

THE GREAT AND MIGHTY CONQUEROR

¹ Good morning to you, a very Happy Easter to each one of you. This is one of the greatest days in commemoration of the resurrection of our Lord. It's one of the greatest days of all the world's history. It's the resurrection. And we're so happy to be here this morning on this great day. And to see the sun rising, and the flowers arising from the earth, everything speaks of Easter. And now, let us bow our heads just one moment.

² Father, God, into Thy Presence we come. And we are expecting Thee to give to us this morning just a little extra blessing from heaven, some little touch of the Easter in our own souls, that when we leave here, we might say as those who came from Emmaus, "Did not our hearts burn within us because of His Presence?" For we ask it in His Name and for His glory. Amen.

³ Over in the last book, the 28th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and the 7th verse, I wish to read for a text, as we go into this service.

And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall you see him: lo, I have told you.

There has been many great commissions given to men and the peoples of this earth. But never was there such an important commission given as this one, "Go, tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead." That's a great commission. And the only way this could be given, was because there had to be a great conquering first.

⁵ There has been men in our days, and in the days gone by, and in the great history of this world, and its great, broad fields of battle; there has been many great conquerors, many great things that's been done for the human race.

For instance, I am thinking, as I come down this morning, waking up early, and did not have a chance to study very much, because I didn't know just what part last night we would have today between the pastor and I in the services. But on my road down I happened to think what this morning would be the best that I know to say to His people to take a message. I thought of this, "Go tell His disciples."

Now, His disciples is His followers. A “disciple” is “one who follows.” And I thought of this subject of “The Great And Mighty Conqueror.”

⁷ And thinking of how many great conquerors we have had in this world, and what great things they have done to further and embetter the human way of living. I was thinking of the great Napoleon back in his days, how he was not exactly a Frenchman, but he had something in his mind. First he—he despised France; he did not like him. He come from the Isles. But he had an idea in his mind, that someday that he would conquer. And the reason that he had these in his mind, he had to have something to work on.

To every man, before you can do a job, you have to have some motive, some alternative, something that you are working on, for a working purpose, something to work by.

⁹ And as we all know by taking the history of Hitler—or, not of Hitler, but of—of Napoleon, that he went by the moon and by the changing of the stars. He worked that way and expecting, because that one time he did so, and he won a victory. And he come over into France, and he become a great warrior. He put many men to death, because that they wouldn’t agree with him. And he cleaned his entire country of anything that was against him. He just absolutely wiped it out, because he had to have it that way. If he didn’t have it that way, there would be something against him all the time and his great plan that he had in his mind. His own life would be at stake, so he had to have his entire kingdom just as perfect as he could get it.

¹⁰ I’m thinking now that you’re following me in this, of the great Conqueror that I’m thinking. Everything in His Kingdom must be for Him. It must be heart, soul, and body for Him. There can be nothing against Him. Anything that was against Him, He would have to dismiss it. He must have absolutely everything for Him.

¹¹ And when Napoleon, he took up arms, cannons, guns, muskets, swords. And he went forth with this one thought, that he would conquer the world. And he practically did that at the age of thirty-three. When he was a young man, he was a prohibitionist. And his great fame made him so self-styled; and it got upon his nerves until he died at the age of thirty-three, an alcoholic. His popularity, he could not stand.

And I think of a man, who at this, at the age of thirty-three, conquered the world and died an alcoholic, because of his fame, and lost the very principle that he was fighting for. He was the—he was

the kind of type, or, not a type, I would say, but he was the devil's instrument. And trying to fight the world down, and he failed at thirty-three.

¹² But, oh, this great, mighty Warrior that I'm speaking of, at the age of thirty-three conquered everything that was in earth and in—hell. At the age of thirty-three, a great and mighty Conqueror . . .

I'm thinking of the great battles that's been fought on the field. We know, to finish up with Napoleon, that he come to his end at Waterloo. It was my privilege, not long ago, to view over the imitations made of the ruins of his chariots, and of the horsemen, and of the men, of how they laid on the battlefield. And the chariots piled together, the wheels broken right and out into the plains, of where this great display is made.

