
WHAT WENT YE OUT TO SEE?



If I . . . we closed the service just now, I'd say I've had a good time, listening to these testimonies. And—and when I walked in and looked at the little tabernacle, how pretty it looks, there's no excuse for people, around Utica here, not coming to church. Is there? Certainly have did good here, the folks have, to make a nice, comfortable, pretty place. And a place where it's not so ritzy that you just feel like you—you—you feel discomfoted, but just really feel comfortable, just nice, clean, neat. I like that in church.

² I thought, that little poem that Brother Graham . . . Both of them that he read were just—just hit the spot. You know, it's . . . It is a— a thing, that those who usually try to run someone else down, has— has never got caught. Well, I'm one of them, Brother Graham, has got caught, several times, so I know just what it means.

³ But I was told one time, that, over at the Ballard and Ballard's, there was a fellow went over to get him a job, and they asked him to sign his name to the paper. And when he went to sign his name, he did not have any . . . an eraser on the end of the pencil.

And the man told him, said, "You have no eraser."

He said, "Well, I don't make any mistakes."

⁴ And Mr. Ballard said, "Then I can't use you. You ain't going to do nothing." So that's about . . . I think that's about right. If we don't make mistakes, we not be doing anything. But what I like about a person, is that, when you make a mistake, a real soldier is ready to rise and try again. There used to be a little song we sang.

If I fall or if I fail, (*something or other*)
Let me rise and try again;
Forgive me, Lord,
And try me one more time.

⁵ I prayed that so much, to God, till I'm ashamed of myself, almost. "Let me rise and try again." Constantly falling, and each time, why, He's been merciful to help me to come back again.

⁶ Now, if we just look it over, there isn't an hour through the day, hardly, but what something we do that's wrong. And now there's no little ones or big ones, they're all big ones before God. So if Apostle Paul had to die daily, how much more will we have to die daily! See?

⁷ And then, I think, a person that has done something wrong and is willing to make it right, the real Christian attitude is to forgive that

person. And there is where, I think, Brother Graham, that the church people, today, miss it so much; instead of trying to raise this person back up again, is to just keep shoving them farther. See? As, see, Christ, when we were the lowest, He stooped and picked us up, and so that makes it to where that we ought to have that kind of a spirit, too.

⁸ I just can't call his name; maybe some of you brethren can. I been thinking of it since I come up here. Paul was . . . He had caught a runaway slave. I can't think of what his name was, just now. However, he owed a great debt. And Paul had been so into love with Christ, till he sent word to the master that owned the slave. He said, "Now he has become a beloved brother. And all that he has done, and all that he owes you, see, put it on my account. And I'll pay you when I come by." See, Paul had been a Christian, so long, until he—he knew what it was to forgive, what it meant to forgive somebody. He had been forgiven, hisself. And I think every Christian, that's really been forgiven, knows appreciations of forgiveness.

⁹ I just heard the testimony Brother Graham give about Brother Busty. That's Brother Rodgers, Sister Creech's father. He was operated, a few days ago, and they found cancer, and they just sewed him up. So let's continually pray for him. But one of the sweetest things . . . Brother Creech had called me, to go and to see him, and I didn't know he was in the hospital. And when I went in the room, he said, "Brother Bill," he said, "I've often heard you all speak about laying hands on somebody."

¹⁰ I said, "Yes, Busty." I called him "Busty." It's his nickname. Really his name is Everett. I said, "Yes."

¹¹ He said, "I just know why I come in here." He said, "He's been with me ever since I come in." He said, "And Something laid Its hands on me, a while ago." And over in a corner he saw a rainbow. Right then you know that Something is moving up. It's close to the hour. But the grace of God to that . . . I'm not saying this because it's Sister Creech's father. But he's a fine man. I think I baptized him, years ago, into the Name of the Lord Jesus, but he never did become that real consecrated, born-again experience that we like to see, Brother Graham. That's when it happened, there in the hospital. He's a changed man. The grace of God, Who—Who ordained him with Eternal Life, gave a rainbow. And a rainbow is a covenant, keeping His covenant with him, and he's ready to go. So happy for that. He's a veteran of the First World War.

¹² And a while ago, or this morning, rather, I was called to an old friend. I didn't . . . had a hard time finding her. Many of you remember Mrs. Morris, downtown. Brother Ruddell just visit there, a while ago. And she's been unconscious for several days. And she's just calling, all the time. And when I got in there, she was calling my name when I

went in. Said, "Billy is a good boy." Said, "He had a hard time." Said, "I—I wanted to see him before I go." Then she'd wait just a minute, say, "Have you ever seen him yet? I—I want to see Billy." In a few minutes, she spoke to her husband that was gone on, oh, forty, fifty years ago, talked to him. And begin to talk to her loved ones. You know what that means, that it's just near the Gate.

13 And isn't that strange? Even blind as she can be . . . She's in a world of darkness. She's ninety years old, right at ninety, about eighty-nine, something. And now, yet, her eyes is so close to the other side, till she can see the—the objects on the other side, and can't see them on this side. Did you ever think of that? Watch a loved one, when they come down to the end of the road? Watch them.

14 Old Brother Bosworth, an old associate of mine, I rushed down to Florida, to see him, Meda and I, about two years ago, when he was dying, nearly ni- . . . eighty something, eighty-four, I believe. He had just come from Africa with me, on a meeting. There lay this godly, old man in a little corner. I walked in, I . . . Them little, old arms reached out for me, an old veteran of about seventy years of preaching. And I got him in my arms like *that*. I screamed, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."

15 And I sat down on the side of the bed with him, put his head over on my shoulder. I . . . He kind of was patting me. He said, "Son," said, "don't fail. Hit them fields, quickly, 'cause we haven't got much time."

I said, "You realize you're going?"

16 Said, "Yes. I'm going, just pretty soon." He said, "I want to tell you something, Brother Branham, this is the happiest time of all my life."

17 And I said, "Why would you say that, Brother Bosworth, and you're—you're dying?"

18 "Why," he said, "any minute, I'm looking for Him to come in the door, to get me, the One that I've loved all these years." I . . . We left him, wife and I, and then when we went back . . .

19 About an hour or two before he died . . . He was sleeping, and he woke up, looked in the room. He said, "Dad!" Raised up in his strength and shook hands with his daddy, with his mother. He said, "Here is Brother John. You was converted in my meeting, fifty years ago. Here is *so-and-so*." Shook hands with his converts that had been gone for years and years.

