back again at the Day of Judgment. Even the clothes you wear will be showed in your face, at the Day of Judgment. Even science has found that, by television. See, television doesn't manufacture a picture, it only channels it. The colour of clothes, every time you move, every thought that's in your mind, is absolutely kept on God's record.

That big thing will be laid right before you, every one of them filthy dresses you wore; every time you went to the barber shop and cut that hair that God gave you. It's going to be. You'll answer for it.

You can't make a move right there, just even the thoughts of your heart while you're doing it, will be played right before you. How are you going to escape?

“How shall we escape if we neglect such a great salvation?” See? We're not going to escape. Every move, and the thoughts of the heart, is recorded right in another dimension, even the colour of clothes you wear. Television, coloured television proves it right out, pulls it out and shows it, see, and that's just in one dimension from the three that we live in.

65-0911 - God's Power To Transform

34

Sheep

We can learn a lot of things from sheep, if we would just notice them and watch their actions. A sheep is a sacrificial animal, a little innocent fellow, and he is totally helpless when he's lost. I think that's why Jesus likened us unto sheep, because they just can't seem to find their way around. They have to depend on someone leading them and they cannot lead one another. They just won't do it. That goes to show me one thing; if we are likened to sheep in God's heritage, then we cannot lead one another. We are helpless and we've got to

depend on the great Shepherd of the sheep, the Lord Jesus.

Someone was speaking to me about how they slaughtered the sheep. When they want the sheep to come out of the corral and go up the chute where they kill the sheep, a goat leads them up there. They'll follow the goat. And this goat will lead them up to the place where the killing takes place, and then he will jump over the side and let the sheep go right on to their death. That's just the nature of the goat.

If a fellow doesn't know his sheep really well, it's hard to tell the difference between the bleating of a goat and of a sheep. They're a whole lot alike. But the nature of them proves what they are.

That's the way with confessed Christians and real Christians. The goat represents the world. They'll lead you right down the wrong road to your eternal separation from

God. They'll lead you into trouble. So if we are sheep, we'd better watch what kind of shepherd we've got.

Sheep are funny little creatures in one way. Here's another thing we might learn of sheep. When the weather is real hot, did you ever see sheep? They won't separate themselves, and one be at one place, and one at another. But right in the heat of the day, the sheep will all stand together. Do you know what they're doing? They're making shade one for the other. They're having fellowship.

Wouldn't it be good if all God's sheep, when the heat was on, would stand together? When the trials are really hard, and the heat is on, and everything is going on everywhere, if all of God's little sheep would just stand together. We'd have the coolness of the shade of each other, the comfort, to lean upon each other.

Now, someone said, “Is that necessary, Brother Branham?” It certainly is. There’s nothing like having a real good dependable friend, that when the troubles are blazing, the heat’s on, you can go to this friend, and set down, and just explain it to them, talk it over in personal confidence, and then kneel down and pray together, and know that this person is a good God-saved man or woman that you can put confidence in.

And I noticed another thing when I see sheep in a cold country. When the blizzards come, to break the wind, all those little sheep will come from one side of the field to the other and huddle up together; it keeps each other warm. The warmth from each body helps warm the other. And I think when the Church gets real cold and indifferent, God’s sheep ought to kinda huddle up together and pray for each other. And the warmth of real good Christian fellowship, oh, it means so much. David

spoke of it in the first Psalm. He said, “Blessed is the man that setteth not in the seat of the scornful, standeth in the way of sinners. But his delight is in the law of the Lord: and in the law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree that’s planted by the river of water, and his leaves shall not wither; whatsoever he doeth it shall prosper.”



And you know, if you were going out, especially in my country, to have a little picnic, we just have to have a little shade to have a picnic. Now, if a little tree had been stuck out last year by someone, we couldn’t have very much confidence that we’d meet much shade there. But if you go to where

the big old stately oak stands, where the trials and temptations, and the swinging of the limbs back and forth and back and forth, has moved that old tree, till those roots are way down deep in the ground, you can pretty well believe she's still standing there.

That's the way I like to get to an old God-saved saint that's weathered the storm, and their roots are still holding deep in the love of God. What it means to get to a person like that and have a little time of fellowship: it means so much.

57-0308 - The Good Shepherd Of The Sheep

35

The Shepherd (Part 1)

Now, it was a strange thing; Jesus said here in Saint John 10, "I am the Door." I always wondered how He could be a Door and be a Man. That used to bother me.

When I was over in the Orient, I found out what that Scripture meant. He said here, "I am the Door. And all that comes before Me is robbers." And then I wondered how that could be.

In the Orient, the way they take care of their sheep, is that the shepherd brings them in at night, and he counts them every

one to see if everyone is in. If there's one missing, he will not lay down until he goes out into the deserts, or wherever he's herded all day long, and he will find that sheep, lay it over his shoulders and bring it in. Then when all are in the fold, the shepherd lays himself down at the gap. He is the door to the sheepfold. There's no other way; it's a corral, with a top over it, and nothing can come in to those sheep until it crosses the shepherd.

What a relief, what a lovely thing to know, that when we are tucked into His blessed keeping, He becomes the Door, and there's nothing could happen to you. No matter what it is, it'll all have to come by the Shepherd. If it's sickness, it might be for your correction. It might be for a testimony against the enemy. It might be for the exaltation of Christ's Name. But nothing can come to you except He permits it to come.

He's the Door to the sheepfold. All that come are robbers, all that ever comes to Him trying to get you, trying to take you out of His fold, are robbers, evil ones, trying to take you from His fold. But they cannot get you. I just love to bleat that out. Nothing can bother you if you are in God's sheepfold. For He is the Door Himself, and there's no other way. Everything has to be permitted by Him.

Now, another thing about these sheep, is that they have to have a shepherd. When the owner of the sheep went to get a shepherd, he went and searched till he got the best shepherd that could be found, because he loved his sheep. This man must be specially trained in knowing how to take care of the sheep. He must know the kind of food they eat. You know, there's a lot of sheep food, and there's a lot of food you give your sheep that would kill it.

And I'm so glad that God was mindful enough of His sheep to get the right kind of Shepherd, the Lord Jesus. He knows what sheep food is. And you know what sheep food is? It's the Word of God.

"Man shall not live..." May I change that just a little; "Sheep shall not live by bread alone, but by every Word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." The sheep of God are fed by the Word of God. The Holy Spirit in you, which makes you the sheep, feeds solely on the Word. Anything you throw in the pen outside the Word, He will root it out to one side and let it lay there. He will just take sheep food alone. And God selected the great Shepherd of the flock, the Lord Jesus, and gave Him all the authority.



Now, another thing, before he can go to leading his sheep, the sheep has to know the shepherd's voice. Another shepherd could call, and that sheep will never listen to him. He will never pay any attention to any shepherd but that one.

If something happens to the shepherd and he's fired or sent away, oh, what a time a sheep raiser has in those countries to find someone to take care of these sheep again. He must be gentle. He must be loving. He must have a certain kind of voice.

Jesus said, "My sheep hear My voice." In other words, "My sheep hear My Word; anything outside of It they'll not follow." He said the true shepherd lays down his life for the sheep. The hireling shepherd won't listen. He will run away and leave the sheep. But the true shepherd stays with the sheep. I'm so glad that He said these words: "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

As long as God's got a sheep, God's got a Shepherd to lead that sheep. How happy we should be: God's sheep led by God's Shepherd. How long was it to be? "A little while and the world will see Me no more; yet you shall see Me, for I'll be with you, leading you, feeding you, guiding you, shepherding you to the end of the world."

God's Shepherd, He doesn't have to take one down and put another one up because man cannot be God's Shepherd in that sense. One dies; another one takes his place. But this one Shepherd, the great Shepherd over the flock, laid down His life once, and it's become immortal.

He is a constant, perpetual Leader and Feeder of the sheep until His corporal body comes from glory, and He sets on the throne of David, and all the lambs will be around Him.

*Oh, blessed be the Name of the Lord. I'm so
glad of that, the Great Shepherd of the flock
Who gave His life for us.*

57-0308 - The Good Shepherd Of The Sheep

36

The Shepherd (Part 2)

I guess you've heard the story of the shepherd that broke his sheep's leg one time. Many little stories have been told about it.

It was asked of this shepherd, "Did the sheep fall off a mountain and do this?"

He said, "No."

"What happened?"

He said, "I broke its leg."

"Why did you break its leg? Are you a cruel shepherd?"

