

## WHAT WENT YE OUT TO SEE?

E-1 If I, we closed the service just now, I'd say I've had a good time listening to these testimonies and . . . And I walked in and looked at the littl—little tabernacle, how pretty it looks. There's no excuse for people around Utica here, not coming to church, is there. Certainly had 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 at—discomforted. But just really feel comfortable, just nice, clean, neat, I like that in church.

I thought that little poem that Brother Graham, both of them that he read was 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's got caught several times, so I know just what it means.

E-2 But I was told one time that over at the Ballard and Ballards, 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."

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 sing, "If I falled," or "If I fail," something or other, "let me rise and try again. Forgive me, Lord, and try me one more time." I've prayed that so much to God, that I'm ashamed of myself almost. "Let me rise and try again." Constantly falling, and each time, why, I . . . He's been merciful to help me to come back again.

E-3 Now, if we just look it over, there isn't a 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? 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's 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? Is a . . . See, Christ, when we were the lowest, He stooped and picked us up. And so, that makes it to where we ought to have that kind of a Spirit too.

E-4 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 a . . . He'd caught a run away 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'd been forgiven himself. And I think every Christian that's really been forgiven knows appreciations of forgiveness.

E-5 I just heard the testimony Brother Graham give about Brother Busty. That's Brother Roger, Sister Creech's father. He's 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."

And I said, "Yes, Busty." I called him Busty; it's a nickname that . . . Really his name is Everett. And I said, "Yes."

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 awhile ago." And over in the corner, he saw a rainbow. Right then you'd know that Something's moving up close to the hour.

E-6 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 borned again experience that we like to see, Brother Graham. But that's when it happened, there in the hospital. He's a changed man. The grace of God Who—Who ordained him to Eternal Life gave a rainbow, and a rainbow's 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.

And awhile 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. Morse downtown. Brother Ruddell just visit there awhile 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's a good boy." Said, "He had a hard time." Said, "I—I wanted to see him before I go." And she'd wait just a minute and say, "I . . . 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.

E-7 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 and 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.

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'd just come from Africa with me on a meeting. There laid 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 and I screamed, "My Father, my Father, the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." And I set down on the side of the bed with him, put his head over on my shoulder, and I . . .

E-8 He come and just 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?"

Said, "Yes, I'm going. Just pretty soon." And he said, "I want to tell you something, Brother Branham. This is the happiest time of all my life."

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

"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 . . . About a 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's Brother John. He was converted in my meeting fifty years ago. Here's So-and-so." Shook hands with his converts that had been gone for years and years.

E-9 What happens then, friends? I think that we don't realize just what this is all about. Sometimes I wonder, even if when we come to meeting to worship, if we haven't got the...kind of a wrong impression, to think that we come merely to meet together as...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.

And I've said this several times, that 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's done that. I've done it many a time, trying to wake yourself up. Somehow you know that you are asleep.

E-10 And I feel that's about like life is. Just about time we think we're straightened out and everything's 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; and all trials and sorrows will be over. I hope that is to 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, and to...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 the 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...

E-11 For I know this: there's a great big door set out in front of me, and it's called death. And it's for each one of us. And every time my 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.

And these younger ministers here, Brother Graham and . . . Like Brother Ruddell and them, I certainly exhort them. Just hold on; keep pressing on.

E-12 When I walked in tonight, and set back there and heard them songs, just singing the . . . when they're clapping the hands, the light was . . . "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—I want to see them one of these days.

The old mother Poogh. I can see Aunt Noane 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." Can just see her so plain. Sister Webber, and all those others . . .

E-13 Say, by the way, I think Frankie's 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 will 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's a good boy, a fine boy. He's had his ups and . . . Don isn't here, is he? Didn't think, here . . . But he's—he's had his ups-and-downs, but God will take him off the scene one of these days if he don't come on. So let's pray for him.

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

E-14 O great Holy Spirit of God, as life begins, this mortal life begins 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's far better to part and to be with.

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.

E-15 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 not be one 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.

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. 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. 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.

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.

E-16 Now, let's read tonight from Matthew the 11th chapter a few verses, down about the 15th. I like to read His Word, because His Word is true, and It's eternal. Now, the 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 of 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. May He quicken It to us as we read.

*And it came to pass, when Jesus had made a 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 begin 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 are 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 borned 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 suffers 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.*

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

E-17 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.

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'd have been today, he would've 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 un—as long as there is a world.

E-18 But those who knew John, those who believed him, they went out to see something that was real. 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 and 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.

