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## THE LAMB AND THE DOVE

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Thank you very much. Thank you. It's been indeed a privilege to be here tonight again gathered in this beautiful Angelus Temple, setting in the heart of Los Angeles, as a memorial to Divine healing and the power and the resurrection of the Lord Jesus. The son of—of Sister McPherson, just a . . . One of them showed me the other day, written right on here: “We would see Jesus.” I think that's really nice, don't you? “We would see Jesus.”

And now, I'm glad tonight to see that the place is just about packed out again tonight, and this—your second service. I've just met my good friend, Tommy Hicks, here, that's going to be speaking, and was a really a loyal brother. And Brother Oral Roberts and many other outstanding brethren in this day, the great move of today. And I'm so happy to be associated here with them.

I come just a little bit hoarse when I come to Los Angeles. I just returned from Canada where it was freezing. And then down here where it was so hot, it made a difference.

<sup>1a</sup> And tonight we're expecting God to do the exceeding abundant tonight. We are looking every night for a real return of old fashion pouring out of the Holy Spirit. I would've liked to have lived in the day and seen the time when Sister McPherson, when she would come in here and have those marvelous meetings. I'm sure it still lingers in the heart of many of the loyal people of that—and saints, that still remembers her. And how they would walk these aisles around the altars and repent . . .

I have her sermon, some of them on rec—record, or the tape recording. I read her books. And I certainly admire her as a servant of God. I didn't get to meet her in—in life's journey. I will, by God's grace, when we cross over. But . . . When I come to Los Angeles, one of the first places I went was up to her resting place, her body, and there took off my hat and thanked God for a noble life of Sister McPherson and this marvelous work that she leaves behind. [The congregation applaud—Ed.] Thank you.

Meeting her son and see such a fine character in him, it shows that he come from a good background. He must've been something like dad. . . ? . . .

<sup>1b</sup> Many of your ministers, Dr. Courtney, and Dr. Cummings, and Dr. Teeford and so many of them that I know here, such gallant brothers, and they're doing a great work.

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And I was talking to Mr. McPherson, just now—or Brother McPherson, rather, and he—was telling him, I said, “How I appreciate your efforts for the Lord Jesus.”

He said, “Brother Branham, we’re just trying to hold out.”

I said, “But you don’t realize what you’re doing. Around the world, wherever I go in the mission fields, I meet the Foursquare.” So that shows this Gospel doesn’t only go to Los Angeles and this people here. It spread from this little spot around the world. Just look at the signs around where their missionaries are. And I tell you, it’s a worthy thing. God rest her gallant soul. The Bible said in there, that “They rest from their labors, but their works follow them.” And I think the “Psalm of Life,” when I stood by Longfellow’s grave: “Partings leave behind us footprints on the sands of time.” That is true.

So then, if we see what it means to live a gallant life for Christ Jesus, what type of persons should we be? Let us leave behind us:

Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
With partings leave behind us.  
Footprints on the sands of time.

I love that.

<sup>1c</sup> And now, last evening, or Sunday afternoon, I was—had the privilege and the honor of speaking to this marvelous group of people. Just I think, and don’t say it for a compliment. Now, I don’t say it just because I’m here: I think of the cream of the crop is here tonight. That’s many of the people, the elect of God’s children. When I come into your midst and hear the wonderful manifestations of the Holy Spirit, it just makes me weep for joy, because I know that Jesus still lives.

So I was alarmed. I used to pastor the Baptist church at Milltown, Indiana. And when I would come home at night, or to the place I was staying. . . I lived in Jeffersonville. And I would come home, and I noticed an old nightingale used to set in a bush and would just sing all night long. And I wondered why that nightingale sang like that. And I. . . So I got to studying on nightingales. Come to find out, they keep their head up at night. And when they can see a star, they center their eyes right on it and start singing. Because they know if there’s one star shining, the sun’s shining somewhere. So I feel when we can have one gathering like this and hear the Spirit of God working among the people, I can sing too, because God’s living somewhere, isn’t He? That’s right. He’s here. So we are happy to be here tonight.

<sup>1d</sup> And last evening I maybe kinda butchered it kinda hard. I didn’t mean to do it in that way just to hurt you. But since you have included me in your rank, and I am trying my best to stand mutually between

the different denominations, and saying, "We are brethren . . ." I—I love all the denominations. And I'm trying to stand in the gap like that and say, "We are brethren together." And I believe that, if God will let me to have something to do with uniting the body of Christ . . . I think that's the sickest body that I know of. But the greatest Divine healing that needs to be done tonight, is the body of Christ be healed into one person and may . . . And what a marvelous time to do it right now, at Azusa Street rally, where we can all become one again. Jesus prayed that we might be one. And I am so happy to see that coming to pass.