And what a contrast it is to notice that man at thirty-three, and the disgrace that is laying there in the memorial of his great battle and conquering; and then to go to Jerusalem, and look at an empty tomb as a memorial of the great and mighty Conqueror.

¹⁵ Somehow another, there's something in conquering. If we have something that we are fighting for, if there is a disease in our body, and we're fighting between death and life, what a victory it is when we see it's conquered. If we are fighting over some great habit, or some great something that's besetting us, when finally the great flags wave and we have conquered it, what a feeling it gives us, inside us, for we can then be a conqueror.

¹⁶ And I'm thinking of the last war, and how that when Hitler had taken Warsaw. And the Germans thought that that was one of the greatest victories that could be, because that their great chief captain, Adolf Hitler, had at once sunk everything in Warsaw, tore down the bridges, and the great bridge fell. The papers packed great pictures of the falling of the bridge. The Germans marched through the street, and they beat drums, and they blew whistles, and the thousands of airplanes passed by him, as he won his first great victory, setting out like an Alexander the Great, or a Napoleon, to conquer the world, but where did he wind up? In disgrace. Certainly, he did.

¹⁷ I can remember when they built the great Burma Pass. There must be . . . If they crossed over the mountain . . . Some of the boys are setting here this morning, perhaps, that crossed over this great pass. What a task it was. How much real work it taken, and what a real job they did. And how much money it cost to build that Burma Pass, the millions of dollars. The boys that lost their lives in doing so . . . But finally, and after while, when the last mile of the way

had been gone, and when the pass was completed, that how the victorious shouts went up from the people. They had a pass that they could cross the mountains with to win the victory.

18 I'm thinking of another pass, that one day it cost the Life of our blessed Lord. It was not only a road on the earth, but it was a highway called "the highway of holiness," where the unclean shall not pass through, but only those who are branded. Only those who are on the side that He is on shall pass this highway.

19 Great victories has been won. Many of us today can remember well of the First World War. I remember when I was just a little boy; I can hear the whistles blowing; and even the farmers in the field stopped their horses, and waved their hats. They screamed. They hollered. What had happened? The war was over. Victory was won. The great economy that we were fighting for, finally we had won the victory.

20 I'm thinking of this last worlds war. I lived just across the street. And when the whistles begin to blow, people run into the yards; women with their aprons on, taking them off, and swinging them in the air. Bullets flew through the trees. Whistles blowed. Cars raced through the streets. People fell on their knees and raised up their hands. They screamed. They cried. Why? Because the war was over. And the blessed ones, the dear boys that was across the sea, would soon be sailing home again to them. What a victory. What a time, and a thrill to any heart. What a jubilee. That night everybody was in such a humor, you could've walked into the restaurant and eat, and walked out and not paid for it; it would've been all right. You could've used the next man's car; it would've been all right. You could've asked what you wanted to, and you'd have probably got it. Because why? The victory was won. The boys were coming home. It was all over.

21 And I am thinking, my brother, it's too bad that those kind of feelings can't stay all the time. But to the Christian this morning, the victory is won. The joy bells are ringing. The war is over, between God and man. The victory's been won.

Before any victory can be won, there must be great prices paid. Oh, what prices. And sometimes they are very deep, and they make great scars, tearing down. But in order to have the mountain, we've got to have the valley. Before we can have the sunshine, we've got to get the rain. Before we can have the light, we've got to get the night. Before we can have right, they had to have wrong, or you'd have never knowed what wrong was.

23 But in order to conquer and to win the greatest battle that was every won, One stepped out of glory many years ago. And He did not take upon Himself the form of an Angel. He did not come as some great person. But He was going to prove that it don't take muskets, and bullets, and atomic bombs to win a war. He clothed Himself in humility like a little baby, and was born in a manger. There was not even a place for His birth, when He come. I want you to look at the different material of warfare, what He used.

