
WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?



[A sister sings, *Oh How I Love Him*—Ed.] My heart is thrilled; that's my favorite song. If you only knew the backgrounds for that song. My friend composed that song: Booth Clibborn. In a cornfield one night with his elbows out and on his knees out there in prayer, God give him this song. And I think it's one of the—it's matchless for this day when the deity of Jesus Christ is denied by so many formal believers, that He was no more than just a man, just a prophet. He was Emmanuel.

And I'm so thankful, and it was so beautifully did by our sister. I hope I'm not imposing, and I asked Brother Joseph, he would ask her tonight before I come to the platform, to sing, "Then Jesus Came." I would be very happy to hear it tonight. And that's just about . . . My soul was thrilled. I changed my text right now, from what I'm . . . ? . . . preach on.

² I'm happy to be here, as always. I am very happy. I hope I'm not doing anything wrong at this time, but I have a very good friend here, which is a Methodist minister. And it's Brother John O'Bannon from Louisville, Kentucky. Would you mind just standing to your feet just a minute, Brother O'Bannon? I don't know if it makes you conspicuous, but, Brother O'Bannon, so you can see how the Methodists and Baptists get along down in the southern part of the state. We're very happy to have him here. He's been a very good friend of mine. We just had a healing campaign for his brother. A—at a—I believe it's—I'm not so sure. What was the name of that place in Kentucky? Pardon. Sacramento, Kentucky. And there—we just had a marvelous time down there in that little city. And we're expecting God to do great things with the Methodist people, to pour out His Spirit upon them again and give them another old fashion revival like they had in the days of—of Whitefield and Wesley, back in those days.

And they were the latter rain of that day. That's right. They were the latter rain then. When the Baptist come along, they were the latter rain to them: it just keeps moving on down. And now, I guess we're all latter rains to the rest of them. After while, maybe, if Jesus tarries, there'll be more and more. But all through the ages and through the generations, God has always had a people, someone who would trust Him and believe Him. And we're so happy that He has.

³ Now, tonight I believe, is the healing service? And this is usually on the afternoon when they just let me come to the platform and—and speak a little while. I am not a preacher, as what you would call a

preacher; I'm—I just a—what's called “a spare tire.” You know? That is, when you have a flat then you put your spare tire on. Not we haven't got a flat, 'cause we got some good preachers here. But I just usually fill in the afternoon; it relaxes me to speak (You know?) what I do know about the Lord Jesus. And I don't know too much Scripture, and I'm not a theologian by a long ways, and I don't know very much of theology, but I—I know the Author of this Book, Jesus Christ. And—and I love Him. And my education is limited and my words are very poor—my grammar, I . . . You'll excuse that, I'm sure.

⁴ Which reminds me, here at Fort Wayne, some time ago, there was a man where this song of Paul Rader: used to be here in this city. I think that was about the last great revival that Chicago's ever had, a real city shaking revival, in the days of Paul Rader, and—and Armedea, some of those. And he wrote that famous song, “Only Believe,” and it's been my theme song.

I never heard it until one night I come in, and I didn't know that Paul had written this song, and my pianist was playing it, and it just struck my heart. I've used it in all across the country there at campaigns, and you hear the people singing.

⁵ I remember one time in Arkansas, I was staying there at the Sandpeck Hotel, and we was having a marvelous . . .? . . . It's been six or seven years ago. And there was no one else on the field at that day, and the tinsel was hanging everywhere. You know? And we was having a marvelous time. And I stepped out; I had to go down the back way to get to the minister, so he take me for dinner. And so I started down the elevator, and the little colored boy, standing out there swishing his shoes up, and “Only believe, only believe, all things are possible, only believe.” And I went out, went out through the back way and down the alley, and went down kind of lower part of the city. Here was a mother rocking a baby down there, singing, “Only believe, only believe, all things are possible . . .”

I happened to notice, and there was some boys playing marble. A little fellow got down (You know?) and he aimed real good . . .? . . . He stopped and hit the marble, got up and dusted off his trousers, said, “Only believe, only believe, all things are possible . . .” I thought it was real cute. How these songs and things that you sing, and how that our Lord has been very good.

And I'm just thinking of sometime, when it's all over, and we come together, so we're not nervous or in no hurry, or anything, and we can just have a relaxing time.

⁶ In this place where Mr. Rader, as I was starting to say, had wrote this song, there was a scholar come in there; and he said, “Brother

Branham,” he said, “you’re grammar’s very poor.”

And I said, “Yes, sir, that’s right.”

And then he said, “Oh, I noticed some of your grammatic mistakes tonight.” Said, “Oh, it was terrible.”

And I said, “Yes, sir, I didn’t get much education.” I said, “I was raised in a very poor family: ten children.” And I said, “I was the oldest, and I had to make a living for the rest of them.”

He said, “Well, that’s no excuse now.” He said, “You’re a man.”

I said, “Well, that’s right too,” but I said, “Since the Lord sent me out to pray for sick, I’m never alone enough to study grammar,” I said, “I just have to pray for the sick.”

And he said, “Oh, but you could take a correspondence.” Said, “Now, for instance, tonight I heard you use a word there.” He said, “You said, ‘All you people now, come up on the ‘polepit,’ here” and said, “Why, did you know them people would appreciate you more if you said, ‘pulpit,’ instead of ‘polepit’?”

I said, “Well, brother, I don’t know whether they would or not.” I said, “I believe what them people want me do, is to live the right kind of life and produce what I’m talking about; they don’t care whether I say ‘pulpit’ or ‘polepit,’” That’s right, isn’t it? As the old saying is, “there’s proof of the pudding is the eating thereof,” isn’t it? That’s right? You know, I. . .