And the reason that I say those things, I read the history of your bygone meetings, years ago, like Sister McPherson, and—and Mrs. Woodworth-Etter, and—and Mr. Bosworth, and so many other of the early Pentecostal groups. And then I—it seemed to be in my own church, kind of a—if I would say, "The black sheep." . . . I believed in a real holy and filled life. And then when I found that there was people who stood for that, it just fit like a glove on a hand. And then when I come into the rank here, and begin to look down and see that it's slipping away, that kinda stirs me up. And it's not because that I do not like you, I say those cutting things; it's because I love you. That's right. That . . . If we are . . . We want one great big front for the Lord, and we're marching on towards Zion. And when I see the enemy leaping in back here, and worldlyism creeping into the church, I just can't hold my peace. That's all. I—I don't mean to do it earlier. I just want to say then thank you. Thank . . . So . . .

<sup>1e</sup> The cutting sometimes hurts, but perhaps a little more light on it . . . What if you went to a doctor's office and you had the symptoms of a horrible disease that you might have to be operated. And you went, and the doctor just patted you on the back and said, "Here, good fellow . . .? . . . You're all right; you're just a nice fellow." And let you go out without really correcting that, and you're . . . It's . . . I don't believe you'd appreciate that doctor. But if the doctor would examine and see where the cause is and then really if it hurts he'd cut it out (See?), that'd be a good doctor. So get rid of the cause. Let's get that cancer out of there. Is that right? And then we can all put one big front and go forward.

You're such a lovely group. And I want to say: Of my travels I have never felt the Holy Spirit moving among the people in any one certain group like's moving right here in this people now in this rally. I have to leave you in about . . . I have to catch a train at ten o'clock; I got another meeting coming way north. And I have to leave you, but I'm leaving you with all the best wishes of God's blessings on you for the most successful meeting that's ever been held in Los Angeles. And I'll be praying for you constantly. You pray for me. And if we never meet

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again this side of heaven, we'll meet over there someday. God bless you.

<sup>1f</sup> In the blessed old Bible here, that I have before me, just in the way of reading His Word . . . I like to read His Word, because my words will fail, but His Word won't fail. And I'm not . . . I . . . As a preacher, the Lord, I don't believe, called me to be a preacher. I'm—I pray for the sick. My . . . You know that's my ministry. And I can't do two things correctly, so the Lord just seen that I lack education, I lack wisdom and knowledge, and so forth, so He just let me pray for His sick children. And I'm so glad that He did. But He give me something to do. I—I want to do something.

As I said about Arnold Van Winkelried, "What you have, do all you can with what you had." So just be faithful in the office that's give to you. And as I stand here tonight before real men of God, setting here, and real ministers, and to think that they love me well enough that they taken a seat behind me and put me up here before the purchase of the Blood of the Lord Jesus, it certainly makes me feel humble. And I pray that God will bless my brethren. And anything that I can ever do to help, well I'll be glad to do it.

And now, I always said in preaching, I was a spare tire. But a spare tire is only used when you got a flat. But we sure haven't got any flat now. We certainly haven't. So they're . . . Just by grace they let me spare a road like that. So the Lord bless you real well.

<sup>1g</sup> And if I know if I read His Word, then if they have grace and could let me be standing here, and . . . And if I read God's Word, then heavens and earth will pass away but His Word won't; that much anyhow, will bring forth something that'll feed the children of God.

Now, in Saint John the 1st chapter, I wish to read a portion of the Word, and beginning with the 29th verse:

*The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and said, Behold the Lamb of God, which take away the sin of the world.*

*This is he of whom I said, After me cometh a man which is preferred before me: for he was before me.*

*And I knew him not: but that he should be made manifest to Israel, therefore am I come baptizing with water.*

*And John bare record, saying, I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and . . . abode upon him.*

And may the Lord add His blessings to the Word.

<sup>1h</sup> It's a strange thing, to think that when God chose to represent His Son on this earth, He represent Him in a creature called a lamb. And many times we might wonder why that He was called a lamb. A lamb is the meekest of all the creatures of the earth: all the animals. There's

nothing no meeker than a little lamb. And the Jewish orthodox church knew that many years ago, for they offered a lamb as a substitute for their sin. And knowing that God had passed the penalty of death, or the results of sin caused death, and something must die and must . . . In the blood laid the life. Life is in the blood. We all know that, that life lays in the blood cell. Like Jesus Christ, He was the—the Lamb of God, the Son of God. And the virgin Mary was overshadowed by the Holy Spirit, and God created in her womb, a blood cell that brought forth the Son Christ Jesus.

And life laying in this blood cell, and the sinner being guilty of sin, the most innocent thing he could offer would be the life of this lamb. Now, the reason that it typed the coming of the real Lamb of God, and could not take away sin, it could only cover sin; because the life that was in the blood cell after it was broke, could not return upon the worshipper; because the worshipper was a human with a soul. And the life that went from the animal was merely the life of a beast. And the life of a beast could not coincide with the life of a man. So therefore, the worshipper went out with the same conscience, the same desire to sin, as he did coming in. But it all types. But when the worshipper once purged by the Blood of Christ, has no more conscience of sin, because the life that come out of the Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ is none other than His own life that returns to the believer and brings the believer into fellowship with Himself.

li So therefore, the innocent, lovely lamb is a great creature. I wish we could have more time tonight to study the nature of the lamb. It's a wonderful . . . And a lamb . . .

God likened us unto lambs. The lamb is a animal that cannot make his own way. And quicker—sooner, rather, that we find out that we can't make our own way (We're not self-sustaining; we have to lean upon His arm and His guidance.), sooner we'll become lambs.

