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## A MISSIONARY TALK

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[Brother Branham is speaking to someone while the congregation is singing *Only Believe*, but the words cannot be understood—Ed.]

Thank you. Oh, as I look at these little fellows standing here, mothers with their little darlings in their hand, fathers. . . I'm thinking of the time that I was preaching about, the other night, when Mary stood along the line with her little Christ child in her arm. She got that child from God. That's where you got yours too, was from God. He's just as interested in your child as He would be in any child, because it's part of His creation.

Now, in the Bible, we always try at our church to follow the rules and regulations of the Scripture, just as close as we can. Some people sprinkle the little children, or baptize—infant baptism. I never did find that in the Scripture. I don't believe it's Scripturally. The only place that we ever found in the Bible, where Jesus took the little fellows and blessed them, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for such is the Kingdom."

2 Now, it would take us quite a time to take each one individually. But you know, our hands doesn't mean so much after all, it's His hands that we want on them. Fathers and mothers, God has given you this precious little jewel that you hold in your arms. And you know, I trust that He'll let you live to raise these babies. And if Jesus carries, I trust that in your arms, you're holding little singers, and evangelists, and pastors, and preachers, and prophets, for the days to come. Who knows? God alone. Our duty is dedication.

These little babies that you hold them in your arms, I want you to feel this in your heart, that you're presenting these little babies back to the Creator, Who gave them to you. God gave them to you, and they're precious. Now, you give them back to Him. With all your heart, thank the Lord.

3 Brother Sullivan here one of his. . . reason of his conversion (I don't know whether he ever told you or not) is because of a child dying with (What was it?) [Someone says, "Diphtheria."—Ed.] Diphtheria. A father, back in Kentucky, when the early days of Pentecost, Brother Sullivan was a judge in the city, and a father had taken his stand to trust God for healing for his baby.

And he's just a new convert, I believe, a bootlegger, a moonshiner or something, that just been converted. And the baby took diphtheria, which in them days was death. But the father said, "I'll trust God."

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And so they come down into the city to get judge here to sign a statement to go to arrest that father, put him in jail, and take that baby by force to medical aid. So the judge started and said, "He ought to be thrown in jail."

So he grabbed his pen to sign the declaration, or the warrant, and when he did, the Holy Spirit moved on him, said, "Don't you sign that."

And he started again to sign it, said, "He thought he'd freeze."

Something said, "Don't sign it."

And the attorney said, "What's the matter, judge?"

He said, "I just don't believe I want to sign it today."

<sup>4</sup> And he took it over to the squire, and the squire signed it. So some of his friends being in the city, run across the mountain and told the father of the child, "They're coming (the little child laying lifeless), they're coming, and they're going to arrest you, and throw you in jail, and take that baby to the hospital."

And this daddy walked in there, and got his dying baby, put it in its arms—his arms, held it up, and said, "God, You gave it to me, take it. 'Cause I'm just a newborn babe. If they come across here, there'll be a shooting, and I don't want to get mixed up in anything. You gave it to me, and I'm trusting You, take it. Now, You take its life. You gave it to me, You take it back."

And as he said that, the little baby turned over in the father's arms, said, "Daddy, let me down, I'm hungry."

And when they come, the authorities come to get the baby, or to get the father, said, "We're going to take you and take that child to the hospital."

Said, "Go out there in the yard, they're all playing ball and tell me which one had the diphtheria. Take the one that you think had the diphtheria. The judge has become a preacher.

<sup>5</sup> That same God, Who could spare the life of that child, can bless the life of your child, he's in your arms now. Let's just hold him to God, and ask God to bless that child, and get His purpose out of it's coming on earth. While we bow our heads, just a moment . . .

Now, mothers and fathers, in your own simple way, in your heart, and my simple way, let's dedicate these children to the Lord our God.

<sup>6</sup> O God, our Father, these mothers and fathers, who is standing here with this little bit of love that You have given them, these little babies, some of them, little bald-headed, and some of them with long hair, and beautiful little girls. And they're all precious little jewels that has come to make the tie of the home tighter, little subjects of Your domain

that You've granted unto these parents to raise. They're standing here before the altar of the Living God, and I pray Thee, Heavenly Father, that Your hand of mercy will rest upon each of them. As them, fathers and mothers, hold those little ones up to Thee, may the great hands, that's laid upon the heads of those little ones that come to Him, in the days gone by, may those hands, those scarred by nails, may they bless the life of each of these.

<sup>7</sup> Thou has said in the Word, "You say to this mountain, be moved, believe what you say, is being done."

And as Your servant, Lord, and as these people Your servants, we say to the great Holy Spirit, "Take the lives of these little ones into Your hands. If there's sickness among them, take it away." And Lord, may they live such lives, if there is a tomorrow, that they'll be the men and women, who will pack the Gospel to the world, tomorrow. Grant it, Lord, hear our humble prayer as we dedicate them to Thee. In the Name of Thy Son, the Lord Jesus. Amen.

God bless each one of your little ones, give it long happy life.

<sup>8</sup> Tonight, being the closing service, I'm anticipating on a great climax in the healing services, tonight. I believe this will be one of our greatest nights.

And now, this afternoon, I thought in the stead of preaching to you, I would like to give you a—*A Missionary Talk*.

I think they've taken a—a offering this afternoon for foreign missions. I'm completely sold on foreign missions. I believe in it with all my heart.

<sup>9</sup> Now, we do not know each other but just as brother and sister, and I thought this afternoon, as I was coming over, frankly, I was going to preach on a subject, *The Thirsting At The Water Brook*. But I. . . Something just changed my mind, and I thought I'd talk to you about missions, and what I know, just what we call a heart to heart talk with each other about foreign missions. Before we do this, let's just ask God to bless the reading of His Word now.

Lord God, this is Your Word, this is Your people. Now, bless It for its intended purpose. For Thou has said, "It will not return to Me, void. It'll accomplish that which It was purposed for." In the Name of the Lord Jesus, we commit ourselves, with the Word, to Thee. Amen.

<sup>10</sup> One reason that the Word and missions is always right. . . I want to read it here, out of the Bible, the last commission that our Lord gave to His Church, Mark, the 16th chapter, beginning at the 15th verse:

*And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.*

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*He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned.*

*And these signs shall follow them that believe, In my name they shall . . . cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues,*

*If they shall take up serpents, and if they shall drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them, they shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover.*

*So . . . , after the Lord had spoken unto them, He was received up into heaven, and sat at the right hand of God.*

*And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, . . . confirming the Word with signs following. Amen.*

This is one of the most outstanding missionary texts that could be taken. You know, in our Word, the first commission God, or Christ gave to His Church was, "Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils, raise the dead, as freely as you have received, freely give." Saint Matthew, the 10th chapter.

The last commission He gave to His Church: "These signs shall follow them that believe. Go ye into Jerusalem, into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature, the white man, the black man, the brown man, the yellow man, the red man, to every creature." The Gospel is good news. "To every creature," how long was it to last? "Unto the end of the world. Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel."