24 Now, Adam's race was all in bondage. There they were, without hope, without God, without chance, without mercy, without anything that could help them. The great enemies of the lower regions of the lost, had them shut up in darkness. There was not a way out. There was no one could help. Nothing could be done. It looked like a total, complete loss.

But our Hero, Who came down from the portals of glory, condescending down . . . For there was no man on earth could do the job. They were all, as worldly speaking, in the same boat. We were all borned in sin, shaped in iniquity, come to the world speaking lies. And none of us could help each other. We stood helpless, defeated, chaos on every hand, all ununited. We could not keep laws and ceremonies; finding their weaknesses and so forth, we could not do it. And it seemed like the whole human race was laid waste.

27 And then He came; He came down. Because He was in the beginning, the Bible said, "He was the Word." He was the Logos that went out of God. And the Logos, in the beginning, was the Word. And He became the Word. Then when He ascended up on that glorious day of Easter, He become not only the Word, but He become the High Priest of His own Word. Oh, what a glorious thing, Brother Neville. Just think. He's not only the Word, but He's the High Priest of His own Word. How could we doubt it? How could we walk to Him and not believe that we receive what we ask for? For He is the Word and the Intercessor of the Word. The Logos became Word, and the Word made flesh; and the same flesh that was the Word, received up into glory, and now's the High Priest making intercession by Himself to His Word.

That's what it takes. That's the material that the Church has got. What a weapon. There's never been one like It. He was the Word. And when He come, He was born in a manger. He come to use the weapon of l-o-v-e, love, to conquer the world. Not with army bullets, not with machine guns and tanks, but He come in a different manner. He come in the form of love. He was God's love.

29 One time, as a little boy I used to think that Christ loved me and God hated me, because that Christ died for me; but God had something against me. But I come to find out that Christ is the very heart of God. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but would have Eternal Life."

Now, He come first to conquer. And the thing that the devil had put in the world was hatred. And He come to conquer hatred. When we win our battles, and so forth, in the world's battles, it's always leaves continually a hatred; because, battles of that sort is of the enemy. But Christ come with love to conquer hatred, to love those who were unlovable. He come with a different weapon. And He humbled Himself, made a little lower than the Angels, to suffer death, and to give an example. And when He was here on earth, He walked among men.

31 He proved His weapons of warfare when He healed the sick. When He took five little biscuits and two pieces of fishes and fed five thousand people, He proved that He had the power over every atomic that there was. Not only did He grow fish, but He grew cooked fish. Not only did He grow wheat in those biscuits, but He grew cooked wheat in those biscuits. It showed that He was that great and mighty Conqueror. Not only did He get the water from the well, but He made that water, wine, from the well. He proved He had power to conquer. And He loved, and His weapon was love.

32 Now, notice. Then when He did that, when He stood one day by the side of Lazarus' grave, and there was a man, dead and buried for four days. Even the ones that was by said, "Even now he stinketh." His nose had fell in; the skin worms has crawled through him. And Jesus stood there as the mighty Conqueror, when He said to Martha and Mary, when He stood there, "Did not I say unto you, 'If thou could only believe, you would see the glory of God?'" He had just got through saying (when they said, "our brother's dead," and so forth), He said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Have I not just told you that that eternal blessed power lays within Me?" He never only made a statement; He was able to carry out everything that He said, for He was the mighty Conqueror.

33 Dwelling in Him, holding back, veiled with human flesh, as a man, but inside of there dwelt none other but Almighty God, the great and mighty One. He could recreate. He could create new things. He could speak, and what He asked for would be given at

that second. But He humbled Himself; He kept low. He wanted to give an example. He wanted to be the right kind of a Conqueror, and He was. Now, He proved Himself to be.