Now, there's something about the little fellow. I remember one day while patrolling. I heard something bleating down into a ditch, and it was a young lamb. And the old ewe had went away with the rest of the herd, and the little fellow was helpless. And how I picked him up and packed him to his mother. And how he just laid in my arms, and I thought, "Oh God, that was me one day: I was altogether undone, and You picked me up into Your arms and packed me."

lj And the lamb has a great meaning. I was over in Palestine—or over in the Orients, rather. And if you ever went to the Orients and seen what—the Bible would become a new Book to you. If you ever studied it, it's an Oriental book, written in Oriental parables and customs of—

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they used in those days. And they don't change; they're just the same today.

One day, a man and I were riding around in a little British jeep. And I heard the whistles blowing and everything stopped. All the cars stopped, and I said, "What's the matter?" And look, to my surprise, coming across the street was a shepherd, leading a bunch of sheep. And I said, "Well, why . . ."

And he said, "Everything stops for the sheep and the shepherd over here."

Then, driving on farther, I noticed the place where there was a shepherd coming down through the street. And over there, they don't have the convenience that we have today to find iceboxes and so forth. They put their vegetables and so forth, right out on the street: their goodies. And here come down the—the middle of the street, a shepherd, walking right through these places a leading his sheep, not by a rope. They were just following him by sight. And I stopped, and I was amazed. As that shepherd walked, he could step a few steps out to one side and then back into the path, and the sheep next to him would step out, come back. And the sheep behind him would follow, and they followed the shepherd. "My sheep know My voice."

And I was amazed, and I said to the good man with me; I said, "Why do they not turn aside and eat some of those pears (They look beautiful.), and the things that would entice the sheep?"

Said, "They would in no wise touch anything until the shepherd first bid them to do so." Oh, my. There you are. If God's sheep would just be that careful about things, we wouldn't have so many different scruples in our churches and things. That's right.

<sup>1k</sup> Just a little farther, I seen another shepherd, and he was herding in the . . . a field. And there was donkeys, camels, sheep, goats, all together. And I said, "Well, that shepherd's got things all mixed up." I said, "I thought a—a shepherd just herded sheep."

He said, "No, shepherds can herd most any kind of animal." He said, "But . . ."

I said, "Well, why is it they all eat together?"

He said, "They all eat from the same field." But he said, "Brother Branham, the strange thing about this is, that the shepherd will watch over them and correct each one through the day, but when nighttime comes, the donkeys, and the camels, and the goats go out in the field, but the shepherd takes the sheep to the sheepfold.

I said, "I . . . Brother . . . I want to be a sheep, don't you?"

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And he said, "I often wondered what Saint John 10 meant, when He said, 'I am the Door to the sheepfold.' How could He being a Man, yet be a door?"

And I asked this good man. And he said, "You see, Brother Branham, when the sheep are taken in at night, the shepherd never lays down until he has counted every sheep. And then when he lays down, he lays across the door; and the sheep will never go over the shepherd. Or the wolf cannot get to the sheep without crossing the shepherd."

I said, "I'm so glad to be a sheep this time." Trials may come and go, but some . . . to be a sheep, brother, some glorious day, He's going to take us to the sheepfold when the sun goes down. I'm glad of that. And God saw fit to let His beloved Son being represented as a sheep, meek, gentle little animal.

And then when the—God Himself represented Himself to the earth, He came in the form of the most meekest bird that flies the heaven: the dove. The dove is a peculiar bird. It's a different bird from all other birds. In the Bible, we see it; many times it represents the Holy Spirit. And we notice that the dove also is a sign of peace, the peace, wonderful peace. [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

The dove . . . And Noah after the flood was over, and judgment had been brought to the earth and there was peace, the dove come back representing the peace—peace with the olive leaf in his mouth.

We could spend much time studying on the dove. The dove is one bird that can . . . Yet, he could fly like the crow or the scavenger, but he can't eat the diet of the scavenger, because his make-up is different. He has no gall; the dove doesn't have a gall, so he cannot digest the things that the scavenger bird would eat. He only can eat the clean and pure things.

How it types the Christian that packs the dove in his heart. He just can't stand the foul things of the world. See? He hasn't any gall, no bitterness about him. He's—he's humble, a humility. What's any sweeter than the coo of a dove?

<sup>2</sup> My mind goes back tonight, many miles away on a hillside tonight, where marks the very place of my beloved wife, that left me at—when she was twenty years old. I laid my darling little eight months old Sharon on her arm, as I buried them together.

After coming home from work of a evening, I'd come into the house, and I'd look, and we had a little stove there, that we paid a dollar and seventy-five cents for it when we went to housekeeping.

I'd look at that old stove; it wasn't much, but she had cooked on it. We'd go to the ten cent store and buy the little kettles . . . Maybe they'd

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have a little spot knocked off of them, that we could buy them cheaper. It wasn't very much, but she had touched it.