He said, “No, I love the sheep. But the sheep got to running away from me. And he kept straying out to itself and I know the nature of sheep. And I know if they stray too far away, the wolf will get them. So I had to break the sheep’s leg to keep it with me, to draw it to my bosom, to give it a little special food. And I’ll be so kind to it, that when its leg gets well, it’ll never leave me anymore.”

And sometimes God has to strike us down with sickness, diseases, and affliction, that He might just woo us to His bosom and give us a little special touch of His Divine resurrected power to prove that He’s still the Lord Jesus. A man that’s ever been healed of God knows what God is. He won’t want to stray. James made that clear; he said, “The prayer of faith shall save the sick; God shall raise them up; and if they have committed sins, it shall be forgiven them.” God’s Shepherd knows how to take care of His sheep.

57-0308 - The Good Shepherd Of The Sheep

37

The Shepherd (Part 3)

I notice so much of sheep. One time when I was in another country, I was riding with a man in a little British jeep. I was going through a city, way down there in the south part. All at once, I saw the traffic cops blow a little whistle, and every car stopped dead still. I thought the mayor of the city must be coming up. What could it be that everything stopped?

And I said to the man, “What’s going on?”

He said, "Let us stand up on the fender of the jeep."

And do you know what it was? It was a shepherd coming through the city with his sheep, everything giving them the right of way. I tell you; it was a sight. And I thought, "Some of these days that little despised bunch of holy-rollers, when the great Shepherd of the flock comes, they're kicked out in the alleys and everything else, but someday the world will stand on the side, while the great Shepherd of the flock leads His sheep down through the Palestine streets, beholding the goodness."

I said, "I have never seen any such in my life."

He said, "He's a shepherd; he has the right of way."

I watched that shepherd come down through a street. In Palestine and different countries, the Orient everywhere, they

don't take their food and put them in fine glass counters like we do. They just have a little spray coming up, or just a bunch of fruit laying out, and stuff, right on the streets. And here came that shepherd, going right towards one of those places.

I thought, "Now you're going to have a riot, sure enough." And as we drove up close to watch, the strange thing was, that shepherd went right down through between those great walls of fruits, of dainty things, like pears and vegetables, which the sheep would love. It sure looked like those sheep would jump from one side to the other one, but they followed that shepherd so close they never looked to the right or to the left. They walked right through every temptation, following the shepherd.

I thought, "O God, a true born again sheep of the fold will go through the temptations of this life following the Shepherd. 'My sheep know My voice.'"

He just spoke to them, and I noticed, in those great times of distress, those great temptations, those little old sheep looking from side to side. One time a lamb would try, and the mammy would nudge him a little. (We need some more old fashion nudging mammies with our kiddies tonight when they're doing wrong).

And I noticed that shepherd stepped out, going like this. If he made a step out like this and came back, every sheep followed him, went right straight in the same step. They came right up there and go in and go out, every one following right along these others.

Oh brother, it's not a sheep that gets out of order; it's a goat that'll go aside for the temptation. It's a goat that'll go out and grab a pear, or whatever he can get a hold of, not the sheep; it's the goat. The only thing that falls out is those who are tottering and waving.

Then not one day before I left the country, I was watching along the road, and there was a man out, and he was herding a big bunch of animals. And I noticed there were mules, and also there were cattle; there were goats; and there were sheep.

I said, "What do you determine that man to be?"

And the man who was with me said, "He is a shepherd."

"Oh," I said, "a shepherd?"

"Yes."

"Well," I said, "a shepherd don't only mean for sheep then?"

He said, "No, 'shepherd' means 'a feeder.'"

I said, "Well, did you notice, the sheep, the goats, the mules, and everything are eating off the same pasture?"

He said, "That's right."

“Well,” I said, “then the shepherd is good hearted.”

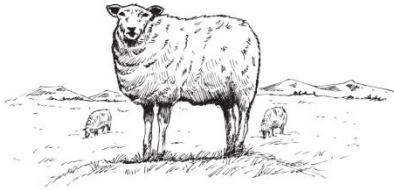
“Yes.” But he said, “The way to tell which is his, is when the night time comes and it gets dark, the shepherd will make a call, and every sheep on the field will come to him, and he will take those sheep into the barn, or the corral, lay down in the front of them. But the mules, the cattle, and the goats will stay in the field.”

I said, “Excuse me, brother, I just want to speak a word to my Shepherd right now.”

I don't care about any theology, any great degree, or great person. All I want to be is a humble sheep, that when the night time begins to strike across my brow, I want Him to call me in. There can be mules and goats and everything else eat this same food, but at night time a shepherd takes in his sheep only.

If you're impersonating Christianity, if you've got the spirit like unto the mule, or the spirit like the goat that dabbles and dabbles around in the world, one of these days it's coming night, and you won't know the Shepherd's voice. Why don't you get acquainted with It tonight, and know what it means to be a sheep?

57-0308 - The Good Shepherd Of The Sheep



38

The Rejected Pardon

One of the greatest presidents, I think the nation ever had, was Lincoln. Not because he came from Kentucky, but because he was a great man. He was deprived of an education, but yet something was in his heart - some purpose. I like a man of vision. I like people that have got something they're fighting for, not just lay around, "Well, whatever comes along will be all right." Oh, be up and at it!

Lincoln never let his education stand in the way; he had something to do. I think every Christian ought to be that way, find your

purpose and go do it. Have a purpose in life, something you're going to do. God has placed you here; do something about it.

There was a young fellow, that was in the war, and he was coward to begin with. In the time of duty, he withdrew from his post; and they found something against him, and he was going to have to be shot. Oh, it was terrible.

One young fellow who loved him so well, went to Mr. Lincoln, to get a pardon. Mr. Lincoln was President at the time, in the United States here, and so he went to him for a pardon.

He said to him, as he was getting out of his carriage; - Mr. Lincoln, tall, bearded, typical southern, and skinny - he said, "Mr. Lincoln, there is a boy that's going to die, in two days from now. He'll be shot, because he ran in time of battle. Mr. Lincoln, the boy isn't a bad boy, but with all those



muskets firing, and people dying, he was nervous. He was so upset, that, he threw up his hands and started screaming. I know the boy.” He said, “Mr. Lincoln, only your name on this piece of paper can spare him. Will you do it?”

Of course, this Christian gentleman quickly signed the paper, “Pardoned, So-and-so,” and signed his name, “Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.”

The messenger went back as hard as he could. He ran to the cell and said, "You're free! You're free! Here is Mr. Lincoln's signature. You are free!"

The young fellow said, "Why would you come to mock me, knowing that I die tomorrow? Take that away from here, you're only mocking me." And he would not receive it. He said, "No, I don't want it. If that was the President, it would have the coat of arms, and it would have his right paper."

He said, "But it's his signature!"

He said, "How will I know his signature? You're just mocking me; you're trying to make me feel good." And he just started screaming, and turned his back.

The boy was shot the next morning.

Then with the boy being dead, and the President's name being on this piece of

paper saying that he was pardoned, then what? They tried it in the federal court, and here was the decision of our federal courts, which is the ultimate of all of our courts. What they say sometimes, we don't like their decision, but we have to abide by it anyhow, see, because that's the tie post. That's the ultimate. Now, it said this decision, "A pardon is not a pardon unless it be received as a pardon."

And that's the way the Word of God is. It's a pardon if It is received as a pardon. It's the Word of God, It's the power of God, to those who will believe It and accept It.

65-0206 - Doors In Door

39

Tarzan and Jim Poole

That's the reason Christianity has become like little kids in school. They try to copy one off the other. And if that guy is wrong, the whole thing is wrong. See? Then you got the whole bunch of them wrong. Oh, my! Don't copy. Meet Him yourself.

A good friend of mine standing back here, is a son of a buddy of mine, a life-long friend, little Jim Poole. Why, his daddy and I grew up together in school. And, oh, what a fine fellow!

Little Jim and I are praying constantly that big Jim will become a Christian, a real believer. Little Jim and I were talking yesterday about where we've found God in the woods and seen Him in nature. There's where you find Him, because He's the Creator, and He's in His creation.

I remember, Jim and I used to want to go hunting. When night came, well, we used to go down, take our bicycles, and ride right down this street here, scared to death to pass the graveyard after it got dark, and go down and get us an ice cream cone.

