# *THE CRUELTY OF SIN, AND THE PENALTY THAT IT COST TO RID SIN FROM OUR LIVES*

1 Thank you, Brother Thom. Will you give that little thing all the volume you have got there, if you will. I almost got out of coming down here tonight. I got the flu. And I promised to be here. And I said to Brother Neville, to have Brother Cox to come up and tell him. I said, "Tell Brother Neville to go ahead and have the service, 'cause I'm so hoarse. I can hardly make a squeak."

And he said, come back and said, "You better come up, Brother Bill. I believe it'd be a good thing." So I—I'm always willing to make some sort of an effort. If a . . . I'm really too hoarse to preach to you, but I can talk to you just a little while, by the help of this little gadget here. I . . .

Every time when I come to Indiana, I—I get hoarse. I don't know why, but I—I do, every time, take a cold. It's so low right in here. I drop down in here, and it just looks like I just can't keep from it. I pray, looks like it comes anyhow. But—but I always try to do the best I can with what I have to do with. So that's the way I've always tried to do, the best that we can. That's all God respects—expects, rather, excuse me; is all He expects.

4 Now, I trust that—that our Lord will bless you all and will give you a great blessing throughout this service this Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. The services will go on tonight, tomorrow night. Isn't it, Brother Neville? [Brother Neville says, "Yes."—Ed.] Just goes right on tomorrow night.

I've got to come down here, and then leave here and go over to speak to a group of missionaries that's in Louisville. I think—I think it's either seventeen or twenty-seven nations represented at a missionary rally. They wanted me to have a few minutes over there tomorrow night. Sun . . . Sunday morning is the . . .

6 What is it? [A man says, "Would you pray for this man right here now?"—Ed.] Lay your hand right on him, brother.

Our heavenly Father, we pray in the Name of Thy beloved Child, Jesus, just at this time, that Thy mercy may be extended to us

tonight, in the way of healing of our brother, the man setting that's there who seems to be very sick at this time. You said, "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed." And I pray with these people tonight, in the Name of the Lord Jesus, that You'll heal our brother at this time. As our brother stands there with his hands laid upon him, representing the hand of our Lord Jesus, and we together join our prayers and send them to Thee in Christ's Name, that our brother may recover quickly from this sickness that he has. Amen.

The Lord bless you, brother. You all give him a little air. He's kind of penned in there a little bit. Why, let him walk out. If you want to walk out, sir, why, go right ahead and get you a seat in the back of the building there, where you get you some air.

Now, the Lord Jesus knows all of our troubles. He is our burden barrier.

10 And now, Sunday morning, early, six o'clock, sunrise service. . . How many likes sunrise services at Easter? We're expecting a great blessing. So then, if the Lord willing, I will have the sunrise services; it's from six until seven. Then return home to your breakfast, be back. And at nine-thirty, the regular Sunday school service; Brother Neville will be here. And immediately after the Sunday school service, I will have baptismal services for those who are to be baptized, Easter Sunday morning.

If you haven't been baptized by immersing, and desire so, and you're a Christian, believe in the Deity of—of the—Jesus Christ being the Son of God, and want to take your—your place in our fellowship, to be baptized, we would be happy to have you here Easter morning about ten-thirty for immersing. Bring your garments. If you do not have any, of course, why, especially the women, they have robes in there, different sizes for the ladies. I don't think they have yet for all the men. But we very happy to have you here with us Easter morning.

12 Then Sunday afternoon is a funeral service to be held, from someone lived out in the country, or somewhere from here, that was. . . I believe was converted here under Brother Neville's preaching here sometime ago. I believe the name is East, or something another. They called me from the funeral home and asked if I and Brother Neville and a bunch of us would come and sing and have the services for Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, at the Mottaz Funeral Home.

I don't remember the lady, East, Yast or East. Many of you seen it in the paper, I suppose, tonight. And. . . [A sister says,

"Brother Bill?"—Ed.] Yes. ["That used to be Edna Justice; used to come here quite a bit."] Edna Justice, you may know her. She's perhaps a young woman. Is she? Is that right, sister? ["Twenty-nine. Uh-huh."] A young woman. I believe they . . . Her mother was calling me and said that she leaves two or three little children. That's sure too bad.

14 It just goes to show the evil of—of this mortal life, doesn't it? But in . . . If she was in Christ Jesus, she's far better off, tonight, than any person that's sitting in this building. She just walked through the valley of the shadow of death that all mortals have to go. And someday you and I will have to journey that way, too but we'll not have to cross Jordan alone, for He is our Saviour. So we—we . . .

If you desire to come to the Mottaz Funeral Home, which is located on Maple Street, between Walnut and . . . No, I believe it's Locust and Wall Street, on the right-hand side as you go west. The . . . I don't know where their . . . What is the number of that? [Someone says, "221"—Ed.] 221. It's where the old Scott and Combs Funeral Home used to be, when I was young. And that's for Sunday afternoon, and two o'clock.

16 And then Sunday evening, the regular Easter services here again. We'll probably be preaching the—the death, burial, and resurrection, for Sunday night. And we just don't know what our Lord will do for the following week coming on, whether the services will continue, or just what, for the coming week. We trust that you'll all be—be here Sunday, that can be.

I recognize many of the preachers around. Somebody told me that Mr. Fuller was here, that was used to be . . . or come to our meetings. Is the man here? Brother Fuller, aren't you the man that used to take me in New York, from place to place, go down to the meeting? Happy to see you, Brother Fuller. The Lord bless you.

Then I seen another little minister here that—that Brother Thom didn't know. I don't even know the boy's last name, but I know they call him Junior back there: Jackson, Brother Jackson, Junior Jackson, just raise up your hand, Brother Jackson. We're glad to have you with us. He's from down around Elizabeth, Methodist church down there, where I'm to hold a service pretty soon, the Lord willing, before we go back into the field.

Now, the great call to India. And everything is going denser and denser, every day. Pray for me.

20 Now, tonight, this is Good Friday. It's a night that when we all . . . Oh, I guess, in Jerusalem, by this time, it's—sun's up pretty

well now, on Saturday morning. But all day, the people has crawled up that same old path there where the cross drug out the bloody footprints of the Bearer: tears, afflicting their souls, crying. Many great cathedrals, and so forth, today, have celebrated this great memorial time. If there ever was a time that the world ought to be celebrating, it's—it's now, in this hour of trouble.

And I wonder if our sister, seeing this little, old organ here . . . I—I love an organ. I'm just kind of old fashion. And I—I wonder if we could get a chord on that:

Jesus, keep me near the cross.