20 What happens then, friend? I think that we don't realize just what this is all about. Sometimes I wonder, even when we come to meeting, to worship, if we haven't got the, kind of the wrong impression, to think that we come merely to meet together. That's good. It has its purpose.

Or, to rejoice and have a good time, that has its purpose. But we're in a preparation. We're preparing for something.

²¹ And I've said this several times. It might be good to make it again. As I begin to get older, and begin to see that my days is shortening, I begin to think of this life in a way, Brother Graham, like it was—it was a nightmare I been having. Many of us here has dreamed, and got in a serious dream. You try to fight yourself. Many of you has done that. I've done it, many time. Trying to wake yourself up, somehow you know that you are asleep.

²² And I feel that's about like life is. Just about time we think we're straightened out, and everything is going to be fine, then something comes along and knocks it out again. Now, all you people, that's up especially around my age, know that. Trials and battles of life! So sometimes I try to wake myself up, "O Lord!" And one of these mornings, or one of these evenings, or sometime, I'll wake up. I'll be in His Presence. Then all trials and sorrows will be over. I hope that is be true. I hope that someday I can wake to be like Him. That's my heart's desire, is to wake in His likeness, to see Him.

²³ And, as Paul said, now there's one thing that I want to make sure of, while I can, in my right mind. I want to make sure, that, "I know Him in the Power of His resurrection," no matter what else takes place. If I die a pauper, and they bury me in a potter's field, or my grave shall be in the bottom of the river or the sea, wherever it may be, I want to know one thing. I want to know Him. That's all that counts now, that's right, to know Him in the Power of His resurrection.

²⁴ For I know this, there's a great big door set out in front of me, and it's called *death*, and it's 'fore each one of us. And every time our heart beats, we are one beat closer to that door. It won't beat that beat again. We're one beat closer, and one of these days we're coming up to that door. It's called *death*, and each one of us is going to meet it. And when I get there, I sure don't want to go in there like a coward. I want to go in there with His robes wrapped around me, and His grace. Knowing this one thing, that, when He calls, I'll come out of there, someday. That's what I live for, today, is to do that, to know Him and to serve Him.

²⁵ And these younger ministers here, Brother Graham, and like Brother Ruddell and them, I certainly exhort them to hold on, keep pressing on. When I walked in tonight and set back there and heard them songs, just singing the . . . when they're clapping the hand, like *Come And Dine*. Why, I could see Sister Snelling, just as well, standing there, clapping her hands, like, singing, "Come and dine. The Master calleth, 'Come and dine.'" Just as well, and see all those old saints that's

gone on. Well, they're just waiting across the border yonder. And I—I—I want to see them, one of these days, the old mother, Pugh. I can see Aunt Noan standing out there at the door, that time when she was so awful bad. I come walking up, Brother George and I, said, "Well, there's one resurrection of the dead," said, "I'm that person." I can just see her so plain, Sister Weber and all those others.

²⁶ Say, by the way, I think Frankie is doing all right now. I called him, long distance, the other night, prayed with him again. He said—said, "This is the first time I felt the touch of God in years." He said, "I'll make my visit to the tabernacle, one of the first things, as soon as I get back to Indiana, get back down here." So, praise the Lord. Frankie is a good boy, a fine boy. He's had his up's and down. Don isn't here, is he? Yeah. Didn't think, here. But he's—he's had his up's-and-down's, but God will take him off the scene, one of these days, if he don't come on. So, let's pray for him.

'Fore we open the Word, let's bow our heads to the Writer.

²⁷ O great, Holy Spirit of God, as life begins, this mortal life begin to gray the hairs, and wrinkle the brow, we can feel that vibration of Life Eternal within our mortal beings, and it swells into our throats. When we know that if it wasn't for You, that, as soon as this life is over, it would all be finished. But, as Paul of old said, "Thanks be to God Who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Death could not sting him, or neither could the grave hold him. And the dust of that sainted body waits the resurrection, tonight, but his soul is in the Presence of Christ, who he said, "It was far better to part, than to be with."

²⁸ And the great Gospel that he so boldly proclaimed in his days, even from behind prison bars, wrote when his eyes was bothering him so bad till he wrote in great large letters. And had fought with beasts, and had many stripes upon his body. That same glorious Gospel, we are contending with all that's in us, to keep It moving on until that day.

²⁹ We are grateful for this little tabernacle, for its pastor, its members, all the board, and for the little city which it stands in; for truly, Lord, this is where I preached my first sermon. And I pray, O Lord, that this little church and the spirit of building it will remain until the Coming of the Lord Jesus, and that all that is members here, and comes here, there will be none of them lost. I pray for a great spiritual awakening here in Utica. May the Power of Jesus Christ sweep over this little city and call many to Christ. Bless all that's concerned in these things, Lord.

³⁰ We would ask that the Holy Spirit speak to us, tonight. Give them that great meeting, Sunday, that they're anticipating. May it be glorious by Thy Presence.

31 Forgive us of our sins. And if by chance there would be one among us, who doesn't know You tonight, this gracious hope does not beat beneath their bosom, then may they find it tonight, Lord, that great wells of joy springing up into Eternal Life. Hear our humble prayer.

32 Bless the reading of the Word. And may the Spirit take the Words and plant them where they would do the most good. For we ask it in the Name of the Lord Jesus. Amen.

33 You know, when I come to Utica, doesn't seem like coming up here to preach. It just seems like coming up here to talk to people a little while, 'cause I know you all, and just a little fellowship.

34 Now let's read, tonight, from Matthew the 11th chapter, a few verses, down about the 15th.

35 I like to read His Word, because His Word is true and It's Eternal. Now, reason I like to read His Word, because my words will fail, I'm a man, but His Words can never fail. And to you precious people that's here, tonight, I know if no more than reading this Word, you'll get something, you'll go home, for this is the Food that Brother Graham was speaking of. And may He quicken It to us, as we read.

And it came to pass, when Jesus had made an end of commanding his twelve disciples, he departed thence and to teach and to preach in their cities.

Now when John had heard in the prison the works of Christ, he sent two of his disciples,

And said unto him, Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?

Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and show John again these things which you do hear and see:

The blind receive their sight, . . . the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up, and the poor has the gospel preached unto them.

And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me.

And as they departed, Jesus began to say unto the multitudes concerning John, What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with . . . wind?

But what went you out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? behold, they that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses.

But what went you out for to see? A prophet? yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet.

For this is he, . . . whom it is written, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.

Verily I say unto you, Among them that are born of woman there has not risen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he.