Jim liked to shoot pool. Now, we were just boys, ten, twelve, fourteen years old. And then Jim liked to set around and read storybooks of hunting and trapping, and I would set around and daydream. I'd see a little bitty shack somewhere. I used to say, "Boy, that would be a good shack to have in the mountains," and I always dreamed that someday I'd have a shack in the mountains,

a big bunch of hounds, and some guns.



And I always thought, “If I could own a .30-30. How in the world would I ever own a little .30-30 rifle?” I thought, “I’ll train myself to shoot, and shoot good. And then maybe some time take a trip into the mountains, and some good hunter will take me along. Cause, he’d want to protect his life, maybe, from a charging bear. Some rich man, would take me along, just to go along with him, kind of as a bodyguard. Maybe someday I’d get to hunt in Africa, as a body guard. If I could just train! That’s the only thing I can do is train to be a good, steady shot. Oh,” I thought, “God, think, if You let me hunt over the world.”

Jim used to set and read the book. I said, “Jim...”

He said, “I—I like to read about it.”

I said, “Jim, that’s what somebody else done. I want to do it, myself. I want the experience.”

When I came to Christ, I couldn’t take somebody else’s experience. I wanted it, myself.

I remember when I read Zane Grey’s ‘Lone Star Ranger’. I tore up two or three brooms for mama, riding around the house, galloping, when I was on this hobbyhorse broom. I read that story of The Lone Star Ranger, how he brought the justice to the Big Bend.

Then I read Edgar Rice Burroughs’ fiction story of ‘Tarzan, The Apes’. Mother had an old fur rug, a sealskin rug, or something, that Mrs. Wathen had given her from the

fire, and it laid on her room, and I took that rug out. Mama knew the wind didn't blow it out. I took it out, and cut it up, and made me a Tarzan suit, and set up in the tree. I lived half my time in a tree, out in this Tarzan suit. Because I had seen what he did, I wanted to do it too.

But one day, by the grace of God, I got a hold of the real Book, the Bible.

My song and story has been, "To be like Jesus, on earth I long to be like Him." I don't want to be a bishop or some great fellow in the church, some pope or some priest. I want to be like Jesus. An absolute, it makes you different. There's something about it, to read His Word, and something in your heart, you long to be like Him.

62-1230M - Absolute

40

The Boy and the Kite

The absolute to the Christian, is like the anchor in the ship. If Christ is your absolute, it's like the anchor. When the sea is very rough, and the ship is about ready to sink, the only one hope you have is to cast anchor. And then if the ship is tossing, see if the anchor will hold the ship. You know, we have a song, I forget the author's name now, 'My Anchor Holds'.

Like the little boy flying the kite. You couldn't see anything, but he had the string, and a man passed by and said, "What are you doing, sonny?"

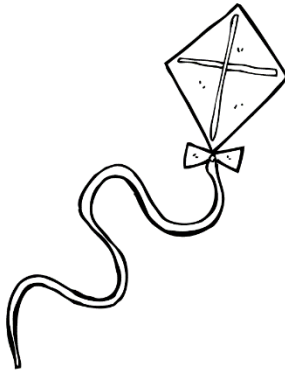
The boy said, “I’m flying my kite.”

He said, “What’s that you got in your hand?”

“The string.”

“Where is the kite? I don’t see it. How do you know you’re flying a kite?”

He said, “I can feel it. It’s a tugging.”



See? At the end of that string, there was an absolute. To his little way, that kite was his absolute, so he could say he was flying a kite. Though he couldn’t see it, he had a hold of it.

*That's the way a man, when he's born again
of the Holy Spirit, he's got a hold of
something that's got an anchor out yonder,
and the storms don't shake him. He knows
he's all right. He's anchored.*

*Now, if we are in our little bark, floating
across life's solemn main, as the great poet
said:*

Life is not an empty dream!
And the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
Life is real! And life is earnest!
And its grave is not its goal;
For dust thou art, and dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

*Oh, I think that's so pretty! Now, Longfellow
wrote that, 'Psalm of Life'.*

While sailing over life's solemn main,
For a forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
In seeing, shall take heart again.

*When the storms get heavy, and they're
pitching about, I'm glad I got an anchor that
holds within the veil yonder, somewhere.
Even death itself cannot pluck you away
from it. You are tied to your absolute. Christ
is our Anchor.*

62-1230M - Absolute

41

“Mama, Can Anyone See God?”

Some time ago, I heard a little story from the river where I live; it's the Ohio River. And there was a little lad, who used to go to Sunday School every Sunday morning, and he was an enthusiastic little fellow, and he played down on the river quite a bit.

And this little lad, said to his mama one day, “Mama, can anyone see God?”

She said, “You ask the pastor.”

So he said, “I've asked my Sunday school teacher, and she told me to ask you, and now, you say, ‘Ask the pastor.’”

So he asked the pastor, and the pastor said, “Certainly not, son. No one can see God.”

One day, he was with an old fisherman up the river, and on his road down, there’d come up a storm, and the leaves were all clean, as the storm cleans the leaves from the dust. There were little ripples, as the river bounced back to its normal procedures - just the boatman knows the rhythm of those little waves dancing on the oars.

As he pulled the boat, the old fellow kept looking over his shoulder. After a while, the little boy, setting in the stern of the little rowboat, noticed great tears coming down the old man’s beard, dripping from his eyes. And the little fellow got so enthused; he said, “Sir, what are you looking at?”

He said, “That rainbow.”

The boy said, “I’m going to ask you a question, that no one seems to be able to answer me. Can anyone see God?”

It was too much for the old fisherman; he pulled the oars in his lap, put his arm around the little lad, and he said, “Blessings on you, my little man; all I’ve seen for forty years, has been God.”

With so much God on the inside, you can see Him anywhere. That’s the way we find God, is when He’s on the inside looking out.

58-0214 - Jesus Christ The Same Yesterday, Today, And Forever

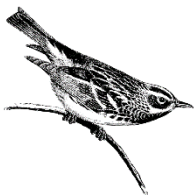
42

The Snake and the Bird

I am told that a snake can catch the eye of a bird and charm that bird, with its enchantments and the stare of its eyes, until, if that bird will give the snake its attention for just a few minutes, that bird will flutter and become completely paralyzed. Then the snake will take the bird.

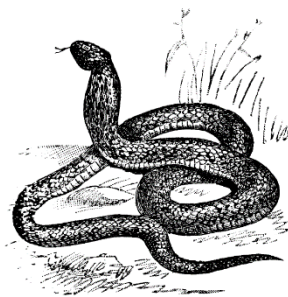
I can believe that, because I know of another serpent, the devil, that if he can ever catch the eye, with his enchantments, with your modern rock-and-roll, and all your fan-dangles of the world. If he can ever catch

you, young lady or young man, just long enough to get his charm in you, you'll flutter but you can't get loose. He'll hold you till he swallows you up in sin.



The only way, I am told, that that little bird ever has a chance, is to get his eyes off of the serpent. He cannot look at anything else, because he stands, staring. But if he'll take his eyes from the serpent, and look upward and flutter his wings, he'll fly plumb out of reach of the snake.

And if you have got the charm of the world, and the things of the world, and unbelief charming around your heart, telling you, "Oh, live modern," shake your head, and look up to



*the Unseen One, the Lord Jesus, and flutter
your wings of prayer until you fly plumb out
of his reach and out of his clutches.*

58-1003 - Looking At The Unseen

43

A Guide

You have to have a guide when you don't know where you're going. Being acquainted with hunting, and of the world around, I've had the opportunity to meet guides. I am a guide, myself, in Colorado.

Now, a guide has to know the way. He has to know where he's going and what he's doing, and how to take care of you along the road. He's got to see that you don't come up lost. A guide is a man selected by the state.

Now, in going on a trip into the wilderness, where perhaps you're not used to going, it's

not a good thing for you to go without one. Frankly, in some places you can't even go without one, for instance, Canada. The guide has to sign your license to the game warden. He has to sign himself in, and he is responsible for you. If anything happens to you, it's his responsibility. He's got to take care of you. He's got to see that you're not lost. He's got to be sure that he doesn't send you in somewhere that you don't know your way back, and if you do get lost, he's got to know the country so well that he can pick you up at any time. He's got to know all these things or he cannot be licensed to be a guide.

For these things, sometimes you have to have an appointment, call ahead and make arrangements, and get reservations to be taken out. Sometimes he's filled up and he cannot take you, and you have to put it off for a while.

But you never have to do that with God's Guide, He's always ready.