<sup>3</sup> I'd go over to the crib and look in there; my baby gone. It would . . . Many times I—I couldn't even eat. Make myself a sandwich and set down there. So I would get in my car and drive over to the cemetery, stop my car and walk up along the road, set down there by the new-made mound, weeping, thinking just below there laid the most precious treasure of human flesh in the world to me. And God would send a beautiful turtledove. And it would set in the bush and coo to me as the sun was going down.

I'm looking for that to come again, not that one, but what it's symboled, when my sun is setting in this life someday. How she would coo. Seems like the leaves would sing:

There's a land beyond the river,  
We call the sweet forever,  
We only reach that shore by faith's decree;  
One by one we gain the portals,  
There to dwell with the immortals,  
Someday they'll ring those golden bells for you and  
me.

<sup>4</sup> To watch out . . . ? . . . the immortals first . . . How he would sing and walk back and forth on the limb consoling me, and I'd listen to the sweet music as he cooed to me into the setting of the sun.

God, when He came down . . . Many people bypass this Scripture, but to me it's one of the outstanding Scriptures of the Bible, that when heaven and earth embraced, when God came down in the form of a dove and went upon His Son in form of a Lamb.

Why did He choose the lamb and the dove? It's because the dove could not abide on nothing else but a lamb. Their natures are the same. That's the reason the two could get along together. Their natures were meek, humble, lowly, and that's why they could dwell together. When God and Christ became one, when the Dove came down on the Lamb, heaven and earth kissed each other. God and man was reconciled together. Why, it's one of the greatest moments the world ever had, that when man and God was reconciled together. The Dove and the Lamb came together.

<sup>5</sup> Now, as I have said the reason that they could dwell together . . . Now, the Bible said He saw the Spirit of God like a Dove, and He said, "Behold the Lamb of God." And the Dove came on the Lamb and abode . . . I like that "abiding."

Now, what if the Lamb would have snorted like a wolf. Why, the Dove would have been gone.

You know, sometimes I wonder if that's the reason that so much trouble is in the church. If we are the lambs of God, we should have the nature of lambs if we expect the Dove to abide. You believe it? I do.

6 Now, if we'll watch the Dove . . . The reason It stayed on the Lamb, because Their natures was the same. And the reason that the Dove stays on the Christian, He will stay there as long as he is a lamb. But when he takes a different nature, the Dove will take Its flight.

This Lamb was first a spotless Lamb. The Bible said that He was a spotless Lamb. And the lamb could not depend upon its own travel; a lamb has to be led, or guided, or shepherded.

Did you ever go to a slaughterhouse and watch them slaughter sheep? The lamb . . . The sheep won't go up the chute themselves to the slaughter; there's a goat leads them to the slaughter. But the goat, when he gets up to the place where the killing place is, he jumps over the chute.

Now, that's just a very typical thing of the devil. He will lead God's sheep right up to the slaughter, and then he steps out aside. That's right. So be careful what's a leading you. Ha, ha. Amen.

7 The sheep . . . Christ . . . Look how meek He was. He never tried to do His own will. He said, "I come not to do My will, but the will of Him that sent Me." And the Father that sent Him went with Him and in Him. And now, He said, "As the Father has sent Me, so send I you." Then He never only sent us, but He goes with us.

And notice him, as he is led around. And now he doesn't rely upon his own ability, a sheep doesn't. He relies upon the ability of the shepherd. He doesn't question his shepherd. He just goes with his shepherd and the—the sheep also.

8 I have had a little experience in raising sheep on a farm when I was a boy. We used to take and shear the sheep, a shorn, shaven sheep. You'd catch them and throw them up on the table. You have a little place, a little loop you tie their little feet down. They don't kick and go on. They just lay still and give up everything that they have: their wool. They let you shear them off without kicking and hollering about it.

I hope you understand what I mean. Sheep lay still. Now, a real sheep, a sheep forfeits its rights, and that's what I was trying to get at yesterday when I was speaking of the way some of our Christian sisters are dressing and going on, and our brothers the way they're carrying on.

9 A lady was setting next to another lady, which was a friend of mine, who met me today and said . . . A lady said, "If there was a door here,

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I'd run out of it." She said, "He's wrong." Well . . . She says, "It's our rights to do this." That's right.

You say to me, "Brother Branham, the stores sell these little short clothes that the ladies wear. It's our American privilege. It's our right." But are you're willing to forfeit your rights, to be a sheep. That's the next thing. That's right.

You say, "It's our privilege, Mr. Branham, if we want to belong to church and if we want to smoke cigarettes. The government tells they can sell them, and they sell them. There's nothing wrong in it. That's our American privilege to smoke cigarettes." That's right. But will you forfeit your right to smoke cigarettes. See? That's it.

<sup>10</sup> You say, "It's nice, and it's sociable in the neighborhood, if we'll meet with our neighbors. And it's our American privilege if we want to take a sociable drink. It's our privilege." But brother, are you willing to forfeit your sinful privileges to become a shaved sheep, is what I'm wanting to know about? Will you do that? Forfeit your rights. Don't kick and holler about it. Sheep don't. See? They just lay and have it all shaved away.

If you want Azusa Street returned, just lay down and be shaved all the way down with the Word and find out. Yes, sir. That's the way back to Azusa Street experience: is to be shaved off of those things.