<sup>11</sup> Now what is the Gospel? The word, "Gospel," means "good news." The good news is the Bible, but the Bible is the letter. "The letter killeth, and the Spirit giveth life." So Paul said, "The Gospel come not through Word only, but through the power and the manifestation of the Holy Spirit."

Now notice, the only way that the Gospel could be preached then, would be to manifest the power of the Holy Spirit. Then what's the next quotation? "And (a conjunction) these signs shall follow them that believe." Not these signs may follow them, they ought to follow them, but they *shall* follow them that believe. Then strictly speaking, a man cannot qualify himself as a believer until this has happened.

No church can have the rights of calling themselves a believing church until these signs has followed them. That's what Jesus said. What is it doing? It's making the Word manifest.

<sup>12</sup> Now notice, some time ago there was a young boy, who he told his mama, he said, "Mother, I have a calling to the ministry."

And as any real mother would be, was very happy. And she said, "Oh, my son, if you are called to the ministry, I wish to do everything that I can to make it a success." So she begin to look through religious magazines, until she found the greatest name in the religious magazines that she could find of the best seminary, that she could send her young son to. That's the heart of a mother. Then when she did that, she washed over a washboard to send him to school.

<sup>13</sup> So one day, she become very ill with the flu. It went from the flu into pneumonia, and both lungs became congested. And she sent a telegram to her preacher son some two thousand miles away, and said, "Stand by, if I'm not better by morning, the doctor says you must come home at once, if you wish to see your mother alive."

Way down in the city, they were having a little prayer meeting in a little storefront, a little mission. And there, while they were in this little mission preaching, some of them got a revelation from the Lord that there was a sick woman. A lady come up, knocked on her door, and she said, "Madam, while we were in prayer meeting, the Holy Spirit told us that someone was sick up at this house. And I wonder if that be true, if you would care if our pastor would come, pray for you."

And she said, "Not at all, dear. The doctor says that he can do no more."

<sup>14</sup> So they went and got the pastor and brought him up. He anointed the woman in oil, and read James 5:14. And anointed her with oil, and then he got through reading the Scripture of the anointing, he turned back to Mark 16, where I just read. And he read that to her, "These signs shall follow them that believe, if they lay their hands on the sick, they shall recover." And this—that faithful, little mission preacher laid his hands upon the woman, and commanded the disease to leave her body, because that God had give the commission. And the next morning, she was up cooking her breakfast.

<sup>15</sup> About a year later, her son came home. After greeting his lovely mother, and he said to mother, "There's been one thing that's been on my heart. I want to ask you something. When you sent me that telegram and told me that, 'Stand by,' that you were going to die with pneumonia, if you wasn't better the next morning, and I never heard from you for about a week, and I got a lovely letter said that you were well. Tell me just what drug did the doctor give you?"

Said, "Why, he didn't give me any." Said, "He—he was going to put me under a oxygen tent, and when he come back the next morning, the Lord had healed me."

"Oh," he said, "Mother."

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Said, "Yes," said, "Honey, you know down at—there by the corner of the alley, where that little mission is, the little Pentecostal mission?"

Said, "Yes."

Said, "They come up here with a story, and read to me out of the Bible, that—that people were supposed to pray for the sick and lay hands on them, and they'd get well." And said, "You know that pastor prayed for me, and the next morning I was completely healed."

And he said, "Now, look mother," he said, "That's awful nice." He said, "But that couldn't heal you." Said, "God doesn't heal any more, like that."

"Oh," she said, "Son, you're too late to tell me that. He's already done it."

And . . . "Oh," he said, "Mother," said, "That—that was in the past day."

"Oh," she said, "Son, the pastor read me some Scripture out of the Bible."

Said, "Mother, didn't he read from Mark 16?"

Said, "Yes, that's where he read."

"Oh," he said, "I'll tell you, mother, down at the seminary, we learned that Mark 16, from the 9th verse on is not inspired."

The mother said, "Well, hallelujah."

"Oh," he said, "Mother, you're begin to act like that mission bunch." Said, "You—you shouldn't act like that."

She said, "Well, honey, I was just thinking of something." Said, "Do you mean to tell me that the Scripture from Mark 16 from the 9th verse on, is not inspired?"

Said, "That's right."

She said, "Well, glory to God."

Said, "Mother, what's the matter with you?"

Said, "I was just thinking, if God could heal me with uninspired Scripture, what could He do if that really was inspired?"

<sup>16</sup> Oh, it must be glorious. But it's all inspired. It's just we're afraid to put our faith out there to meet God's challenge. That's all. And in this, these signs shall follow them that believe, unto the end of the world, not just for apostles, but to the end of the world. And as long as there is a world, and a people to be preached to, these signs shall follow them that believe.

Not long ago, to a friend setting here, that's a friend of this man, and his name is Paris Reidhead. May be in the building, this afternoon.

He came to my house, and he wanted to ask me about this. If anyone knows him, probably many of you know Paris Reidhead. He's the president of the big Sudan Mission, one of the biggest missions in the world.

And he said, "Mr. Branham," he said, "I had a calling of God when I was just a little boy." Said, "My faithful, old mother put me through school," and said, "to make the best preacher that God could have." And said, "When I got my doctor's degree, I thought I'd find Christ." Said, "I didn't." Said, "When I got my bachelor's degree, I thought I'd find Christ." On and on. He said to, "Preacher, I've got enough degrees to plaster your wall." He said, "And where is Christ in all of it?" I said . . . Said, "Has the teacher's been wrong?"

I said, "I wouldn't want to say they were wrong. Them degrees are all right, but that still isn't Christ. It's just a degree."

<sup>17</sup> And he told me of a story of a Indian boy that was over here for his education. On his road back he met Mr. Reidhead, as he was going out. He said, "Now, you've got your education, son. You're on your road back to your homeland, to India, to become a worker." He said, "I understand that you're a Mohammedan."

He said, "I am."

He said, "Then why don't you forsake that old dead prophet, and take a living Jesus back with you, one that's raised from the dead?"

And this Indian boy was just a little smarter, than Brother Reidhead expected him to be. Said he kicked his foot on the ground a moment, and he said, "Sir," (Listen now!) "What could your Jesus do for me, any more than my prophet can do?" He said, "They both wrote books, you call yours the Bible, we call ours the Koran. Both of them made promises, and we believe that promise." Said, "However, Mohammed only promised life after death. I believe it. Jesus promised life after death, you believe it." So he said, "What's the difference in them?"

<sup>18</sup> Now, don't you never think because you can argue with the Methodist or Baptist, about their religion, or the Pentecostals, or Nazarenes, but you never hit that foreign field yonder. They know more about what they're talking about. Don't . . .

You don't think a witch doctor will challenge you? Just try it once. You'd better know what you're talking about too. They can do so many tricks and wonders, it'll make your head swim.

And this man said, "Well now, wait just a moment." Said, "Your prophet is dead and in the grave, but our Jesus has raised from the dead."

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He said, "Mr. Reidhead, that's what you believe." He said, "But we don't believe it." He said, "We believe that your Jesus is just as dead as our prophet."

And he said, "But we have the evidence of His resurrection," Mr. Reidhead said.

He said, "Well, what is your evidence?"

He says, "He lives!"