And from that day, days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent taketh it by force.

For all the prophets and . . . law prophesied until John.

And if you will receive it, this is Elias, which was for to come.

He that has an ear to hear, let him hear.

36 If I should try to take a little text, for a talk, for a context of this subject, I would take this: *What Went Ye Out To See?*

37 John, in his day, by the world, was considered a wild man. He was half naked, piece of sheepskin wrapped around him, and woolly beard over his face, and his hair probably stood out from the side. And to the . . . just the world, the people out in the world, he was a wild man. We'd call him "crazy," just an old hermit that lived out into the wilderness.

38 To the church, being that he preached, he was a fanatic. The church thought, "That man absolutely is a, strictly, a religious crank." If he had a been, today, he would have been no less thought of today than he was then, because the world doesn't change. The people comes along, and new generations rise up, but the spirit that governs the world, is just as it was then. And it will be, as long as there is a world.

39 But those who knew John, those who believed him, they went out to see something that was real.

40 There it divides, today, as it was then, in three different classes: the world, the church, and the real, true believer. That's the way the world stands today: the world, the unbeliever; the church, the lukewarm member; and then the real, true believer. Some people go out into churches to find fault with that church. And some people go out to be a social standing, or what they would think a better class, or a get-together. Others go out to find peace, go to find God in something real. That's the one that gets the benefit of the meeting. I've always said that the Gospel produces three types of people: the unbeliever, the make-believer, and a believer. And it's always been that way. It just depends on what you go for, the attitude that you have.

41 The Message that he preached, why, the world would not go out to hear a Message like that. They would condemn It, today, just as much as they did then. Same thing, if that same Message was to be preached.

42 But It must not have been too bad a Message. Jesus said, “There wasn’t a man ever born, till that time, was as great as John the Baptist.” Jesus okayed his Message. He said, “Did you go to hear a wind that shakes the reeds, just bends to everything? Not John.” He said, “Then did you go to see a man in fine clothing?” He said, “I say to you, that they that wear fine clothing are of kings’ palaces. But,” He said, “what did you go to see then, a prophet? I say unto you, more than a prophet was John. For this is he who was prophesied, or foretold, that, ‘He would prepare the way before Thy face.’”

A great man, John, but the world couldn’t see it that way.

43 What was it about John that attracted the attention? To some of them they went to see a wild man, swinging his hands, half naked, hair all over his body. He was rather a rude-looking person, probably his arms, hands, ’cause he was a perfect type of Elijah, and Elijah was a hairy man.

44 And they went to see him. Some of them went to see him, to just to see what he looked like. Others went to see, to disagree with him. Others went to see, to find what good they could get out of it. That’s the way it would be today if he come. If he was here today or his Message would be carried on just as it was then, it would be the same thing. Now let’s. . .

45 If his Message was so stunting, of then, that It shook the regions, let’s see what he preached. The first thing he preached was repentance to all.

46 And repentance always blinds the eyes of the unbeliever, or the church member. The church member feels that he has nothing to repent of. And when that person, or persons, get to that place where you think you’ve got nothing to repent of, you’re in a more serious condition, though being a—a—a member of the church, you’re in a more serious condition than the sinner on the street.

47 For, the Scripture said, over in the Book of Revelations, talking about the church, said, “She was naked, wretched, miserable, and blind, and didn’t know it.”

48 Now, if a man was on the street, and was blind, that would be horrible. If he was poor, would be horrible. Naked; horrible. But, not knowing it, that’s the miserable part. And there’s people, today, that claim to be Christians, that belong to church, that doesn’t know that they need repentance. And to tell someone that, it stirs them up.

49 Now, when John begin to preach repentance to those people of the church, they said, “Looky here. We got Abraham to our father. We don’t need none of these wild preachers coming out of the wilderness.

These uneducated groups, undenominationalists. We don't need any of their hollering and going on, for we have Abraham to our father."

50 So would that same Message blind the church today. If you asked a person, quickly, "Are you a Christian?"

Say, "Yes."

51 Quickly they'll say, "What denomination do you belong to?" Now, that's all right, but it has nothing to do with Christianity.

52 One of them will say, "Well, I'm a Methodist, or a Baptist, or a Presbyterian," or whatever church that they happen to be affiliated with. Which is perfectly all right, but that doesn't answer the question. You still need repentance, and repentance shakes the people. They think they don't need it.

53 "I'm—I'm the deacon. I'm. . . I do certain things at—at the church." That doesn't excuse anything. You still need repentance.

54 And John was simply confirming the promise of God and preaching against intellectual religion. And if he is. . . that same Message went forth, today, it would raise just as much of a—a stir among the religious people as it did then. Cause, the only difference they say, "In having Abraham for our father," they say, today, "Well, I want you to know, I'm a member of a *certain-certain* congregation."

55 And John said, "But the ax is laid at the root of the tree, and every tree that don't bring forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." And he said, "He's coming with a fan in His hand, and He'll thoroughly purge the floors, and burn up the chaff, and gather the wheat into the garner."

56 Oh, no wonder Jesus said, "There was not a man born like him." And the reason that John did this, he was a special person. God equips a man, He equips him with His Own material. They didn't go out in the wilderness to hear an intellectual lecture, something that would be like a politician's speech. Jesus said, "What did you go to hear when you went out?" When the people that heard John, heard a man that was born, from his mother's womb, full of the Holy Ghost. They didn't hear a compromiser on the Gospel. They didn't hear denominations argued, "*This* one is right, and *that* one is wrong." They heard a Gospel Message that cut to the heart.

57 John preached the baptism of the Holy Spirit. He never preached something that he didn't have. He preached what he had received.

58 And men of God that's sent into the fields, today, has no right to preach the Gospel, without the baptism of the Holy Spirit. That's the first qualification of a minister, is to be filled with the Holy Ghost.

⁵⁹ “So what did you go to see? A man dressed in soft clothes?” He said, “Those that are dressed in soft clothes are of kings’ palaces.” John was too far from Hollywood, to be a dressed-up social sort of a preacher.

“What did you go to hear? A man with a fine education?”

⁶⁰ John went into the wilderness at the age of nine years old, the history says. His education come from God. Why, did they go to see his campaign manager, an eloquent man who could fix up the campaigns and get all the churches to cooperate? Why, of course not. He rebuked Pharisees and Sadducees. He called the ministerial association “a group of snakes.” He said, “Oh, you vipers, who has warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Don’t start saying within yourself, ‘We belong to *this*, or we belong to *that*,’ for God is able of these stones to rise children to Abraham.” What we need today is some more John the Baptist preaching, anointed with the Holy Spirit. And he did not take back, when they seen when he preached on marriages and divorces. He preached right straight, on the straight Gospel, because he didn’t take It back. Why? He was anointed. He couldn’t help being what he was.