E-19 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.

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'd prepare the way before Thy face. A great man, John."

E-20 But the world couldn't see it that way. 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 a—a rather a rude looking person. Probably his arms, hands, 'cause he was a perfect type of Elijah, and Elijah was a hairy man.

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 him 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.



E-21 Now, let's. . . 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. 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. 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."

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.

E-22 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, undenominational. We don't need any of their hollering and going on, for we have Abraham to our father."

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

Say, "Yes."

Quickly they'll say, "What denomination do you belong to?" Now, that's all right, but it has nothing to do with Christianity. 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. "I'm a—I'm the deacon. I'm. . . I do certain things at—at the church." That doesn't excuse anything. You still need repentance.

E-23 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 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."

And John said, "But the axe 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 will thoroughly purge the floors, and burn up the chaff, and gather the wheat into the garner."

E-24 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 had 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 argue this one's right and that one's wrong. They heard a Gospel Message that cut to the heart.

E-25 John preached the baptism of the Holy Spirit. He never preached something that he didn't have. He preached what he had received. 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.

"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?" 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's 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."

E-26 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.

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 borned that way.

E-27 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 refused 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—to accept the way of salvation. God isn't. . . He's long-suffering. He doesn't want any to perish. Never wanted it. But men rather walk in darkness than to walk in Light.

The reason of it is, they . . . they are borned 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. 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. Now, John: He was against this intellectual preaching. He had no education. So therefore, he could not have got cooperation.

E-28 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's 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. 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 a . . . 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's their backing?"

"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. John was of that type.

E-29 Jesus said, “What went you out to see? Did you go to see a—a Pharisee, or a Sadducee, Methodist, or a Baptist, or Presbyterian? What did you go to see? Was he dressed fine? Was he—was he eloquent in his speech?”

What did he do but stand there and condemn everything that was wrong. Even the Tetrarch went out to see him, which was 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, what did you go to see? Did you go to see a denominational preacher? Did you go to see an intellectual speaker? 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.

E-30 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 axe to the root of the tree, preaching the Gospel regardless of what people think about it; he stands alone.

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

E-31 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, because God is in him. The Spirit of Christ is motivating him, and he has to move as the Spirit moves him.

Could you imagine seeing John walk down there and say, “Oh, that’s all right. This is all right.” As long as the spirit of Elijah was on him, he acted like Elijah.

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, in about six months they start going back, start this way, that way. You can tell right then that the anointing’s leaving them. For as long as the Spirit of Christ is in you, it’ll make you Christ-like.

E-32 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 will make a puppet out of you.

He was humble and a—to washing 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 moneychangers out of the house.

E-33 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. 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.

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?”

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.

E-34 That’s the sign that the true holiness Church today, as much as they’re falling, still it’s a mark of the calling of Jesus Christ: 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's 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. How that God took that man with no education, took that man with not 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 hadn't had a decent meal to set down by; and shocked the nations with him. Hallelujah!

E-35 Mercy, when I think of that, it wakes me to something. What must we do?

I said to the wife the other day, "Honey, I'm fifty years old. I can't be here much longer."

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?"

Then something said and say to me, "God could train you for fifty years to do a fifty minute work." Whatever the training's been, God knows what He's doing. He trained Moses eighty years to get forty years of service from him. God's training His people. God's training His Church, if we're only willing to let God have His way and to—to do that thing which is right, if we're only willing to submit ourselves unto Him. That's the thing to do. God takes the simple things.

E-36 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.

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's immortal today. What went ye out to see?

E-37 God takes simple things. 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. . .

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 drew up, scrawny looking boy with a simple slingshot in his hand (Oh, God, a slingshot, a string with—hooked to a piece of leather, a little old slingshot), a simple thing like that and slew a giant and whipped an army.

E-38 God takes simple things. It doesn't take great things; it takes simple things used right. Now, 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 car—carried a slingshot wasn't David. Every man picked up a jawbone of a mule wasn't Samson. But when it's used in the anointed hands of a servant of God. . .

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 a 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.

E-39 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 use 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 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.

E-40 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 times? Is the Life and the Spirit of a Baby that was born in a manger in a stable on the side of a hill. Simple things, simple things. . .

E-41 It's placed into your hand, church. Now, take the anointing and use it right. He could have been. . . All children. . . A lot of children's been born in a stables. A lot of children may have been born in mangers. But it's the way you. . . what you do with it.