<sup>11</sup> I know it's a privilege. It belongs to you because you were born in sin, shaped in iniquity, come to the world speaking lies; but will you forfeit it to become a lamb? The Lamb wasn't a grumbler. The Bible said, "He opened not His mouth. When he was reviled, reviled not again." But oh, that's the reason that the Dove could stay on the Lamb.

But us, just let someone do something against us, and we get hot in the collar. What happens? The Lamb . . . The Dove takes its flight. The Holy Spirit leaves. Many times you wonder why can't we have that peace that we used to have. There's something took the Dove away. That's right.

<sup>12</sup> Why can't we have the type of meetings we used to have in our church? Just become sheep. The Dove's setting on the roost, ready to come back to the heart again, if you'll become sheep. He's still the same Dove, but you have to be a sheep. You can't snort, and fuss, and grumble, and backbite, and everything else, and expect Him to stay there. He won't do it. You have to have the nature like He's got, and then He will abide. That's right. If you'll just get the nature of the sheep, then the other part will take place.

<sup>13</sup> He opened not . . . When He—when He let . . . Pulled the beard from his face, He had a privilege. He said at the crucifixion, "I could speak to My Father, and He would send me million legions of Angels."

He could do it, but in order to be a Lamb, He forfeited His right. In order to die in your stead, He was a Lamb.

You say, "Brother Branham, what is the way back to the old fashion meetings?" Just become lambs again. That's all. Just get back to being sheep. The Dove hasn't gone very far. He's just waiting a chance to get back. That's . . . There's the road back to Azusa Street. There's the place back. Back to the Azusa Street meetings again is to return to a lamb nature again.

<sup>14</sup> You can't expect to be a wolf or any other scavenger and expect the Dove of peace to dwell in you. He won't do it. You've got to become a lamb. Your nature's got to be changed, and you'll look at things different. And you won't fuss at the preacher when he preaches against strict, old fashioned Holy Ghost religion and the way to live. Just get rid of that wolf spirit or that scavenger spirit and get a lamb nature, and you're ready to forfeit all the things that you once done, all your worldly privileges and so forth. Amen.

That's as true as I'm standing here, Christian friends. Humble yourselves. Don't try to know it all. See how much you can forget of what you do know is the best thing. Only know one thing and that's Christ.

<sup>15</sup> As the Philippian jailer . . . The question was asked, "What can I do to be saved?" Paul told him what to do. But today we changed that. We tell him so many things he ought not to do instead of telling him what to do. And we make a false disciple out of him.

Bring him to Christ that Christ can change his nature to a lamb, and everything else will be all right, because the Spirit of God, the Dove will come on him and lead him.

<sup>16</sup> When the Azusa Street people humbled themselves and become lambs, the Holy Spirit come in. He will do that . . . He'd do that this very minute, right here in this building if we would be willing to forfeit all of our so-called what we have and humble ourselves to become lambs; the Holy Spirit would take this meeting into His own power. And there wouldn't be nothing but lambs go out of here led by the Holy Ghost, the Lamb. That's right.

I know He is here. The Dove is sitting here tonight waiting for a place to . . . To get into. How dreadful does the walk of the modern Christian must be before God. How we ought to alter ourselves, our ways.

<sup>17</sup> Here some time ago in the south, they used to buy slaves. Brokers would come by and buy them like a used car lot they have today. And they would buy the slaves.

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And one broker came by a certain plantation, and he said, "How many slaves have you got for sale?" He had a few to sell. And there was one young man there. Oh, the slaves being away from home, many times they would. . . They knew they would never get to go back to their homeland, the Boers brought them out of Africa and sold them in the southland for slaves, and they would. . . They'd whip them, because they couldn't get them to work.

<sup>18</sup> They were sad, but they noticed this one young man how he walked with his chest out and his chin up. You didn't have to whip him. He was up and doing, and the broker said, "I'd like to buy that slave."

The plantation owner said, "He's not for sale."

He said, "Why, have you. . . What makes him so much different than the other slaves?" And he said, "Is he the boss over them?"

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

Said, "Perhaps you feed him better than you do the others."

He said, "No, he eats out in the galley with the rest of them."

Said, "What makes him so much different?"

Said, "I didn't know myself till one day I learned, that over in the homelands where he came from, his father is the king of the tribe. And though he's an alien and a pilgrim, he keeps the morale of the rest of them up, because he knows that he's the son of the king though he is an alien.

<sup>19</sup> What kind of people should we be, Holy-Ghost filled, though we are, pilgrims and strangers. How ought we to conduct our lives and selves, not like the rest of the world, but separate ourselves from the things of the world. Keep our chin up, as it was, because there's one thing we know: We are sons and daughters of the King. Now, a king's daughter doesn't act immorally, and she doesn't dress that way. She represents herself to the public in her dignity, because she's a king's daughter. Amen.

So there's a man when he is the king's son. . . There's the way back to the Azusa Street experience: Conduct ourselves as sons and daughters of God, not dress like the world, act like the world, and talk like the world, stay home on Wednesday night to see the—all these programs and so forth that Hollywood's putting on. We have nothing to do with Hollywood.