⁶¹ You can’t help being what you are. Even if you’re a sinner, you’re not responsible for being a sinner. You’re responsible for remaining a sinner. There is a way prepared for you. But to be a sinner, you was born that way. God doesn’t send you to hell for being a sinner. God sends you to hell because you won’t repent and take Christ as your Saviour. You refuse to take the right road. You send yourself to torment. You send your own soul to its Eternal destination, upon the free moral agency of your own convictions. God does not send anyone to hell. He never did and He never will. Men send themselves to hell because they refuse to—accept the way of salvation. God isn’t . . . He is longsuffering. He doesn’t want any to perish; never wanted it.

⁶² But men rather walk in darkness than to walk in Light. The reason of it is, they’ve . . . They are born in that condition, and have no desire to take the Light. And messengers come, from east and west, and north and south, and throw barricades. Song service, testimonies, preaching, across the path of the sinner, and he deliberately walks right through them and then say that God is responsible or guilty. God is good and full of mercy. And He wouldn’t want no one lost. But man wants to be lost because it’s his desire. He refuses to walk in Light, that’s what makes him be lost. All right.

⁶³ Now, John, he was against this intellectual preaching. He had no education, so therefore he could not have got cooperation.

⁶⁴ I suppose, even in a city of this size, if Brother Graham would try to say, “Now we’ll have a revival here, and we’ll go all over the city . . .” I seen when he had his revival, that, on the crossroads, a little sign, said,

“Revival in Utica.” It didn’t say what church. It just said, “There’s a revival going on. Come. Everybody is welcome.” I imagine, if he went from preacher to preacher, around over the country here, he’d have a hard time getting full cooperation. He wouldn’t do it.

⁶⁵ If I come in here to hold a campaign with him, Brother Beeler and Brother Ruddell, and all of us together, got together to hold a campaign in Jeffersonville or New Albany, or somewhere, we’d have—we’d have to draw the crowds by our own preaching, and by the Holy Spirit. Churches would say, “Well, we have nothing to do with that. What seminary are they from? Where is their backing?”

⁶⁶ Our credentials, as John would say, “It doesn’t come from you Pharisees. God called me to preach the Gospel. That’s my credentials.” All God-sent men stand on the same grounds. The church don’t send you. God sends a God-sent man. And John was of that type.

⁶⁷ Jesus said, “What went you out to see? Did you go to see a—a Pharisee, or a Sadducee? Methodist, or a Baptist, or a Presbyterian? What did you go to see? Was he dressed fine? Was he—was he eloquent in his speech?”

⁶⁸ What did he do but stand there and condemn everything that was wrong! Even the tetrarch went out to see him, which is the governor of state; drove out there, living with his own brother’s wife. John walked up to him and said, “It’s not lawful for you to have her.” Yes!

⁶⁹ “What did you go to see? Did you go to see a denominational preacher? Did you go to see an intellectual speaker?”

⁷⁰ Why, today, that would be far from what the world would want today. Why, they want something that’s eloquent; great, famous tents and flags, or some great Doctor of Divinity; all the churches cooperating, intellectual men going before, intellectual talks.

⁷¹ But when you see a man of God, he’s usually out in the alley somewhere, standing on the street, or some little building, preaching the unadulterated Gospel of Jesus Christ. That’s the man that God sent, brother, laying the ax to the root of the tree, preaching the Gospel regardless of what people think about it. Stands alone!

⁷² “What went you out to see, a man with a great education?” Certainly not, he had none. Went into the wilderness, the age of nine. He come out, the age of thirty.

⁷³ Preaching repentance! Rebuking Pharisees! Why did he do it? He couldn’t help being what he was. The Spirit of Elijah was upon him. He couldn’t help because he wore clothes like he did. His nature was that. He couldn’t help preaching on women running loose, for the Spirit of Elijah was on him. He was what he was. He told Herodias, he told her

off, to the face. He told the people what he thought. Why, he couldn't help it. That was his anointing. He was Elijah.

⁷⁴ Then if a man or a woman . . . Your anointing tells on you. Whatever your spirit is, moves you. You're motivated by a spirit. And if the Spirit of Jesus Christ is on the Christian, the believer, no wonder he's a peculiar person. No wonder, there's Something moving in him. The call of God is in him. The Spirit of Christ is motivating him, and he has to move as the Spirit moves him.

⁷⁵ Could you imagine seeing John walk down there, say, "Oh, *that's* all right. *This* is all right." As long as the Spirit of Elijah was on him, he acted like Elijah.

⁷⁶ When you take these people that goes now, starts off and says, "Oh, I'm going to be a Christian," and they start off all right. First thing, about six months, they start going back. Start *this* way, *that* way. You can tell right then that the anointing is leaving them. For as long as the Spirit of Christ is in you, It'll make you Christ-like.

⁷⁷ Now a lot of people has the wrong impression of Christ. Some people thinks that Christ was a sissy. Christ was the greatest of all men. He was the example man. Not only was He man, but He was God-Man. He was "God with us; Emmanuel." He was the humblest of men. But, you can be too humble, you can get so humble until the devil would make a puppet out of you. He was humble enough to wash the disciples' feet. He was forgiving enough to pray for those who drove spikes into His hands. But He was Man enough to plait ropes and to run the money changers out of the house.

⁷⁸ Yes, John was man enough to be meek and humble. He was man enough to stand on the banks of Jordan. He didn't need a great synagogue or a place to preach. He was humble. He took the bright blue skies. He was humble enough that he didn't call upon the people to have to have so much money, to pastor their church.

⁷⁹ He lived off of grasshoppers and wild honey, locusts. In that country, they can them. They're great big, long grasshoppers; pickle them, smoke them, every other way, to eat them. That's what he lived on. And his raiment was a piece of sheepskin wrapped around him.

⁸⁰ Jesus said, "What did you go to see? What did you go to see? A person that would give in with the Pharisees; a reed shaken by every wind? Go in with the Sadducees when they come in? One day he's *this*, and the other day he's *that*?" Said, "You didn't go to see nothing like that." Said, "Did you go to see somebody dressed fine? No. An intellectual? No. What went you to see?"