Many people has heard the Gospel preached. Graham's got brothers that heard Gospel preached. I got brothers that heard Gospel preached. He's got brothers and others is got brothers. But it's what you do with it. Do it; that's you're. . .

We set 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.

E-42 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 neighbor's to play. And she cooked for the rest of them. They'd be home at mealtime. Then when it come time to wash the dishes, away they—they'd go. She had to do it all, nobody else was left to do it.

E-43 Finally, death come up to the door one day and took her mother. 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 calloused. And she done all that she

could to be mother, to take her mother's place. Finally, she worked so hard and underfed too till the dreadful disease got her little broken down body. Finally, she took her bed, and she was dying.

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

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

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

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

"Well," she said, "are you prepared for this a . . ." The good teacher said, "Are you prepared to meet this?"

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

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

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."

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, "Well, wha—what group are going to associate with? What denomination can you tell Him that you belong to? What can you show Him?"

The little lady setting there, pulled her little calloused hands out from under the bed, said, "I'll just show Him my hands; He will understand." I think that's right. If we 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.

E-44 What went you out to see? What's He going to see in you when you meet Him at that day? If you have nothing to show Him while everything is present to show Him, think of it while we pray. Let's bow our heads.

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—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 will dedicate mine. I want to . . ." Maybe some of you Christians would like to say, "I'd . . . I realize that I—I—I haven't

done just the things that I should do. I realize that I been so slothful, yet I love the Lord Jesus. And I—I do want you to pray for me, Brother Branham. I raise up my hands.” God bless you; that’s good. “I’d like to have more of Him. I—I love Him, and I—I want to meet Him that day. And—and when I open up the Book, I don’t want Him just 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 good. Lord bless you, sir. That’s right, many hands, 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.

E-45 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’ve been.” 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 you’re working among sinners. Talk to them about the Lord. That’s what you do. That’s all God requires. Do . . . Whatever’s in your hand to do, do it.

E-46 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?” Why does people go to church, just to—to join a certain church, or become a—a—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 you out to see?”

And Father God, tonight, through Thy Word, there’s 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 jawbone to a dry stick, whatever is in our hands, let’s show it. Whatever lays before us, let’s do it. God, I pray that You’ll sanctify their lives, anointed 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.

E-47 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, that 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.

And may the Gospel Light shine from here out to other cities. May there come from here anointed preachers that'll come out of these—this congregation, these young men setting here, that'll take the Gospel into other parts of the world.

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 summoned 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.

E-48 There's an old song. I don't know whether our little sister can play it or not, "Room At The Fountain?" Can you play it? Fine. How many knows it? "Room, room, yes, there is room, There is room at the fountain for me." 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 kinda . . . You all still got that free religion here like we used to have down at the Tabernacle, where you can still clap your hand, praise the Lord, have a good time. They tell me Brother Ruddell here's 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.

All right, give us a chord. Oh, Brother Graham, maybe you'd better start it. We're not all singers.

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

Do 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 me; for me;  
 Oh, room, room, yes, there is room,  
 There's room at the fountain for me.  
 Oh, room, room, there's plenty of room,  
 There's room at the fountain for me; for me;  
 Oh, room, room, yes, there is room,  
 There's room at the fountain for me.

Don't you like that?

E-49 You know, Jacob dug a well, and the—the Philistines run away from it, 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.” So . . .

God dug a well in the Lutheran church, and they run all the rest of them away from it but 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. Now, He's dug another well. It ain't got no names; no, there's no denomination. It's just a good pure Holy Ghost, and there's room for all of us. For you who are riding a one-hump camels, 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 me.

E-50 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.



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 Calv'ry's mountain.  
 In the cross, in the cross,  
 Be my glory ever;  
 Till my raptured soul shall find  
 Rest beyond the river.

E-51 Don't you like that, honey? You know, I just did that to hear these good Utica boys to sing, you know. Used to have the old organ up here, and you'd have meetings. You Utica people remember that? You'd go over and sing at one another's houses and things? Oh, I'd like to go to one of them again, singing. Oh, my.

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 Thy cross,  
 There's a precious fountain,  
 Free to all, a healing (Just soothes you, you know.)  
 Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.  
 In the cross, in the cross,  
 Be my glory ever;  
 Till my raptured soul shall find  
 Rest beyond the river.  
 Down at the cross where my Saviour died,  
 Down where 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!  
 Well, glory to His (Precious Name.)  
 Oh, glory to His name!  
 There to my heart was the blood applied;  
 Glory to His name!