And I’m not trying to support my ignorance by that. I remember . . . I wished I did know better words and grammar, but if it’s taking anything away from Jesus, I’d rather know Jesus any time, and know Him in the power, as Paul said, “in the power of His resurrection.”

⁷ I know setting before me, like every person here, is a dark pit, setting there before every one of us. Every time our heart beats, we’re going one closer—beats to that pit that’s called death. Every man shall have to come to that place someday, if Jesus carries. And when my nearness draws to that place, and I know I’m going in there, I won’t care whether I’m saying ‘polepit’ or ‘pulpit.’ I won’t care what my grammar is, but I want to know this one thing: I know this one thing—I know Him in the power of His resurrection, that when He calls from among the dead, I want to come out from among them when it’s time to be called on.

⁸ Now, this afternoon, before . . . We can lay these lids down on the Bible like that, of course; but to open it, no man is worthy. The Bible said. I believe, John searched the heavens and there was no one worthy to take the Book; open It; loose the seals of It; or anything. But there was a Lamb, from the—had been slain from the foundation of the earth;

He was the One that was able to take the Book out of the right hand of Him that set upon the throne and to open It to the people.

And now, while this little group of people's gathered here, just a—oh, couple hours before, maybe, the healing service starts. And I thought to cap off the radio here, the broadcast, I'd come down and speak for you a little bit. Enjoyed these songs. I'll hurry right back; stay in prayer; and come back after while, pray for the sick. You pray for me. It's . . .

I tell you, Brother Joseph was talking about phone calls. Huh-uh. Well, no wonder my wife is gray-headed at thirty-four. See? She not only stand the phone calls that comes to the house, but she has to meet the public standing there. See? And so it certainly is a job. And now, it is. You have to keep dead to yourself.

⁹ The other day, my boy . . . Yeah, he's in him here somewhere. He's just a kid: eighteen years old. And so, we was setting in a place somewhere and they—some of the young folks (You know?), over at Wood River, and they playing one of these little old machine boxes (You know.) that plays this little old music they have out there. Well, I never even notice the stuff when it's playing. So somebody was playing it, and I noticed his eyes brightened up. And he was watching the kids (You know.), what they were doing. Course he's just a kid; they do that. And he said, "Ain't that pretty, daddy?"

I said, "What?"

He said, "What's wrong."

I said, "Oh, I—I wasn't noticing."

And so he said, "Dad, you know what?" He said, "You've just become dead to everything but Jesus Christ."

And I said, "That's right. That's right," . . . ? . . . just become dead to everything. I said, "Nothing has a sound but Christ Jesus, and let me stay that way. I only want to know Him." That's all. To know Him is Life. Is that right? See?

And now, may the Lord bless you. And I'll try my best tonight to do everything that I can to talk to our Lord Jesus, to heal all the sickness that's in your midst.

¹⁰ Here's something stayed on my heart for twenty-four hours. I don't know whether it's the Lord or not. It's never come to a vision. That's what I watch, is the visions; then I got **THUS SAITH THE LORD**. But this has been impressed on my heart. I spoke with Billy today at the hotel about it. Our meetings are too short. We just come in and our meetings from, say, five nights. That's still too short. I like to come to a city this size and stay a month or two (See?), and just go to a place

here. 'Cause most of the time, just about time for me to say, this will take place and that will take place, that you're gone.

Mr. Brewer called me from the Peace River—or not Peace River but Wood River, and he said, “Brother Branham, we have taken you on tape recording.” And said, “And everything that you've said while under inspiration, the different things that was going to take place,” said, “everything is absolutely fulfilled to the dot.” See? Well, it's God. He said, “Just come back, just one night, just one night.” Said, “Could you come tomorrow?” That was tonight.

I Said, “No, I'm in Chicago.” And then . . .

¹¹ Now, my meetings has never been able to be set up, because—like it ought to be, like Brother Roberts and them does, because Brother Roberts has his meetings set two and three years ahead. And he goes to a city, and he can stay there till it's over. And that's all. He can stay as long as he wants to, put his meetings for two or three weeks at a time, sometimes six weeks at a time. But mine, I can be right in the midst of a meeting; He'll give me a vision and send me somewhere else, and just walk right out and leave it. See? So I can't have meetings like those men. They are—they . . . 'Course they're doing just what God told them to do. I believe. That's—they're to do that.

My ministry, I've been right in meetings where people would be packed and jammed and standing on their feet, in a hour's time, be on the road somewhere else. See? It's wherever He calls me, I have to go right then.

I had a group of ministers, recently . . . Oh, they was about to tear me to pieces over here about it. And said, “Oh, Brother Branham, you can't leave.”

I said, “Oh, yes. It's God first.” See? I must go.

And he said, “Well, what about if God told us to set this meeting here?”

I said, “God had a meeting down one time, down in . . . Philip was there preaching, and the Samaritans were being saved, and great joy and power. And the Lord called him aside to talk to one man there: a eunuch of Ethiopia.” Is that right? He never did return to the city any more. See? Obedience is better than sacrifice (Is that right?), hearkening to the fats of rams.

¹² Now, shall we bow our heads just a minute while we talk to the Author of the Book?

