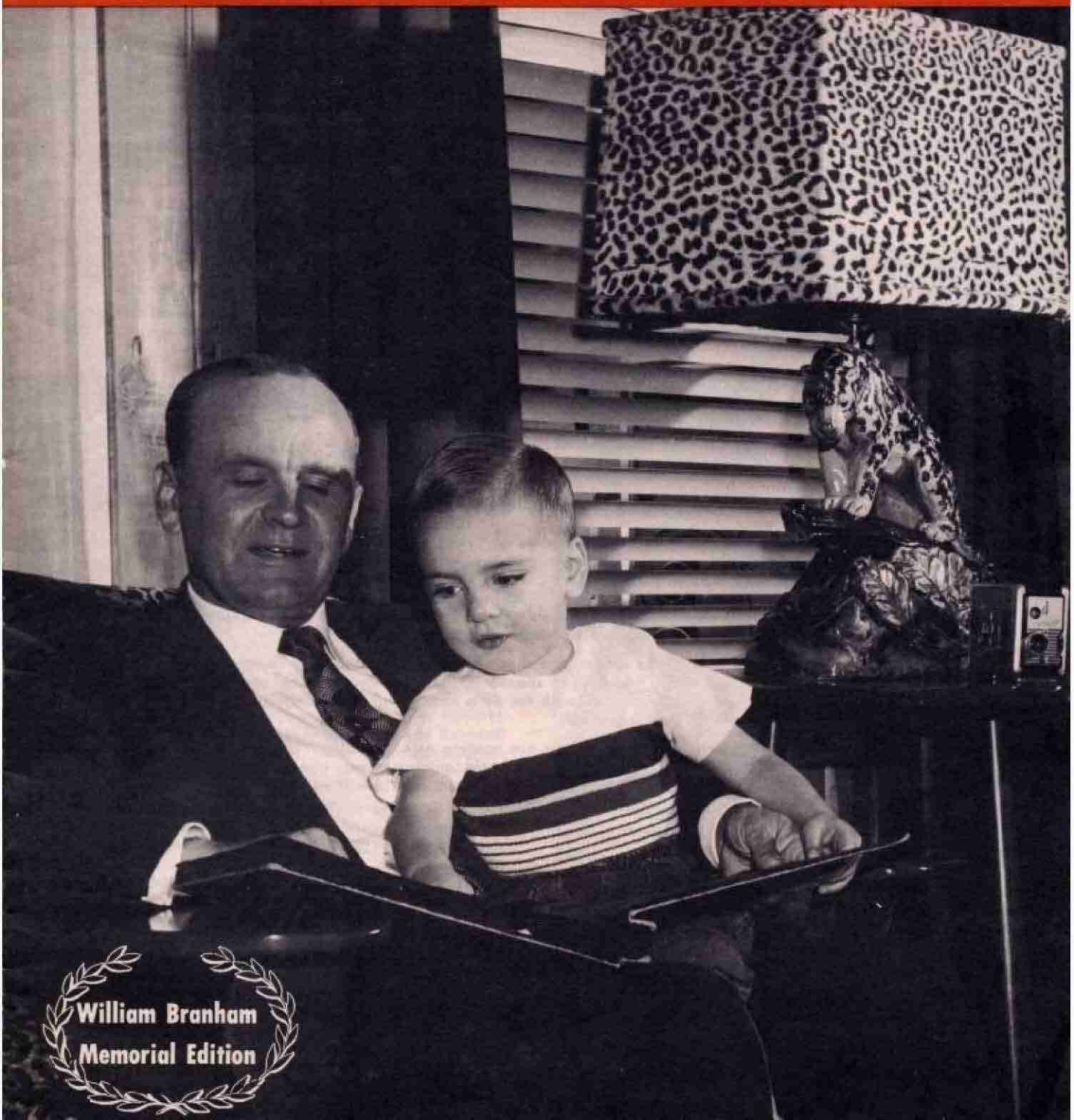
THE VOICE OF HEALING

FEBRUARY • 1966



William Branham
Memorial Edition

A Look into the Past . . .