Just one of those good old fashion, heart songs we used to sing a long time ago. And wonder if we could all join in on that. I love it.

There's a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
That flows from Calvary's mountain.

How many knows a verse of it, anyhow? All right, you join right in with me now. And now, let's just pull down the curtains around us and set our minds to some nineteen hundred years ago this afternoon. What a Sacrifice, the world's never knowed nothing like that: shook the whole world. And now, don't you want to stay near that place, where you're in the place of fellowship and blessings with Him?

24 Let's all sing it now, just the old fashion way, now, don't . . . just—just the way you'd sing it if you was by yourself now. All right. Brother Thom, you help me lead it, will you? I haven't got much of a voice now. And then, all right. All right. [Brother Robert Thom helps in singing "Near The Cross"—Ed.]

Jesus, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.
In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

While you bow your heads, if you will, let's just hum it real slowly now. [Brother Branham and congregation begin to hum "Near The Cross"—Ed.]

Near the cross I will watch . . .

Hoping, trusting, ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

[Brother Thom continues to softly sing the chorus again, "Near The Cross"—Ed.]

I wonder if you just would want to just now . . . Nobody did it for you. I wonder if you just won't . . . wouldn't want to reconsecrate your life to Christ, and, "Lord, remember me. I appreciate Your . . . the tired, and suffering, bleeding, dying for me. I'm unworthy, but I'm going to slip up my hand now, Lord, and You'll see me. I want my life rededicated." God bless you. God bless you. "Want to rededicate myself to Thee just now, Lord, on this Good Friday night." God bless you.

28 Father, I pray that You'll bless these who lifted their hands, and those who did not even have the courage to do it. We pray that the all-sufficient One tonight, will bless every one of them.

We're thinking of Calvary, God our Saviour, laden with sin; taken down, was given into the hands of a wealthy man who taken His body, after begging Pilate; took it over and wrapped Him in some clean linen and laid it in the grave. O God, what a feeling must have been over those poor disciples; seemed like they were defeated at that time. The One they had trusted so much was now gone, but not for long. Just a bleeding Sacrifice, that was all. Someday, a few hours later, He arose and then joy came.

30 Help us, tonight, Lord, as we're in this season, may it be upon us, that we'll see the suffering that it cost for our redemption, the sadness it cost for us to be happy. And may our souls . . . Tonight, Lord, may we consecrate ourselves to Thee, and our souls be afflicted, to look yonder and see what, O God, what a horrible death. How cruel sin must be. And I pray, Father, that You'll bless us together now.

Help Thou me, O God, as Your servant standing here with a very poor voice, and Your children waiting to hear something from the Word. Help me Lord and break the Word of Life freely to everyone, as we rededicate our lives and our hearts. The tears of our hearts drop down deep in our bosom, when we think of the Sacrifice. Help us now, for we ask it in Christ's Name. Amen.

32 Just want to read a little now if you'll give me your undivided attention for a little while, and pray for me. In Isaiah, the 53rd chapter.

We have probably, today, heard radio broadcasts, and so forth. I just thought of Christ today. I couldn't help from going out somewhere and just kneeling down. And I just had to weep, when I thought of—when my mind went back to see what taken place there at Calvary.

I didn't get to hear any of the radio programs, but perhaps out of the Gospel they preached. And maybe tomorrow night we'll approach it from that standpoint.

36 But tonight, let's go back in the Old Testament. I want to talk on: "The Cruelty Of Sin, And The Penalty That It Cost To—To Rid Sin From Our Lives." In Isaiah 53, the prophet, anointed, seven hundred and twelve years before the coming of the Lord, he said these words:

*Who has believed our report? . . . to whom are the arm of the LORD is revealed?*

*For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant and . . . a root out of . . . dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.*

*He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrow, . . . acquainted with grief: and we hid as it was our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.*

*Surely he has borne our grief, . . . carried our sorrow: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.*

*But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquity: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.*

*All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the LORD . . . laid upon him the iniquity of us all.*

*He was oppressed, and . . . afflicted, . . . he opened not his mouth: he—he was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so opened he not his mouth.*

*He was taken from prison and from judgment: . . . who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off from the land of the living: for the transgressions of my people he was stricken.*

*. . . he* (was) *made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was there deceit in his mouth.*

*Yet it pleased the LORD to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shall make a soul . . . or when thou shall . . . and thou shall see . . . his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, and shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the LORD shall prosper in his hand.*

If I would call it a Scripture text, tonight, I'd take the 6th verse.

*All we like sheep have gone astray; and the LORD . . . turned every one to his own way; and the LORD . . . Laid upon him the iniquity of us all.*

38 I want to talk just a few moments. We always happy when it comes to having the joy of the Lord in our midst; and how I rejoice with you, greatly. But did you ever stop to think what it cost to have it? Did you ever realize just the price that's behind it, what judgment was and what the penalty of sin? How cruel must sin be, when it caused the Son of God to go to Calvary, and God would strike Him, and turn His face from Him, and smite Him, and—and He'd be afflicted. Look Who He was.

Now, I want to draw just a small picture to you, talking now. Let's all of us take a little trip tonight, on a little ship, and let's . . . a little spaceship, or airship. Let's go back a hundred million years before there was a world, before there even was a star or anything, and there you can see nothing but space. And all that space was God. In the beginning was God.

And now, we'll watch coming into existence a little white Light. We'll call it, like, a Halo. And that was the Son of God, the Logos that went out of God in the beginning.

41 And then that how that He was standing there; and He, in His mind He begin to think of what the world would be and drew all this, pictured in His mind. And He said, "Let there be light."

And a atom split and begin to break forward, and a atomic went off, the first atomic explosion. And then them atoms begin to accumulate till it made into cinders, as the moisture, ever what it was, begin to break, and the atoms split. And after while, there came a star, or a piece of the—a missile that flew off and went sailing through the air. He watched it maybe for a few million years, and then stopped it. He had no hurry. He was—had plenty of time, forever. He was from the beginning to the end. There was no—no time with Him. And then another one flies off, and He stops it over this a way.

43 What's He doing? He's writing His first Bible. The first Bible was ever written, was written in the skies, the zodiac. It starts out with the virgin; that's how He come first. It ends up with Leo the lion, the second coming. And He's writing His first Bible.

The second Bible was written, was written by Enoch, and put in the pyramid.

The third Bible was written, and the last one, is this One. [Brother Branham indicates his Bible—Ed.]

God always does things in threes. God is perfect in three. He's perfect. [Brother Branham clears his throat—Ed.] Pardon me. He's perfect in Father, Son, Holy Spirit. He's perfect in justification, sanctification, baptism of the Holy Spirit. He's perfected in His threes.