Now, our most kind heavenly Father, we address Thee today in Thy great Son's name, Jesus Christ the beloved One. And we ask You, kind heavenly Father, that while we are gathered here in this few moments

now for a little, a—a jubilee time of speaking of the Word, may the Holy Spirit take the Word of God and reveal it to each of us just as we have need of it. Grant it, Lord. He is the only One Who can do this. We may open the Book, but You're the only One Who can interpret the Book? So I pray Thee, Father, that You'll speak to every heart. And circumcise every ear to hear. And circumcise the lips to speak and may the curtains of care of this world be drawn down now, that nothing will be in our minds but the Lord Jesus Christ and His coming and His power and His Deity. May it just be so real to us this afternoon, that the saint's hearts will be rejoiced; that sinners will be condemned and will repent; and sick people may be healed. Grant it, Lord, that we might leave from here tonight with our hearts full of joy and power, rejoicing and thanking You for these blessings, for we ask them in Jesus Christ's Name. Amen.

¹³ Now, we'll just take a few moments of the time. We're just about . . . I'm about a half hour late to what I told Billy I'd go back to the hotel from now, but I will hurry right quick now, and just speak to you a few moments as you pray.

Now, I want to read some Scripture I found here, that I changed my mind after I heard sister sing. I want to read from Saint Matthew the 22nd chapter and beginning with the 41st verse, a very familiar Scripture to most all Bible readers. It's Jesus Christ speaking, and His Word is so real. And His Word is so eternal. Everything in the earth and heaven's will vanish but His Word will remain forever. When God has once said anything, it will remain forever. It cannot be altered.

You know a king's word is not altered; you know that. Like in the—one the—a nation that's controlled by a king; it's not politics to play there. The king has said so and it must be carried out. That settles it. And when God speaks, it must be carried out. There's no altering, playing politics; it's got to be taken out just exactly the way he said it. For, if once spoken, it's established forever in glory. So, when we read His Word, It's eternal and will never cease to exist. I believe His Word with all my heart, all my soul, all my life, all I am. I just hang onto His Word. That's right. I believe it's forever the truth.

¹⁴ Now, listen to our Lord Jesus here, and the 41st verse of the 22nd chapter of the Gospel according to Saint Matthew:

And while the Pharisees were gathered together, Jesus asked them,

Saying, What think ye of Christ? whose son is he? They said unto him, The Son of David.

And He said unto them, How then does David in spirit call him Lord, saying,

The LORD said unto my Lord, Set thou on my right hand, till I make mine—make thine enemies my footstool?

If David then called him Lord, how is he his son?

. . . no man was able to answer him a word, neither durst any man from that day forth ask him any more questions.

¹⁵ I want to take the subject, if it would be called a text, “What think ye of Christ?” Now, that’s a very flat thing to give to a congregation of people, yet, it must be so.

God is going to judge you by your attitude towards Jesus Christ. No man. . . Hell wasn’t made for Christians; hell was made for unbelievers. And God has did everything that He can to keep people to bypass hell so that you won’t have to go there. He sent the law; He sent the prophets; He sent His Son. He sent the Holy Spirit. He sent the churches, the hymns, the everything to try to keep you from going to hell.

Hell was not made for people. Said. . . Hell was created for the devil and his angels; not for human beings. But if you go, it’s because you willfully and want to go. And you can’t go easy. You have to fight your way into it. Did you know that? You can’t go to hell easy? You have to fight your way to it.

¹⁶ I used to think, when I was little boy, and how the first little story you—and the little girl, either, that ever told your mother, there’s a conscience there, said, “Don’t do this, little boy. That’s wrong. Don’t do that.”

You remember when you smoked that little corn silk cigarette out behind the old fireplace, and eat some coffee to keep mother from smelling it on your breath?

“Have you been smoking?”

“No, mama,” and the conscience begin to say, “Don’t do this; that’s wrong.” See? Then you wade over that, and next thing you know, you pass by the church. You hear the hymns; you hear the preaching. Every red light God flashes before you, you just break the barriers down and go right on; don’t pay any attention to conscience or nothing else. Then did God send a person to hell? No, you sent yourself. That’s right. You went on your own accord. God throws every red light in front of you He could, and you just kept moving right on, headlong. You determined to do it.

Now, there’s a red light hanging down here in the city. If you run through that red light, the city’s not responsible for you. You did it on your own will. That’s right. So then God has done everything that He can to keep people and to bring them to Him and love them.

¹⁷ Now, this old, old question of Christ, the virgin birth, how did it ever happen? Some time ago, I was up in the mountains. I'd just moved up there, going—I was going to go bear hunting, and I was going along side of the cliff, and there was a cowboy come riding along. I looked around; I heard a horse. And I was tracking a—an elk. And he said, “Uh, Hello?”

And I said, “Howdy do?”

He said, “What are you tracking?”

I said, “I’m tracking an elk.”

He said, “I don’t want to call you a liar, but you’re tracking a cow.”

I said, “Well, I’ve tracked enough to know that a cow doesn’t have two claws that drops that low and neither has a pointed hoof.”

And so He said, “Well,” he said, “What are you?—What are you?”

And I said, “Well, I’m going back there hunting.” I said, “I’m looking for a fellow by the name of Jeverez.”

He said, “I’m that fellow.”

¹⁸ I said, “Yes. Well, you’re supposed . . . The ranger told me, direct me to a cow fence,” and I said, “From there I’m to go to Corral Peaks.”

He said, “Well, can you ride?”

I said, “A little bit.”

He said, “Well, crawl up back here.”

So I got on there, and he said—went around, he said, “Well, where you from?”

I said, “Indiana.”

And he said, “What’s your occupation?”

I said, “A preacher.”

He said, “A what?”

And I said, “A preacher.”

He said, “You look too intelligent for that.” . . . ? . . .

I said, “Well . . .” I seen you—them westerners was a rather rough talking sort of people: flat, but lovely people.” And well, I said, “Sir, I think that’s a mark of intelligence.”