Now, if you don't get these preparations made, and you're figuring on taking a trip into the wilderness where you haven't been before, you may come up lost and perish. You've got about one percent chance to get out of the wilderness by yourself, and that is if it isn't too dense. But if it's a very bad wilderness, way back, you haven't got any chance to get out. There's no way to do it, because you find yourself on the death walk, and then you're done - you're finished. You'll perish if you haven't got a guide that knows the country and knows how to get back.

Out at Tucson, Arizona, there were some Boy Scouts. They were trained to know how to take care of themselves. They were scouts - not just Cub Scouts - they were full scouts.

They took a trip up into the mountains, and a snowstorm came. Nature changed its position, and they found themselves lost and all of them perished. A change came along from the regular routine, and they didn't know how to get out.

I've forgotten how many boys there were that perished in the mountain, though they had helicopters, and the Militia out, and the National Guards, and volunteer help, and everything. But they were lost, and no one knew where they were at. They could not take care of themselves. They all perished in the snow because they didn't know whether they were going east, north, west or south, up or down, or how it was. Everything looked the same.

Now, a guide knows where he's at, regardless of the weather. He's equipped to do that. He knows what he's doing. He's familiar with everything. He knows the

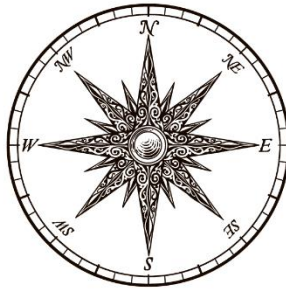
looks of everything, so he can just be in the darkness and he can feel a certain thing.

For instance, here's an old trick to a guide. You know, if you can see the stars, anyone can tell which way you're going if you'll watch the stars. And you always want to watch the one true star. There's only one true star, and that's the North Star. See, only one, and he stands in the same place.

That represents Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever. Others might wander away, but He remains the same.

Well, now, if you can't see this North Star, and it's cloudy, then if it's daytime and you're lost, you'll watch the trees. The moss is on the north side of the tree, because the south side of the tree gets the sun more than the north side. But what if it's dark and you can't see the moss? If you'll close your eyes and don't try to do any thinking, and get a slick-bark tree, put your hands

around the tree till your fingers meet, and then start moving around that tree real slow. Then when you hit a place where the bark is real thick, broken up, that's the north side, and you can tell which way you're heading, north or south.



There are many things, but it takes guides to know how to do those things. Just an ordinary man will get up there and say, “I don’t feel any difference in it.” See, you’ve got to be trained for that guiding.

These boys, no doubt, were fine scouts. They might have been able to tie knots, they might have been able to make fires with rocks, and so forth like that. But to

know your way out, that's the idea! They did not know their way out, so therefore they all perished because they didn't take a guide with them.

You have to know how to survive if you're caught out. I've climbed up trees and slid down them, and climbed up trees and slid down, up and down like that, to keep alive. I've taken snow when it would be four foot on each side, bust a stump and lay it down. I'd bust up these old stumps, and light them and let it get hot and melt the snow down. And then about one o'clock in the morning, two o'clock, pull the stumps back, and lay down on that warm ground, to keep alive. You have to know how to do these things.

The trouble with Christians today is they wait till the darkness settles over, then you find out that you've left without the Guide.

Why, did you ever see a man that was lost? Did anybody ever have the experience of bringing in a lost man? It's the most pitiful thing you've ever seen. When a man's lost, he's in a bewildered state, and he doesn't know that he's in that state, because his being lost sends this fever upon him, and he doesn't know where he's at and how he's acting.

So is it when a man's lost from God! He'll do things that he wouldn't ordinarily do. He'll do things that are beyond the thoughts of a human being. A lost man from God, a lost church from God, a church that's gone away from God, gotten away from the principles of God's Bible, will do things that sometimes that you wouldn't expect to find in a church of the living God. They'll get their money by bunco games, playing lottery, gambling, anything that they can do. They'll teach anything, let anything get by, pat men on the back who are big payers in the church,

and so forth like that, to let them get by with it. Lost man is in a bewildered state, he's a madman.

The guide has understanding, how to go and what to do. God has always sent a guide to His people. God has never failed. He sends a guide, but you've got to accept that guide. See? You've got to believe it. You've got to go the way he says. If you get into a wilderness, and your guide says, "We go this way," and yet you think you go that way, you're going to come up lost. When God sends us a guide to guide us, we've got to follow that guide. No matter what we think, what looks reasonable and what looks ridiculous, we're not subjects to divide that, the guide is the only one.

62-1014E - A Guide

44

Ducks and Geese

Have you been noticing the wild geese going over, and the ducks going south?

Well, now remember, that little old duck was born up yonder on a pond somewhere. He doesn't know east, north, west, and south. He knows nothing but that pond setting up there in the mountains in Canada. He never was off that pond, but he was born a leader. That little drake was born to be a leader.

Then the first thing, one night there comes a big snow across the top of the mountains. What happens? That cold breeze comes

down across through there. I can imagine him shivering, saying, "Mammy, what does this mean?" See, he's never felt that cold weather before.

He begins to notice around the edge of the pond, it begins to freeze - ice coming on the pond. He doesn't know it, but he was born to be a guide to that herd of ducks. He'll jump right out in the middle of that pond when it strikes him. You call it what you want to. We call it inspiration, or you can call it just instinct, whatever it is. He'll drive right out in the middle of that pond, stick that little honker up in the air, and go, "Honk-honk, honk-honk!" And every duck on the pond will come right to him. Why? They know their leader, just the way he honks.

"If the trumpet gives an uncertain sound, who can prepare himself for battle?" Right. Who can prepare himself for battle if the trumpet gives an uncertain sound?

Well, if that little duck gives an uncertain honk, who's going to prepare himself for flight? That little old duck will stick up his little bill out there, and holler, "Honk-honk, honk-honk!" and every little duck will come to him.

"Honk-honk, honk-honk!" Here they are. Such a jubilee they'll have right there in the middle of that pond, just turning over and over and over. After a while he feels it moving on him, he's got to leave. He'll set his little wings down and fly off that pond, get up in the air and turn around four or five times, and go just as straight to Louisiana as he can go, every duck right behind him.

"Honk-honk, honk-honk," here he comes. Why? He's a guide! Ducks know their guide.

Look at those old geese, coming plumb from Alaska. Now, there's an old gander

that always leads them, and those geese have to look that gander over really well. They have to know what that gander's talking about.

Did you read that in Look magazine here about four years ago, where an old gander one time didn't know what he was doing? He led a bunch of geese all the way over to England. They were never known to be in England before. Why? They never noticed that their leader - that old gander - didn't know where he was going, and now they're over there and can't get back.



That's what the matter is with a whole lot of those geese today, they still swarm. That Look magazine said, these geese swarm and fly around over England, but they don't

know how to get back. That's the way it is with some of the 'geese' that I know of.

One old gander one time, they said, got a bunch killed, trying to fly them through the darkness. He didn't know where he was going, himself, and they all hit against the mountains out there, and some of them disintegrated and burst up. Sure! They got to know their certain sound.

That little old duck, if he's got the certain sound and everybody knows it, they have a little swarming jubilee and away they go to the south. What do they go down there for? To be where it isn't cold.

Now, if God gave a duck enough sense to know how to dodge the coldness, what ought He to have given the church? If a duck can do that by instinct, what about the Holy Ghost in the church? It ought to lead us from old formalities and creeds and things, into a glorious, wonderful baptism of the

*Holy Ghost. It brings virtue, knowledge,
patience, godliness, and the Holy Spirit.
That's where the real Guide will lead,
because He'll breathe out nothing but the
Gospel, just the Word of God.*

62-1014E - A Guide

45

The Robin's Question

You know, I was telling the boys, a while ago coming over, how we must be happy all the time. God doesn't want you to be sad. You know what ill temper does? That old temper, that's one of the most awful old things. About sixty percent of the cause of all sickness is temper. Yes, sir, those tantrums when you fly loose, remember, you're just developing a cancer, ulcer, or something like that, when you do it. When you get all stewed up about somebody, and say, "I won't go back there anymore! Wait till I give them a piece of my mind!" Remember, you're the

one that's going to pay for it. Just keep happy.

A little story said there was a little robin one morning, setting up on a limb, whistling over to his little mate. The little mate flew down by him and said, "You know, I'm so worried this morning about one thing."



"What?" said the robin. "We robins never worry."