Said, "Where's He at?"

He said, "In my heart."

And the Mohammedan said, "And Mohammed is in my heart, just as much as Jesus is in yours."

He said, "But you see, sir," said, "We have happiness and joy, by knowing it."

He said, "Now, just a moment, Mr. Reidhead. Mohammedan religion can produce just as much psychology as Christianity can."

Brother Reidhead said, "He knew that he hadn't met no overnight man. He knew what he was talking about."

He said, "And besides that, Mr. Reidhead, our Mohammed never promised one thing, but life after death. Your Jesus promised that your teachers would do the same signs that He did, and promised that if He resurrected from the dead, He'd be with you, living with you, doing the same things He did." Said, "We're waiting to see that happen. We'll believe He raised from the dead then."

<sup>19</sup> They know more about it than ninety percent of the Christians in America does. See? When you go . . . That's why I took this afternoon for this. When you going to talk facts, it's not jumping up-and-down and running. Why, I've seen Mohammedans, at the feast of the prophets, take a lance and run it through their chin up through their nose, screaming, "Allah, Allah, Allah," and pull it back out, and not even drain a—not a drop of blood fall from it. I've seen them set on the floor, and swing back and forth, screaming, "Allah, Allah, Allah," and get up, and take splinters, and run them under their fingers, and pull them back out, and never even frown.

I've seen one in Switzerland, Zurich, Switzerland, get such a frantic worked up, until he took a sword, and put here, and run it through and come out the back. A doctor doubted it, he had challenged him to come to the platform, said, "The sword was hollow." Poured water in this end, and poured out the back of him. Pulled it out, laughed and walked away. Where it's at, your blood is in such a condition . . . such as psychology . . .

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<sup>20</sup> But he said, “Your Jesus said, ‘He that believeth on Me, the works that I do, shall he also.’”

And Mr. Reidhead said, “You’ve probably been reading Mark 16?”

He said, “That’s one place.”

He said, “Well, Mark 16 is not all inspired.”

He said, “What kind of a book are you reading?” Said, “All the Koran’s inspired. It makes me sick,” he said, “to hear you people that call yourselves Christian, saying, ‘This word means *this*, and that means *this* and . . .’ You don’t even know what you do believe.” Was he right or wrong? Sure he was. Said, “You don’t . . . You take part of it, you just make it fit your own doctrines.” A heathen, saying to a Christian. And he said, “When you, Christians get to a place, that we see Christ living in you, then we’ll believe He raised from the dead.”

Mr. Reidhead said, “I kicked the dust and changed the subject.” What was it? A defeated Christian.

<sup>21</sup> He said, “Brother Branham, I’m here today to ask this.” He said, “I’ve seen the Pentecostals kick the seats out in the floor, and break up the furniture,” he said, “but have they got anything?” Reidhead was a Baptist as myself.

I said, “Yes, Brother Reidhead, they have.”

He said, “Have they got the Holy Ghost?”

I said, “Yes, sir.”

He said, “Well, we Baptists have too.”

I said, “If you did, you got it *after* you believe, not when you believe.” They believe you get it when you believe.

Paul said in Acts 19, “Have you received the Holy Ghost, *since* you believed?”

I said, “I can stand a little, wild fire and kicking furniture over, ’fore I could set in an old church, so cold till the spiritual thermometer go forty below zero. I’d rather have a little wild fire, than no fire at all.”

<sup>22</sup> And we Baptists are only painting fire. What good would it do to tell a freezing man, “See, that big beautiful picture? That was a great fire that burnt two thousand years ago. Go, warm yourself by it.”

Painted fire will not warm. What we need is an experience of the same Holy Ghost and fire, that warms the heart, and performs the Word, then does the things, because that same Spirit lives today in all of Its power and unction It ever had.

Where we’ve made a fatal mistake is not following this commission. “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel, or demonstrate the power of the Holy Ghost to every nation and every

people.” What have we done? We’ve went and built schools, organized people together, make them, “Well, they don’t believe just like we do, don’t associate with them. Don’t go around their churches.”

We’ve had great schools, we’ve tried to educate the people to it. You’ll never come any closer to Christ by education. If anything, you’ll go farther away from Him. I’m not saying this . . . I’m in a schoolhouse, but I appreciate being here, and I’m not trying to use crutches to support my ignorance. But the greatest indebtedment that the Lord Jesus Christ has ever had on earth, wasn’t bootleg joints, it was schools. That’s a hard one to say, but search the history and find out if that isn’t true.

<sup>23</sup> Captain Al Farrar, the head of the FBI, called me into his place, he was a Baptist, and he said, “Brother Branham, I’m a Baptist, but I haven’t got what you’re talking about.” We was down in his shooting gallery. He said, “I appreciate your talk. I make similar—the same remark.”

He took me into his office to show where every juvenile delinquent was in the United States. Where do we find them, the most delinquent? Where the criminals come from? Not down in the poor people, but in the smart and educated. They think they know more than God. When you get to that place, your lost! God doesn’t come from education, God comes from the—from accepting a principle, that’s His Son, Christ Jesus, and being borned again.

The eternal Spirit of Life comes into the man, not by educating him, but by him accepting the Lord Jesus as his personal Saviour. But we’ve went and tried to educate the people to it. We’ve tried to shake it in them at the altar, us Holiness and Pentecostals. We’ve tried to baptize them in by different modes, by sprinkling, pouring, upside down, and Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Jesus’ Name, all these other different things. But it doesn’t come that way, it’s a personal experience to an individual to witness the power of the resurrection of God’s Son, Jesus Christ, in your heart. That’s exactly right. There’s where we fail.

<sup>24</sup> This Indian said to Morris Reidhead, or to Paris Reidhead, he said, “Sir, you’ve had two thousand years to prove that Jesus raised from the dead.” And he said, “Two-thirds of the world has never heard His Name.”

And here we argue, “Why, we’re Presbyterian. We’re Baptist. We’re Pentecostal. We’re Nazarene.” Standing here arguing and them little black boys in Africa dying to hear the story, once any kind. Oh, it burns your heart.

A man can never go to the mission fields and return, and be the same man. When I went there, thought, “Well, I’ll just go over here,

see some of the animals, but when I seen the souls of men . . . Little black boys just as dirty, had never had a bath in their life, grab up an old piece of the meat, maggots all in it, just eat it just the same. And them, laying there, naked . . .

<sup>25</sup> I want to say this with respects to you women and you men. But when those heathens came into the meeting by the tens of thousands times thousands, just as naked as they come into this world, nothing but a little cloth hanging in front of them, about six, eight inches square. There those ignorant women, didn't know which is right and left hand, and mud in their hair, and bones in their ears, and when they seen the power of the resurrection of Jesus, when those women walked away from there, young girls and old women, no one told them to put on clothes. They folded their arms like this to get out of the presence of men. And how can we, starchy, stiff-neck Americans, call ourselves Christians, and every year we take off more clothes. When a heathen receives Christ, he dresses up and puts on clothes. What's happened?