And he said, “Oh,” said, “I guess you believe that story about Jesus Christ or ever what they called him.”

I said, “Yes, sir.”

Said, “You believe that virgin birth?”

I said, “Yes, sir.”

He said, "If I prove that's a lie, will you believe it?"

I said, "You couldn't do it. There's no way at all for you to do it."

He said, "I. . ." he said, "A person that's got real good sound thinking mind will know that was in error."

"Well," I said, "then I guess you have to class me as not having a sound thinking mind," I said, "because I believe it is the truth just as true as it can be."

And he said, "Well, now, I want to ask you something." He said, "To begin with, I want to state myself that I'm an infidel." He said, "I don't believe in anything about God or nothing else. I don't believe there is such a creature."

And I said, "Oh, you don't?" I said, "Then you are really in a bad shape."

¹⁹ And he said; he said, "Well," said, "I want to tell you something."

I said, "You mean a man can live out here in this beautiful place and tell me you don't believe in God?"

He said, "No, I believe it's just a story like you tell the children at Christmas time: Santa Claus."

I said, "Oh, no. You sure got on the wrong foot, buddy." I said, "I hate to disagree with you, but," I said, "I'll do it, because that I know that you're wrong and you're a human being; and you got just as much right to heaven as anyone else; and you just simply got your mental thinking cap on backwards, that's all." I said, "You're just not—got the thing fixed up right."

And he said, "Oh," said, "yes, I have; it's you the one's all mixed up."

I said, "Well, now is a good time we're by ourself; we got twenty miles of riding today." I said, "Plenty of time to think it over."

²⁰ He said, "Well, I want to tell you something." He said, "The first place, it absolutely could not be so."

And I said, "But why couldn't it?"

And he said, "Well, we'll settle up the principle, the first of the virgin birth."

I said, "That's just a good thing to talk about." I said, "You ever get the virgin birth straightened out, you got Christianity straightened out."

And he said, "Well, I want to tell you something." He said, "It's absolutely impossible for a female to bear without the contact of a male."

I said, "That's correct." I said, "I believe that."

Said, "Then how could this female, Mary, have a baby without being with a man?"

I said, "God was the Father of this baby."

And he said, "Well, how could it . . . ? And you say God is a spirit . . ."

I said, "That's what He is. And He—He was the One Who created the blood cell in the womb of the woman that brought forth the Son Christ Jesus."

He said, "Oh, impossible." Said, "It's impossible." Said, "The woman is just a little slip-up." Like one of the fine . . . I've got a book at home talking of a fine Baptist seminary who teaches the same thing today; that Jesus Christ is a German soldier's son, that Mary was absolutely—and that's from a seminary now. Now you can see how far away from God they're getting. That's right.

²¹ And said, "It—it was all possible that that was true. And being illegitimate, given his wits and so forth like that, and you know, and lot of the artist think he had blond hair, and so forth like that," the think that He . . . ? . . . so forth. Said, "It's every bit a lie."

So I said, "I want to ask you something." I said, "You mean that—that God couldn't create that blood cell?"

He said, "No. First place, there is no such a thing as God." And he give me his theory of it (You know.), about how the moon and stars come together, and the sun, the "Ethics of Darwin," and how that the evolution started. And all these little polliwogs that begin to lose their tails, and they got legs and they begin to walk, and . . .

I said, "Well, what ever happened if all—some of them become men, what happened to the polliwog then? There wouldn't be any more polliwogs." So, he said . . . I said, "I want to ask you something. Will you believe . . . Will admit to me now, that this Baby, Jesus, had a mother. We know that, according to the writings. We seen according to the Bible. Now, He had a mother. But it's absolutely, unscientific to say that He could be born without she had contact with an earthly man?"

He said, "That's exactly right."

I said, "I want to ask you something then. How did the first man get here without father or mother?" Let it be tadpole, or monkey, whatever you want it to be?" According to your statement, he had to have a father and a mother."

²² Friends, I'm telling you: Some people are so narrow minded, you could put a lead pencil between their eyes, it'd blind them. That's right.

They're—they' . . . They just don't look to both sides; they just get some little theory and run away with it. You have to stop and look the thing over.

“According to that then, how'd the first man get here? According to science, he had to have a father and a mother and who was it?” That's what I want to know. When you answer that?” When he answers that I'm ready for it.

He rode on a little bit farther and never said a word. He just set still and rode on a little piece ahead of me, stopped his horse, and come back, and put his arms around me. Said, “I believe you believe that, preacher.”

I said, “I sure do.”

He looked and said, “I lift up my head unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the LORD.” His father was a Baptist preacher; he's a preacher himself. He just wanted see whether I believed it or not. There you are. Oh, brother, I'm telling you. It pays to stand on what you know to be the truth. Yes, sir. The world's a watching. You stand exactly on your convictions and be ready to give a man an answer at any time.

²³ Like the old saying: “Which was the first, the hen or the egg?” You've heard that now; I believe. The hen or the egg, which is the first? Said, “The hen had to come from the egg, and the—was the egg here first? And the egg couldn't be here without the hen.” Well, that's easy. God created the hen, and he laid the egg, and that's the way it started at. Just as easy as any way. That stopped the old questions. Lot of people give those little theories and little things like that. There's really nothing to it.

But now, the main thing, if He was this Son of God . . . Now, as you start to . . . It's coming springtime now. And we know that the blood come from the male. We . . . Won't be long now till the birds are out here, making their nests.