How many wants to go to heaven? Uh-huh. 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, sisters going along. Yes, sir.

Come to this fountain that cleans and sweet;  
 Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;  
 Oh, plunge in today, and be made complete;  
 Glory to His name!  
 Glory, glory to His name!  
 Glory to His precious name!  
 There to my heart was the blood applied;  
 Glory to His name!

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!  
 Calling, glory to His name! (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 at the Saviour's feet;  
 (Would you like to come up and kneel down awhile?)  
 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 . . . (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 (Brother Graham, Brother Beeler,  
 Brother Beeler . . . ? . . . )  
 Glory . . . (Brother Ruddell.) . . . His name!  
 Singing, glory to His..

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's 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.)  
 Oh, 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;  
 Oh, cast your poor soul at the . . .

(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!

E-52 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.

Don't you love that worshipping in the Spirit? Yes sir. Just feeds you through your soul. Hallelujah, hallelujah. So glad to see Billy feeling that way. I'm—I'm . . . Bless his heart.

Let's sing this song now:

There Is A Fountain filled with blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
 Where sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

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

There is a fountain filled with blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.  
 Lose all their guilty stains,  
 Lose all their guilty stains;  
 Then sinners plunged beneath that flood . . .

E-53 You know, I never think of that song 'less I think of a story that was told me one time. It was out on the reservations in Arizona. There was a Tim Coy. He was a guide to the Indians, and kind of a missionary boy. And he'd been turned around on the desert, and he couldn't find his way out. And he was riding his horse; and give out of water. He'd been lost for two or three days in there. There just all hopes that he'd ever come out, was gone. He 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 would—felt so sorry for her. He'd been walking. They had couple of sand storms, and the nostrils all caked up with sand."

E-54 And that's the reason they wear those neckerchiefs. When the sand storm's on, you put it up over your face. And 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 sand storms blow it like that.

He said, "He thought it was just about the end of the road for him. He was staggered himself, and his horse. . . ." He could. . . . You can do without water longer than the horse can. So he said, "He was staggering along, and he hit this deer trail." And said, "He felt so good, he started down the deer trail, and he got—got on her, and he started to ride." And he said, "He rode down the trail a little piece." Said, "Oh, looked like it'd 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 it. . . . riding his horse." 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 a 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, and 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."

E-55 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 I guess I'd be a stray yearling,  
 Just a man that's condemned and to die;  
 Would be cut in the bunch with the rustics,  
 When the boss of them riders go by.

E-56 He said, "He thought of that." Said, "I heard that. . ." He looked at her and he thought, "Well, Bess, you—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's at. So if I've trusted you this far, I'll trust you down the dim trail."

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 more. See? This old time religion saved me back yonder thirty years ago. It's carried me all this distant. When I walk through the valley of shadow of death, I want the same heartfelt experience; I'll trust it then.

E-57 Said, "He jumped on her, started down. He hadn't went no piece till she had jumped headlong into a big pool of water." Said, "He was in that water just a splashing and screaming at top of his voice, and glorifying God. He washed her nostrils out and throwing water upon him and screaming and carrying on."

Said, "He just got out of the water," and said, "he heard somebody laugh. And looked on the bank; it was a bunch of fellows standing there with an old covered wagon. They was all drunk. They'd 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."

E-58 And said; he said, "Get out."

And he said, "Thank you, fellows."

And said, "I—I guess you're starved."

He told them he'd been lost for several days, said, "Yes."

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

"Yep."

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 the jug. Said, "No, boys. Thank you, I don't drink." Said, "He put his foot back up and got his directions. And put his foot in the stirrup, and got back on the horse." Said, "A little fellow staggered up, about half drunk, took one of those rifles, Winchesters, and throwed 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.

E-59 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."

Said, "Aw, get out of that stuff." Said, "Here, just take this drink of whiskey, or I will put a bullet through you." Trying to bluff him into it.

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 to 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." And said, "I've never took a drink from that day, never in my life." Said, "Now, if you want to shoot, you just shoot."

E-60 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's a gangster, said, "Just a minute, Tim." 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 you got real good and drunk, and then I was going to knock them every one on 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."

E-61 I've often thought of that. There is a fountain filled with blood (No matter if you run down this old dim trail) drawn from Immanuel's veins, where sinners plunged beneath the flood, lose all their guilty stains. That's how you do it. Plunge beneath the flood, lose all their guilty stains.

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!

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,  
 O 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 to day,  
 Wipe sorrow . . .

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