We are in His making, so we are perfected in three: soul, body, and spirit. And our body's controlled of—of nerves, of blood, and of cells (flesh): three. All perfected in three . . .

48 Then He said, after He had got all of that made, before He'd ever done anything else . . . I can see this little Halo move over—over this world, which was merely a cinder, frozen, hanging out there like a great iceberg. And He moved it over near the sun. And He begin to turn it like that, around the sun. It begin to melt, and the big ice glaciers tore loose. Texas was being formed, and the plains there; as we're taught how the icebergs come down through there, best chronologists can figure out. And then the whole world, after it run down into the Gulf of Mexico, and so forth, begin to berm up with water. "And the world, without form, and void . . ." Now we're in Genesis 1. See? Now then, God moved and separated the firmament from the waters. And He made the lights.

And then He created all His creations. Then after He made it, all the trees come up, and the plants, and so forth. What a beautiful setup He had. He loved it. It was beautiful. And He thought that was fine.

51 So He couldn't just leave it in that state; He had to leave something with it. So He said, "Let us (plural) make man (plural) in our own image. Let us make man in our own image." So then when God made His first man, He was a spirit man. He was something on the order of God, or the Son of God, the Logos. That was the first man. Then He gave the man jurisdiction over the—to lead all the animal life, just like the Holy Spirit leads the believer today: "Go here. Do this."

Now, if we were perfect in submission to the Holy Spirit, God would lead us by the Holy Spirit, just like Adam led the animals of that day.

53 So He—He made them. And then, when He did, He begin to move upon—upon the idea then that—that He had made man out of the dust of the earth. There was no man to till the soil, no one to do work, no physical being. So He made man out of the dust of the earth.

Now, there's where I think that a—a botanist, or—or science and Christianity, does not conflict one with another. Because science says, the man came from different a life; and we say, when you look at a man here, he's in the image of God. This is, was not the image of God to begin with. This was the image of animal life. And he . . . And the evolutionists argues that we . . . I don't believe in the chain of evolution the way they do, all coming from the single cell. But I believe we evolute, certainly, the evolution one man from another. But then when God made all of that, and got—put the man in the . . .

55 Made him out of the dust of the earth, now, not in His Own image. He had already made the man. Then He breathed into him the breath of life, and he became a living soul. So the soul of man is the nature of the spirit.

Now, when you're reborn, you don't get a new spirit. You get a new nature of that spirit. It's the same spirit, but a new nature of it. You take two men, stand them together, both look alike; and one of them is a sinner, and one of them is a Christian. One man say, "I got a spirit the same as you have." See? But one of them is a different, his soul, his nature's different. He's been changed.

57 So then He breathed into this man. Now, I don't know how—how He made him. He—He put him in five senses so he could contact his earthly home, and see, taste, feel, smell, and hear. And He made him in that manner. Now, those senses was not to contact God.

His sense to contact God was his spirit, his soul was to con . . . "The soul that sinneth, the soul shall die."

Now, I'm going a long ways around to get something, but I hope you get every point of it, so you can see exactly what God had to do at Calvary.

60 Now, when this man, then, when He put him in his senses, his five senses . . . And then, the man, he was lonesome, so He made him a wife, a helpmate, taken from his side a rib and made a woman.

A beautiful type there, all in type, of God taking from the side of Christ, the Bride. See? God opened up Adam's side, taken a rib; which, a man has one less rib than a woman in the structure of the—the body. And now God opened up the side of Christ, in the—at Calvary, and taken out the Bride. The Church comes through the Blood of Christ into the Body of Christ. See?

That's how—how we come in, and through no other way. No matter how church you belong to, how good a man you are, how good a woman you are; you must accept God's all-sufficient Sacrifice, His provided way, or you're lost. That's right. That's the only way that you can come in, is through there. Now, there's only one way, and that's the Door.

63 Jesus taught that famous parable, when He was here on earth. He said the wedding supper was made and—and every man was given a—a garment, and he found one man there without a garment. He said, "Friend, what are you . . . How—how comes you haven't got a garment?"

Now, the oriental custom of that, when the bridegroom invited every person, he put—he invited. If he invited fifty people, then he had fifty robes. And he stood someone at the door, and every time a man come in, rich or poor, he put the robe on him. Then no one knew whether they was rich or poor. He, all looked the same under a robe.

And that's the way God does today. He gives the Holy Spirit; which is a type. Every man that He invites, we're all the same; not this one 'cause a little better than the other one, and that one a little higher than this one. We're all the same in the sight of God, everyone that's invited to the wedding supper.

66 Then when he came in and he found one man now . . . Now, there's only one door to come through, because there's where the garments was given out. And he found a man at the supper table, without a garment on. He said, "Friend, what's you doing here? Why haven't you got a garment on?" And the man was speechless. He came in by a window, some other way. He didn't come by the door.

And every man that comes by Christ, into the Body of Christ, receives the Holy Spirit, the Robe. He's standing right there, to put It on you, just as soon as you come in. See? That's what He's promised and that's what He does.

68 Now, back there in the—in the beginning, in the Eden, then He made a wife for him, or a helpmate.

Now, you see these pictures in magazines, sometime, of some artists. Now, that's very poor inspiration. If you'd see Eve with hair sticking out like that, and, oh, what a horrible looking thing, and say, "That was our mother," why, there wouldn't be no one in the world could admire that. I believe Eve was the most beautiful woman that was ever on the earth. That's right. When Adam looked at her, his, he—he . . . It just, why, it goes to show that strain comes right on down through human beings today. If it didn't, it would be vice versa.

70 So, Adam taken Eve as his wife. And then when sin came in . . . And I have my idea of what that was. I don't express it out in the church, less I just having a little class of some sort, of what the sin was in the beginning. But anyhow, when it did, it separated them from fellowship with God.

Now, here's the picture I want to get. Now, when God realized, or some Angel, or some being had come up and told God, that, "Your son is lost. He—he sinned. He's fallen." . . .

Now, watch the strain of man, the first thing, is make hisself a religion. A man, he's got some kind of a religion.

I was talking to a famous man here in the city the other day. Said, "You know, my religion, Brother Branham, is keeping the Golden Rule." That's good. But, brother, unless a man is born again, he will perish. Yes. He's got to; he's got to be borned again. Now, the Golden Rule is all right; that, a moral man can do that. But it's got to be all in the supernatural line. And you'll see what God had to do in order that we could be supernaturally born.