"But I just wonder if those poor creatures, the human beings, that frown on their faces when they walk, I wonder, maybe they

haven't got a heavenly Father that watches over them like we have, us robins."

That's about it. You never heard of one of them having high blood pressure, did you? No. You don't hear an ambulance ringing for them, or so forth. You see, they live in God's true provided way.

It's always us that makes things wrong. We're the one who knows science, you know; we're the smart folks. The birds don't change. You know the birds still build their nests just like they did in the garden of Eden; they never change. See? We're the ones who change.

We're the ones who upset the world. God made it wonderful and beautiful for us. But we upset it by our ways.

56-0404 - The Infallibility Of God's Spoken Word

46

Danny Greenfield's Dream

I was reading a little story some time ago about Danny Greenfield. He was an evangelist, about seventy-five or one hundred years ago, who won a lot of souls to Christ.

One night, he dreamed that he died, and of course, he went up to heaven. When he got up to the door, the doorkeeper came out, and said, "Who approaches this holy place?"

He said, "I'm Danny Greenfield, the American evangelist. I've won many souls

to our Lord, and I've come to take my position and my place in heaven."

"Just a minute, sir," said the caretaker. He goes back, "What did you say your name was?"

"Daniel Greenfield."

The caretaker looks it over and says, "There's not one here."

"Oh," he said, "You must be wrong, sir. I preached, and I won souls to Christ."

He said, "I'm sorry, sir, your name's not on this book, and you'll have to get away from the gates."

"Why," he said, "what can I do?"

The Angel said, "The only thing I know to do, you might appeal your case to the great white throne judgment, if you desire to stand there."

"Why," he said, "I have no other choice."

He began to move, going through space, and was going faster and faster. After a while, he came into a presence of a light; he began to slow up. Finally, he came to a perfect stop. One light wasn't coming from any certain place, but was all around him - he was right in the center of this light.

After while the Voice said, "Who approaches My throne of justice?"

And he said, "I'm Danny Greenfield, the American evangelist. I approach Your throne of judgment, oh, Lord. They condemned me at gates, and said my name wasn't on the book, and I appeal my case to Your justice."

"All right, Danny Greenfield, I'll judge you according to My laws," he said. "Danny Greenfield, did you ever tell a lie in your life?"

"Why," Danny said, "I was ready to say, 'Certainly I was an honest man.' But, I

remembered then, that there was a lot of things that I had said that wasn't just exactly true - Yes, Lord. I lied."

"Danny Greenfield, did you ever steal in your life?"

He said, "I thought, if anything I could answer for, that I'd always been honest. In the presence of that light, I remembered a lot of little shady deals that I'd pulled."

That's the way it is tonight. While you're setting here at church, while you're healthy as you are, you might feel all right, but in the presence of that white throne judgment, there's going to be a lot of things that will show up then. You're mortal, looking as a mortal. Don't you ever trust your merits at all.

He said, "Yes, Lord. I stole."

He said, “Daniel Greenfield, My justice requires perfection. Were you perfect in your life?”

He said, “No, Lord, I wasn’t perfect.”

He was listening, and heard that great thunder come forth, “Send him to eternal destructions from My presence.”

“It seemed like my bones,” he said, “were coming apart, listening for that great blast coming from somewhere. Then I heard the sweetest Voice, I ever heard in all my life. No mother’s voice could have been like that.

I turned to look, and I saw the sweetest face I ever saw. No mother’s face could look like that. He walked up to me, put His arms around me, and hugged me up close to His side. And He said, ‘Father, it is true, that Daniel Greenfield wasn’t perfect in his life, but, one thing Daniel Greenfield did do, in

his life, he stood for Me, and while he's here, I'll stand for him.”

58-0625 - A Greater Than Solomon Is Here

47

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep

A chaplain once said that they called him in where a guy had been shot with a machine gun and he was dying.

The chaplain said, “Are you a Christian?”

He said, “I used to be.”

“Used to be?” he said. “Where’d you leave Christ?”

He said, “I don’t remember.”

“You better be thinking, because your lungs are filling with blood. You better hurry,

because right across the bottom of your lungs, you're shot."

He said, "I know it."

"You're dying."

"Yes."

"And you once knew Christ?"

"Yes."

"Now think, real hard," said the chaplain, "because, Captain, you just got a little bit of time now. Think. Think hard now. Where did you leave Christ?"

And as he struggled, struggling, trying to think, directly a smile came over his face. He said, "I remember. I remember."

That's what you got to do. Remember, when you came against a Truth of God, you'll leave Him right there. And it won't do you any good to go on this way, because you've got to come back to This. You're on a

detour, all the time. I don't say you're not a Christian, but you're on a detour. You're on a detour, right then. You come back to That.

He said, "I remember."

"Start right from there," said the chaplain.

That's where you have to start - where you got off the line.

He said, "Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take." And he died. Where he left Christ, was at the cradle.

You might have left Him at baptism. You might have left Him at the Holy Ghost. You might have left Him somewhere else.

You don't have to be a sinner. You don't have to be that. You are, if you are. God doesn't hold you responsible for being a sinner. But He's going to hold you responsible if you reject This. You might not

*have heard It before. But, from here on, you
know better. Come back to the Word. Come
back to God.*

60-1113 - Condemnation By Representation



48

The Rancher's Son (Part 1)

Out west here, many years ago, there was this great Armour and Swift Packing Company. They'd come out there and buy cattle and buy ranches. They were worth a lot of money, and they'd buy up all the small ranches, and have millions of acres of ranch, running these big, fine Hereford cattle in sections. They owned their own railroads and things to bring the cattle from one pasture to another.

So Armour and Swift had a big ranch, and they had a foreman there, the super-

intendent of the ranch. He had about four or five daughters and they found out that one of the big Armour sons was going to visit the ranch. He was a young, single man and all these girls were sure they were going to vamp this boy as soon as he came. So they were all getting ready and making everything ready to for him to come.

When he got there, they were going to meet him and put on an old frontier day, with their little dresses on, with fringe on it, and .44's on each hip, and their hats on the back of their head. They were going to be regular westerners, and one of them was going to get this boy.

They had a little cousin there whose mother and father were dead. She was the slave to almost all who were there. All the dirty work, she had to do it, washing the dishes and everything. She had no clothes, and had to take hand-me-downs.



So when the time came that the boy was to arrive, they all got in their buckboards, and away down to the station they went to receive him. They were shooting the guns, and the horses were nickering, and they brought him out to the ranch.

That night they had a big shindig. They got out there on the haystacks and the corral fence, and they sang and they danced, all through the night. He was there for two or three days.

So, this little girl, she had all the rough work to do. One night, supper was over and they had had the dances, and each one of these girls had been all prettied up, while

this poor little girl had to have a little, old, ragged dress on. On this night, she had been sitting in the mess hall after the supper was over, she had washed the dishes and run out through the back yard to throw the dishwater out. When she turned around, there he stood, leaning at the corral fence.

He said, "Hello."

She was so ashamed, because that was the superintendent's boy, the son of the owner of the ranch. She held the dishpan down, so he wouldn't notice her looking so ragged; started backing off with her bare feet, looking back.

He walked up to her and said, "Don't be afraid of me. I want to tell you something." He said, "I came out here for one purpose - I came out to find a wife. I've been looking everywhere. I didn't want to marry any of the girls back there in the city, I want to get

what I thought was a real wife. Of all that I've seen, I've been noticing you around here, and I've found out through some of the hands that you're a cousin."

She said, "That's right, sir."

He said, "I want to ask you something. Will you marry me?" Why, she didn't know what to do. She was so beset; she didn't know how to answer the man.

Oh, I can just about imagine how she felt. Don't you? When me, a sinner once, no good for nothing, a drunkard's child, Jesus Christ said, "I want you for Mine." How could He ever come to somebody like me? How could He ever say, "I'll give you a home in Heaven"? How could He ever say, "I'll save you"? Such a wretch as me, how could it ever be? But He did it!

She said, "Sir, I—I'm not—I—I'm not worthy. I couldn't make a wife to a man like you, because you are used to great

things, and I know nothing about them, I'm poor."

He said, "But you are my choice."

And wasn't it nice when Jesus told you that? You knew you weren't worthy to be a Christian. There wasn't anything you could ever do, but He just chose you. See? It's His goodness, His mercy that He chose you. You didn't choose Him, He chose you.

She said, "I—I don't..."