As I've often said in my meetings, maybe it would bear witness this morning, in this group of people, on this beautiful Easter morning. A lady, belonging to a certain church that doesn't believe in accepting the Blood of the Lord Jesus. . . "Without the shedding of Blood, there's no remission of sin." She told me that the Man was just a prophet, a wonderful Man, and I made him Deity. I said, "He was Deity. He was God."

She said, "You try to make Him too great."

I said, "There is no words could express His greatness." Human tongue has never found the expression.

³⁶ Speaking with a man the other day, a diplomat from Washington, DC, and he said, at a little testimony at a—breakfast where we were associated together, he said, "Brother Branham, I've been a Lutheran all my life." But he said, "The other day while attending an old fashion revival," said, "I knelt down at an altar and wanted to get an experience with God." He said, "And while I was there on my knees. . ." Now, this is a Washington diplomat that even served under President Coolidge. And when he looked up, he said, "I saw a vision of Jesus." He said, "I am able to speak nine different languages fluently." He said, "But I couldn't find one word to say, of all those nine languages." He said, "So I just raised up my hand, and He give me a new one to talk with." He said, "I just seen the glory of His face."

³⁷ This lady says to me, she said, "Brother Branham, Jesus was not nothing but a man, just a prophet."

I said, "He was God, my sister."

She said, "You make Him Deity, but He's not." So she said, "On the road down to the roll—lay, grave of Lazarus, the Bible said he wept."

Sure, He was the very heart of God. He suffered like we suffer. He was flesh like we are flesh. He bore in His body the same desires and things that we do. Yet, to become a perfect Sacrifice, He had to do that. He did. But I said. . . She said, "He wept, going down to the grave of Lazarus."

I said, "But, oh, lady, that's right. He was a Man when He was weeping. But when He stood there by the side of that grave, where the silent dead laid, where a rotten body laid, covered up with

a napkin; when he said, 'Take away the stone.' He pulled His little frame together and said, 'Lazarus, come forth!' And a man that'd been dead four days stood on his feet."

What was it? Corruption knew its Maker. The soul knew its Master. And that great and mighty Conqueror proved there that He has the power of death, death and hell, and the grave.

Sure, it thrills our heart. You talking about beating dish pans and blowing horns? The world ought to be in a jubilee this morning, like it never has been, the screams and shouts of His people, because this is the memorial day that when He conquered the last enemy and set we captives free.

⁴³ Yes, He was a Man. That's right. He proved to be a Man, and He proved to be God. One night when the great raging sea, who's called thousands of lives. . . Maybe some of you mothers here this morning, your boys died on the raging sea out yonder, they may have sunk beneath the waves in this world's broad fields of battle. Some of your loved ones lays out there, maybe beneath the sea.

But one night when He was laying in a little boat and the waves was a-bouncing around on the sea like a bottle stopper, He raised, and put His foot upon the brail of the boat. He looked up towards heaven and said, "Peace." And to the waves, He said, "Be still." And that mighty sea smoothed out till there wasn't a wrinkle on it. Certainly, He was.

⁴⁶ It's true that He hungered like a man. When He come down off the mountain and He was hungry, looking over a tree for something to eat, He was a man. But when He took those five biscuits and a few fish, and fed five thousand, He was more than a man.

When He died nineteen hundred years ago, day before yesterday, hanging on a cross, screaming for mercy, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" He died like a Man. But nineteen hundred and something years ago this morning, He proved what He was. He gave the last seal of His Messiahship when He broke the bands of death and hell asunder, and raised from the grave triumphed, "I am alive forevermore. And because I live, you live also."

There's the Conqueror. You talk about jerking off aprons and waving it. People say we are crazy because we shout, and we run, and we scream, and we holler. They have never felt the victorious

vibrations of heaven, that, “The battle is over.” Our great, mighty Conqueror has won every victory. He stands alone this morning untouched.

⁴⁹ When He come to earth, they give Him the lowest name they could give Him, as a fanatic. They called Him Beelzebub, the prince of the devils. That’s right. He went to the lowest city there is in the earth, Jericho, and the littlest man in the city had to look down to see Him. But when God, nineteen hundred years ago, raised Him up. . . That’s what man done to Him. But with the weapon of love, He conquered every devil.