I was watching today, little sparrows take weeds off the street and taken it through the—up in the gutters and things at the hotel, making their nests. There'll be a many a old mother bird that'll make a nest up there and lay a nest full of eggs that'll never hatch, because she hasn't been with the male bird. She can lay the egg. . . Any can lay an egg, but if she hasn't been with the male bird, it will never hatch. It just lays right there, it'll—it rots right in the nest.

²⁴ And the old mother bird can set on that nest until she gets so poor she can't get off the nest. If she'll starve herself to death, a babying those eggs and turning them over, and waiting for them to hatch. But

they'll never hatch; there isn't nothing in them to hatch. There's no life in them.

It reminds me of a lot of these old cold formal churches, you take them in, make deacons out them, D.D.'s out of them and everything else, but if they haven't been with Christ Jesus, and borned again by the baptism of the Holy Ghost, they'll never believe a supernatural God. There's nothing in them to believe with. They're dead to start with, just got a form of godliness but denying the power thereof. That's exactly right. The best thing to do is clean out the nest and start over again. That's right. Instead of taking them in by letter and membership, get them down to the altar and let pray through till God put their names on the Lamb's Book of Life, then they'll stay there. Then they'll bring forth fruit when they've been borned again of the Spirit of God.

²⁵ Now, if I had to put Jesus today on that, and on each individual where you'll have to stand, and as what your opinion is about Jesus Christ: What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He?

Let's call a few characters here in a few moments, and just ask about whose Son He is. What if I'd call up His archenemy? Let's let His enemies testify of Him first. His archenemy is Judas Iscariot, the one that betrayed Him and done Him so ill, and sold Him for thirty pieces of silver. Let's take Him up there, Judas, and ask Judas what you think about Him. Judas, when He seen Him standing there in Pilate's judgment hall, he taken the thirty pieces of silver, and throwed them at the priest's feet, and said, "I've betrayed innocent Blood." And was gentleman enough to take a rope and hang himself. It be a lot better if some of these guys today was just as gentleman about it as Judas had, go hang themselves. And then they—he hung hisself on a sycamore tree.

²⁶ Let's see Pilate, the man who washed His hands. He's standing there, and he's condemning Jesus. He's ready to pronounce judgment, and to find favor with some Roman Emperor. And there he is standing there, ready to pass judgment, saying, "Perform a miracle. Let's see you do something. Who are you? Speak for yourself." And the Lamb of God never even opened His mouth and said a word. He just stood there.

And the first thing you know, I hear a horse coming down the street at a gallop. First thing you know a boy jumps off the horse and runs up, hands him a little piece of paper. Let's look over his shoulder; we notice Pilate became white. He catches his breath. He loses his strength. He begin—he begins to—knees knock together.

Let's look over his shoulder and see what's wrote on it. "Have nothing to do with this just Man" (a pagan wife), "for I have suffered many things because of Him today in a dream."

And there, Pilate said, “Bring me some water. Let me wash my hands; for see to it, I have nothing to say in this matter.” Now, that’s His enemies testifying of Him. That’s right.

Look at the Roman soldier that stood there and pierced His heart with his sword and his spear. When he looked up there and he saw the earth turning black, and the buildings a shaking, the temple rent—the veil from top to bottom, he threw his hand over his heart and said, “Truly that was the Son of God. Yes, sir. His archenemies there a testifying.

²⁷ Let’s ask some of His friends. Let’s call Adam back today, from out of the land of the blessed of where he is. Adam, what do you think about this Man? What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He? Adam would say, “It’s the Seed of the woman that was to crush the serpent’s head,” if Adam could testify.

Let’s call another man by the name of Moses, a very outstanding character of the Bible: the greatest of all the prophets. He was a type of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Priest, and the King, and the Law-Giver; a very perfect type. Never a man talked to God, outside of Christ Himself, like Moses. No prophet, no time. . . . Let’s see what Moses would say if he could stand today. He’d say, “The Lord Your God shall rise up a Prophet liken unto me; and it shall come to pass that any who will not hear Him should be cut off from among the people.” That’s Who Moses thought He was.

Let’s ask Ezekiel, that great prophet Ezekiel. Come here, Ezekiel, come down out of your glory and the . . . What think ye of Christ, Ezekiel? Ezekiel said, “When I saw Him, He was a Wheel in the middle of the wheel, standing way in the middle of the air.” In other words, the whole creation was revolved around that hub in the wheel; every spoke, every rim, everything else depended on the hub in the wheel, the Wheel in the middle of the Wheel, way in the middle of the air.

²⁸ I call Isaiah; he was one of the major prophets. Let’s see what he’d say about Him. Isaiah, what think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He?

Isaiah was a major prophet; he wrote a Bible in itself. There’s sixty-six books in the—in Isaiah, sixty-six chapters in Isaiah, sixty-six books in the Bible. He starts off with creation like Genesis, right in the middle of the book, where the New Testament came, John the Baptist comes up, and then in the end, he ends it in the Millennium: build houses and inhabit them, plant vineyards and eat thereof. He wrote a whole Bible. He was one of the prophets that God got by the top of the neck and raised him up and let him see from end to the beginning, then the beginning to the end, back and forth, and Isaiah wrote it.

What think ye of Christ, Isaiah? He would say, "Why unto us a Son is born, unto us a Child is given. The government shall be upon His shoulders; His Name shall be called Counsellor, Prince of Peace, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father; and of His Kingdom there shall be no end." That's what he'd say. That's right. He wouldn't be like some of these theologians today, who's class Him down just as a mere man or a teacher or a philosopher. He'd . . .