⁸¹ He said, "Go show John what's happening here. The lame walk. The blind see. The deaf hear. The dead are raised up, and the poor

has the Gospel preached to them. Blessed is he who is not offended in Me.” Oh, my! That was the sign of the Messiah. That was the sign to show him.

⁸² That’s the sign that the true holiness church today, as much as they’re falling, still it’s the mark of the calling of Jesus Christ. The men and women who stand for the unadulterated Gospel, of salvation to the soul, to the poor, to the needy. Not aristocratic bunch that’s dressed so in their churches that a poor man feels out of place, but a humble bunch of people. There’s where the Gospel is preached. The sick get well. They pray for the sick. God confirms their ministry with signs and wonders. There’s the Gospel being preached to the poor.

“Go show John these things.” Oh, my!

⁸³ How that God took that man with no education; took that man without one suit of clothes to wear; took that man with not a robe to put over his shoulders; a man that had not a place to lay his head; a man that had not a decent meal to sit down by; and shocked the nations with him.

⁸⁴ Hallelujah! Mercy! When I think of that, it wakes me to something. Must we do? I said to the wife, the other day, “Honey, I’m fifty years old. I can’t be here much longer.”

⁸⁵ Then I walked out. I stood there in the woods. I went out hunting. I stood there in the woods a little bit. I thought of that, “Fifty years old. What’s the matter?”

⁸⁶ Then Something said, to say to me, “God could train you for fifty years, to do a fifty-minute work.” Whatever the training has been, God knows what He’s doing. He trained Moses eighty years, to get forty years of service from him. God is training His people. God is training His Church. If we’re only willing to let God have His way, and to—do that thing which is right. If we’re only willing to submit ourselves unto Him, that’s the thing to do.

⁸⁷ God takes the simple things. Sometimes you might think that you’re in a minority here. The minority, God usually is in the minority. But, brother, when He gets ready to move, He shakes the majority with the minority. He’s God. He takes the simple things. Where did He get the stuff to make the world with? He spoke and said, “Let there be,” and there was.

⁸⁸ He took a preacher without an education, raised in the wilderness on grasshoppers and honey, with no clothes hardly around him, but a piece of sheepskin, and shook the regions. And his name is immortal today. “What went ye out to see?”

God takes simple things.

⁸⁹ He took a man, one time, that didn't know hardly his ABC's. He took a man when a thousand Philistines run upon him. And he grabbed the jawbone of a mule, and took a simple jawbone from a mule's mouth, and slayed a thousand armored men. Oh, that's our God, who rides the waves of high. A jawbone of a mule, and slayed a thousand men.

⁹⁰ That same God, one time, when a great boaster of a Philistine stood on the other side of the river and defying the armies of Israel, God took a little old drawed up, scrawny-looking boy with a simple slingshot in his hand. O God! A slingshot; a string with ju- . . . hooked to a—a piece of leather. A little old slingshot, a simple thing like that, and slew a giant and whipped that army.

⁹¹ God takes simple things. It doesn't take great things. It takes simple things used right. It ain't altogether simple things, but it's got to be used right. Every man lived in the wilderness wasn't a John. Every man carried a slingshot wasn't David. Every man picked up a jawbone of a mule wasn't a Samson. But when it's used in the anointed hands of a servant of God!

⁹² Moses defied the armies of Israel . . . or the armies of Egypt, with a dry stick in his hand. Amen. Moses, one day a coward, with Gershom and Zipporah, behind the desert. When once anointed, from the burning bush, with a dry stick in his hand, a wife setting on a mule, and the kid on her hip; eighty years old, and the whiskers blowing, went down into Egypt and took over. Simple, one old man, eighty years old, with a dry shepherd's staff in his hand, defied the whole armies of the world, and conquered, come out.

⁹³ Depends on what you do. Now you've got the humility here. You've got the Gospel here in Utica. You may be, as I said, in the minority. But what do you come to hear here? Do you come just to say, "I go to church"? Do you come just to hear our gracious brother? That's all good. But let's do something more than that. Let's come to take Christ. Let's come, to leave here tonight with Him. Let's go out to defy everything that's wrong, cut away. Jawbone, whatever it is in your hand, fight with it. God used simple things, with anointed hands. You've got simple works; a simple, little city; a simple, little people; a simple, little church. A simple Gospel, but It's anointed. God so . . .

⁹⁴ The great mighty Jehovah Who thundered in yonder, Who made the stars and the solar systems, Who made the earth out of things which does not appear, spoke it into existence, but, when He come to visit mankind, He didn't ride down on golden chariots. But He chose to come to a—a little hillside stable, and His birth was in a cattle manger. Simple things, but from that manger came Emmanuel. What went you

out to see? What strikes the world today? What's the greatest calling card in America? What's the greatest calling card of the world? What's the greatest thing of all ages and all time? Is the Life and the Spirit of a baby that was born in a manger, in a stable on the side of a hill.

95 Simple things! Simple things! It's placed into your hand, church. Now take the Anointing and use It right. He could be . . . all children . . . A lot of children has been born in stables. A lot of children may be born in mangers. But it's the way, you, what you do with It.

96 Many people has heard the Gospel preached. Graham has got brothers that heard Gospel preached. I got brothers that heard Gospel preached. He's got brothers, and others has got brothers. But it's what you do with It. Do it. That's your . . .

97 We sit around and argue our denominations, what church we should belong to, what society. That's not what God sends men to hear. God sends His chosen people, His elected people, to hear the Gospel. "The Gospel has the poor preached unto them."

98 Here some time ago, in the state of Kentucky, up in the mountains, the story goes, of a little, precious mother, with about ten children, laid dying with that dreadful disease of tuberculosis. Oh, she had doctored and done everything that she knowed to do, but the germ was killing her. It was taking her. Soon she was to die. Out of those ten children, of course, she loved them, but there was none of them but one that would work. None of them would help her. She lay, dying. She took her bed. She couldn't get up no more. This one little girl, she done all the washing, while her sisters trotted off, over to the neighbors, to play. And she cooked for the rest of them. They'd be home at meal time, then when it come time to wash the dishes, away they'd—they'd go. She had to do it all. Nobody else was left to do it. Finally, death come up to the door, one day, and took her mother.

99 Then it was all throwed onto her, to be mother then of all these children. The poor little thing worked, and she worked, and she worked till her little hands was callused. And she done all that she could, to be mother, to take her mother's place. Finally, she worked so hard, and under-fed, too, till the dreadful disease got her little broken-down body. Finally, she took her bed and she was dying.