Young ladies standing there, just in the bloom of life, naked, they didn't know it. That was no more shame to them than looking at your hands. Young sixteen, eighteen, twenty year old girls, mothers with their babies, nursing . . . And not twenty feet from where I was setting, a mother give birth to a baby while I was talking. Another lady just helped it, she just picked the baby up and started nursing the baby, went on listening to me preach. And those young ladies standing there, fully formed and developed women, and when the Holy Spirit came, no sooner than He struck them, they covered themselves with their arms. The Holy Spirit brings realization of nakedness.

<sup>26</sup> And then, you people call yourself, even Pentecost, and you women, who ought to know better you strip yourself in these bathing suits, and little old shorts out here in the backyard, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. That's exactly right.

Civilization, she's swinging backward. And brethren and sister, I don't say that to—to be crude or rude, rather, I say that because it's the Gospel truth. People there that's willing, and then we put our efforts here in the states. On the platform, that afternoon at Durban, where I'm to return again in a few days, by a vision, and when there's people there's no way of giving out prayer cards.

Billy lost his coat and shoes and everything trying to give prayer cards, him and a couple of men. I said, "Just take the missionaries and give about four or five out of each tribe. There was fifteen different languages. Now, you can imagine to try to preach, when I'd say, "Jesus Christ, the Son of God," this one would go, "clunk" in his throat: "Clunk, clunk, clunk, clunk." That meant, "Jesus Christ the Son of

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God.” Another make some kind of a whistle sound like a bird, that meant Jesus Christ the Son of God. The next interpreter, he’d maybe, make some kind of a warble with his throat or his tongue.

<sup>27</sup> You know, I’ve heard people speaking in tongues in Pentecostal meetings, which I want you to know, I believe it. But the people has misused that gift (exactly), it’s not been set in the right place. I believe every gift that God give is to the Church, but we can’t go haywire just on one. There’s more. And I used to think, one sounded so much different from the other, how could it all be the same? But the Bible said, “There’s not a sound, but what has a significance of some kind.” I believed it when I heard that. All different kinds of chatters, and every one of it had a meaning to it. Every sound has a meaning to it.

<sup>28</sup> That day on the platform, many doctors was present. A hundred fifty, two hundred thousand people gathered in a race course. And the first one come up was a Mohammedan woman, and I said to her, “Why did you come to me, if you’re a Mohammedan?” She had her red dot as pure blooded, and . . .

I said, “Why, did you come to me?”

She said, “I believe you could help me.”

I said, “Why didn’t you go to your priest?”

She said, “I believe you could help me.”

“Oh,” I said, “I don’t know you. But if the Lord God, Who raised His Son from the dead . . .”

She said, “I believe in the Lord God.” Sure she does, they’re Ishmaelites, you know. She said, “I believe in Lord God Jehovah.” But she said, “We are taught that Mohammed is His prophet.”

I said, “Jesus is His Son, and Mohammed’s in the grave, but Jesus is raised from the grave, and He promised the same work that He did, that we’d do also.”

She said, “If that comes to pass (speaking through the interpreter), then I’ll accept Jesus as my Saviour.”

What is it? That’s what our Lord was speaking of here. Go into all the world, and demonstrate the resurrection, the power of the Holy Ghost.

She said, “I’ll believe that.”

Said, “Your—your . . . Lady, your husband’s a little fellow. He wears a black mustache. She was in a doctor’s office, a Mohammedan doctor, last week he told you had a cyst on the womb.

She rattled it off, and the interpreter said, “That’s every word the truth.”

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Thousands of Mohammedans stood up to look, and just in a few moments, she said, "Then I'll accept Jesus as my Saviour and Healer."

<sup>29</sup> When I talked to missionaries, who had been in among their tribes for thirty years and talk about one precious soul they'd converted from Mohammedan to Christianity. Brother, you'll never do it by passing tracts. You'll have to follow God's instructions.

Here's an Afrikaans boy, setting right here, looking me in the face. What we call missionaries is a sickly sight. Go over there expecting to have a beaten path somewhere, what do you find? Living in the best hotels, and a air conditioned Cadillac, going out to a compound to pass some tracts. What we need is some Holy Ghost filled missionaries sent not from some church or denomination, but from heaven in the power of the Lord Jesus Christ. That's exactly right.

<sup>30</sup> The next one come into the platform, was a young white woman. She could speak English, she was Afrikaans. And It told her, said, "Lady," told her what her disease was, but said, "Make ready for death, you're not going to live but a little bit."

She said, "You mean that little tumor on my breast will kill me?"

I said, "I can't I say. I seen your funeral service just now, and THUS SAITH THE LORD, death is at hand."

She walked off the platform, went back, and was talking to her husband, and dropped dead, right there where she was setting. If I'd been a healer, I would have healed her, but there's only one Healer, that's God.

<sup>31</sup> The next come, was a pitiful sight, a little black boy. He belonged to the Zulus. Now, I want to tell you, little children something, you little girls, you know how they get a drink of water? Look all around to see how many crocodiles is looking at them, and then reach down. While I was there, a crocodile got a little girl, just a little bloody water, down she went, and that was all. A little fellow was getting a drink, and a croc grabbed him by the foot, and he run out—he run back and took a stick to beat the crocodile off, and he run out on the bank, crocodile come again and caught the little fellow and took him back in the water, with only one leg pulled off of him. Took him back and buried him, till he got soft in the bank somewhere and then eat him.

Give one a little ice cream, he dropped it quickly, he said, "It burnt me." That little black fellow has just as much right to eat, wear clothes, as my child or your child does. We rake off enough in our garbage cans to feed them.

No wonder, Communism is taking the country. It's the way we've treated them. That's exactly right. That's not half to India.

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<sup>32</sup> And the little fellow was hideously cross-eyed. That was the fourth case. He was hideously cross-eyed. And I said, "Now, to heal the little lad, I could not. But it'll be according to his own faith in God, that'll heal him. But now, his little life could not be hid."

Just then, the Holy Spirit come, I said, "This boy come out of a Christian home, because in his little hut with a thatched roof, I see the picture of my Lord hanging on the wall." I said, "His mother's a thin woman." The Zulus are great strong people. And I said, "His father is a young man, yet strong, but they're Christians." And away back, about a city block, the mother and father stood up, as soon as the Zulu interpreter got it to them. That was true.

I said, "But now, to heal him I couldn't heal him." Notice, just as I looked, his little eyes was just as perfect as mine or yours. I looked again, and I said, "Anyone can see the little lad, he's been healed where he's setting." I passed him off the platform.

<sup>33</sup> I heard a big fuss back there at the back, there was a British doctor there. And Brother Bosworth and them, was trying to get him off the platform, said, "You can't go up there now, the brother's under the anointing."

He said, "But I want to speak to him."

I turned around, I said, "Doctor, what's the matter?" Brother Bosworth turned him loose, Brother Baxter.

Come up on the platform, he said, "I want to ask you something, Mr. Branham." He said, "I believe in God. I believe God is in these lilies," (And sisters, you talk about lilies, you ought to see them. Some of them are eighteen inches across, big calla lilies, yellow and white. The platform was decorated greatly with those big lilies.) He said, "There's a God of life in them lilies or it couldn't live." He said, "But Mr. Branham, what did you do to that child?"