And God raised Him so high, and give Him a Name above every name there is named in heavens and earth. Every name in heaven bows to the Name of Jesus. Every Angel, every monarch, everything bows to the Name of Jesus. Every tongue shall confess Him; every knee shall bow to Him. And He’s ascended so high above, till even He has to look down to see the heavens. That’s the mighty Conqueror. That’s the One Who did it. When He left the earth (after, last night we had), He had the keys of death and hell hanging on His side (Amen.), “Fear not, I am He that was dead, and is alive again forevermore. And (‘and’s’ a conjunction) I have the keys of death and hell, hanging right here.” Talk about a Conqueror. . . “And because I conquered, I only made a highway for you to travel.”

⁵¹ Man was refused from heaven; the highways was closed. There was no highways. But where there was no highways, He come to make one. Oh, my. The first line was demons of doubt, the next was prejudice, the next was selfishness; this earth was covered over with lines of demon power; then sickness, diseases. But when He begin to ascend up to Heaven. . . Last night we had Him coming out of hell with the keys of death and hell on His side. This morning we are taking Him up. Hallelujah. When He rose, He had. . . He was triumph. And as He went up, He broke every devil power that holds over man. He ascended on high, and give gifts to men, the gift of the Holy Spirit. The mighty Conqueror, He stands alone this morning. And between Him and every believer, is the blessed old highway of holiness that the righteous shall walk on. There’s not a way of escape. There’s only one line cut down from glory. He left the Bloody footprints as He walked through the corridors of the demon powers, and made a highway for us all the way through. He sets on high this morning as the mighty Conqueror.

⁵² His people are having a jubilee. Tens of thousands of them around the world are shouting the victory.

I have watched this old cold formal church-joining. I can imagine someone saying . . . I'll show you the discard of it.

Here, as soon as the First War was over, a message was coming down the road here, come into a Greyhound bus. They said, "What's all the noise? What's it all about?"

And one of them said, "Looky here, here's the paper. The war has just ceased."

And everybody crying and shouting, but one woman said, "Oh, my, why did it have to end like that?" Said, "If it could just have lasted a few days longer," said, "John and I had been setting on easy street." Said, "We'd have been sitting there."

There was a man standing in the back—in the middle of the bus; got that woman, and almost throwed her through the door. And when the police arrested the man, he said, "The reason I done it," he said, "that woman had nobody over there that she was concerned about. But I've got two boys over there." He said, "I couldn't hold my emotions."

58 Oh, brother. I've got a father over yonder. I got loved ones over yonder. It's something to me, when Jesus conquered. I got a wife. I got a baby. I got loved ones. That great mighty Conqueror. You can call me holy-roller, a religious fanatic, whatever you want to. But when I think of that great war, it's settled; the price is paid; the victory's won. Jesus rose from the dead, the final seal of His Messiahship, that it's all over. He's alive this morning with the keys of death and hell. I got loved ones that's across the border yonder. I'm on this grand old highway, walking up to see them. Don't think I'm crazy. Oh, but I'm so happy it's all settled. It's a finished work.

Living, He loved me; dying, He saved me;

Buried, He carried my sins far away;

Rising, He justified freely forever;

Someday He's coming, O glorious day!

59 This blessed old baptism of the Holy Spirit to guide us up this marvelous old highway, oh, how glorious It is. How could I ever be ashamed of It? I stand with Saint Paul this morning, saying this, "I'm not ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, for It is the power of God unto salvation." It's the power over sickness. It's the power over death. It's the power over the grave.

When that stern old apostle come to the end of his road, and they dug his grave out there, and death was facing him in the face, he laughed right in the face of it. He said, "Death, where is your sting?