75 Now, when, then, he sinned, he—he made hisself a reli . . . A word "religion" means "covering." It's like something covers. This coat is a—is a—a moral religion to me, because it covers my being. And your clothes is the same way. And it's a . . . It's a—a covering.

Now, notice then, when Adam, his fig leaves were all right as long as he didn't have to face God. But when he had to face God, he realized his fig leaves was no good. And now, friend, you might think you're a pretty good person (See?), and you might be. That's right. But when you come to face God, you're . . . if you haven't accepted God's provided Sacrifice for you, you're lost and you'll know it.

77 I have stood by their side, watch them die, see the doctor shoot hypos in their arms to keep them quiet, and hear them scream and carry on. Say, "Oh, they're just beside themselves."

I said, "Doc, please keep it out, just a minute longer." See? And you can hear them when they—they think you're right.

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is the ways of death."

And every man that's ungenerated—unregenerated of God, will go that way of destruction. You can't help it. Your own soul guides you. If you're borned again, you're bound to go up. If you're not born again, you've got to go down. Just your—your own soul will do it. Just like a—a magic wand that would open a door or somewhere; if you haven't got the—the wand, the door won't open. And if you're not borned again, you're just rejected automatically; that's all. Now . . .

81 And then when I—I see there, then, when they come out, and God knew that they could not stand before Him. And He knew. And they were hiding, hiding back in some bushes, yet covered up, but they knowed their covering wasn't sufficient.

And every man or woman that goes to church . . . Today I was thinking of the cathedrals a ringing out, and the bells a tolling, and so forth like that; and people going to the church, and making ready, and the women buying their Easter hats and so forth. What has this come to? My, how I can't understand where a rabbit has anything to do with the resurrection (See? No, sir.), or how a Christmas tree has anything to do with the birth of Christ. It's pagan, friends. We've got off the path somewhere. That's right. But now a real born again man or woman realizes, because there's life within you, tells you that that's wrong. Is that right? [Congregation says, "Amen."—Ed.]

83 Now, watch; Adam and Eve. Oh, my! When I think of that, I lose the thoughts of my influenza, ever what I had. When I think, way back in the beginning . . . Watch! You talk about blood?

Here not long ago, when they were figuring on now, in the great Methodist council, they're taking all of the Blood songs out of the Methodist hymnal . . . Said, "It's not a slaughter block religion." Said, "We don't . . . We want something nice and dignified." Brother, that's not the way God receives it. It's either . . .

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you." Blood! God, only substitutionary there is, is in only . . . "The life lays in the blood. You may eat the meat therefore, but the blood thereof, which is the life thereof, pour it upon the ground." See, not eat the life . . .

Notice, how beautiful. How I think of that. Then God thought, "Now, come out here, Adam and Eve. And before I can bring you out, I'm going to have to do something." So He goes over there on the hillside and gets a sheep, kill him, pull the skin off of him, let him die.

87 Because God has to keep His Word, no matter how good a man you are, how good a woman you are, what you are. It's God. God has got to keep His Word.

That's the reason the virgin Mary had to go up at the day of Pentecost, and receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost, just like the rest of them did, because she was born here as a mortal and had to be borned again before she could go to heaven. Amen.

89 Now, look, lady, let me tell you. Just because the times has changed, God hasn't changed. You come anything short of that, you're lost. See? Now, I'm only speaking in behalf of what God did nineteen hundred years ago today on Calvary, to show you what a sacrifice that had to be made to pay this, and that's God's way. Now, there's a way that seems right; but God has a provided way. If you'll always go in God's provided way, you'll never go wrong.

90 Like if you start to go to Indianapolis, or across the bridge, and you say, "Well, here, is that Louisville over there?"

"Yes." And just take right across this way; you'll be caught up pretty soon. That's right. You better get the blueprint, the map, study it out and see which a way you're going.

And then, Here is God's blueprint to glory. Study It out. There It is. It's Blood-sprinkled all the way. You can't lose the track, if you'll follow the Blood. Amen. Now, you can see. Just keep right with the Blood and you'll be all right, for there's a bloody footprint every step of the way.

92 Now, notice how God back there, before He could do it, now He could stand or . . . Even they could stand to receive, He'd kill them right now. He had to, because He's sovereign. He has to keep His Word. He said, "The day you eat thereof, that day you die." That settled it forever. Then I can see Him back there, when He killed these sheep. You say, "Were they sheep, Brother Branham?" I believe it. He was the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world.

And it was a sheepskin; take and throwed them back in the bushes, and told them to wrap up in these, and come out, and to receive.

94 And I can see Adam and Eve pull these old bloody, flappy skins around them. Could you imagine, the lovely, beautiful bodies of those two perfect human beings, now wrapped in bloody sheepskin? I can see them stand out there.

God said, "Adam, because you listened to your wife instead of Me, then, I took you out of the dust, and dust you'll return."

And, "Eve, because you listened to the—the serpent instead of Me, why, you brought life—took life out of the world, you'll have to bring life into the world. I will multiply your sorrows, and your desire shall be to your husband," and so forth.

And He said then, "Serpent, because you did this, walked up . . ." He wasn't a reptile. He was a beast, walked up, more subtle than all the beasts of the field. Bear me record: that's Scripture. Walked up, like a man, and he had deceived her. And He said, "And because you did this, off comes your legs, and on your belly you'll go, all the days of your life. And dust shall be your meat."

And right there they was: judgment. God had to keep His judgment, 'cause He'd spoke it. And He's God; He can't back up on it. He's got to stay . . . In order to be God, God has to keep His Word. That's right.

99 So there I can imagine seeing that poor little Eve, when she looked at Adam, her long blond hair hanging down her back, those big, bright, blue eyes that looked like the skies, where God had made them, the tears pouring down, mixing with the blood on the garments, and flapping down around her body, Eve . . . Adam, with his strong body, caught her and leaned her over on his bosom, and there the tears, mingling, falling, as it run through the sheepskins, blood dripping down. Blood, all the way. There. Now, He says, "You have to depart out of My Presence."

And I can see Eve and Adam, with their arms around one another, going, moving out like this, them old sheepskins flopping against their leg, bloody, beating on their leg. [Brother Branham clapped his hands together once—Ed.]

101 Then I can see all that space, which was God. God had no beginning of days, ending of years. He's forever and forever. I can see all that great space begin to move together like this, coming down to a funnel shape like that, and it moved right down, as He begin to eye that little couple going down through the garden of Eden, bloody skins flopping against their leg. He couldn't stand it. And it moved down, oh, it moved it down to the very heart of God, spelled l-o-v-e, "God so loved . . ." He just couldn't see them go.