I said, "I never done nothing. You were closer to him than I was. He hasn't been in ten feet of me yet."

Said, "Did you hypnotize that boy?"

I said, "Doctor, and the British Medical Society give you license to practice medicine, and know no more about hypnotism than that? If hypnotism will straighten that boy's eyes, then you all better practice hypnotism."

Said, "What did it do?" Brother Baxter caught him by the shoulder.

I said, "Just a minute."

He said, "Mr. Branham, I believe that there is a God, but is He tangible enough to make that little boys eyes come open, I put Him on the platform."

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“Why,” I said, “He’s in your hand now.”

Said, “He was hideously cross-eyed there, and he’s got his sight. Something happened between there and here.” I—He said, “What was it?”

I said, “Between me and him stood the Holy Spirit, and the Holy Spirit made his eyes straight.” He scratched his head. I said, “Now, if you want to believe me, all right. If you don’t that’s up to you.” I started on.

He said, “Just a minute, Mr. Branham.” There was a big mike attached here and ways down through the race track. . . . He walked up there, he said, “Then I accept that Jesus as my personal Saviour.”

<sup>34</sup> And when I met him in Johannesburg, about six weeks later, out on the course where thirty thousand people was—come out to say good-bye to me, that young doctor, threw his arms around me and said, “Brother Branham, God’s give me a call to the mission fields.” And begin to speak in other tongues, while he had his arms around me, a British doctor (sure), speaking in tongues. He didn’t know he was going to do it. He just put his arms around me.

And he said, “My, God, what’s happened to me?”

I said, “Now, God’s qualified you to go. Get going.”

<sup>35</sup> That afternoon, here come a boy. Billy Paul, my son, and them helped lead him to the platform with a chain around his neck, not even mentally right.

I said, “Look at that poor creature. If course, if I could help him, I’d do it. I can’t do it. But his life cannot be hid, because the Angel of the Lord is near.”

And when It begin to tell about his condition. I said, “Now, here, one thing is on his mind, he’s worried about a brother. He’s got a brother that was hurt by either a yellow goat or a dog. He was riding on his. . . . crippled him in his legs, he’s got two sticks under his arm, he walks with crutches.” But I said, “THUS SAITH THE LORD, I see his brother healed.” And I heard a scream way down a city block or more, and here come his brother, with the sticks over his head, screaming to the top of his voice, “God had healed him a city block away.” That’s the Gospel that Jesus was speaking of.

<sup>36</sup> And I looked and I seen the man. I noticed again, I was going to pray for him, pass him on through. I noticed something like a blue shadow above him. Kept watching it, and after while I seen him standing there, his head back, standing straight (it’s a disease that gets into their spine. Tommy, you know what they call that? Makes them kind of walk on their hands and feet.) And I—I didn’t know if it crippled

him up, and oh, it was terrible, standing there almost naked. But I seen just above him, that he was healed.

I said, “Lord God, this is the hour.” I stopped a minute. I said, “How many of you people here, that will serve the Lord God, if He’ll give this man his right condition?” Far as you could see the hands was up, black, white, yellow, brown. And when we prayed for the boy, he couldn’t understand me, thought I wanted him to do a dance like he does for the missionaries when they come in, you know, clowning, dancing. They all want to do a little war dance. And took him by the chain and lifted him up, and the God of heaven restored him back. He stood there, and the tears running off his cheeks and hitting on his black belly. Not only was he healed, but was in his right mind. And thirty thousand blanket heathens broke their idols on the ground, and accepted Jesus Christ as personal Saviour at one time.

Twenty or thirty years for one soul. The hour has come when God is sending His men into the fields. The hour has come when Christ is revealed.

<sup>37</sup> I was on my road down—just one more little story here. It’s on my heart to tell you. I was in a train, one night, going down to Houston, Texas. And in there, I saw a little boy (I mean Miami, Florida), a little boy laying dead, where a lot of trees was wrapped together in rocks, and his funny looking haircut, great big brown eyes turned back. His feet was through his socks. A automobile was laying, wrecked on the side of the road, and he was dead. His little body was just one great big mass of broke up bones. I thought, “Who is that?” And the vision left me. I went on down. There may be people setting here. I explained it, told the people, “Get ready, write it in your book. Write it in the flyleaf of your Bible, and see if it comes to pass. Somewhere a child, about eight years old, got dark brown hair, brown eyes, funny haircut, little short pantywaist pants on.” I said, “He’s going to be killed.” And I guess thirty or forty thousand Bibles was packing it.” You might have read the article in *The Voice Of Healing*.

<sup>38</sup> How many knows the case before I even say anything about it, raise your hands? Foretold before it happens, not *after*, but *before* it happens. And there, in that case there, there’s a little boy got drowned, they brought me out, they . . . The father wouldn’t let the undertaker get him. I went out, and I said “That’s not the child, that’s a well dressed child, real coal-black-headed, that isn’t him.

Two years later way up in Sweden, Norway, Finland, I was coming down from Kuopio, that’s up at the land of midnight sun, we was having a meeting. Those little boys up there, no more than kids, right after the war, and their—they never shaved. Some of them little boys

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wasn't over fifteen years old, great big old long coats, and boots, the women all downtown, young women all gathered together and old men. The Russians had killed them all out in the war.

<sup>39</sup> Out pitching hay, in the field. Not with shorts on, great big thick skirts, big boots, some of the finest people you've ever meet, them Finns, real loyal. And as I . . . standing up there, Brother Lindsay, all the, about thirty ministers was there, I said, "Something's fixing to happen. I can just feel it."

Said, "What is it, Brother Branham?"

I said, "I don't know, they begin to take pictures then."

"Is it the Angel of the Lord near, can we get the picture?"

I said, "I don't know. But something's fixing to happen, bear me record."

<sup>40</sup> Down the hill we come, we noticed something. Now, gasoline sells for about two dollars a gallon. At the meetings, where there'd be forty, fifty thousand people, there would probably be three or four cars. They all took caribous on sleds, walked, any way they could get there. But there laid about a 1925, '30 model Ford, or maybe a little later model than that, American made Ford wrecked, about five hundred people standing around, and two little boys had been coming from school holding each other's hands. And this car, about sixty miles per hour, whirled around the bend, and the little boys didn't know which way to go. One started one way, and one the other, the driver trying to dodge them, hit one little fellow under the chin with his bumper or his fender and threw him about thirty yards and smashed him against a tree. The other little boy rolled right over him like that, and the wheels kicked his little body about twenty feet across the road in a grass flat. The car run over the hill and wrecked. Brother Lindsay and them got out, they looked at it. They come back weeping. Sister Isaacson got out, my interpreter.

She come back weeping, said, "Brother Branham, you ought to go look at it."

<sup>41</sup> I said, "Oh, no, I can't." I said, "You remember my wife died when I was just a young preacher about twenty-four years old. I buried her and my baby. We only had one little fellow left, and that was Billy. I walked around with his little bottle in my pocket at night. We didn't have enough money to get fire to keep his bottle warm, so I put it under my head. That's the reason he's with me today. I—I've been papa and mama, both, to him. That's what I promised her, when she was dying. And I kept his little body warm, and his little bottle by my own body." And then he was about ten years old, and I said, "I got my own little

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boy over in America. I—I—I just can't go look at him. I ain't seen Billy now for about three months, I just can't look at him."