AND THE FUTURE

Dear Partners and New Friends:

The news of Rev. William Branham's death came as a great shock to all of us who loved him. It is a matter of history that his ministry under God spearheaded an apostolic revival that swept around the world. In our article, "William Branham As I Knew Him," we have attempted to evaluate his ministry and its impact and to answer the question asked by so many, why did he have to go? We well remember what happened right after the close of World War II. The great evangelists, Dr. Charles S. Price, Aimee Semple McPherson, and Smith Wigglesworth all died within a short space of time. Many people began wondering if the days of revival were over. In fact some preached that they were over. But almost simultaneously with their passing, God raised up William Branham and after him many others to carry on a new wave of revival that has reached nearly every nation of the free world. God's command to Joshua at the death of Moses is ours today.

"Moses my servant is dead: now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel. Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given you, as I said unto Moses" (Josh. 1:2-3).

We who were associated with William Branham during the years he came into prominence have strong convictions that the hour has come for a new move, a new revival that will reap the fields of ripened grain. We also feel that this will be the last great revival before the coming of Christ. It is a strange coincidence that with this issue dedicated to William Branham we should be about to make one of the most important announcements that we have ever made. We believe that this step we are about to take will have far-reaching consequences. It pertains to Christ's words in Matthew 9:37-38. Watch for this announcement to be made in the magazine next month.

In the meantime the opportunities of the far-flung Native Church Crusade operation daily increase. Only because our friends continue to stand by us are we able to meet these tremendous responsibilities of building churches which are worth in the aggregate many millions of dollars. But the money is a small thing in comparison to the value of the tens of thousands of souls being won to Christ. Some of these converts accept Christ under the fiercest opposition. S. G. Elton of Nigeria writes of a field in a new tribe just opened up, "In the Nupe tribe we now have several groups of converts . . . but they are always facing severe persecution. A man who becomes a Christian suddenly finds his tax is trebled . . . his crops are burned . . . his children are not allowed in school . . . his livestock is stolen. Yet in spite of all we still get converts and are able to help them under the Native Church Crusade plan. We have completed five buildings in that tribe to date."

Perhaps you were one of the sponsors of these churches. Or is this your month to sponsor a Native Church? Or do you wish to sponsor a literature project? You can send Full Gospel books to as many families as you wish for 5c a family. No opportunity as this has ever been presented before (see pages 6-9).

To all those who write us this month, we are sending as a special gift our new book **The United States in Prophecy.** This is a startling book containing facts about America never before published. It shows why we are at war with Vietnam and how it will end. Write me today and get your book by return mail.

Your partner,

Gordon Lindsay

Gordon Lindsay

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ON DECEMBER 18, 1965, William Branham and his family were on their way to Jeffersonville, Indiana, for the Christmas season. His son Billy Paul and the younger Branham boy, Joseph, were riding in another car ahead.

Suddenly Billy Paul saw an oncoming automobile weaving on the highway. He maneuvered his own car and managed to escape being struck by the vehicle. After a moment he looked back but could not observe his father's car following. Turning back he saw the terrible tragedy that had taken place. The weaving car driven by a drunken driver had plowed into the car in which the Branham family was riding. The speedometer of the Branham car was locked at 65 miles per hour. The oncoming car was going just as fast, so that the total impact was equivalent to a total of 130 miles per hour.

Rarely does anyone escape an impact made at this speed. Two in the oncoming car were instantly killed. Brother Branham, thrown through the windshield, lay half in and half out but still retained consciousness and was able to talk to Billy Paul. He, Sister Branham, and their daughter Sarah were critically injured. Considerable time elapsed before they were extricated from the wreckage and were taken to the Northwest Texas Hospital at Amarillo. Just a few days later—on Christmas Eve—Brother Branham died.

William Branham As I Knew Him

by Gordon Lindsay

We attended the funeral at Jeffersonville, Indiana, December 29, 1965. Rev. and Mrs. T. L. Osborn, Rev. A. C. Valdez, Rev. Mattson-Boze and myself were asked to sit on the platform. Local ministers Donald Ruddell, Willard Collins, and Raymond Jackson brought brief messages. The main message was given by Orman Neville, the associate pastor of the Branham Tabernacle.

Rev. Neville read a few lines taken from Brother Branham's last service in California. They were, "Aren't you glad that Christ has the keys to open the door called death? He will guide me over the river. Someday I must come to that door. I will be wrapped in robes of righteousness. He will call me from the dead. He has promised, and I believe it."