²⁹ I'd say, "Call Daniel." Daniel, that great prophet, who saw the beginning of the end—or the time he saw it down through to the end through a image. Surely, He saw Jesus in there somewhere. If he saw the beginning with the head of gold: King Nebuchadnezzar and the Gentile kingdom. He saw the Medes and Persians and the brass and so forth, out into the Roman Empire, unto His coming. "What think ye of Christ?" Now, Daniel—you great and—prophet of God, mighty in power, "What think ye of Christ?"

He'd say, "I seen all the world's image. I saw it standing there. Then I beheld a Stone cut out of the mountain without hands, that rolled into Babylon, crushed it and become like a grass in the floor with the chaff on it and the wind come and blowed away. And it came into a great mountain that covered all of the earth, the sea, and the sky." That's what he thought of Him: the Stone that was hewed out of the mountain without hands. Daniel, the great prophet . . .

³⁰ Now, let's ask another one who ought to be. Really, let's ask John the Baptist. What do you think of Him, John the Baptist? If John could come down on the scene today and stand here on this platform and testify, John would say, "I knew Him not. But He that told me in the wilderness, 'Go baptize with water,' said 'Upon Whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining on, He's the One that'll baptize with the Holy Ghost and fire.'" He would testify for Him unto the witness of Who He was.

³¹ I think the best authority that there is, that we know of, would be his mother. Don't you think so? If any woman ought to know who the Baby belongs to, the mother ought to. Is that right? Mary, let's call you down this afternoon and ask you. What do you think about Christ? Whose Son is He? You're the mother; you ought to know. You ought to know all about it.

I can hear the little virgin say, "I knew not a man." Hallelujah. "But one day when I was walking from the—up from the virgin well with the bucket of the water on my shoulders, an Angel appeared before me and said, 'Fear not Mary. Hail. Blessed art thou among woman.' Said, 'the Holy Ghost would overshadow me and that Holy Thing that would be born in me, would be called the Son of God.' I believe that's what He

was, the Son of God, the virgin born Son of the living God.” I think that that ought to be an authority, don’t you think so? What do you think Mary? Whose Son is He? She said, “It’s the Son of God.”

³² I think the final authority ought to be . . . Let’s ask Almighty God, Himself. Let’s see from Him, now, Who He says. Out yonder on the Mount Transfiguration, one day, when there was Peter, James, and John standing there, while He’s overshadowed with a cloud and a voice spoke out of it, said, “This is My Beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased.” That sealed once forever for me, because I’m concerned. That . . . What is it? He was the Son of God, not the son of Joseph. That settled it forever. “This is My beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased.” Hallelujah. He is, the Son of God. What think ye?

They said, “He’s the Son of David.” He was the son of David, but the first thing, He was the Son of God by Spirit and by birth. He is the virgin born Son of God.

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus’ Blood and righteousness;
When all around my soul gives way,
Then He’s all my hope and stay.
For On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

³³ If you’d ask me, “Preacher, what you stand up there crowing about? Why don’t you tell us what you think about Him?” Oh, most happily will I do it. Yes, sir. Let me tell you what I think about Him. I think, in His birth He was Wonderful, though He came through by the way of a stable door and went out through capital punishment, yet there’s never been a birth, through potentates, kings, whatever it might be; there’s never been a birth to compare with it and never will be. He was a virgin born Son of the living God.

When He was born, He . . . When He was in His wisdom, He was matchless. There was no one could match His wisdom. And as a preacher, “Never a man spake like this,” said the man who come to see Him. That’s right. As a Healer, He was Divine. Hallelujah. Yes, sir. In His death, He was my Redeemer here.

Living He loved me, Dying He saved me;
Buried, He carried my sins far away;

Hallelujah. Yes, sir. When He was here on earth, He looked like God; He acted like God; He said He was God; He lived like God; He preached like God; He died like God; He reigns like God; He proved He was God. Hallelujah. That’s Who He was. That’s what I think about Him.

34 Every man that's ever amounted to a hill of beans in this life, has been a man who trusted Him and knowed He was the Son of the living God, the incarnated Jehovah here on earth. Yes, sir. No wonder. . .

Down from His glory, ever living story,
My Lord and Saviour came, and Jesus was His Name.
(Certainly.)
He was borned in a manger, to His own a stranger,
The God of sorrow, tears, and agony.

How God condescending and brought Himself down into a form of flesh to redeem mankind, and to heal mankind, and to make the life pleasure while we were living here, to take us into glory. Why, every man that's ever lived that amounted to anything believes that with all their heart.

35 Let's call some of the great poets on the scene today, authors and you solid men. Every man that ever had a ounce of inspiration had to be given to that Man Christ Jesus. Hallelujah. Let's ask Eddie Perronet, "What you think about Him?" When he was back there and he was all down; he'd been a drunk and a neurotic, and everything else. . . ? . . . So he said. Then one day inspiration struck him; he grabbed his pen; he wrote:

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
I was blind, but now I see.
'Tis grace that taught me, oh, to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did the grace appear
The hour I first believed!

36 Let's ask Gilmour. What do you think about Him? He was a restless man. He was all the way through England, over here, and different places. What do you think about Him? One day when inspiration struck him, and Christ come to his heart, he said,

I've anchored my soul in a haven of rest,
I'll sail the wild seas no more;
The tempest may sweep over the wild, stormy deep,
But in Jesus I'm safe evermore. (Hallelujah.)

37 Let's ask Thompson. What do you think about Him? Oh—or Charles Wesley, let's ask you what? One day, setting down and a storm coming up, and he was out on the beach. A storms blowed and the little sparrow went into his bosom. He took him on the inside, and he kept him in there; after the storm was over, he set him on his little finger, like that, and the little old sparrow flew his wings into the sky, into the

sunlight. Faith struck down in his bosom, till after the storm was over, he wrote,

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;

That's what Wesley would say about Him. That's what John Wesley would say—or Charles Wesley, rather, the great poet and song writer.