And Something said, "Go look."

<sup>42</sup> And I walked over, and they had his little coat laying over his face, and they pulled it down. Oh, my, I turned around and started walking away. I don't know whether you're going to believe this or not. That's between you and God. Something put Their hand on my shoulder, I thought it was Brother Moore.

I said, "What, why, there's nobody around me, and the hand was still on my shoulder." I thought, "What is this?" And Someone's hand laying on my shoulder, and I turned to the child. I happened to notice that little foot, legs all broke up, his little foot running through his big old, ribbed black stockings. That looked familiar.

I said to the chief man, which was the mayor of the city, "Could . . .?" They was waiting for the father and mother to come, and I thought, "Oh, my, what will that little papa and mama think when they come and see this baby laying here mashed up." The other little boy, he was alive, so they rushed him to the hospital in a car.

So this little boy had been dead about thirty minutes. They was waiting to get his father and mother before the undertaker moved him.

I said, "Can I look at that boy again?" They raised up his little coat, and I looked, them little brown eyes turned back, that kind of dark brown hair, little pantywaist, his feet through his socks. I looked around, there come a hill, coming down from Kuopio Mountain, evergreens, lapped rock, I looked back, and I thought, "That's him."

Oh, brother, I may never meet you people no more till glory, but I wished I had the strength, this afternoon, to explain to you what a feeling that is. All devils out of hell couldn't stop it. It's not, if you believe, or *this*, or *that*, or the *other*, it's already done. God said so.

I looked and I said, "That's him." I said, "Brother Moore, Brother Lindsay, come quickly." I said, "Get the flyleaf from your Bible quick."

"What's the matter, Brother Branham?"

I said, "Read the flyleaf."

"THUS SAITH THE LORD, it shall come to pass, that a little boy, between eight and ten years old, his description, be laying in a place where rocks are wrapped together with cedars and evergreens."

"What," said, "what's that, Brother Branham?"

I said, "Look at the child. Look at there at the rocks."

He said, "It was . . . Is that him?"

I said, "That's him."

43 Oh, my. Oh, God, get the Church in that state. Let me stay in that place.

I said, “You speak right quick, Sister Isaac, interpret for me.” I said, “If the Lord God in a land of America, two years ago, here it is wrote on these brothers’ Bible leafs, if that little boy isn’t on his feet alive in five minutes, I’ll leave Finland with a sign on my back, ‘False Prophet.’”

Oh, it’s such a wonderful thing when you know what God is going to do. I had them to gather, I knelt down and said, “Lord God. . .” If you would like to get the details of this from the mayor, I’ll give you his address. I said, “Lord God, in the homeland You did speak of this vision. And I know in Your great predestinated will, it’s already finished. So death give back this boy’s life.” And God Who’s my solemn Judge, before this Bible this afternoon, the little fellow jumped to his feet just as normal as he was, hour before he got hit.”

44 That night, at the meeting, you couldn’t even. . . They had the militia out there, and I want to tell you something. You remember, it was only two miles from the iron curtain, and when that went across all down through the—Russia, that afternoon, on the radio, when I come that night, there stood those Communist soldiers for a city block, standing there with that Russian salute, the tears running down their cheeks, they said, “We will receive a God like that, Who has power.”

What’s the matter? You Protestant and Catholics, run up there, and took all their money, and put it in great big buildings, and failed even to produce anything more than the rest of the world had. “These signs shall follow them that believe.” No wonder the cold, formal church talks against it. As I said, last night, “It’s a sign that will be evil spoken of.”

45 That night, in the meeting, I shall never forget. If I can have about ten minutes longer. We were bringing the people in the line, there were a great pile. . . You notice in my book, a pile of crutches and sticks, that were—you couldn’t pile on this platform, that the people had thrown away. Have to drive out a few thousand so more come in. And as I started into the building, that night, I was walking real slowly, and two little soldiers, in front, and two in back, with their swords, holding out like this, keep the people away from you.

46 And as I walked into the building, the girls’ dormitory, there’s a little thing—door closed, and I looked, and here stood a sweet little girl, about the age of my little Rebekah now, about ten, twelve years old, one leg (you see the picture in my book) about that much shorter than the other, and she had a great big brace around her. She had a strap in the toe of her shoe that went over, and went across and hit this big brace back here, and this shoe was built up with a brace on each side.

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She couldn't move that little leg, so it had to be a complete brace, so she wouldn't go down like this. And every time she'd move, she'd have to take her little shoulder, and raise up that foot and shove it, and then make her step. And her little undershirts, her little dresses was ragged, her little hair was all chopped up, her little, baby-pale faced. And when she looked at me, they'd been told not to stop me on the street. I love little kids.

47 I'd wait till Brother Baxter and them, all had the afternoon service, and I'd get that old money and go out there and buy a little candy, and I'd have a string of kids two blocks long following me, throwing candy to them."

48 And here she was, and she thought she'd done something wrong. She ducked her little head, and she had two crutches, she'd take these crutches, and set them out, bent her little shoulders, she lift up that leg and throw it out, and that's the way she walked. And I seen her, she thought she'd done wrong, so she ducked her little head down, as if to not notice me passing by. Something on the inside begin to move.

49 I looked at her, and the soldier behind me, I couldn't speak a word of Finn language. So he motioned to go on out. "Just a minute."

And the child looked up, and I motioned to her like this. I knew she wanted to come over there. 'Course she was crippled, she was at the meeting to do so. I motioned to her, she looked at me, and I nodded my head, "Yes."

And she put her little crutches out, she raised her little leg up, she made a step, and she looked again, childish like. I just waited, never said a thing till she got right up close to me. She looked up at me, and them little, bitty pale baby blue eyes. I found out later she was a little Finnish war orphan, she didn't have mother or father, nobody. She's living in a tent with some people. Her mama and papa had been killed by the Russians. This old crude looking brace that they'd made her. I just stood and thought, "What will that child do?" I couldn't speak to her.

She reached down and got a hold of my coat and kissed my pocket. Put her little skirt out like this, and said, "Kiitos," means "thank you."

50 I thought, "Oh, God." Just then in front of me, I saw the little child with them braces off, going walking. I thought, "Oh, if I could make her know it."

I said, "Sweetheart."

She just kept saying, "Kiitos" the tears running down her little pale cheeks. "Kiitos, kiitos."

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I said, "Honey." Oh, God," I said, "The Lord God has . . . Oh, God, let me speak something. You're healed."

And just then, they come, bunch of soldiers, "Come on, they done sung, *Only Believe*," and I had to go, pushed me on through.

<sup>51</sup> And just at the close of the service, that night, my brother come to me and said, "That's enough, that's enough. You got another service tomorrow night."

I said, "Oh, look, how many cards did you give out?"

Said, "Oh, they give a bunch of cards, you can use them tomorrow night." See? No one could understand the English.