The Man William Branham

I was associated with William Branham as his manager for several years during the time his ministry spearheaded the great deliverance revival that swept around the world. I, therefore, am taking the liberty of making a few comments on the life of a man that has had so great an impact upon the world.

To know Brother Branham was to love him. His nature was tender and kind, and his sensibilities reacted deeply to the suffering and pain of others. So great was his compassion for the sick and afflicted that he at times permitted his own health to suffer while praying long hours for endless lines of sick. For a while he carried, as it were, the weight of a suffering world upon his frail shoulders, until at last God made it known unto him that his responsibility must be shared by others.

There was a characteristic in his ministry that made him intensely loved by the multitudes who heard him—it was his simple humility. In his earlier years he had known nothing but the pangs of poverty, hardship, and crushing sorrows, a man who had even the little of life wrenched from his grasp. As he would often tell the story, his family was the poorest of the poor. For a long time he was unable to afford the most meager of household conveniences. Once he lost an easy chair to a finance company, not being able to keep up the payments. To pay expenses he worked as an Indiana game warden but was too kind-hearted to impose fines, although that was his only source of income.

While managing Brother Branham's meetings, we often ran into problems with those who wished to use his great influence

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The amazing photograph taken at the Houston Coliseum, January 25, 1950, before an audience of 8,000 people. Many strange phenomena have taken place in the ministry of William Branham. The writer was always careful to document such events that came to his attention. He therefore employed the noted Examiner of Questioned Documents, George J. Lacy of Houston, Texas to make a thorough examination of the film. After the most elaborate testing, he proved that the photograph was absolutely genuine and no retouching or double negative was possible. A Houston clergyman had violently attacked Brother Branham's ministry and this seemed to be God's way of attesting to the genuineness of Brother Branham's ministry.

WILLIAM BRANHAM AS I KNEW HIM

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to help propagate some particular doctrine. Brother Branham took a firm stand on this, and we published a statement that our brother was not endorsing this or that view, but that God had called him to unite the church and not to divide it.

Those attending these great campaigns will remember how Brother Branham would come to the platform and again in a most humble spirit tell the people that God had called him as a prophet to minister to the people of all churches and not to wrangle over doctrine. His great calling was to bring the truth of the supernatural ministry to the hearts of the people of our generation that they might know that Christ was a living reality. I never cease marveling at the great effect he had upon people of all walks of life. Multitudes are Christians today because William Branham lived.

Nevertheless, I was surprised by the persistence of some who insisted on using William Branham's name to advance some peculiar doctrine.

But that was not Brother Branham's desire. In writing an introduction to his book *William Branham, A Man Sent From God,* published in 1951, which Brother Branham carefully read before it went to press, we said, "When it comes to the consideration of doctrinal points, it is a different matter. He does not consider himself a theologian or an arbiter of theological controversies. Despite his great influence with multitudes of people, he does not lend that influence to press home his own views on doctrinal points. Some unauthorizedly have attempted to use his name as a means of promoting their own personal views. He has been forced to repudiate such attempts kindly but firmly. His mission is to unite the people of God, not to divide them further in doctrinal controversy."

Only when it came to the matter of his own call was there no doubt or hesitancy. When under the anointing of God he spoke fearlessly, and the gift as I witnessed it was practically infallible. In the many hundreds of times I saw him speak under the anointing, he would unerringly speak forth the secrets of men's hearts—things which he had no possible way of knowing. The person's life was often changed from that hour on.

The Question—Why?

It is only human for people to question why God would take Brother Branham at this time when his life has had such great usefulness. Before we can answer this, we would first have to explain why John the Baptist, "the greatest man born of woman" of his day was cut off at the age of thirty. Jesus was at the height of his ministry at that time, but He did not turn his finger to save John's life. This seeming neglect in fact inspired a doubt in John's mind as to whether Jesus was the Christ (Matt. 11:3).

Stephen was a young man, mightily anointed of God, whom the Lord was blessing with great miracles, signs, and wonders. He too was cut off in the very prime of his ministry.

James, the brother of John, one of the apostles, gave his life for the cause when he might have been a great blessing in preaching the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ for many years.

Jesus Himself finished His earthly ministry at 33 years of age, instead of the 70 ordinarily given to man.