³⁸ And now, let's ask Hopkins, What would you think? Or ask Lowell Mason, What would you think? Here's what he would say,

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
And let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

³⁹ Oh, what do you think of Christ tonight, audience? What do you think of Him today as He appears? What do you think of Him today as the Matchless One? I believe He's the same yesterday, today, and forever. His power . . . ? . . .

Eddie Perronet. Let's ask him. He was a man who was considered; they told him he was crazy. And one day while standing in his room, the inspiration struck him. He grabbed a pen, and God let him write to the immortal wisdom, crowning of the coming of the Lord Jesus. He said,

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

⁴⁰ Oh, my. Old blind Fanny Crosby, What do you think of Christ? Whose Son is He? She was blind. She never saw daylight. She don't know daylight from dark. What do you know about Him? She said,

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

Whom in heaven but Thee?

Another one wrote,

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

⁴¹ Chicago, I ask you this afternoon, "What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He?" In His resurrection power, when He walked here on earth, He saw visions; He done miracles; He performed things. And He said, "These things that I do, shall you also." Nightly, you see those things performed right here in this church. What's your opinion of Jesus Christ? He's the Son of the living God. Isn't He? That's right.

I could ask today, Dwight Moody, what do you think of Jesus Christ? When he was dying there, he was asked that question, I believe, when he was dying. And he said, "Is this death?" He said, "This is my coronation day." Hallelujah. I tell you:

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our life sublime,
With partings leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing over life's solemn main,
For forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.

⁴² My brother, my sister, "What think ye of Christ?" It's an individual question. It's a personal question to every one of you. Let's not reject Him in our generation. Let's accept Him as the virgin born Son of God. Build our hopes on nothing less than Jesus Blood and righteousness.

Let's stand now and give our testimony, tell the world what we think about Him; Who He is, what He is, and what He is to us.

⁴³ What did I do when laying yonder in the hospital? At Mayo Brothers they looked at me and said, "Well, you haven't got very much longer to stay here." What could I think of Christ, He Who comes to me that night in a vision. When they said, "It's impossible, Reverend Branham, for you to ever come out. . ." But in His amazing grace, He come to me, said, "Don't fear. I'm with you. And you're going to preach the Gospel." Hallelujah. He said. . .

⁴⁴ If I should ask little Georgie Carter, laying yonder, "What think ye of Christ," laying there nine years and eight months without even a stick of hope, then Jesus came along and made her perfect well.

What if I could call E. Howard Cadle from here in Indianapolis, a drunken sot, laying out yonder, the flyblows on him when he was laying in the barroom? When he walked down into the of bottom of his church, where the Democratic relatives threw his own mother's picture on the scrap heap down there, tears rolled down out of his eyes. What think ye of Christ? Christ rose him up and he sent him thousands of souls. That drunkard, what God did for him, it's amazing grace to what He give to Howard Cadle.

Not only that but every man and woman in here, wretched, blind. You'd been have been a prostitute on the street, when if—it hadn't have been for Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Men, I don't know what would've become of you. I'd have been dead and in my grave a long ago. And many of would be the same, if it wasn't our faith was anchored in Jesus Christ as the Son of the living God.

“What think ye of Christ?” He's the Son of the living God. Oh, how I love Him. How I adore Him. How matchless and how lovely He is. May His blessings ever stay upon you.

⁴⁵ And I pray tonight, that His Holy Spirit will be poured upon you people here and that great signs and wonders will take place in this building tonight. “What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He?”

How could He be a son of a man and do such things? How He saved the world? Everything that has ever happened, every civilization come by Him. Every coin of money that's worth anything, nearly, has the Name of God upon them. Every nation that has—recognizes the God, has become a civilization. And the others become heathens and pagans. Every place a woman's respected, is where He—is where God is usually Jesus Christ is believed as the Son of God. And in nations where God and Jesus is not recognized, woman's morals are no more than a cow, they're bringing down the street by the dozens, and swap them and everything else, as women and wives and things like that. Only respect and decency and everything else come by people who recognized Him to be the Son of God. And He's vindicated His works in all the nations that has believed where that remnant stands. Yes, sir, civilization come by . . .

⁴⁶ Here not long ago, I climbed up to the Statue of Liberty, up to where that big arm is and went out there, and there's a bunch of little dead sparrows.

Infidels may rise and come, skeptics may rise. I go down here to your museum, and they throwed me out nearly the other day. When I walked in there . . . Many of you's been down here. Went down there and they had a hundred thousand years ago what a man was, all the way down through: come up out of the tree or something like that, the

tree, family tree. And such tommyrot as that, we put up with it to be taught in our schools. Why don't the people in name of high heaven, stand and reject that? Mercy, it's a disgrace. No wonder we hatched out thirteen million infidels in the last two years is because such stuff as that. Them poor little tender minds . . .

And then you can come to a church where they're trying to preach the Gospel and to demonstrate the power of the Holy Ghost, they call us holy rollers, and write them up, and all kinds of things that they can say about them. Shows the devil on the rampage; but God's church will never fail; she'll move from victory unto victory until Jesus comes for His Bride. Hallelujah.

The storms may come, waves may come; but the church of God will remain forever. She's going into it, just as certain as I'm standing here this afternoon. Amen.

⁴⁷ Looking at those little old sparrow laying there, I said to the guard that was with me; I said, "What's the matter with them little birds?"