I said, "Just call a few more." And I said, "Give me from prayer card, *so-and-so to so-and-so*." And by God's great providence, she was the next one in the line. Here she come.

I said, "Sister Isaacson, just say what I say. Interpreting."

I said, "Sweetheart, you're the little girl that met me out yonder in the hall. Jesus Christ has healed you. Go over there, and set down, and let some of the ushers take that brace off of you."

While I called another, here she come across the platform, both legs the same, them braces over her head, screaming to the glory of God. Thousands of Finns fell on their face and give their life to the Lord Jesus, cold formal church members become borned again Christians.

<sup>52</sup> What is it? "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel. These signs shall follow them that believe." If God's interested in a little Finn, He's interested in an American. He's interested in a little black boy, yellow boy, brown boy. He has to remain God. Why can't we get the starch from our neck? Why can't we get the theology that we've been taught that the days of miracles is past, and follow what Christ said?

He said, "Let every man's word be a lie, and Mine be the Truth. Upon this rock I'll build My Church, and the gates of hell can't prevail against it." So you—your blessed.

<sup>53</sup> I say, "On Christ the solid rock I stand, all other grounds is sinking sand." If I die in the field, I want to go with the shield in my hand. I'll be forty-nine years old next week, and I'm not no kid. I'm getting to be an old man. These shoulders that used to stand in the ring, the muscles that used to be tight, getting old and soft. There's a big place set before me called death. I know it. Every time my heart beats, I'm one beat closer to that place. Someday it'll take its last beat, and I'll have to go into that dark place called death. Here's one thing I want to do: I don't want to go in as a coward. When I know my last hour has come, I want to wrap myself in the robes of His righteousness, going in with this, one assurance in my heart, that I know Him in the power of

His resurrection, that when He calls from the dead, I'll come out from among those who are dead at that great day.

<sup>54</sup> My friend, does that hope rest in you this afternoon? No matter what church you belong to, how many prayers you've said, how many candles you've burnt, how many *Hail Mary's* that you've screamed, it's all in vain, unless you know Him in the power of His resurrection. He lives! He lives! Christ Jesus lives today, the same yesterday, today, and forever. Let us bow our heads.

<sup>55</sup> Great mighty and Jehovah, Thou bear me record of these things that I've testified. Thou knowest them to be the truth, because Thou did perform them. And Lord God, Who raised up Jesus from the dead, Thou can quicken every unbeliever in here, now, to a real live faith in Him. Many people are setting in here, Lord, who is just nominal church members, they belong to all different kinds of churches, the Pentecostals, and the Nazarenes, and the Methodist, and all different denominations. And O God, they've never crossed that line yet. Some has never accepted You at all, and may the Holy Spirit bear record, that I do not say these words to let them people think that any personal thing of myself, because Thou bear record, Lord, a sinner, one even borned out of season to many of these gray-headed men and women setting here, that preached the Gospel when I was a little sinner boy. But O Lord God, Thou has give the privilege of my eyes to see Your glory, and to have expressed it to those who are in need.

<sup>56</sup> God, grant this afternoon, that the Holy Spirit will thrill every heart in here, and will bring to them a realization of the need that they have. Give to them, Christ, this afternoon, who desire it, Father. Hear the prayer of Your servant. May the weary hearts that come in, and the unbelieving and doubting hearts go out happy and rejoicing.

While we have our heads bowed. All, in here, who wants Him, would you raise your hand to Him? Say, "Lord God, be merciful to me, make me a real Christian." God bless you, that's good. All down through this middle aisle. The aisle over on the other side. Oh, yes . . . ? . . . many hands. The balcony, all that young children up there, ten, fifteen teenagers with their hands up. To the left. All right, over to the right here, how many over in this way, put up your hands, saying, "God be merciful, make me a real genuine servant of Christ. From this day on, I promise to be Yours, Lord. Help me just now, if I can't go to the mission fields, help me to put a—have—put a burden on my heart to pray for those who are in the field." It'll be accounted to you for righteousness. God bless you. God bless you, all around. That's right.

<sup>57</sup> Sinner friend, with your hand up, asking for mercy, there is room at the fountain for you.

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For there is a Fountain filled with Blood  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,  
When sinners plunge beneath the flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains:  
That dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day,  
There may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away:  
Ever since, by faith, I saw that stream  
Thy flowing wounds supplying,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die:  
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave:

58 God bless your little heart there, honey, a . . . ? . . . girl no more than two years old, waving her little hands, her little black eyes looking up. Oh, my, if God can speak to a little baby like that, how about cruel, cold hearted, sinners? You know what's the matter? You've pulled your heart through so many old "True Story" magazines, and so much old Arthur Godfrey stuff on the radio and television, till it's become so black and calloused, till the Holy Spirit can't even speak any more. What a disgrace. That little baby . . . You say, "She don't know what's she's doing."

She might not know, but the Holy Spirit knows. Did not He say, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for such is the Kingdom."

59 Before we offer prayer, would there be some hands who have never put their hands up, would now say, "I believe Brother Branham, the whole Gospel, I surrender my all and my all to Him. Here's my hand, Lord. I'm not holding it to Your servant, Brother Branham, I'm holding it to You, Lord. You put my name on Your Book, this afternoon, and let me live for You, from this day on." Some that hasn't put their hand up. Raise your hand, will you?

God bless you. God bless you, lady. God bless you, young girl. God bless you, back there, sir, you, you, and you, over there, lady. Up in the balcony there in the rear, God bless you. All around.

All right now, that's good. God be with you. I don't be rude, I don't scold you—don't mean to, I'm just waiting for Him to say something. There may be one person in here that deserves a scolding, and that's the

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one the Holy Spirit was speaking to . . . ? . . . You know whether your heart condemns you.

<sup>60</sup> Now, let us pray for these hands, some twenty or thirty, maybe more went up.

Dear God, they are Yours. If they really meant that from their heart, then they're borned of the Spirit, right now, waiting to receive the Holy Ghost. They are Your subjects at this minute, "For no man can come to Me, except My Father draws him first. All that comes, I'll give him Eternal Life, and raise him up at the last day."

Lord God, they're Yours. They're—they're trophies of the Message. They're love gifts of the Father to the Son. How can they perish? You said, "I give unto them Eternal Life, and they shall never perish." They're Yours. Let them live for You, Lord. Let them, if they are . . . I know they will find a good church, there be baptized, put their membership, and there work for the body of Christ until death shall set them free.

And someday, Lord, when we come down to the river, and how do I know that there's not men and women setting right here now, will never return to their home in this earth. A heart attack, or wreck on the road, some drunken driver smash into them, we don't know what the future holds, but we know Who holds the future.

<sup>61</sup> Now, Lord, put their name on Your Book. If I've found grace in Your sight, put their name on Your Book, Lord. I won't be able to shake their hands, just now, maybe never in life, but I will someday when it's over. By Your grace, I will.

Oh, put missionary on the minds of these people. How we just proselyte and pull from one church to another, and think of the millions that are dying today, that's never even heard His precious Name. Open up the gates in Africa, Lord, and different parts of the country. Put burdens upon preachers' hearts to support, and to go, for the hours are closing. Grant it, Father. They're Yours now. I give them to Thee.