Grave, where is your victory?" Then he shouted the praises of God, "But thanks be to God Who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." The mightiest Conqueror that ever lived, the mightiest Conqueror that ever died, for He was the only One Who could conquer: die and conquer death itself, and rise again in triumph. He proved what He was. It was the last seal of His Messiahship.

⁶² And now, by chance, if there would be someone in this building this morning, who's a lukewarm church member, and don't know the joy of the battle being over. . . People shout, people rejoice, people weep. You say, "What's the matter with them?" They know it's a finished thing. It's all over. Sure. We are [Brother Branham claps his hands—Ed.] beating the bands. We're screaming the trumpets, and the Gospel is a-going out. The glory and power of God is known. And it's a finished work; the treaty is signed. Glory to God. Christ signed it in His Own Blood. The battle's over. The victory's won. I never won it; He won it. I'm just happy about it. My.

⁶³ When some of those boys coming back from overseas, they tell me when the ship come into New York, just as it come into the harbor, they looked over there and they seen the Statue of Liberty. Is the first thing you see, sticking up. They rose, some of them crippled veterans out on the deck of the ship, so that they could see it. And when they begin to see that Statue of Liberty, they begin weeping. They cried. They couldn't help it. Great big men stood there, big rough-handed men, a-quivering and shaking. They couldn't hold their emotions. Why? It was an emblem of freedom. Just behind that Statue of Liberty, laid—was papa, mama, loved ones, sweetheart, wife, baby, all on this earth that meant dear to them, stayed just behind it. And just before they walked in, they recognized; it was the land of the free and the home of the brave. Sure, it would shake your emotions, that old flag flying. Think of it, a battle-scarred veteran coming into the harbor. Certainly, it was a wonderful time.

⁶⁴ But, oh, brother, one of these mornings, when the old Ship of Zion blows, and I see that emblem standing there, the old rugged Cross, while the winds a-whipping her old gray banners, as she's moving through the fog of death, what a victory it is. Why, no wonder we can't hold our emotion still. Something has happened; we've become fellow-citizens. The thing is complete.

⁶⁵ When they spanned the great bridge between North and—and—and—and South Australia, from Sydney, over to South Sydney, how every man took. . . Why, they went all over the country to try to find men to do it. That job was so great, 'cause they said no one would do it. Finally, a man from England said, "I'll do the job." And

when he got down there to do that job, he tested every bolt that went in the bridge. His reputation laid at stake. He tested all the mud and everything that went down. He got around him the best that he could find; he got the very best mechanics, the very best chemists, the very best of everything he could find around him.

And finally, when the bridge was completed, and the day come where she must be tested, the critics stood off to one side, and they said, "It won't hold up. It'll shake down. That's too sandy down there."

But he dug way, way, way, way down. He had confidence. He knowed that everything was tested. And he said, "I'll make the first trip across, myself." And as he walked across the bridge, in front of the mayor, in behind like that; and the big trains, about six abreast, coming across, shaking that bridge. The great man who made it, walked in front of this procession, like this, "If she falls, I'm with it." But he had confidence.

⁶⁸ That's the way our blessed Lord did when He made His Church. He tests every bolt, everything that goes in It, for It must be Blood-washed. And one of the critics is standing on the side, said, "That bunch of holy-rollers, they won't make it." But one of these glorious days. . . This great, mighty Conqueror walks ahead of us today, triumph. Let her vibrate, do what she wants, He'll. . . There won't be even one slip in it nowhere, for He has made the way, and completed it. Sure.

We think today on the terms of the people: get our minds upon things of the world. But let me tell you something, brother, never let me be ashamed of the Gospel. Oh, brother, I'm just an old fashion, born again, Holy Ghost borned of the Spirit of God. I was born that way; that's all I am, and all I ever want to be.

⁷⁰ One time, not long ago, there was a girl who'd went off to college, And she was a lovely little girl. And when she returned home, she brought some of her college ideas with her.

And maybe, this morning, some of you had some of your outside ideas with you. Maybe you've packed up to church, a lot of your ideas. Well, get rid of them, is the best thing I know to do.