He called them back, said, "I'm going to put enmity between your Seed and Satan's seed." Then when that was done, was at Calvary, when God Himself came down through a woman, born of a virgin.

103 How I would like to deal there just a little bit, in Eden. Notice, when they were driven from the garden because of transgression, all the blessings cut off because of transgression.

And I think, tonight, that's what's the matter with the Church. All the blessings are being cut off because of transgression. There you are.

105 Driven from the garden of Eden! Now, I want you to notice, here come . . . When Cain and Abel, the two sons of Adam and Eve, came forward to make an offering . . .

I believe the great Cherubim was at the east side of the gate, and that Sword whirling back and forth, guarding that gate there that entered into Eden . . . Notice, Fire, the Holy Spirit Fire guarding the gate.

And, today, that's what guards the gate. If you're scared of Holy Ghost and Fire, you'll never get in. Fiery, the Sword of God, God is a consuming Fire, watching that Tree, guarding that Tree of Life.

108 And now notice, then this is a beautiful picture. Oh, my. I can see Adam, or Cain and Abel, rather, toiling now, or going out to make a sacrifice. I believe they built their altar right at the gate, at the Throne, where they could worship.

Notice, here comes Cain. He probably worked all year, toiling, doing everything he could to get the very biggest apples, or the very biggest pumpkins, or whatever he had, brought it up to the gate. Built him an altar right there by the side of the gate in the Presence of God, put all of his fruits, and the big calla lilies and everything, and laid them on the altar correctly, then knelt down and worshipped God.

110 Now, I want you to . . . I hope this just soaks way down, as it never before, till you get it. See? Now, notice. If God only required you to go to church, Cain was just as just as Abel was. Cain built an altar unto the Lord. You say, "Well, Brother Branham, I don't only do that, but I make a sacrifice. I pay to foreign missions, and I . . ." Them things are all right. Them's all right. But God requires more.

Cain did that, himself. See? He brought a sacrifice. He worshipped the Lord. He knelt down and offered praise unto the Lord, and said, "Lord, here am I. Here am I, and I've brought You an offering. I've built an altar." Amen.

In so many words, "I am a member of a church." Did it hit the bottom? Look. "I am a member of the church. I believe in You." It'll

go to the bottom now. Let it soak real deep. "I am a believer in God. I have built an altar. I have brought a sacrifice. And here I am, Lord. I am worshipping You." God turned His back on them. Right.

114 "And Easter morning," like a pastor of this city said, "you know what I do, preacher, on Easter morning?"

I said, "What?"

Said, "I tell all my folks, I bid them a 'Merry Christmas.'"

Said, "Why?"

Said, "I won't see them any more till next Easter."

Everybody comes out on Easter, that's all, buy new bonnets and new clothes. And what's that got to do with Christ? Oh! And there'll be millions of dollars spent this year, tomorrow, in the Protestant realm, of lilies, great beautiful lilies; each member will come around and lay it on the altar. God don't care about the lily on the altar. He wants you on the altar. It isn't the lily; it isn't your sacrifice. You are the guy to be on the altar. That's the difference. Putting what God requires on the altar, is you.

116 Now, I want you to notice how that, that strain, that was Satan in Cain. And notice that the very . . .

Now, this ought to make you feel real good, some of you that's a pilgrim and wayfaring person. And we have to maybe say, "Well, I wish we could do this in our church, and that." Be satisfied. Hallelujah. I'd rather worship in a little, old room somewhere in a back alley, and have God in it, than in a cathedral with God not in it. That's right. Sure. There! He was a poor man. Notice. Then he brought his offering, Cain did, and laid it upon there. Now, notice, he came from the line of Satan, because he expected God to receive it, because it was beautiful fruit, something that he done, himself.

118 And so many people say, "Well, I belong to the certain different orders. And I—I give to the Red Cross, and I give to charity. I donate to churches. What about that, Brother Branham?" That's all all right.

But, "Except a man be born again, he will in no wise enter the Kingdom." Notice it.

Those charitable things are fine, but out . . . That's not God's provided way yet. Cain come his own way. And many, tonight, are coming their own way.

121 You can't even reason it. Why, reasons can't even . . . Your reasons are not eligible. You're not eligible to reason it out. If you could reason it, it would no more be of faith. You've got to offer it by faith.

Now, you say, "Brother Branham, you mean I have to get down there and—and get filled with the Holy Ghost and carry on like the rest of them?" If you expect to be with the rest of them, you do. That's all. Yes, sir. That's all. You can take . . .

Naaman had the same thing. God told the prophet, "Tell him, 'Go down and dip seven times.'"

He said, "Isn't this water cleaner and better?" But it was that water of Jordan; looks pretty bad sometimes.

125 But I wish every one here tonight would look at Calvary, and what it cost God, nineteen hundred years ago, and would raise your hand, say, "I will take the way with the Lord's despised few."

You say, "I have to join with those guys that Brother Thom or some of them call 'holy-roller'?"

Brother, I've been around the world, pretty near three times, and I've never seen a holy-roller yet. No, sir. I've seen holiness, but not holy-rollers. That's the name the devil tacked on the Church. God said, "Without holiness, no man shall see God." You can suit yourself, about it. That's God's way.

128 You say, "People that scream and shout and go on?" Brother, that's what it is. "Why," you say, "that, that seems crazy, to me."

That's the reason you ought to be born again. When you are born again, then it won't be crazy. You'll be with us. They thought the same as you did, one time. That's right. They thought the same as you did, until they got into it themself. It's a change, a conversion. "Convert" means to "change" anything. And except a man dies out to himself and say, "Lord, I don't know nothing about it. Just take me in." Amen. Then God will do it. See?

130 Now, Cain said, "I've laid all this down." God refused it. He made it all pretty.

And maybe you think, "Well, I'm going to sunrise service; I got to have a new bonnet."

A girl one time was going to sing in my meeting. And she said, "Brother Branham . . ." Her mother washed over a washtub to make a living. And she had to have one of them "kinking" in her hairs, you know.

What is it, manicure? Or what is it you call the thing, ever what the thing is in her hair? I know that's wrong. I can't never think of that name of that. I don't know much about it. Toni? [Someone says, "No. Permanent."—Ed.] Permanent in it, that's what it was.

And she had to have one in her hair before she could sing in the choir. And her poor old mammy washing over a washtub to make her a living. When she went and got her a permanent, and I said I wouldn't let her sing, 'cause she wasn't fit to sing when she did that to it. Right.