Joseph, the husband of Mary, the mother of Jesus, apparently died while Jesus was at home. He appears nowhere in the gospel narrative after Jesus began His ministry. In fact while on the cross, Jesus asked His disciple John to take care of His mother, which He hardly would have done if Joseph were still alive.

There is not lacking proof that God for reasons of His own takes some of His choicest saints from the earth while they are in the very prime of life. Such was the case of Elijah. The period of his ministry lasted about 14 years. There is no indication whatsoever that he was an old man. His life was marked by a series of miracles such as were never known in Israel since the days of Moses. During the latter part of his ministry it shone at its very brightest. Yet Elijah was suddenly taken from the earth.

The death or trial of some great saint has often had the peculiar result of stirring up those who have been left behind. When Paul was put in prison, instead of other ministers being discouraged from going forward, it had the effect of making them more determined than ever to labor for Christ (Phil. 1:14).

Then too, God may see that a man's special ministry has reached its fruition and it is time to take him home. Moses wanted to lead the children of Israel over Jordan, and it appeared that Israel needed him more then than at any other time, but God reserved this ministry of taking the people over Jordan for another—Joshua.

One thing seems to be clear. God takes some of His outstanding leaders out of the way so that others whom He has specially anointed will be emboldened to step out in faith. The disciples of John the Baptist were much incensed because Jesus was getting a larger hearing and making more converts than John (John 3:26; 4:1). Until Elijah was taken, his great successor Elisha was no more than the "son of Shaphat who poured water on the hands of Elijah" (II Kgs. 3:11). James, one of the three leading apostles had to die a violent death before the people would begin really praying for the apostles. Apparently the church of Jerusalem's praying without ceasing saved Peter from a similar fate (Acts 12). Up until then they thought of Peter as the man to be called when they wanted a dead person to be raised or as a man whose very shadow healed the sick, rather than a man who needed prayer (Acts

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You **CAN** *Take It With You!*

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal: For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also" (Matt. 6:19-21).

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WILLIAM BRANHAM

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5:19; 9:36-43). All this was true, but Peter needed the prayers of the people more than ever before. Acts 14:8-18 shows some of the things that men who are greatly anointed of God have to go through.

We do not believe that the death of God's people is at the mercy of the elements, but that if they put their souls into the hands of God in faith, God will keep them all the days of their life on earth, and when that time is over will take them home to glory.

"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee" (Psa. 73:24-25).

One thing can be said for certain. Few men in the time allotted for their ministry have accomplished as much as our Brother Branham. The testimony of the writer is that his ministry has powerfully affected his own life. He considered it a great honor to have been associated with William Branham during the years they worked together. ■

SKETCHES . . .

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serving His people as long as He allows me to live."

It is interesting to note the reactions of those who heard Brother Branham tell the story that first night I heard it in Sacramento. The people, as a whole, received his message with great interest. But one skeptical minister pointed out that his claim to have seen an angel was a sure sign that the man was under an hallucination! It is strange, indeed, that we have gotten so far away from apostolic ministry. Mary, the mother of Jesus, saw an angel. Christ's disciples were visited by angels. Peter was released from prison by an angel.

Our first meeting in the states with Brother Branham was in 1947 in the Municipal Auditorium in Portland, Oregon. On the third day an event took place of a dramatic nature that showed the people the power of faith. Here are the actual words which I wrote about that event:

"The services of the first two nights aroused tremendous interest; and now on the third night the building was filled with people waiting again for the speaker to appear. The writer, who was directing this brief campaign in preparing to turn the service over to the evangelist asked the people to stand to their feet and sing the chorus, 'Only believe, only believe, all things are possible, only believe.' While the congregation sang, a slight little man with modest demeanor and a friendly smile entered, then came and stood behind the pulpit. The singing ceased, and a hush fell over the audience as they listened intently when he began to speak. As he proceeded, it was apparent that the listeners were impressed by the graciousness of the speaker as well as his evident sincerity and humility. The evangelist, taking the thought of faith inspired by the chorus that had been sung, began the theme of the message. 'Yes,' said he, 'all things are possible to him that believeth. There is nothing that can stand before faith in God, and if the people here tonight will believe God with me, we shall see that God will honor that faith and confirm it before the eyes of this entire congregation.'