Then this girl, when the train stopped out front. She brought a little girl with her, one of those little snicklefritz kind, you know, like the Elvis Presley type. And when she was standing there, you know, at the train. . . Her mother was on the outside; an old woman standing there, all scarred up in her face, little, stooped shoulders;

little calico dress on, a little shawl over her shoulders. And this little snicklefritz that was with her, this other girl looked down, and said, "Well, who is that miserable, ugly-looking old wretch?"

⁷³ Well, you know, it embarrassed the girl so much, she said, "I don't know," 'cause she was just so prissy, and had so many worldly ideas in her head. And it was her own mother.

When she got off the train, the little old mother run over to throw her arms around her. She said, "Oh, darling, God bless your little heart." And she turned her back, started walking away, as if she didn't know her. She was embarrassed, because her mother was so ugly.

And it happened to be, the conductor on that train knew the story. He walked around there, and he put his hands on that girl's shoulder, turned her around before that audience, said, "Shame on you. Shame on you." Said, "I've seen the time that when your mother was ten times as pretty as you are." Said, "She was . . . I lived in the neighborhood." And said, "You was a little baby, and you were upstairs in your crib. And your mother was hanging clothes in the back yard." And said, "All of a sudden, the furnace caught fire, and the entire house was in a blaze. And when your little mother run along, and knowed that you were in the upstairs, up there . . ." Said, "They screamed, and tried to grab her. But she jerked what she had, off, and run through those blazes up in the upstairs; and pulled her clothes from her body, and wrapped you in it. And here she come back through the blazes, packing you. And she fainted in the yard, with you in her arms." And said, "She took what would've protected her and protected you." And said, "The reason you're pretty today, that's the reason she's ugly. And, you mean to tell me, you'd be ashamed of those scars on your mother?"

I think today:

If Jesus bear the cross alone,

And all the world go free?

There is a cross for every one,

And there is a cross for me.

⁷⁶ If Jesus was considered Beelzebub by this world, He was laughed and scoffed at, and hung on a cross, and made a shame for me; I'm more than happy to bear the reproach of His holiness. Yes, sir. Called holy-roller, whatever you want to call, whatever remark you want to make, that doesn't stop it a bit. I'm only happy this morning, that in my heart the resurrected Christ lives and reigns. I am one of His subjects. I trust that you are too.

77 Our time is gone now. It's exactly seven o'clock, when we said we would dismiss. Further services will begin in about two hours now, at nine-thirty.

Let us bow our heads, just a moment, in prayer.

Blessed heavenly Father, forty-five minutes has passed, the Word has gone forth. Our hearts are happy. The jubilee is on, not just a jubilee for one day, but a jubilee for eternity. In glory the Angels are singing. O God, the Church, triumph, is singing. The joy bells are ringing. Souls that were once condemned to death and to die and go to the devil's grave, the devil has been conquered. Death has been conquered. The grave has been conquered. Sickness has been conquered. Superstition has been conquered. Malice has been conquered. Hatred has been conquered. Indifference has been conquered. Starchiness has been conquered. Self-styles has been conquered. Everything is conquered. Christ is the great Conqueror.

Lo, behold the mighty Conqueror (said the poet),

Lo, behold Him in plain view.

For He is the mighty Conqueror,

Since He rent the veil in two.

79 He rent that veil that hid man from God, and now God dwells among men. He rent that veil that kept off God's healing. He rent that veil that kept off God's blessing. He rent that veil that kept off God's joy. He rent that veil that kept off God's peace. Now the veil's rent in two. With His Own Blood, He walked as a Conqueror. The battle is over; He's proven it to us in His resurrection. And now the Holy Ghost is a witness, sent to guide us.

O Eternal God, if there be someone here this morning, who's just dallied along the—in and out from the highway, falling by the wayside, never been able to walk right out in the middle with the great heroes, the great heroes that's trod the middle of the highway, we pray this morning that they will surrender their all to Thee and come out and enjoy this great victory that's been won by our risen Lord. Grant it, Father, for we ask it in Christ's Name.