We are borned again Pentecostal experience. Hollywood has its place of entertainment. We have our place of entertainment. Theirs is in the world and ours is in Christ. But we can't pattern after them; let's pattern after Christ, and act like Him and love Him.

20 Now, what a beautiful picture this gives us. How God must be so brokenhearted because of our conduct, after He has received us as sons and daughters, and to see us the way we act, and carry on, and grudges we hold, and fusses, and little things that doesn't—that should not be, and yet calling ourselves sons and daughters of God.

We must be gallant men. We must be gallant women. We must hold ourselves up, as children of God. We must be an example to the world, as our Lord was. We must lead an outstanding life, as David. When God seen his—his. . . How. . . What a gallant man he was, God said, "Thou art a man after my own heart."

21 Some time ago in Africa, I was speaking to a—an old saint, and he said to me, "Brother Branham, down in my church one night we were having a break-up. One was doing this and one wanted this. And they'd form little cults like in our church and I. . . The Holy Spirit would not visit us." He never will under those circumstances. And he said, "One wanted to believe this as a doctrine; one of them wanted to begin that, and we had a break-up." And said, "I'm ashamed to say it, but," said, "I was trying to decide one and then the other." A pastor should never do that. You should stand right on God's Eternal Word and don't move right or left.

And he said, "I stopped my car, and I was going up the hill." And he said, "As I got up to—almost to the top of the hill, I happened to hear someone coming behind me. And as I looked back I heard the footsteps walking up the hill." And said, "As I got up the hill, I thought, 'Maybe this is one that I'm on his side, so I'll just wait for him.'" And said, "As I noticed coming up the hill here was a small Man, but He had a great load on His back. I could hardly understand how that small Man could be packing such a load." And said, "I looked at Him, and just one moment I knew I was looking at a vision, for I seen the scars in His hands. And he said, 'I run to Him, and I said, 'Lord, are You packing the sins of the world yet?'"

Said, "No. I'm just packing yours."

He said, "When the vision left me, I went to the church and told the vision and said, 'If the sins of this church is grieving the Lord Jesus like that, we all ought to repent.'" And said, "It caused a great break-up in the church and a real revival set in."

22 The world is looking for a church like that. We could be an example. I believe that God's Church is an example to the world, that we can live different, act different, be different. "You're not of the world, little children." says the Gospel.

23 But my time is getting away, so I want to say this. Some time ago up in the lovely green mountains of New Hampshire. . . As all of you

know, I love to go into the mountains to hunt, not so much for the animal, but to be alone with God. Every person wants to be alone with God.

You remember the sweet peace you used to have when you'd get alone with God. That's all been taken from you now. Why? Because you did something to grieve the Dove away. You'll just come back to be a lamb, He will come back.

<sup>24</sup> Notice, and I got acquainted with a hunter up there. And I do that many times and leave. . . I led many, many rough cowboys and woodsmen to Christ by going with them in the woods. And this fellow was the most brutal hunter I ever seen. He would just shoot little fawns, and—and does, and a dozen of them a year if he could find them. And I said to him, “Bert, that’s wrong. You shouldn’t do that. You got a hard heart.”

And he said, “Preacher, you just got a chicken heart.” Said, “Your preachers are too chicken-hearted.”

I said, “But, Bert, there’s plenty of old, big, male animals here that the law says that you can shoot, and you shouldn’t do those things, those poor little fawns and so forth.”

He said, “Aw, go on, you soft preacher.”

<sup>25</sup> And he made himself a little, old whistle or call, and he could impersonate a little fawn crying just as perfect as I ever heard it. So one day with him up in the mountains, he was setting down in a bunch of bushes, and I got next to him talking to him about the Lord Jesus. And he just wanted to show off, just to show me he would do it anyhow. Like a lot of us Pentecostal people do. You see? “I’ll not have anything to do. . . I’ll show you what I’ll do.” That’s the way you get in trouble with God, right then.

He set down and jerked out this call and let out the most saddest scream like a little fawn crying. I just set off side of the bush, and to my surprise just across the opening a beautiful doe stepped out.

Oh, she was a pretty animal: her ears sticking up, her nose going. She heard the cry of a baby. She walked a few feet farther. I seen the man raise the rifle, click the safety down. I said, “Oh, God, don’t let him do it.”

<sup>26</sup> He raised up the rifle to take aim, and his hand raised up. And the doe was still interested in the cry of the baby. So the doe looked across and saw the hunter, as she looked at the gun pointed at her heart. But did that stop the doe? No, she heard the cry of a baby. Though the gun was at her heart, the cry of a baby meant more than the gun pointed at her heart.

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She stepped forward, listening for that cry of a baby, and I noticed the hunter. I seen his hands shaking; I seen his shoulders shaking. He dropped the gun; he run back and throwed his arms around me, said, "Brother Branham, I can't stand it no longer." He saw that display of gallant mother love.

Brother, this world's looking for a display of gallant soldiers of the cross, real heroes that'll stand for God and right. You, Pentecostal people, should give that example.

27 As he knelt there trembling and shaking, he said, "Did you see that doe look straight at me in the face, Brother Branham?"

I said, "I did, Bert."