"As the audience listened with rapt attention to the slight little figure on the platform, no one anticipated the startling drama that was about to unfold. Certainly, I had no intuition, and the interruption which was about to occur could not have been more unwelcome. For suddenly our attention was directed to a man far back in the building who was making rapid strides, apparently in the direction of the platform. At first we supposed that some emergency had arisen; perhaps someone had fainted or taken seriously ill in the auditorium. But as he drew near, we observed with no little misgiving that his countenance bore a demoniac grin, as to suggest that the man was demented or violently insane and apparently had broken away from those who had him in their care. We were to learn later what indeed would have been more disturbing had we known it at the time, that the man was not insane, in that he did not know what he was doing, but was a notorious and vicious character who had previously run afoul of the law for disturbing and breaking up religious services. Jail sentences had not taught him a lesson, and now seeing his opportunity to cause a large commotion and again break up a service, he had come forward for that purpose.

"Up the steps he strode without pausing. Now he was on the platform assuming a menacing attitude that by this time was attracting the attention of the entire congregation. Two sturdy policemen standing in the wings, becoming aware of the distraction, were about to come forward and lay hands on the disturber, but we could see that this would result in a scuffle and the excitement created could well ruin the service. Moreover, the evangelist had apparently put himself on the spot, for he had just declared that all things were possible to him that believed and that God would always back up His servants who put their trust in Him. Indeed, the meeting had reached such a high state of expectation, that reliance on the officers of the law, though perhaps entirely justifiable in the present instance, did not seem to be the divine order. We knew nothing else to do but hastily wave the officers back and call attention to the evangelist as to what was taking place. But he himself was already conscious that something was wrong. Speaking quietly to the audience and requesting that the people unite with him in silent prayer, he turned to meet the strange challenge of this evil antagonist.

"As he did so, the man with the evil gleam in his countenance, which reminded one of the hideous grins the heathen engrave on the faces of their idols, began to accuse and curse the speaker impudently. 'You are of the devil, and deceiving the pepole,' he shouted, 'an impostor, a snake in the grass, a fake, and I am going to show these people that you are!' It was a bold challenge, and every one in that audience could see that it was not an idle threat. As the intruder continued to revile the evangelist, hissing and spitting, he made motion to carry out his threats. To the audience it appeared to be an evil moment for the little figure on the platform, and most of them must have felt exceedingly sorry for him. The officers attempted again to come to his aid but were waved away, and now in rejecting their assistance, the speaker had deliberately accepted the challenge of this wicked antagonist, whose size and fierceness had convinced the audience that he was able to carry out his boasts. No doubt, critics who had slipped into the auditorium out of curiosity expected a swift and pitiful conclusion to the unexpected drama that was now coming to a climax. Certainly, they could see that there was no room for trickery. The man on the platform would have to have the goods or else take the consequences.

"In the moment of suspense that followed, one could not help being reminded of the story of the challenge of long ago, when the bold Goliath cursed little David in the name of his gods and boasted that he would tear him limb from limb. The startled congregation, as the hosts of Israel must have been in their day, looked on the scene with wonder and excitement, hardly knowing what to expect next, but fearing the worst. The gathering of ministers on the platform reviewed the situation with no little dismay, knowing that unless God did a very unusual thing and backed up the speaker in a supernatural manner, the evil intruder who had successfully broken up religious services in the past, would now do so again. Some were much disturbed that the policemen had not been permitted to take charge of the situation and believed that this error of judgment would allow this demon-possessed man not only to ruin the meeting and thus bring

Sketches from the Ministry of WILLIAM BRANHAM

FOR FOUR YEARS the editor of *The Voice of Healing* labored with William Branham, and the results of those four years speak for themselves. Many were inspired to launch out in the faith ministry, and a revival was spearheaded that shook the nations. It was, therefore, a great shock when we heard of the passing of our brother on Christmas Eve of 1965. In memory of this man who was so unusually used of God, we are carrying some excerpts from our book *The Gordon Lindsay Story*. The first tells about the coming of the angel into his room that launched William Branham into his great ministry. Here is the story told by his own lips.