135 God help us to keep the pulpit clean, anyhow. That's what's the matter with the world today, in their . . . ? . . . Now, listen, brother. I believe in an old fashion, sassafras experience, way back yonder in bushes, where you grub out all the roots of bitterness, and stir up the ground (that's right), plant the seed.

Now, notice now, Cain, he thought, "The beauty."

They think, "Well, now, our church . . . We'll build a new church." That's all right. Everything's of beauty, is all right, if you take along with it the Lord Jesus. Then if you'll just get Him first, He will take care of the rest of it.

137 Someone said, "Brother Branham, do you believe this girl should come to the altar, looking like this?"

I said, "Brother, it's coming springtime. All those scrub oaks out here, every one of them has got the leaves right on them they had last fall. But we don't have to go pick the leaves off, to let new leaves come on. Just let the new life come up, and the old leaf drops off." That's right. Amen.

Listen. May I say this too. If the old leaf don't drop off, it shows the new Life hasn't come. Don't get angry with me now. I'm talking about Jesus. All right. That's it. All right.

140 Watch what it cost our heavenly Father. Look what He did now.

And there come Cain, and he made his offering. He worshipped. He went to church. He's just as good as the next fellow.

Esau was the same. Esau, in his character, was a better man than Jacob, more of a gentleman. He loved his father; and the things that he done. But God chose Jacob.

143 Notice now when Abel come to make his offering, well, it was quite a difference when Abel come. Here come Abel. He didn't work; he didn't try to find the biggest church in town to go to. He didn't try to find the nicest bunch of people to associate with. Amen.

He just took something that he had and come on. That's all. He was a sheepherder. So he just reached over and got a lamb, and tied . . . I suppose they didn't have any hemp in that day, so he must've got a grapevine and just wrapped it around his neck.

But what did it speak of? They led Him to Calvary. He was the Lamb. Said, "Why was He born in a barn?" Well, lambs are not born in houses. They're born in barns. And they was led . . . they led to the slaughter like a lamb. And they led Him away, leading Him up Calvary. He was God's Lamb (amen) from the foundation of the world. When I think of it, there—there come Abel's little lamb. There come God's Lamb.

145 When I think of it, my heart just turns over and over. When I think, me, a poor, unworthy, ungodly sinner, dying without God, without Christ in the world, without hope . . . And in due season Christ died in my stead, the beautiful One, and became despised and rejected, that I might be accepted in His sight, in my stead. Oh, I just can't get over it. I just can't imagine how He could do that for me. Who was I? Then, you say, "Did He do it for you?" Yes.

The Holy Spirit come, hunted me up, one day, and said, "He did it for you," and I believed Him. I believed Him. Yes, sir. I accepted Him, and I found it was so. No matter what the people said they was, "they were fanatics," or whatever they was; I believe God. And I . . . And He done just what He said.

147 I can see little Abel. Watch now. My, I can see Abel go and get this little grapevine, reach out and get a little male lamb, first from the old mother ewe, wrapped this vine around his neck. Here he comes, dragging him (Not much beauty to that, is there?), pulling him up there. Then he got him up to a big rock, laying there at the east end of the gate . . . Now, notice.

Cain had probably toiled all year to make the best of crop that he could, thought he could please God by that.

149 And many people say, "I'm going to quit lying. I'm going to quit stealing. I will quit smoking. I will turn to a better class of people. I will get in some society."

Here it is! God don't care about your turning a new page. He wants you to turn your heart to Christ, and let Him make out of you. Not what you can do, it's not by good works we're saved, but by His mercy are we bought. "Not by works, lest any man should boast." For we are—for we are God's because . . . It isn't what I am; it isn't what I do, myself. It's what Christ, in God, has did for me and for you.

151 Notice, beautiful type. Here he comes, dragging the little lamb, pulling him along. I can imagine the little fellow falling, probably knew what was near, dragging his little feet. Perfect type of Christ dragging the cross, God's Lamb coming down through Jerusalem, falling, weak.

Here come the little fellow, bleating along. And when he got him up to the great rock, laid him upon the rock, taking a piece of sharp rock. . . I don't know, guess they had no knives in those days. Laid him like that. Took him by the back of his head, and pulled him up like this, took a kni. . . or the rock, and begin to chop his little throat, and the rock begin to beat through his throat. On that rock died the lamb, bleeding, bleating, blood splashing, his little arteries cut, the blood flying all over. His little white wool become bathed red then with blood. God looked down from the heaven, and said, "That's it. Now, you got it. That's the way." The blood spurting from his little veins. . .

153 What was it? Of the Son of God, nineteen hundred and something years ago this afternoon. He was led from prison. He was taken to the judgment seat, and from there, to the hall of scourging, from there, up Golgotha, pulled up the hill. Simon, the Cyrene, helping Him bear the cross. And there, died, on the Rock of Ages, with His Blood beat out of Him, His body striped. Hallelujah! Great big old gobs of mocking soldiers' spit upon His face. And He said, "If My Kingdom was of this world, I'd ask My Father; He would give me legions of Angels that would come and fight for Me. But this is not My kingdom. But Thy Kingdom come. Thine will be done." And it will be here pretty soon. "Thy kingdom come, Thine will be done." Oh, my.

155 When Billy Sunday said, one time, that, "In every tree set an angel," said, "He just pull your hand loose and point your finger; that's all you'll have to do. We'll settle the question down here." My, ain't it the truth.

Caiaphas looked by, and said, "He saved other; Himself He cannot save." It was the greatest compliment was ever paid Him. If He saved Hisself, He couldn't save others. So He gave His life, that He could save others. Hallelujah. Amen.

"All we like sheep have gone astray; God laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. He was led to the slaughter like a sheep; and led like a sheep, dumb, before her shearers, opened not His mouth. Yet He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquity; the chastisement of our peace upon him; and with His stripes we

are healed." How could you reject such matchless love? To see Him as He goes staggering up the hillside: poor, little, weak, frail body bending beneath the load.

158 I think of the poet when he set there that day; he caught a glimpse of it, and he wrote.

Mid rendering rocks and darkening skies,
My Saviour bowed His head and died;
The opened veil revealed the way
To Heaven's joys and endless day.

What a Saviour. Oh, my. How could we ever, how could I reject such matchless love, for One Who would do that for me and you?

160 I trust, tonight, my brother, sister, that you will come. God, that was God's provided way. That's the way for you. That's the only One Who can have anything to do with you. That's the One that took your place. That's the One Who stands tonight, a resurrected Redeemer, standing at the right hand of the Father, tonight; see Him begging and pleading for every sinner that's in this building to come to Him. I trust that you will. I trust that you won't let this—this Easter pass.