100 There happened to be, across the country, a Sunday school teacher drove up in the car, and went in to see her, and called her by name. And he . . . Said, "You understand that your disease is serious?"

And she said, "I understand that I am dying."

101 She said, "I have just consulted your physician, and he said that you were dying."

And she said, "Yes. That's right."

¹⁰² Why, she said, "Are you prepared for this," the good teacher said, "are you prepared to meet this?"

And she said, "Oh, yes. I'm prepared to meet the Lord Jesus."

¹⁰³ "Oh," she said, "that's very fine. Well, now, what denomination do you belong to?"

¹⁰⁴ She said, "I don't belong to any." She said, "I worked so hard here, nobody would help. And," said, "I—I don't belong to any denomination."

¹⁰⁵ She said, "Child!" The good teacher said, "You must belong to a denomination." Said, "What are you going to show? What denomination you belong to, when you come before Him?" Said, "What—what group are you going to associate with? What denomination can you tell Him that you belong to? What can you show Him?"

¹⁰⁶ The little lady sitting there, pulled her little, callused hands out from under the bed. Said, "I'll just show Him my hands. He'll understand." I think that's right.

¹⁰⁷ If we'll just show Him, and what we've done with what He's put in our hands. Let's do it with all that's in us. "What went you out to see?" What's He going to see in you when you meet Him at that day? If you haven't nothing to show Him, while everything is present to show Him, think of it, while we pray.

Let us bow our heads.

¹⁰⁸ Would there be one would say, "Pray for me, Brother Branham, as I raise up my hand. I—I now feel that I want to take these hands of mine and dedicate them to Christ, so that He will use me"? Raise your hand up and say, "Pray for me." As you raise your hand, say, "I'll dedicate mine. I want to."

¹⁰⁹ Maybe some of you Christians would like to say, "I—I realize that I—I—I haven't done just the things that I should do. I realize I've been so slothful. Yet, I love the Lord Jesus. And I—I do want you to pray for me, Brother Branham. I'll raise up my hands." God bless you. That's good.

¹¹⁰ "I'd like to have more of Him. I—I love Him, and I—I want to meet Him that Day. And when I open up the Book, I don't want Him to say, 'Well, you put your name on the Book, but you didn't do nothing.' I want to win souls. I want to go out and do something." I want to pray. God bless you. That's. . . The Lord bless you, sir.

¹¹¹ That's right, many hand, many hands. Now, you that's raised your hands, would there be another just before we pray? God bless you, young lady. God bless you, sir. And you over here, my brother.

112 Now while I'm praying, and you pray, too. You say, "Lord Jesus, You—You spoke to me here, right where I'm at. Now, from this night on, I'm going to serve You. I'm going out, tomorrow, to make a show. I'm going out, not to make a show of myself, but I want everybody to know Jesus. And I'm going to do something for Him. And I'm going to bring myself to You right now. And You forgive me of how dilatory I been."

113 Maybe you're not a preacher, maybe you're not a Sunday school teacher, but do something. Sometime just testify on the side of the street, speak to somebody. Go out and sing a hymns while your working among sinners. Talk to them about the Lord. That's what you do. That's all God requires. Do whatever is in your hand to do. Do it.

114 Now, precious Father God, humbly and sweetly we bring this little portion of the service to a close, bringing the seeds that was sown out across the place, by the reading of the Word, that You asked that all-sufficient question one day, "What went you out to see?"

115 Why does people go to church? Just to—to join a certain church or become in the social ranks of religion? What did you go to see? Did you go to get in a church of society, intellectual preaching? Or did you go to find peace? Did you go to find the Saviour? What went ye out to see?

116 And, Father God, tonight, through Thy Word, there has been at least fifteen people here, or more, that's raised their hands. By coming tonight, they want to dedicate their lives. Perhaps Christian believers, but they want their lives to show. Maybe they felt, because they wasn't called to the ministry, to preach the Word or to teach Sunday school, that they had not a part. But, Lord, no matter how simple, from a jaw bone to a dry stick, whatever is in our hands, let's show it. Whatever lays before us, let's do it.

117 God, I pray that You'll sanctify their lives, anoint it with the Holy Spirit. And their efforts, to whatever it may be, sing, testify, or do something, may it be to Your honor and glory. Grant it, Lord.

118 Bless our precious and loyal Brother Graham, who has stood by this desk for many long years. And the little church, the sister church to the tabernacle, as I come in, tonight, and see there's three crosses on the—the pulpit, and I see the church benches, and, sure, Lord, it's a relative. It's a little, sister church up here in the city, to shine the Light. God, may she grow into a mighty church. Grant it, Lord. May the Gospel Light shine from here, out through other cities. May there come from here anointed preachers, that'll come out of these, this congregation, these young men sitting here, that'll take the Gospel into other parts of the world.

¹¹⁹ Strengthen and bless its deacons, and its trustees, and all of its members. Get glory to Thyself, Lord. And some night or day, or whenever it may be, when that last call is made and we're summonsed to on High, may we come, bringing precious trophies to lay at Thy feet, giving to Thee that which we have won for Thee. And may the material, that You placed into our hearts tonight, may we work with it, with all that's in our strength; blessing these people, and giving them gifts, gifts of the Spirit, that they might work for You. I now, as Your servant, by the commission given by Jesus Christ, commit them into the hands of God, for service, in Jesus' Name. Amen.

¹²⁰ There's an old song, I don't know whether our little sister can play it, or not, *Room At The Fountain*. You play it? Fine. How many knows it?

Room, room, yes, there is room,
There's room at the Fountain for me.

¹²¹ I remember when we used to sing it, and get down at the altar, on our knees, and sing it, down at the tabernacle, years ago. And you know, this kind . . . You all still got that free religion here, like we used to have down at the tabernacle, where you can still clap your hands, praise the Lord, have a good time.

¹²² They tell me, Brother Ruddell, here, has got that kind of a tabernacle out on the highway. I'll slip out and hear him one of these nights. Had an awful time getting him pushed out, but he's finally burning them up out there now. God bless you, Brother Ruddell.

¹²³ All right, give us the chord. [The pianist says, "Start it."—Ed.] Oh, Brother Graham, maybe you better start it for them now. I want to sing it.

Room, yes, there is room,
There's room at the Fountain for thee;
Room, room, yes, there is room,
There's room at the Fountain for thee.

¹²⁴ You like that? Now look, all you Methodists, and Baptists, and Pentecostals, and whatever you are. Let's, while we sing that again, let's just shake hands with somebody, front of you, side of you, both sides, and back of you, while we sing it. Now come on. There's room for all of us now.