<sup>62</sup> Someday, Lord, I got to come too. It may be today. But one day, I'm going to close this Bible its last time for me. I'm realizing that, Father. I'm going to pray my last prayer, and when I come down to the end of the road, and I feel the breakers of the Jordan hitting me in the face, I want to look back down through every brier patch, and every hill that I climbed, and take the old sword, and stick it in the sheath of Eternity, take off the helmet, lay it down on the bank, and scream, "Shove out the lifeboat, Lord, I'm coming home this morning." When my ministry is finished, let me go in peace, Lord. May I meet my friends by the millions over there, where time is ceased and eternity is going forever.

The days are hot, the sun is setting, civilization is dying, Jesus is coming. O God, awaken us quickly, rise and shake ourself, not pinch our bodies, but pinch our souls to wake up, for it's later than we think. Heal the sick and the afflicted, Lord. O God, may tonight be such a night, that there won't be a feeble person in our midst. Grant it. Bless us now, as we get ready to adjourn for another meeting soon. In the Name of the Lord Jesus, I pray. Amen.

<sup>63</sup> Just a moment more of your time. Billy, did you tell me to announce you was going—from this day, you'd give out the prayer cards, some of them, or . . . ? Six-thirty? Six-thirty. Where is Leo? Gene? Give them some cards too, so they can get them and give them out right quick. All right. Six-thirty.

<sup>64</sup> Notice, I was thinking in my prayer. How many feel real good? Just raise your hands, saying, "Oh . . ." Let's sing once:

I love Him (everybody), I love Him,  
Because He first loved me  
And purchased my salvation  
On Calvary's tree.

<sup>65</sup> Pardon this just now, I never noticed it till just now. I see one of my brothers in flesh, Doc. I call him Doc, Edgar. He and his wife setting right . . . Raise up your hand, Doc. My brother, my own blood brother, that's there, him and his wife, and Brother and Sister Wood, David.

You remember me talking the other night about a boy that had had some kind of a twisted leg, his father was a Jehovah Witness? You remember that? The boy's standing right here now. Raise up your hand, David. Would you just walk out there, just a minute? I don't want to make a show of you, David. Here's what God does to a twisted leg. Not even touch him, setting in a meeting. Just walk up this way, David. There's the boy with the leg that was twisted under him. Come up here. I—You're a good looking boy, we all want to see you. I know it's . . . That's his mother there.

Which leg was it, David? He don't know now. . . ? . . . , glad to see you back, David. This boy's leg was twisted under him. The Lord God, setting way back farther than this building is now, healed his leg.

<sup>66</sup> Doc? You're the better looking of the Branham's. Walk up here, just a minute. All right.

Brother Burns is standing back there too. I remember . . . How many has got that picture of the Angel of the Lord? Yes. His wife (while Doc's coming), or . . . His wife was . . . He was in the hospital dying of cancer. (Doc, I'm glad to see you, God bless you.) And so they . . . His wife was in the hospital . . . I guess Brother Neville's already been introduced . . . Brother Neville, the pastor from the Tabernacle, is

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standing right there. You been introduced, have you, Brother Neville? Bring yourself up here on the platform then.

Brother Neville. Here's a Methodist pastor, pastoring my Baptist church, but we're Methodist and Baptist who has the baptism of the Holy Ghost. This boy's from Asbury College. God bless you Brother Neville, . . .? . . . Oh, that's fine. Now, we got a lot . . .

<sup>67</sup> How many is here from Jeffersonville? Is any more around here? Raise up your hand, from around the church. Oh, yes . . .? . . . I see Brother Beeler, another preacher back there, from Jeffersonville. All—great gang of . . . Can't get them up here tonight, introduce them all.

I want to say this about Sister Burns. She's in glory now. Brother Banks Wood and I, both of us from Kentucky, we was squirrel hunting. Something called me from the woods, that's this boy's daddy. I thought, "What's the matter, we had to go home." I said, "I don't know what I'm home for, Brother Banks." I was trying to get a little rest. I said, "I'm going over to Selkirks to buy some shells." And we really can shoot targets, so we went around. I said, "Brother Banks . . ." He's from Kentucky. I said, "You ride around the corner, I'll go in Selkirks and get the shells, and meet me when you come in. You can't stop on that street."

He rode around and around and around at the wrong place. And I was standing out there, I thought, "Well, what's the matter? Where's that guy at?" In about thirty minutes, I happened to notice, he was way down another city block, going around the street. "Oh," I thought, "that guy was raised in Louisville. Why don't he know where he's at? He's passing right by, see, Selkirks is not there, and he made ten or fifteen rounds."

<sup>68</sup> So I run down the street to stop him, and just as he come around, Sister Burns . . . Brother Burns would you raise your hand there, so they know? His wife . . . He was dying with a cancer on the spleen. I believe he was a Baptist, if I'm not mistaken, from Kentucky, and was healed there at the house, and lived all of these years. And he was in the hospital with a real bad case of cancer. The doctor's had give him up.

And his lovely, sweet wife, she said, "Lord God, I don't know where Brother Branham is." She went and got that picture, and set it down on the floor, and knelt down. And she said, "Oh, Angel of God, Whose picture is on this paper, send Brother Branham to me, right quick." And she raised up, and she said, "Oh, I've got to pay my utility bill." She went down in the city, miles. She paid her utility bill, and something led her around the corner. And just as she got to the corner, I was at the corner. There it was. She told me about Brother Burns, and

the Lord God brought him from the hospital. Here he stands today, after witnessing. God had Brother Banks going around and around the wrong square. Holding us there, until God could get us on the spot. He answers prayer. Do you believe it? Say, Amen. [Congregation says, Amen—Ed.] He still lives and reigns. [Brother Branham speaks to someone—Ed.] Got something to say? . . . ? . . .

69 I love these old fashion songs, don't you? Let's sing, *Till We Meet*. Will you do it? All right. Give us a chord, son, if you will. *Till We Meet*. All right.

God be with you till we meet again,  
By His counsels guide, uphold you,  
With His sheep securely fold you,  
God be with you . . .

70 Don't that sound more like God than a lot of carrying on, don't it? Listen now, shake hands with somebody by you now, front of you, back of you, to your side, don't leave your seat. We ain't through yet, just shake hands.

Till we meet, till . . .

All you Methodist and Baptist now, Pentecostals, Presbyterians, up in the balcony, shake hands.

We meet at Jesus' feet, (Till we meet,)  
Till we meet, till we meet,  
God be with you till we meet again. (Slowly)  
Till we . . . (Now, raise your hand to Him), till we . . .  
(Oh, that's heavenly to me)  
We meet at Jesus' . . . (Maybe before night)  
Till we meet, till we meet,  
God be with you till we meet again.

Now, when we bow our heads, let's hum it. [Brother Branham and congregation hums—Ed.]

(Till we meet,) Till we meet, till we meet,  
God be with you till we meet again.

With our heads bowed now. I'm going to ask our dear, beloved pastor, Brother Orman Neville from the Branham Tabernacle in Jeffersonville, if he'll dismiss us in prayer. Brother Neville. 

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