Dear friends, we're at the end of the road. I believe we are, with all my heart. We're down to the end of the road. May the Lord Jesus bless you. May He make you a new creature in Him, tonight, is my prayer. May He lead you. One time in the . . .

162 There was an old blind man in the Bible, by the name of—of Bartimaeus. Old blind Bartimaeus, he had two little doves, we're told by history. That these little doves used to set out and do little tumbles over one another, and the people would—would hold their . . . He would hold his cup, and then when the—the people would come by, they'd watch these little turtledoves do little tumbles, and they'd drop in coins for the old blind beggar. He was a married man and had a little girl. He'd never seen the little girl in his life. She was about twelve, fourteen years old, at the stage that we're fixing to enter to his life now. And he was setting . . .

One night, said his little girl got sick, and he went to the Lord. And he said, "Lord, if You'll just heal my little girl, I will sacrifice my two doves for You, tomorrow." So they . . . The Lord healed his little girl, and he sacrificed the two doves. After while, his . . .

164 And the first thing you know, his dear wife got sick, and she thought she was . . . They thought she was going to die. So he goes

out to the Lord in the night, feeling his way along the side of the wall of his house, knelt down in the field, and said, "God, God, if You'll just spare my wife's life, tomorrow I will sacrifice my lamb for You."

Now, you've seen blind men led by a dog today. They train those dogs to lead them. In them days they trained sheep to lead people, and so he had a—a—a lamb that led him around.

And he said, "Lord, if You'll just heal my wife, well, then, tomorrow I will sacrifice my lamb to You." And his wife got well.

167 And the next day he was going up to the temple, and said the high priest, Caiaphas, stood out and said, "Blind Bartimaeus, where are you going?"

He said, "I'm going up to the temple, O high priest, to sacrifice my lamb. I promised the Lord, if He'd heal my wife, I would give my lamb."

He said, "You can't give that lamb, Bartimaeus, because that that lamb is your eyes." Said, "I will give you some money, and you buy you a lamb with the sellers in the temple."

But Bartimaeus said, "O high priest, I never promised God a lamb; I promised Him this lamb." Oh, my.

171 I wonder if you've made promises like that. And if you see that all-sufficient Lamb tonight, think, "Lord, if You'll let me get well, I will promise you I will serve You; I will do everything I can. If You'll let my baby live . . . " Or, when you stand and your mother was going down in the grave, or your dad or your loved ones, "O God, I will meet them, I will meet them again." I wonder if you really meant that. I wonder if this Easter is going to come and go without you fulfilling that what you've promised.

172 He went on up and offered his lamb. Come back, someone leading him around.

So he said then, when he come back, said, "Bartimaeus you can't do that." The priest that went to take his lamb, he said, "You can't take this. You can't sacrifice this lamb." Said, "Blind Bartimaeus, do you know that lamb is your eyes?"

He said, "Yes, I know that. But I promised God, and God will provide a lamb for blind Bartimaeus' eyes."

175 Not long after that, he was shivering in the cold, one day; he heard a noise. God had provided the Lamb for blind Bartimaeus' eyes. He came along the street. He said "What's all this noise?" There's usually noise where He's at. Said, "What's all this noise?"

He said, "One, Jesus of Nazareth, passed by."

He threw down his coat, not looking where it went; he didn't care then. God had provided a Lamb. He got right to the Lamb. He said, "O Jesus, Thou son of David, have mercy. Have mercy."

The rich people and those who stood around, to get close to the prophet, to the king; he said, "Oh, be still; He can't hear you." He cried that much the more.

Some of them said, "The days of miracles is passed. There's no such a thing as that day."

He cried the louder, "Thou son of David, have mercy on me. Have mercy on me." God provided the Lamb.

180 That same Lamb He provided for blind Bartimaeus' eyes, He provided for you nineteen hundred and something years ago, today, as He climbed Golgotha, yonder, and offered Himself, all bruised and hacked together.

Listen, friend. Remember, Abel went out into his herd and got the lamb, and killed it on the sacrifice block. And [Blank spot on tape—Ed.] . . . better catch this now. Abel died on the same rock that his lamb died on.

Are you willing tonight, to die out to yourself? Are you willing to die out to all thoughts of yourself? Just lay on the rock, with your Lamb there, and die out, say, "O God, have mercy." When I think of men and women who think of pride, young men and women who will give their lives over to things. And men of age, too, thinking of their job and of their prestige and of their neighborhood, or something like that.

Oh, why don't you crawl up Calvary yonder tonight? Hallelujah. Let your own life be hacked out, and die yonder on the cross with Him. Throw your arms around the "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee. While the near, old waters roll, while the tempest still is high, hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide me. Let the world do whatever they want to. Let the theologians do whatever they want to; I don't want their theology. What I want is Jesus Christ in my heart. Let me die with my Lamb."

184 Oh, I know how hard it was that night when I walked in that little old colored mission out there, and all the white folks standing around there, said, "There he goes into a colored mission." It was hard. I walked up there with a whole lot of Kentucky pride in me, like that, but God said, "If you want It, walk right on in there." And

I walked right in there and knelt down to an altar, and there I stayed until the Lamb . . . I died to old self, Bill Branham, twenty years ago. Hallelujah.

"I was crucified with Christ. Yet I live; not me, but Christ lives in me." Someday in that glorious resurrection, when He comes, my body may be resting beneath the sod out yonder. But when it does, you'll see the grass move back and I will come forth in His great glorious image, besides a many of them (hallelujah), for I know Him in the power of His resurrection.

I trust that's what every one of you do tonight, crawl right up Golgotha yonder tonight. Let's take a little trip now.

While, you'll give us the key, if you will, sister, of "Nearer, My God, To Thee." While we are . . .

You say, "That's a funeral." Well, brother, if there ever was a time we needed a funeral, is right now, when men will die to theirself and pride.

Let's bow our heads, silently now, while she gives us a little chord, if that's all right.

190 O God, oh, when I think what happened yonder. Uh. Even my bones tremble to think. I think of seeing that Lamb, when they hacked Him, yes, put thorns on His head and pushed it down. The soldiers spit in His face, and said, "Thou King, now do something about it."

He was the Prophet of prophets. They put a rag around His face, and hit Him on His head with a reed, said, "Now, prophesy, tell us who hit You."

But the prophet said, "He opened not His mouth." He done told it.

Tied His hands up, behind Him, stood off, with a great whip, and lashed Him till His precious ribs showed through His back; the Blood running down His side, tinkling off on the ground. I hear Him walk now; out of His sandals I hear the blood squashing. That was Emmanuel. That was God, God's Blood.