"I must tell you of the angel and the coming of the Gift. I shall never forget the time, May 7, 1946, a very beautiful season of the year in Indiana, where I was still working as a game warden. I had come home for lunch and was just going around the house taking off my gun, when a very dear friend of mine, Prod Wiseman, a brother to my piano player in the church, approached me and asked me to go to Madison with him that afternoon. I told him it was impossible as I had to patrol, and while walking around the house under a maple tree, it seemed that the whole top of the tree let loose. It seemed that something came down through that tree like a great rushing wind . . . they ran to me . . . My wife came from the house frightened and asked me what was wrong. Trying to get hold of myself, I sat down and told her that after all these twenty odd years of being conscious of this strange feeling, the time had come when I had to find out what it was all about. The crisis had come! I told her and my child goodbye, and warned her that if I did not come back in a few days, perhaps I might never return.

"That afternoon I went away to a secret place to pray and read the Bible. I became deep in prayer; it seemed that my whole soul would tear from me. I cried before God . . . I laid my face to the ground . . . I looked up to God and cried, 'If you will forgive me for the way that I have done, I'll try to do better . . . I'm sorry that I've been so neglectful all these years in doing the work you wanted me to do . . . Will you speak to me some way, God? If you don't help me, I can't go on.'

"Then along in the night, at about the eleventh hour, I had quit praying and was sitting up when I noticed a light flickering in the room. Thinking someone was coming with a flashlight I looked out of the window, but there was no one, and when I looked back, the light was spreading out on the floor, becoming wider. Now I know this seems very strange to you, as it did to me also. As the light was spreading, of course I became excited and started from the chair, but as I looked up, there hung that great star. However, it did not have five points like a star, but looked more like a ball of fire or light shining down upon the floor. Just then I heard someone walking across the floor, which startled me again, as I knew of no one who would be coming there besides myself. Now, through the light, I saw the feet of a man coming toward me, as naturally as you would walk to me. He appeared to be a man who, in human weight, would weigh about two hundred pounds, clothed in a white robe. He had a smooth face, no beard, dark hair down to his shoulders, of rather dark complexion, with a very pleasant countenance, and coming closer, his eyes caught with mine. Seeing how fearful I was, he began to speak, 'Fear not. I am sent from the presence of Almighty God to tell you that your peculiar life and your misunderstood ways have been to indicate that God has sent you to take a gift of divine healing to the peoples of the world. *If you will believe and be sincere, and can get the people to believe you, nothing shall stand before your prayer, not even cancer.*'

"Needless to say, I began praying for the sick people. I do not claim to take the place of a doctor . . . I know that doctors are able to assist nature, but they are only men . . . God is Almighty. The great things which have taken place during these months are too numerous ever to be recorded, but God has confirmed the angel's words time after time. Deaf, dumb, blind, all manners of diseases have been healed, and thousands of testimonies are on record to date. I do not have any power of my own to do this . . . I am a helpless human until I feel His presence. Many people who have attended these meetings know that their diseases and sins have been told them, right from the platform. Please do not misunderstand my poor, illiterate way of trying to convey all this to you. I say it that you might have a clearer understanding of how to take advantage of God's gift. He told me to be sincere and get people to believe, and that is what I am trying to do. God always has something or someone to work through, and I am only an instrument used by Him. No mortal can take the credit for performing a miracle, and I am just a mortal. I do not know how much longer God will permit me to do this, but by His grace, I intend to serve Him the best that I know how by

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Oral Roberts attended the Branham campaign in Kansas City in 1948. The above is a rare photograph showing, from left to right, Young Brown, Jack Moore, William Branham, Oral Roberts, and Gordon Lindsay.

An early campaign with William Branham in Tacoma, Washington, April, 1948.

Above: Log cabin near Berksville, Kentucky, where William Branham was born, April 6, 1909.

Left: Dead boy raised to life. This little boy was picked up by the Branham Party after being fatally struck by a car.

reproach on the cause of Christ, but also might actually result in physical injury to the speaker.