Room, room, yes, there is room,
There's room at the Fountain for you;
Room, room, yes, there is room,
There's room at the Fountain for you.

Oh, room, room, there's plenty of room,
There's room at the Fountain for thee;
Oh, room, room, yes, there is room,
There's room at the Fountain for you.

¹²⁵ Don't you like that? You know, Jacob dug a well. And the Philistines run . . . away from, so he called it "malice." And he dug another well, and the Philistines run him away from it, so they called it "strife." He dug another well, the third well, and he said, "There's room for all of us."

¹²⁶ And so God dug a well in the Lutheran church, and they run all the rest of them away from it, the Lutherans. Then He dug a well at the Methodist church, under sanctification. Lutherans was justification. Then, sanctification, He dug a well, and now they run all away from it.

¹²⁷ Now He's dug another well. It ain't got no names. No, there's no denomination. It's just the good, pure Holy Ghost, and there's room for all of us. For you riding a one-hump camel, two-hump camels, three-hump camels, whatever it might be, there's room for all of us.

Room, room, yes, there is room,
There's room at the Fountain for you;
Oh, room, room, yes, there is room,
There's room at the Fountain for you.

¹²⁸ Don't you love those old songs? Oh, I just love them. I—I think, after preaching, sometime it's so rude and rough. Then when we get through with that, you know, it scours you out, then you feel like, just all cleaned out, all your sins are gone, confessed; feel free. Oh, then I feel like just singing. Don't you? That's worship. Paul said, when he sang, he sang in the Spirit. If he worshipped, he worshipped in the Spirit.

¹²⁹ I don't know whether the sister can play this, or not. I might not be able to sing it. But I like this song. If you don't, it's all right, sister.

Jesus, keep me near the cross,
There's a precious Fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's Fountain.

In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

¹³⁰ Don't you like that, honey? You know, I just did that to hear these good Utica voices sing, you know. Used to have the old organ up here, and you'd have meetings. You Utica people remember that? You go

over and sing at one another's houses and things. Oh, I'd like to go to one of them again, sing it. Oh, my!

¹³¹ Just think, our precious Saviour, we got to meet Him. Don't know when; maybe before morning. What difference does it make? What difference does it make? Tell me. Going to do it, anyhow, so let's just—just be consoled. Have faith. Love Him.

Jesus, keep me near the cross,
There a precious Fountain,
Free to all, a healing. . . (Just soothes you, you know.)
Flows from Calvary's Fountain.

In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till . . . raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

Down at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down there for cleansing from sin I cried;
There to my heart was the Blood applied;
Glory to His Name!

Oh, glory to His Name, that precious Name!
Glory to His Name!
There to my heart was the Blood applied;
Glory to His Name!

Let's raise our hands now, when we sing this stanza.

I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within,
There at the cross where He took me in;
Glory to His Name!

Saying, glory to His Name, precious Name!
Oh, glory to His Name!
There to my heart was the Blood applied;
Glory to His Name!

¹³² How many wants to go to Heaven? Sure, we do. Yes, sir. I want to go. I'm on my road. I just love to know that I got my fellow men and sisters going along. Yes, sir.

Come to this Fountain that cleanses me,
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;
Oh, plunge in today and be made complete;
Glory to His Name!

Glory to His Name!
Glory to His precious Name!
There to my heart was the Blood applied;
Glory to . . .

That's so good!

I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within,
There at the cross where He took me in;
Glory to His Name!

Oh, and glory to His precious Name!
Glory to His Name!
There to my heart was the Blood applied;
Glory to His Name!

Come to this Fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul . . . the Saviour's feet.

Would you like to come up and kneel down a while?

. . . -day, and be made complete;
Glory to His Name!

Singing, glory to His Name, precious Name!
Oh, glory to His Name, precious Name!
There to my heart was the Blood applied;
Glory to His Name!

Singing, glory to . . .

¹³³ Would some of you like to come up and kneel around the altar now?
Come up with the little boy. Come.

Glory to His precious Name!
Oh, there to my . . .

¹³⁴ Brother Beeler. Brother Beeler. Brother Beeler. Come here, you brethren. Brother Ruddell.

. . . His Name!
Singing, glory to His . . .

¹³⁵ Would there be someone else like to come up and kneel down?
Come on up, if you want to dedicate your lives over to God, while the Holy Spirit is here.

There to my heart was the Blood applied;
Glory to His Name!

Come to this Fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;
Oh, plunge in today, and be made complete;
Glory to His Name!

Singing, glory to His Name, that precious Name!
 Oh, glory to His Name!
 There to my heart was the Blood applied;
 Glory to His Name!

Singing, glory to His Name, precious Name!
 Glory to His Name!
 Oh, there to my heart was the Blood applied;
 Glory to His Name!

Won't you come to this Fountain so rich and sweet;
 Cast your poor soul at . . .

¹³⁶ Won't you come up, tonight? Kneel down and pray. Anybody wants to come, come on.

. . . in today, and be made complete;
 Oh, glory to His Name!

Singing, glory to His Name, precious Name!
 Glory to His precious Name!
 Oh, there to my heart was the Blood applied;
 Glory to His Name!

¹³⁷ Oh, what a wonderful time! Oh, how we used to sing that old song!

It'll be a wonderful time for you,
 A wonderful time for me.
 If we'll prepare to meet Jesus our King,
 What a wonderful time it will be.

¹³⁸ Don't you love that worshipping in the Spirit? Yes, sir. Just feeds you, through your soul. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

¹³⁹ So glad to see Billy feeling that way. Bless his heart! Let's sing this song now.

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

All of us together now. Help us, Brother Graham.

There is a Fountain filled with Blood,
 Drawn from Emmanuel's vein,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stain.
 Lose all their guilty stain,
 Lose all their guilty stain.
 Then sinners plunge beneath that flood. . .

140 You know, I never think of that song lest I think of a story that was told me one time. It was out on the reservations in Arizona. There was Tim Coy. He was a guide to the Indians, and kind of a missionary boy. And he had been turned around on the desert, and he couldn't find his way out. And he was riding his horse, give out of water. He had been lost for two or three days in there, there just all hopes that he'd ever come out was gone. Said he was testifying in a meeting, and he said that it looked awful dark for him. And he run upon a deer trail, out in the desert, and said the horse that he was riding, said, was just about gone. She was. . . I believe he said her name was Bess. And said he—he—he felt so sorry for her, he had been walking. They had a couple sandstorms, and the nostrils all cake up with sand.