"Don't look at your clothes. I don't look at your clothes; I look at what you are." He said, "Will you marry me?" And finally the agreement was made.

Then he said, "One year from this day, I will return. You be ready. Have the wedding garment on, for I will return and marry you right here on these grounds. Then I'll take you to Chicago, to Outer Drive, where you'll have a castle to live in,

and all this dishwashing and things will be over then.”

To be continued...

49

The Rancher's Son (Part 2)

“One year from this day, I will return. You be ready. Have the wedding garment on, for I will return and marry you right here on these grounds. Then I’ll take you to Chicago, to Outer Drive, where you’ll have a castle to live in, and all this dishwashing and things will be over then.”

When the cousins heard about that, they said, “You poor, little, ignorant fool! Why, you know that man didn’t mean that!”

*Isn’t that just exactly what they say today?
“How could a bunch of holy-rollers, a bunch
of people that hardly can write their own*

name, how would they ever be the Church? How would a group like that ever be?" But that's just all right. When we got engaged and felt that betrothal kiss of Jesus Christ on our heart to take away our sin, Something tells us that He's coming back again, just as sure as the world. Someday He'll come back.

All year she worked, slaving, saving the little seventy-five-cents that they gave her for her day's wages. She was saving up her money to buy her wedding gown, and to make everything ready. Oh, all of her thoughts were for making ready. She got her clothes, her wedding clothes, while her cousins laughed and made fun of her.

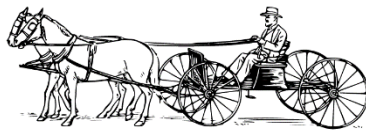
Finally, the day arrived. She dressed herself in her wedding garment, and got all ready and cleaned up. Her little cousins came around, bowed by her and said, "Well, you silly little thing. Why, you know he didn't mean that. He wouldn't marry a girl like you." But, she made herself ready, anyhow.

So it came along to late in the evening, and they began to mock and make fun of her. She stood right at the door, waiting anyhow.

They said, "What time did he say he'd be here?"

She said, "He didn't say. But he told me the night he gave me the engagement ring, it would be about one year from now. Therefore, I've got an hour left." She just kept waiting.

"I got one hour left ... thirty minutes left ... ten minutes left." And they laughed and made fun of her, and called her everything. But, finally, right at that crucial hour, they heard the sand turning under the wheels, and the horses coming.



What a thing it was to see that little bride that had made herself ready, jump out of the door, and around through the rose-covered trellis out there, to fly into the arms of the man that she loved - to her husband, and be married and ride away.

We're waiting, we still got a little time. They say, "Ah, there's no difference than what there ever was." Don't worry, we've got a little time left, and at the moment that He promised, He'll be here. One of these days we'll take a flight and go away. Just be ready! Keep the Wedding Garment on! Keep all cruel out of your heart.

Listen how this Scripture reads here: "Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife has made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints. And he said unto me, Write, Blessed are they which are

called to the marriage supper of the Lamb. And he said unto me, These are the true sayings of God.”

So there’s going to be a meeting in the air one of these days, in that sweet, sweet by and by. Just stay ready! Keep yourself ready! Purge your heart from all evil thinking. Have faith in God, no matter how dark it looks and how many laugh and make fun and say, “You’ve made a mistake.” Keep right on living holy and living for God. Just keep moving on, the hour will arrive!

60-1231 - Revelation, Chapter Four #1

50

The Old Shoe Cobbler

I want to say this little story for Christmas, so that the kiddies might catch it.

There was an old shoe cobbler, and I believe it was in Germany where he'd make shoes. In his spare time, he used to pick up the Bible, and he would read It. He'd read the context and the text of the Scripture, and he got really deeply sincere.

"You know," he said, "when this Christmas comes around, I'm not going to light up any Christmas tree." But he said, "You know what? I'm going to get a big dinner, and I'm going to roast my lamb and I'm

going to get my cranberries, and all my sauce and things.” He was just by himself, and he said, “I’m going to set it on the table and I’m going to invite Jesus to come sit across the table from me. I want to know God’s Messiah and what I can do in respect. I’m going to do all this, and then I’m going to sit down at the table and I’m going to ask the blessing, and I’m going to thank God for what He’s given me. Then I’m going to say, ‘Lord Jesus, won’t You come and sit down across here, just for Christmas dinner with me?’”

The simplicity - God always hears that - sincerity.

The old cobbler saved up his money to get such a dinner that would be served to the invited King of kings. When he had it cooked, he set it out on a table. He cleaned himself real good, and groomed himself, and combed his hair. Then he set down at the table, and set a chair for Jesus, and

some more chairs sitting around. “It might be for the apostles,” he said, “if they come in.”

So the old fellow bowed his head and he asked the blessing, and thanked God for the food.

He said, “Now, Jesus, won’t You come and dine with me for this Christmas dinner?” He started eating and watching the chair. No one came. He ate a little bit more, and he said, “Lord God, I’ve invited You to my home. Won’t You come and be with me?” And he started to reach over and get something to eat, when someone knocked at the door.

He went to the door. It was an old man, stooped in shoulders and ragged. He said, “Kind sir, I’m cold. Would you let me get warm?”

He said, “Step in.” And he came in and when he smelled that aroma of the food,



his mouth kind of watered. He turned around.

The cobbler said, “Will you sit down? I’m expecting company, but would you set down and just eat with me till the company comes?”

He said, “Thank you. I would be glad to.” And he set down, and they had dinner. The old man thanked him, got up and went.

The cobbler turned around, he said, “Lord God, why did You disappoint me? I made everything so ready. I did all that I knew how to do.”

If you’ll just do that!

“I did all that I knew how to do, and thought You would come in and dine with me.” And he got to weeping, and ran and

fell across the bed. He was laying there on the bed, weeping. “I—I—I done everything that I thought was right, Lord, and why didn’t You come to dine with me?”

And a Voice came to him, and he remembered the Scripture, “Insomuch as you have done unto the least of these My little ones, you have done it unto Me.”

62-1216 - The Falling Apart of The World

51

Martin and the Beggar

One cold day before Christmas, a poor old beggar was laying in the street, freezing. People that were worthy would pass by, and just look at the old beggar.

“Well, there’s nothing to him, he’s just a beggar. Let him lay there.”

Martin stood and watched to see if some of the people that could, would help him.

Martin himself, believed God, but he was a military man. He only had one coat. Finally, he said, “If the old man lays like that, he’ll freeze to death.” So he took his



sword and ripped his coat in two, went over and wrapped the old beggar in one half of it, and said, “Sleep in peace, my brother,” and walked on.

That night in the barracks, after he had shined his boots and laid down, he went to sleep. A noise woke him up. He looked, and standing before him stood Jesus wrapped in that old piece of coat that he had wrapped the beggar in.

Jesus said, “What you’ve done to these, you’ve done to Me.”

62-1216 - The Falling Apart Of The World

52

“You Forgot the Main Thing”

Kids, you, each one, seem like mine. You, each one, seem like just my sons and daughters. In one way, you are, see, spiritually speaking. The Lord God has put your souls into my care, because you come and listen to me. You believe me. See? And in one sense of the word, you are my sons and daughters. That’s right.

Always remember, keeping the commandments of God is a great thing. Being raised in a good home is a heritage from God and to be fine kids with

personalities as you have, is good. It's wonderful, to have an education. It's wonderful to even live in this free land. We've got many things to be thankful for. But there's one thing that you just don't inherit - you've got to accept It - that's Eternal Life, and you'll only do that by following Jesus, by a born-again experience. Don't neglect that.

There was a little story I heard one time, of a man who was poor. This is like a little fairy story. It always stuck with me, though. One day, the man picked a flower and the flower was magic.

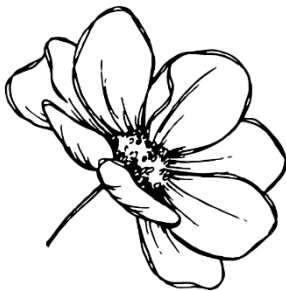
The flower said to him, "You've been poor all your life. Now ask what you will, and it'll be given to you."

The poor man said, "That the yonder mountain would open up, and I could go therein and find the gold in the mountain."

“Well,” said the flower, “you will have to take me with you wherever you go. So, wherever I am, then you can ask what you will.”

The man walked to the mountain, and the mountain opened up, and he went in. The shelves were full of gold and diamonds, as the little fairy story goes. He laid the flower down on a rock, then he ran and grabbed a great big gem.