Said, "She wasn't a scared of death."

I said, "Love constrained her to walk into the face of death to protect that baby that you screamed like." I said, "Bert, one day there was a Man came down from heaven. He heard the scream of dying people, and He wasn't afraid to walk into the face of death; and He did it, Bert, for you.

There on his knees with his hands up in the air, he wept his way through till he found the Lord Jesus precious in his heart. And from a brutal wolf, he became a lamb, and the Holy Spirit came to him.

28 A few years ago in the Middle East country, some fifty or sixty years ago, there was a—a notable evangelist. Many of you might have heard of him. His name was Daniel Curry. He was well know throughout Central America for his evangelism, a wonderful scholar and minister of the Gospel. And he had a dream one night that he had died, and he was taken up to heaven. And when he came to the gate of heaven, they said, "Who are you?" the keeper.

And he said, "I'm Daniel Curry, the evangelist."

And he said, "Just a moment, sir. I'll have to see if your name is recorded here." And he goes over and look the books over. He come back and he said, "Sir, your name is not recorded here."

"Oh, he said, "You must be mistaken, sir." Said, "My name is Daniel Curry."

The Angel at the gate said, "I understood you plainly, sir."

"Did you look thoroughly?"

"I did, sir, and your name is not recorded here."

Said, "Well, what can I do?"

The Angel said, "Would you desire to appeal your case to the white throne judgment?"

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“Well,” he said, “sir, I have no other choice. I must appeal my case to the white throne judgment.”

<sup>29</sup> And Daniel Curry said he felt himself going through space, on, on. Said, “After a while he begin to come into a Light.” And said, “It got brighter and brighter, until it shined a million times brighter than the sun. There was no certain place it was coming from, but he was standing in the midst of this radiant Light shining around him.” And said, “He stopped and a voice spoke very straight and said, “Art thou Daniel Curry?”

He said, “Yes, Lord, I am.”

He said, “Daniel Curry, did you ever tell a lie when you were on the earth?”

And he said, “Till that time I thought I had never lied, but in the presence of that Light, I realized they’d been many things that I had told which was wrong.” What will it be that day?

He said, “Daniel Curry, did you ever break My commandment and steal while you were on earth.”

He said, “I thought I’d always been an honest man, but,” said, “in the presence of that Light, I realized I’d pulled some shady deals.” He said, “Yes, Lord, I have stoled and I have lied.”

Said then the Voice come and said, “Daniel Curry, was you perfect when you were on earth?”

“Oh, he said, “No, Lord, I was not perfect.” Said, “He was waiting for the clap, ‘To depart from Me into everlasting destruction.’” And said, “Every bone seemed to go out of its joint, as I stood trembling.” And said, “All of a sudden I heard the sweetest voice that I ever heard in my life,” said, “sweeter than any mother’s voice I’d ever heard speak.” And said, “When I turned to look, standing by my side, I saw the sweetest face that I ever saw. Never did I see a face of a mother or anything would take its place.” And said, “That One Who was standing there said, ‘Father, take all of Daniel Curry’s sins and put them on My account; for down on earth Daniel Curry stood for Me, and here in heaven I’ll stand for Daniel Curry.’”

<sup>30</sup> Oh, how I want Him, how I long . . . Oh, friends, is it worthwhile to wade on in sin? Is it worthwhile to live a lukewarm condition? Is it worthwhile just to join the church?. Let us stand for Jesus now, that when that great time comes, He will stand for us in glory.

My time is gone. Shall we bow our heads a moment, all over the audience. If the organist will sit down to the organ just a moment, while every head is bowed.

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<sup>31</sup> Our Heavenly Father, we want to be the sheep of Your pasture. We don't want to stand alone upon our self-righteousness at that day. God, we want to take a stand now for You. We love You, Lord Jesus.

As I think back down the road of my own life, see to the brier patches, and the hills, and the valleys, that Thou hast led me by Thy amazing grace. And I think of the times that I've left home, and my little children holding to my coat, and praying, screaming, "Daddy, don't leave me. You might not never come back." And my heart throbbing for the little ones, my poor little, gray headed wife standing there with a trembling hand in mine and the tears running down her cheeks. . . .

But Father, I realize all of this would never atone for my sins. All my efforts will be in vain, if Jesus doesn't stand for me on that day. All the promises I made my poor dying wife when I promised her to meet her at the gate that morning, all my preaching and efforts will be in vain if Jesus doesn't stand for me.

<sup>32</sup> O God, that's in every heart tonight. We, as the Pentecostal people, Father, are sorry for our sins. We are ashamed of our backslidings and our shortcomings.

Will you tonight, Lord, take Thy Word and shave us all. We lay on the altar of sacrifice tonight every worldly pleasure that's sinful, everything that's unlike Jesus. God, take me with them tonight, and shave me, and cut me down, and let me as Your humble servant stand for you now, Lord, that at that day You'd say, "It was well done." Not only to me, but to every man and woman here, God.

Maybe they have sinned or stepped aside; maybe they have never accepted You. But may they become lambs tonight, and may the Dove that's now anointing this building, anointing this place. . . . We can feel His Presence as He is digging down into our heart. He's breaking us up like the prophet going to the potter's house.