194 And I seen them take, put that cross on His back, that old blistery, ragged, rugged cross. And there He goes, laying across that sore back, down through the street He went, the howling mob, laughing, making fun of Him, "There goes that prophet. There goes that great teacher. There goes that divine healer." But He's my Lord. O God, I've . . . Let me climb with Him.

There He goes up the hill. I see the young, half-dressed women, running around, making fun. Their boyfriends hugging one another, as they go up the hill. Brother Ward, it hasn't changed too much yet.

I can see the great church members, saying, "Look, that was the Guy that was going to tear our church up; preached against our pastor. Look at Him now." But the prophet said it must be that way. He was God's Lamb.

197 I see Him as He turns His head, and the spit sliding down off of His beard. Rolls His eyes up to Heaven; groans, and moves a little farther.

Lord, by faith, I want to walk that now with Him. I want to pat Him on the back, say, "Lord, I will stand here. Just tell me what to do, I will do it. How I appreciate You, Lord."

Yonder on the hill, when they laid Him down, pulled His precious hands back. Those hands that stood the fever; that hands that said . . . to that poor widow woman's boy, when it touched his brow, or the casket he was laying in; he come to life . . .

That One Who called Dorcas back to life, that One Who called Jairus' daughter to life, that One Who said, "Lazarus, come forth." Them lips are bleeding now, parching, crying.

201 As the great cruel nails drive into His hands and in His feet. "They pierced my hands and my feet," said the prophet, seven hundred years before it happened. What was it? It was Abel's Lamb. There they flung Him down in the ground, and the flesh tore. His poor body quivered.

Said, "I thirst." They give Him vinegar.

They riled and mocked, and made fun of Him, said, "You great miracle-worker, do something about it now."

But then the skies begin to get dark, lightning begin to flash. God was hiding His face; He couldn't stand it no more. O God, how cruel sin must be, how cruel, how cruel, that caused that precious One to do that. Even such a price He paid till God Himself hid His face. The Angels veiled their faces and turned around, to weeping with Him. The moon and stars could not go any farther. They could not shine no more. The very God that created them was dying on the cross. And He bowed His head.

204 Before He did that, He looked down there to them people gambling for His garment, fulfill what the prophet said. Said, "Father, forgive them; they don't know what they're doing." All in

love, Adam's Lamb, God's provided Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world. . . There He died, friendless, even forsaken by God Himself. God, and, then, His Own Father, forsaken Him, bleeding.

Yet, we go around laughing, gaiety, just like nothing had happened.

O God, it was that Blood. When yonder in the hospital, the doctor said, "He's dying," it was that Blood that healed me. A little old sinner boy running around here, it was that Blood that forgive my sins. It was that Blood that took—that taken me out of a debauch of a place that I was living, and set me and made me Your son. Oh, . . . ? . . . and dying Lamb, Thy precious Blood. Keep me near the cross, Lord.

207 That's my vision. That's what it is yonder, love, all God's great heart moving down there. And all that comes by Him will not be rejected. They'll all receive Everlasting Life. "He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

God, may every individual here go home tonight with this on their mind, thinking of, "What a Sacrifice. What did it cost to redeem? What did it cost God?" Never cost us nothing. It cost God His Son. It cost God the greatest price. It cost Christ His life. He was the Rose of Sharon; but to get the perfume out of a rose, you have to crush it up. His beautiful life was crushed at a young Man of thirty-three and a half years, that we might live.

Nearer, my God, to Thee. Stay near me, Lord. Stay near me. And when I come to the end of this road, my life is finishing, Lord, may He, Who died there, come near me then. May every one in here be likewise.

210 Tomorrow, Lord, or day after tomorrow, bury a little woman who set here in this church one time, listening at the sermon. Thou knowest all about her now. If she did come, she's saved. If she didn't, she's gone.

O God, have mercy. May every man and woman, as they leave this building tonight, go to their homes, go, thinking seriously, "Nothing in my arms; just simply to Thy cross." And may each one die on that cross.

Lord, while I'm here at this pulpit tonight, this little old concrete structure, I consecrate my life to You. I thank You for what You've done for me. And I consecrate myself anew, at this crucifixion night memorial to You. Take me, Lord. Forgive me, all my mistakes and troubles. Make me strong and powerful, Lord, in the Spirit of God, that I might win souls to You.

And bless this congregation, for we ask it in His Name. Forgive every sinner. Reclaim every backslider.

214 While we have our heads down, and every sinner man and woman in here just now, little boys and girls, all of you . . . Some of you young folks back there, had to speak sharp to you, the other night. I hate to do that. God bless your hearts. You might have thought Brother Branham was rough, but I—I love you. I've set where you started from. I know what it is; that's the reason I said that, see if you just wouldn't love our Lord. I pray for you, pray this will be the consecration time for you. Some of you mothers and dads, elderly people, make this the time of consecration, just now, would you? Accept Him in your heart. Believe Him with all of your soul.

Now, while every heads bowed, would somebody like to be remembered in prayer? If you would, just raise your hand, say, "Brother Branham, remember me. I want to grow closer to God." All right, dozens of hands.

216 Father, remember them all. I pray You'll grant it; they'll have peace. As the tears are rolling down our cheeks and dripping off here, with mine, pulpit. Some of them with handkerchiefs. Some of them, great, burly-looking, rough men in here, setting here before me, tears running down from their faces, their wrinkled cheeks. Receive us, Lord. Forgive every one of us that's in the Divine Presence of this Spirit of God, tonight, forgive us, Lord, young and old. May we be saved at that day, and taken to Thy Kingdom, for we ask it in His Name. Amen.

Now, you can stand to your feet, quietly. Now, just keep your heads bowed. Slowly:

> Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee;
> Even though it be a cross that raiseth me;
> Still all my song shall be . . .

[Brother Branham quietly prays for the people—Ed.] "God, My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Come, Lord, bless these hearts. [Brother Branham continues praying with the people.]

219 Will you just, reverent, without speaking to anyone, at all, without saying one more word, just leave the building, quietly now, and go to your homes. Just turn and go to your home now. Without saying a word, turn and go out. God be with you.

[Brother Branham pauses as the congregation begins to quietly leave the building, while the organist and pianist continue playing "Nearer, My God, To Thee."—Ed.]

"Al l we like sheep have gone astray; the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquity; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him . . . ? . . . Yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten, afflicted."

[Brother Branham continues to quietly pray for the people, while the organist and pianist continue playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee."—Ed.]