He said, “I must go show this to my friends. Now I’m a rich man. I have everything now. I must show this.”



And so the flower spoke, “But,” it said, “you have forgotten the main thing.”

So he ran back and said, “Well, maybe I’ll get a piece of gold. I’ll get a piece of silver.” And so he

said, “I’ll hurry out, to tell the people how rich I am, and all that I’ve got.”

When he got to the door, the flower said, “But you forgot the main thing.” So he runs back in again.

He said, “In here we find all kinds of materials.” So, he picked up a stone. He said, “I’ll go, take this stone and show the people what kind of a stone this mountain is made out of, so I can find my way back to it.”

And as he started out the door, the flower said, for the final time, “You have forgotten the main thing.”

“Oh,” he said, “oh, shut up.” See, he didn’t want to hear anymore – ‘*Forgotten the main thing*’, and he ran out the door. When he did, the door closed behind him, with the flower on the inside. The main thing was the flower. See?

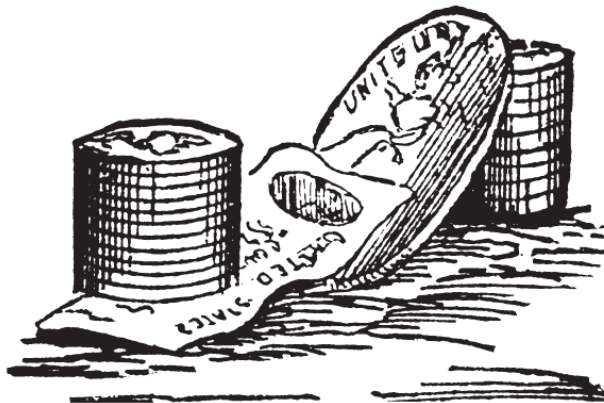
Years ago, as a kid, there was a cattle ranch above here, above Phoenix. I was reading a paper about a prospector. There were no roads through here then, just little sand paths.

But this prospector had come in, and he had found a lot of money, and struck a lot of gold. On his road in, he stayed in a cabin he had found. He had a dog with him, and the dog was tied up outside.

That night, there had been an outlaw following him, to get this gold. (He had picked it up in the old Spanish mines, and he was coming in with it). So the dog started barking. The man didn't want to be bothered with that dog.

"Shut up," he said. "Tomorrow, I'll take this into the city, and I'll have it weighed up, and I'll be a rich man. I'll buy great cars, and I'll have all kinds of women and big parties. I'll be a rich man, because I've

already struck the claim. I've got much of the gold here."



While he was trying to go to sleep, the dog kept barking, because the dog had seen the outlaw coming up, slipping up, waiting for the prospector to go to sleep. The prospector raised up again, and screamed at the dog, "Shut up!" The poor dog whined and tried to warn his master that danger was lurking.

The next time, when the dog started barking, the prospector had a shotgun. He

didn't want to be bothered, so he just raised up and shot the dog. And the prospector was killed that night, by the outlaw. All of his fancy dreams did him no good. Why? He stilled the voice that was warning him.

You kids would never be able to do anything wrong, after being raised the way you are, unless you would feel something tell you not to do it. Now, don't ever still that voice that's warning you.

Always remember, accept that Voice that said, "Follow Me," and you'll always come out right.

63-0601 - Come, Follow Me

53

Robin Red-Breast

One of my favorite birds is a robin. Now, you boys quit shooting at my robins, see, 'cause I don't want you doing that.

My robin, do you know how he got his red breast?



One day, there was a Man dying on the cross, and nobody would help Him. God had forsaken the Man, and He was dying. His hands had nails in them, His

feet and His side were bleeding, a crown of thorns was on His head, and blood was running over His face.

There was a little bird that passed by, a little, brown bird. He looked, and thought it was the most pitiful sight he ever saw. He knew he was just a little bird, but he looked at those great big, ol' cruel Roman nails driven in His hands, and he flew in with his little beak and tried to pull them loose.

He got his breast all bathed with blood, and since then it's been red.

*I want my breast shielded with His Blood,
too, defending It when I come to meet Him.*

I love a little robin.

65-1128E - On The Wings Of A Snow-White Dove

54

Arnold von Winkelried

Here some time ago, I was passing through the white Alp Mountains over in Switzerland.

Many of you have heard the great gallant stories of Arnold von Winkelried in your books - that great hero of the early days of Switzerland when a peaceful people had come down from Germany and made themselves a home up in the mountains. They loved their homeland.

You can pass through there today and speak his name, Arnold von Winkelried, and when you do, tears will roll down their

cheeks and their hearts will beat high for their great hero.

One day, an invading army came in tramping down all Switzerland, just leaving chaos behind. Burning their homes, killing their children, ravishing their wives, and killing off their young, and driving away their stock and their livelihood, burning up their farms, so they could not eat.

The great invaders were moving on; nothing could stop them. They rolled rocks from the mountains, nothing could stop them, and the little Swiss army had backed up into a little corner in the plains, and they were at the end of the road. Nothing could be done.

The great army was coming on with their spears set out in front of them, marching in time, while the Swiss army stood unarmed, but with just such as they could find - pitchforks, pieces of metal, and armor that

they could pick up. They were hopeless and helpless. Everything they had tried failed. There wasn't nothing left but chaos and ruin. Their wives were going; their children were going; their nation was going. Everything they had was going.

The great well-trained army like a stone wall, marching with these big spears had the little Swiss army surrounded. There was nothing they could do.

Then Arnold von Winkelried stepped out and said, "Men of Switzerland, this day I'll give my life for Switzerland." He said, "Everything that we have tried has failed, but over in yonder valley is a little home where my wife and children are waiting for me to return. I'll never see them again in this world, for this day I shall die for Switzerland."

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

He said, "You just follow me and fight as best you can with what you have," and he threw down his missile he had in his hand, raised up his arms to heaven, and screamed, "Make way for liberty."

He ran towards the thickest of the spears, screaming to the top of his voice, "Make way for liberty," and as he got to the very thickest and densest of the spears, he reached getting a great armload of them and threw them into his breast. As all those spears were reaching to catch him, as he made his charge, and into his bosom he plunged all these spears.

With such gallant heroic blood beating in every Swiss soldier, when they saw that, they came behind him and it routed the army of the aliens. They broke rank; they didn't know what to do when they saw this gallant act of this Arnold von Winkelried. They ran in with what they had and beat

the armies out of the nation and saved their homeland.



As far as I know, they've never had a war from that day to this. No wonder their faces flash, and their eyes colour, and the tears stream down their cheeks when you speak of Arnold von Winkelried to those mountain people.

He was a hero in what he did, but, oh, my friends, that was a little thing. One day when Adam's race was backed into a corner, where the law, and the judgments, and the prophets, and everything that had been sent had failed, nothing could be done, the human race was doomed, the great armies of hell were marching on, well-trained and in their ranks, every man to his place. They'd

backed Adam's children into the corner where they could go no farther.

They sent the law; they couldn't keep it. They sent judgments; they wouldn't listen to them. They plunged right on. They sent the prophets; they stoned those and nothing could be done. They were backed into a corner.

But in glory one day, the most precious thing of heaven stepped out before the Angels of God and said, "This day will I give My life for the sons of Adam. This day will I do something that'll break the ranks of the enemy."

The Angels all said, "What will You do?"

He came to the earth in a virgin. And when He went to Calvary, He stood on this earth, and preached the Gospel. He said, "I'm going to give you some material. I want you to go up to the city of Jerusalem. I want you to wait there, for I'm going to dress you. I'm

going to make you soldiers to fight against the wiles of the enemy. But first, before you go into the battlefront, go up to Jerusalem and wait there. And with what I give you, you follow Me and fight as best as you can.”

There on that dark day of Calvary, the Lamb of God, the precious Son of God that came down from glory, never took the way of some easy road, but He went to the darkest and roughest part of the spears, the valley of the shadow of death. He grabbed all of death and threw it into His bosom, and died a hero, and sent down the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost.

Now, men and women, with what we’ve got, let’s fight as we can. The army’s broke; the ranks of the enemy’s broke; Divine healing’s taken place; the power of God struck the Church, and we’re moving right on.

I may not be able to perform this the way He would have it performed. I may not be able

to be the right kind of a man; but with what I have, I want to fight and go through the valley like our great Hero, the Lord Jesus did, and stand at that day when the armies' banners have dropped and the enemy is finally whipped.