"Seconds passed, however, without the awaited climax happening. Presently, it appeared that something was hindering the challenger from carrying out his evil designs. For some reason he was not proceeding with the execution of his boasts of physical violence but was rather contenting himself in hissing and spitting and uttering the most fearful imprecations. Softly, but determinedly, the voice of the evangelist now could be heard rebuking the evil power that dominated the man. His words, spoken so quietly that they could be heard only a short distance, were saying, 'Satan, because you have challenged the servant of God before this great congregation, you must bow before me. In the name of Jesus Christ, you shall fall at my feet.' The words were repeated several times. The challenger ceased to speak, and it was evident that it was now he who was laboring under a strain. Strong as he and the wicked forces were that controlled him, strengthened by every evil spirit in the building, apparently they were gradually succumbing to another power that was greater than they, a power that responded to the whisper of the name of Jesus! Soon it was evident that the man realized that he was being overcome, but nothing he could do apparently could reverse the situation. A tense battle of spiritual forces now summoned every bit of strength that he had. Beads of perspiration broke out on his face as he put forth a last desperate effort, but it was all to no avail. Suddenly, he who a few minutes before had so brazenly defied the man of God with his fearful threats and accusations gave an awful groan and slumped to the floor sobbing in a hysterical manner. For quite a while he lay there writhing in the dust, as the evangelist calmly proceeded with the service as if nothing had happened.

"Needless to say, the great congregation was awed by the scene that had transpired before them, in which God so signally vindicated His servant, and loud praises to God filled the spacious auditorium. The policemen too, startled by what they had witnessed, openly acknowledged that God was in their midst. Need we record that in the healing service which followed, a wave of glory was manifest that will never be forgotten by those who were present. Many miracles of healing took place that night as a multitude of people were ministered to in the prayer line."

Mrs. T. L. Osborn was in this meeting, and she was so impressed that she told her husband. He came the next night and was so moved that according to his testimony, he secluded himself in prayer and fasting until God gave him a great faith ministry.

In the year 1950 we went with the Branham party to Finland. One event happened while we were in Kuopio which will never be forgotten by members of the party. It was the raising to life of a child that had been killed in an automobile accident, the circumstances of which had been previously shown to Brother Branham in a vision. We shall let the pastor at Kuopio at that time tell the story.

"One Friday afternoon a remarkable and startling incident took place which meant much to Brother Branham and to those of us who happened to be its witnesses. Three carloads of us made an unforgettable trip to nearby Puijo Observation Tower, situated on a beautiful scenic elevation. The outing was one of the most precious I can remember, because of the blessing of God upon us. Then as we were returning from Puijo, a terrible accident occurred. The car ahead was unable to avoid striking two small boys who ran out into the street in front of it, throwing one down on the sidewalk, and the other five yards away into a field. One unconscious boy was carried into a car just ahead of us and the other, Kari Holma, was lifted into our car and placed in the arms of Brother Branham and Miss Isaacson, who were sitting in the back seat. Brothers Moore and Lindsay were in the front seat with me.

"As we hurried to the hospital, I asked through Miss Isaacson, the interpreter, how the boy was. Brother Branham, with his finger on the boy's pulse, answered that the boy seemed to be dead, since the pulse did not beat at all. Then Brother Branham placed his hand over the boy's heart and realized that it was not functioning. He further checked the boy's respiration and could detect no breath. Then he knelt down on the floor of the car and began to pray. And Brothers Lindsay and Moore prayed too that the Lord would have mercy. As we neared the hospital five or six minutes later, I glanced back, and to my surprise, the boy opened his eyes. As we carried the boy into the hospital, he began to cry, and I realized that a miracle had taken place."

Many outstanding miracles of God have taken place through the ministry of William Branham. The souls who have found Christ as Saviour, those who have been healed, and those whose lives have been changed through his dedicated ministry will be forever thankful that this servant of God came their way. ■

Books which tell . . .

The William Branham Story

William Branham, A Man Sent from God

Here is one of the most thrilling stories of our time. Tells of William Branham's unusual birth and the hardships and poverty of his childhood . . . his conversion . . . the visit of the angel . . . the beginning of his remarkable ministry, plus many sketches from his life and ministry. You will want to read the faith-inspiring story of this man whom God has used to spearhead revival in our time. Contains a 16-page picture section.

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Price — $1.50

The Supernatural Gospel

You will want to read these sermons on "The Supernatural Gospel," "The Days of the Restoration," and "Jesus and the Legion of the Damned."

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In this book of some 300 pages, including 16 pages of illustrations, Gordon Lindsay tells his life story. He narrates his conversion, his call to the ministry, and early years on the evangelistic field. Then he tells of God's call to organize great city-wide salvation-healing campaigns with William Branham, and how God used him to bring blessing to God's people everywhere. There are many incidents of outstanding miracles of healing, including instances of raising of the dead.

Price — $2.00

(Cloth-bound edition available for $5.00)

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