141 And that's the reason they wear those neckerchief. When the sandstorm is on, they put it up over your face. I've rode a many a time, and my breath being wet, would just—just make a solid sand cake around your face like that, riding. That dust, cattle, you know, and things, ahead of you. And the sandstorms blow it like that.

142 He said he thought it was just about the end of the road for him. He was staggering, himself, his horse. He can. . . You can do without water longer than the horse can. So, said he was staggering along. He hit this deer trail, and said he felt so good. He started down the deer trail. And he got on her and he started to ride, and said he rode down the trail a little piece. Said, oh, looked like there had been hundreds of deer going down that trail. And he thought, "Well, that deer trail leads to water, so I'll find water." And said he started with riding his horse.

143 And said he come to a little place where three or four branched off to one side, and said the horse wanted to take that trail. He said, "Oh, no, Bess. You can't take that trail." Grabbed her by the bit, and pulled her around *this* way. Said, "Go *this* trail. It's marked out better. This is where all the deer went to drink." And said the horse turned around, just kept nickering, nickering. And said he was so excited, he had wheel spurs, and he just cut the horse till she just stand there, bleeding. And said she wouldn't go. She wanted to take this little trail.

144 You see, that's the way with a lot of people. They like to take the trail of television, the movie stars, take the trail of popularity, to be some big person. See? They don't watch that little trail.

There's a highway that leads to Heaven,
Dim there, a trail, so they say;
But the broad one that leads to destruction
Is posted and blazed all the way.

They say there will be a great roundup,
When cowboys like doggies will stand;
They'll be marked by the riders of Judgment,
That's posted and knows every brand.

You've heard the song.

So guess I'd be a stray yearling,
Just a man that's condemned to die,
Would be cut in the bunch with the rustics,
When the Boss of them riders go by.

¹⁴⁵ He said he thought of that. Said, "I heard that . . ." He looked at her, and he thought, "Well, Bess, you've—you've carried me all this distance. I thought I was going to die, and you packed me this far. And I've often heard that horses have instinct to know where the water is at. So if I've trusted you this far, I'll trust you down the dim trail."

¹⁴⁶ That's the way I feel about the Gospel. Not comparing It to a horse that would pack you, but I've trusted the Lord down through these, life like this. When the trail gets dim, down at the end of the road, I want to trust Him on. See? This old-time religion saved me back yonder, thirty years ago, has carried me all this distance. When I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I want this same heart-felt experience. I'll trust It then.

¹⁴⁷ Said he jumped on her, started down. He hadn't went no piece, till she had jumped head-long into a big pool of water. Said he was in that water, just a splashing, and screaming top of his voice, a glorifying God. He washed her nostrils out, and throwing water up on him, and screaming and carrying on.

¹⁴⁸ Said he just got out of the water, and said he heard somebody laughing. Looked on the bank, it was a bunch of fellows standing there with an old covered wagon. They was all drunk. They had been over there on a big party of some sort, hunting party, or something. And said they were all on a big drunk. And they seemed to know him. And said . . . He said, "Get out!"

He said, "Thank you, fellows."

¹⁴⁹ And said, "I guess you're starved." He told them, been lost for several days.

Said, "Yes."

¹⁵⁰ He said, "Well, we got some venison here." So they . . . He eat venison. He said, "All right," said, "and you're Jack, or Tim Coy, the—the Indian guide?"

"Yeah."

151 He said, “Well,” said, “being that you got some good venison, now,” said, “a good drink out of this jug will just help you just right.” Said he give him jug.

152 Said, “No, boys. Thank you. I don’t drink.” Said, he put his foot back up, he got his directions, and put his foot in the stirrup, and got back on the horse.

153 Said a little fellow staggered up, about half drunk, took one of those rifles, Winchesters, and threwed a shell up in it. Said, “Look, Tim! If our venison was good enough to feed you, don’t you try to think you’re so good that you can’t drink our whiskey!” You know how drunks are.

154 He said, “Look, fellows,” he said, “I don’t think I’m too good to drink it, but,” said, “I just don’t drink.” He said, “I’m a Christian.”

155 Said, “Ah! Get out of that stuff.” Said, “You’ll take this drink of whiskey or I’ll put a bullet through you.” Trying to bluff him into it.

156 Said—said, “Wait just a minute. Before you put that bullet in me, let me give you my story.” He said, “I was born in the state of Kentucky.” Said, “My father died, a drunkard, with his shoes on.” Said, “We lived in a little old log cabin. And one morning when the sun begin to rise, streak across the floor of a little, old cabin, didn’t even have a—a wooden floor in it.” Said, “A precious mother lay dying on a shuck bed.” Said, “That was my mother.” Said, “I was only eight years old.” And said, “She called me up the bedside, and put her arm around me, kissed me. She said, ‘Tim, I’m leaving you. Your father died, a drunk, gambling, shot to death.’” Said, “Promise me, Tim, before I die, that you’ll never take your first drink, or fool with the cards.” He said, “When I kissed my mother good-bye, I promised her that.” He said, “I’ve never took a drink from that day, never, in my life.” Said, “Now if you want to shoot, you just shoot.”

157 And about that time a gun fired. The whiskey jug busted in the man’s hand. A little old disfigured-looking fellow walked out of the canyon. He was wanted. He was a gangster. Said, “Just a minute, Tim.” He said, “I come from the state of Kentucky, too.” Said, “I promised my mother I never would drink.” He said, “I been standing here waiting till they got real good and drunk, then I was going to knock them, every one in the head, and take what money they had on them.” Hunters! Said, “That’s what I was standing here for. But when I heard your testimony, Something spoke to my heart.” Said, “I’m sorry I broke my promise to mama.” Said, “But when my pistol echoed through the great big canyons of Heaven, she heard me sign a pledge, ‘I’ll never drink it again, from this time on.’” Said, “This is my time to quit.” I’ve often thought of that.

There is a Fountain filled with Blood, (no matter if
 you'd run down this old dim trail),
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins
 Where sinners plunge beneath the flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

That's how you do it.

Plunge beneath the flood,
 Lose all their guilty stain.

158 Here's another song that I love real well. I'm sure you all know it.

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.

159 You know it? You love it? Let's sing it, then. Let's stand
 as we sing it.

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

While life's dark maze I tread,
 And grief around me spread,
 Be Thou my Guide;
 Bid darkness turn . . .

Brother Graham.



WHAT WENT YE OUT TO SEE?

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