Let us fight with what we have.

56-0930A - Hear Ye Him

55

Floor Wax on the Linoleum

This happened one night when Billy Paul, my boy, was a little, bitty fellow. We were living in a little two-roomed cabin.

My wife had put this floor wax on the linoleum, and it was real slick on the floor, and we had an old bucket out in the other room. We had two rooms, and we were sleeping in the front room. The next room was the kitchen and the bucket of water set out there with the dipper.

So Billy Paul woke up, and he said, "Daddy?"

I said, "What?" He was a little, bitty fellow.



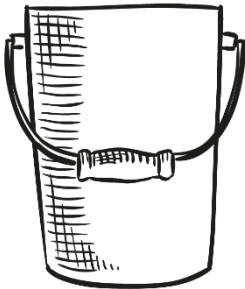
He said, "I want a drink."

And I said, "Well," oh, I was so tired - I'd walked through the patrolling. I said, "Honey, could you go get a drink there? It's just inside the door."

He said, "Daddy, come, go with me."

And I said, "Oh, there's nothing will hurt you, honey; just go inside the door."

He said, "Daddy, I'm afraid to go 'less you go with me."



I thought, "Poor, little fellow."

That's right. "God, I'm afraid to go too, 'less You go with me. Father, I know that it's all right. You ordained ministers to

go preach the Gospel, but if You don't go with me, I'm afraid. You come go with me."

So I got up, felt around, and got him by the hand. We started through the room. Just as we started through the room, my wife had one of these little rugs laying in there, and the little fellow slipped, and would've pitched right forward on his face, if I hadn't had a hold of his hand. I held him up to keep him from smashing right down on his face.

I thought, "Truly, God, that's right. Just hold my hand in these slippery, dark places and things, while I'm searching for the water of Life. You just hold my hand as I move along."

55-0227E - The Healing Of Jairus' Daughter

56

As the Deer

David, being a man who dealt in the woods, learned a lot about wildlife. In one of the Psalms, he cried, “As the hart (which is a deer), thirsts for the water brook, so my soul thirsts after Thee, O God.”

I often wondered what David was writing about, until I learned about deer. Back in that country, and in other countries, they have wolves and wild dogs which attack the deer, because it’s easy prey for them.

That’s a very good type of the devil. You take a beautiful woman, or a handsome young man, and they’re the very prey for the sins of

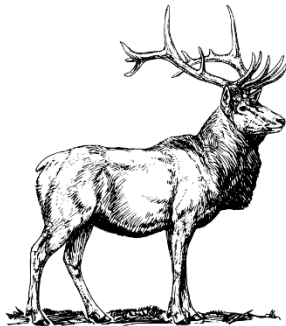
this world. A little innocent boy of sixteen or seventeen, or a little girl, is just a prey for the devil to feast on.

Those wild dogs lay in ambush. I've seen it in Africa and I've seen it in other countries. They jump on these little deer. The first thing they do is try to break this string behind their legs. Then they can't run. We call it, in a hunter's voice, "hamstring" them.

Then, if he cannot grab them there, he grabs them by the throat, and jerks the jugular vein loose. The deer bleeds to death in just a moment.

Then there's a flank in the deer and he will run and jerk his teeth into that. If he's a big heavy dog, and it's a small deer, he can throw that deer on the ground from the flank. He gets him in mid-centre, and it swings the deer off his feet. As the dog grabs it and throws himself over, he throws

the deer to the ground and they go right in and just tear that little fellow to pieces.



Many times the mouthful of flesh pulls out, and the deer is so quick, and can manoeuvre his little body so fast, that sometimes he can get away while the dogs are rolling.

If there are any hunters here, you will know that a wounded deer's got to find water right now. I can imagine seeing the little deer with the blood running out of him; he's watching; he's panting; he's looking for the water brook. If that deer can get to that water, he will live.

I've trailed them many times. They cross the creek and drink, run down the creek a little piece, run up on the hill, cross back and get some more water; he will just keep on running as long as he can get water. But if he doesn't get water, he will perish.

That's what David said, "My soul's thirsting after You, like the hart. I must have You, God, or perish." And now to this sinful world that's been bitten by the mad dogs of hell, with all of this modern jazz music, and dirty television programs cracking jokes and so forth like that, you're mad-dog bitten. You're trying to quench that thirst with stagnated waters of the devil.

May your heart become so thirsty that you must find Christ or die. "The deer as he thirsts for the water brook, so my soul thirsts after Thee, O God." Just take a drink from there.

57-0613E - Thirsting For Life

57

The Merciful King

In ending, let me tell you a story. God's grace is like this:

One time there was a mighty king, and this mighty king had a son and it was his only son. One day a murderer killed that boy, and through that kingdom went the delegates hunting for that murderer.

They finally found that murderer, and when they found him, they brought him back and imprisoned him. A trial was set and a sentence was made. Oh, it was a

terrible thing. He had murdered the king's son, and he knew what was coming to him.

They put him into the inner cells, and they locked the doors, 'cause we know what kind of a horrible punishment this boy was going to receive, because he killed the king's son. Guards were placed all around the doors. He was put in inner cells, and stripped, with nothing on but a loincloth. There he set in that condition and starving because they wouldn't give him anything to eat.

Then they brought him out to a trial. He was found guilty and proven guilty. A sentence was made that he was to be executed under horrible capital punishment. He was to be killed by inches until his mortal life was gone. Sentenced by the judge, he was to die.

He begged and he cried, and he said, "Though I am guilty, I'm sorry that I did

that. I wish I had never done it. I'm sorry that I did it. In a moment, in a rage of temper, I did it. I didn't mean to do it that way."

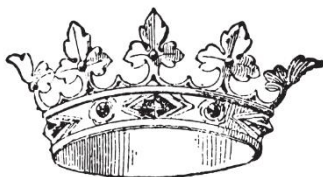
One day, the king went down to the place to visit the boy, to talk to him and tell him about killing his own son - the only son he had. He said, "I'm going down to talk to him."

When he went down there, he looked back in that cage, at the boy like a caged-in animal. He saw the little skinny body laying back there in a corner, crying. His face was all sunken in, his jaws sunk back, his eyes way back, matter was all in his eyes, and his mouth was all whited over, with no water, and thirsty.

The king said, "Stand up." He came up to him, and he looked at him. He said, "Why did you kill my son? What did my son do to you? What did he do to merit such a death

as you killed him, stabbing him to death with a spear?”

He said, “Nothing, my lord, not one thing. Just my own impudence, just my own ways. I killed him because I was jealous of him, and I got in a temper fit and I killed him. Now I’m to die under your justice, sir. I realize that and I deserve to do it. The only thing that I’m crying for, is that I’m just sorry that I killed that royal man like that, without a cause.”



The king turned on his heels and walked out. He went out to the desk and said, “Destroy all the records!” *You know, put them in the Sea of Forgetfulness.* “Destroy

all the records! Wash him up, clean him up. I'll send down a robe for him."

After a while, a great big limousine drove up to the door. When it did, a carpet was spread out to the prison cell. The king stood at the end of limousine, and said, "Come, my son, and ride home with me to the palace." He put the king's robe around his shoulder and said, "From henceforth you are my son."

Because he had pity - that's grace.

That was me, that was you. We killed the Son of God with our sins. We were alien, dirty, filthy, laying in the cells of the world. God washed us by the Blood of His Own Son, cleansed us, and put on the robe of the Holy Spirit. Now, the great chariot of God will back up to the door someday, and we'll go home to live with Him. All records are destroyed, we can't be judged anymore; burnt up, He put them in the sea of

forgiveness and remembers about it no more. No wonder we can sing!

*Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
And was blind, but now I see.*

*It was grace that taught my heart to fear,
Grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!*

*Won't you let this be your hour right now,
sinner friend, while we bow our heads just a
moment for a word of prayer? Let this be the
hour that you first believed, right now. Make
up your mind, and say, "Lord God, I'm
guilty. I realize it takes grace to save me. I
can't save myself. I'm lost. I'm done. I just
can't do a thing. I'm totally helpless,
hopeless, without God, without mercy,
without Christ, in the world, alienated.*

Won't You have mercy and take me out of this cell of sin that I'm in today, O Lord? And be merciful to me, a sinner." Will you raise your hand, say, "Lord God, I'm that person that needs Your grace"? Will you raise up your hand, say, "Pray for me, Brother Branham, I now will believe"?

61-0827 - The Message Of Grace

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