He said, "They died last night." Said, "There's a storm come up, and they was flying right in the storm." And said, "They come into the light; instead of using the light from the Statue of Liberty, to go to peace, they come and tried black the light out, and they beat against it with their little heads until they beat their brains out." And they're laying there dead, because they refused to follow the light, but tried to beat it out."

I said, "O God, what a example it is. And men and women, raising up today, and people who try to deny God's Bible, and Jesus to be the virgin born Son of God; they're just beating their brains out instead of taking the light, the baptism of the Holy Ghost, advancing on to victory and power and overcoming. Only to . . . They're only beating their heads out. God's church will remain forever. "Upon this rock, I'll build My Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

When Peter made his first confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," He said, "Blessed art thou, Peter, for flesh and blood has not revealed this to you. You never learned in the seminary. You never learned it from what somebody else said, but My Father, which is in heaven has revealed this to you. And upon this rock I'll build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." It showed the gates of hell would be against it, but it could not prevail; for the church of the living God shall move on. Oh, great church of God, who stands . . . ? . . . with . . . ? . . .

⁴⁸ How in the Testament, the Old Testament, what a beautiful picture was given of His death, burial, and resurrection. When a man had leprosy, a type of sin; when he was healed by God, he offered two

turtledoves. They brought the doves or the pigeons out. They pulled the head of one off, turned him over like this, and bled the blood all over the living mate. And then they took the living mate to the window and turned him loose. And as the living mate went, flying his little wings, he bathed the earth with the blood of the dead mate, crying, "Holy, holy, holy, unto the Lord." The living Mate, the Husband of the church of God, is Jesus Christ, Who was killed on Calvary for a sacrifice for leprosy, cleansing of sin and sickness; and His life and the Blood was poured out upon the church; and she's a crossing the world today, preaching the old time Gospel holiness, and the power of the resurrection of the Spirit of Jesus Christ, crying, "Holy, holy, holy unto the Lord." He is the virgin born, no sex connected with it at all. He is the Son of the living God." There is my hopes; there is my strength; there is my faith built on that right there.

⁴⁹ And at nighttime and different times when I meet demons face to face, there's my faith is built there. Both heaven and earth will pass, but that'll never. He is the virgin born Son of the living God.

If you don't know Him today, find Him quickly. Let Him come to you and rescue your souls. If there's a shadow of doubt in your mind, if there's only a hope there, take all your hope and put faith there in its place. And upon this rock God will build His church, and the gates of hell cannot prevail against it.

What think ye of Christ? What does every one of you think? What will you think after the service is over tonight? What did you think when it was over last night? What do you think when the revival's over? I believe God is going to send it to the Chicago. And there we're coming back from overseas, I'd like to put up Jack Coe's big tent out here, seats about fifteen thousand, and stay here about three, or four, five months, till I see Chicago broke to pieces for the glory of God; every Christian united together; and the power of God moving in an old fashion Holy Ghost revival, preaching the same Gospel that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. May God grant it, is my prayer. May God bless you and pray for that end; and that's my hope; that's my faith; that's what I believe, that Jesus Christ is the virgin born Son of the living God. Shall we pray.

⁵⁰ Our heavenly Father, we thank Thee today for Jesus, Thy Son, Who has saved us from a life of sin, Who has redeemed us by His Blood; Who has given us Eternal Life. And we pray that Your blessings will be made known to every one in here. Oh, eternal One, shed forth Thy great wings over this building, and make these people know You now, in the pardoning of sin. And may those here, who has not got the baptism of the Holy Ghost, may they receive it right this afternoon.

Now, while you have your heads bowed in prayer, each one of

you, I'm going to ask you a question? Have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed? Have you actually felt the power of God that changed your life and you become a new creature? That's when the egg becomes fertile. That's when you accept Jesus Christ in that way, you become . . .

You say, "Well, I believe." So does the devil. You say, "I've confessed." So did the devil. So did Cain, so do his followers; so did the formal churches all along. But, my friends, you don't know what it is, until Jesus Christ has been resurrected in your heart by the power and demonstration of the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Do you have it? Is it in your heart?

⁵¹ While the organist comes to the organ just a moment, if you will, and the pianist to her place, I want you to be in prayer. And I want to ask you this solemn question. If you haven't got the baptism of the Holy Spirit, will you stand to your feet, saying, "Brother Branham, right now I believe that God's going to give me the Holy Spirit. I'm now accepting It."

If you're a sinner, stand and say, "I want to accept Him as my personal Saviour." If not, "I want to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost." God bless you. They're standing everywhere, everywhere around the building. And that's right. That's right. All right. Just say "He touched me."

⁵² While the pianist plays softly. Oh, that's right, that's right. Many are standing. God bless you. Some elderly people . . .

Oh, if—if you have judged me right, to be God's servant, if the Holy Spirit has convinced you that I've told the truth in Christ Jesus, may He grant to you the baptism of the Holy Ghost this afternoon. May this be the—the coronation time of your experience. May God cap it this afternoon with the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Friends, we need power today. We need, not a revival, not to bring new members in. We don't need new membership, but we need a revival of Divine power, and joy in human hearts, that transforms them away from the things of the world and makes them new creatures. Anyone else would stand before the closing prayer. If you will, stand to your feet. All right. God bless you. God bless you. All right. May the Lord Jesus Christ grant the blessings of God.

Now, while you bow your heads everywhere, if you will, and softly now in prayer . . . All right, every one bow your head now, and be in prayer. Everyone. Come, Brother Boze and leads the assembly right now in prayer, if you will. 

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