O God, mold us as different peoples. Mold us a loving people, full of love. Let us open our hearts door and let the Dove come in tonight. Then may we go from here as men and women, and walk and live, and act, and dress, and be like real Christians should be. Grant it, Father.

<sup>33</sup> And while we have our heads bowed, I just wonder in the audience, I don't mean to be a baby, to be weeping. But when I realize Who's going to stand for me on that day. . . . My pastor can't; my brother can't; my mother can't. Only Jesus can stand for me.

I wonder tonight, if there would be someone here who'd be convinced in their own heart, that you grieved the Spirit away from you? The Dove is gone; you don't have its sweet peace no more. You don't go to the sink to wash your dishes and look out the window to

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see if you can see Him coming. You don't drive your car down the road going to work, brother, and when you get a chance look out the window to look up into the skies and feel that sweet, deep peace in your heart like you used to; something happened. The Dove took Its flight.

<sup>34</sup> I wonder tonight if you'd just like to stand for Jesus. If you're wrong, you'd say, "I'm willing to be shaved. I'm willing to be shorn. I'll forfeit all my worldly pleasures and my worldly actions. From this night on I'll take my stand with God's despised few. I'll move on for God tonight."

With our heads bowed, and all Christians, please, I wonder who will stand to their feet and say, "By this I now will ask God to shave me, to take from me all the things that's unlike Christ.?" God bless you, everywhere. That's right. Just stand right upon your feet. "I now will take Christ. I'm ashamed of my life." God bless you people standing everywhere. Stand up to your feet.

And at that day, He will stand for you, if you'll just be that. . . . Of the little gift of prophecy that God has given me, the Holy Spirit seems to tell me in my heart that there's many in here should be standing, many more than what is now.

<sup>35</sup> Make your stand for Christ tonight. Mean it with all your heart. That's right. Raise up. You who've never accepted Christ, or you who have drifted away from Christ, stand to your feet right now while we offer prayer.

You offer it with me to God and say, "God, I now forfeit every—every worldly, sinful pleasure that I ever knowed. I now forfeit everything if You'll just let the Dove of peace come down into my heart and make me a real Christian full of love and peace. I want to be numbered with that great group."

<sup>36</sup> If you've got worldly in your experience, will you stand tonight for Christ. In doing this you're showing God that you're going to stand for Him and you want Him to stand for you. If you've got one doubt in your mind, that Christ would not stand for you upon the way that you've lived and the way you've act, I ask you in Christ's Name to stand to your feet and be a beneficiary of this prayer that we're going to pray for you tonight. Stand to your feet everywhere.

Nazarene, Pilgrim Holiness, Pentecostal, Methodist, Baptist, Catholic, Orthodox Jew, whatever you are, stand to your feet and say, "I now want to be included, God. I'm willing to forfeit everything of the world if You'll just stand for me." God bless you. There's many standing, many standing.

<sup>37</sup> I wonder just a moment, with our heads bowed, just remain standing. Others stand. That's right. Stand right up. I was fixing to

do something else, but the Holy Spirit seemed to tell me, “You’d better speak for this might be somebody’s last night.”

Now, stand to your feet. Say, “God, by this I want to be Your servant.” With our heads bowed now in prayer . . . You know what you’ve done?

“He that will stand for Me in this world, I’ll stand for him in the other world. He that’ll witness Me in this world, I’ll witness to him before My Father and the holy Angels.”

<sup>38</sup> If you should have passed away a few moments ago, you’d been lost. But tonight you’re saved, because you stood in the presence of these thousands of people, and in the Presence of God, and the holy Angels. And they’re now putting your name on the Lamb’s Book of Life.

Now, heavenly Father, I give to Thee this great audience of people. I give to Thee, these who are standing at this moment. Thou hast spoke to their hearts. They realize at their condition, when we believe that there should have been many more . . .

<sup>39</sup> God, how can we have a return to Azusa Street when we will not listen to the Dove of God. God, it’ll may take hard judgment; it may take death in the family; it make take something, but I’m sure, God, if we’ll ask you whatever it takes, bring us back God. Bring back the old fashion meetings. Bring back the humility amongst the saints. Bring back the power of God into our churches. Grant it, Lord.

Shave us tonight. Take the world away from us. Take everything that’s unlike You away, God. Fill us with the Holy Spirit, and O Dove of God, fly down from these banisters, fly down from the pinnacle of this temple here, Lord, and dwell in these hearts, as they are waiting just now for the baptism of the Holy Ghost, to—the sharp two-edged Word to cut away the things of the world and to give them Christ Jesus rich and royal in their hearts, in Jesus’ Name, we pray, Amen.

<sup>40</sup> God bless you. How many wants to be healed tonight? Stand to your feet right quick. All that wants to be healed physically, spiritually what—stand to your feet right quick. Amen.

The Dove is a flying around in the building. You believe it? The hour has come; the time is at hand. Open up your hearts. The Holy Spirit is here to baptize, to heal. Almighty God, in the Name of Jesus Christ, we rebuke every devil and sickness and cast him away . . . ? . . . and they’ll be free . . . 

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