81 And while we have our heads bowed, I wonder in this moment of time, that if you would raise your hands to Christ and say, "Christ, I appreciate; I'll never be ashamed of You again. I've been just a little timid." God bless you, lady. God bless you, sir. God bless you and you. Oh, my, the hands going everywhere. "I've been a little timid. I've been kind of ashamed. And I really see my position now. I oughtn't to have never done that. I should stand right out, give my testimony. I should be exactly that. I should tell everyone I'm borned

again. I should tell everyone I've received the Holy Ghost. I'm not ashamed of the Gospel, for it's the power of God unto salvation. I want to be a real forward Christian. I haven't been. But by God's help, from this Easter morning, I will be. I'll be." Someone else raise your hands now before we pray? God bless you, you, you.

⁸² My, look at the decisions. At least twenty-five or thirty, sitting among this little group of people this morning, has made a decision. From this great triumph morning, they are going to by God's grace stand out and not be ashamed of the Gospel, for It's the power of God unto salvation.

O God, as these hands has gone up, and the music is sweetly echoing back down the road, as we have passed from death unto Life, for Thou hast said, "He that heareth My Words, and believeth on Him that sent Me hath Everlasting Life." They've passed from death unto Life, because You became death that they might become Life through Your resurrection. You were made lower than the Angels, come down to be a man, come out of that great Theophany from beyond, and was made flesh, and had Blood, and shed that Blood, that You might make a way of escape for all of us. Then not only did it (we read it in the Bible), but You proved it infallibly by raising from the dead, and raising the dead when You were here on earth; not only that, but You give, You've made it a double proof, as You did to Abraham; now, besides that, You sent back the Holy Ghost as a Witness. And we have His blessed Presence with us and in us, guiding us, leading us into all Truth and Light.

⁸⁴ We thank Thee for these many hands that's went up this morning, saying, "I now take Christ as mine." O God, if they've never been baptized into the water to represent the great death, burial, and resurrection of their blessed Lord, may they come back to the service this morning, bringing their clothes, and ready to go down in this icy pool. Grant it, Father.

Bless us. Forgive us of our sins. We'll give Thee the praise, through the ages to come. When the battle is all over, when the smoke's all dried up, and the joy is all finished of this earthly lips where we praise Thee with everything we've got, we'll have to have new voices, new beings to praise You by. May we enter in then with joy. For we ask it in Christ's Name. Amen.

⁸⁶ Let us stand to our feet now. [Brother Branham speaks with someone—Ed.] Don't forget the services, nine-thirty. Go home, have your breakfast. Come back, we expect to be with you now. And then tonight, remember. I've got to get away this afternoon, studying and praying.

For I say unto you, that Christ is alive; He is not dead. And I believe with all my heart, He will be right in this building tonight to show that He's alive, to do the same things that He did on that first Easter morning and through His life's journey. If that isn't so, then I've been a false prophet. I'm so glad to know in this great dark hour that we're now living, when all hope, seemingly, is gone, Christ, the solid Rock we can stand, all other grounds is sinking sands. All right.

⁸⁸ Our little, dismissing song, of "Take The Name Of Jesus With You.' Everyone, together now.

Take the Name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and . . .

Turn right around, and shake hands, and say, "Praise the Lord," to somebody by you.

Precious Name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of Heaven.

Now, everyone look right this way? Let's just praise Him. Let's just raise up your hands and say, "Thank You, Lord, for saving my soul." All right, everybody.

Thank You, Lord, for saving my soul.
Thank You, Lord, for making me whole.
Thank You, Lord, for giving to me,
Thy great salvation so full and free.

⁹¹ What a blessed thing. Do you love Him? Say, "Amen." [The congregation says, "Amen."—Ed.] Oh, the . . . Everything's completed now, children. Everything's over; there's no more battle; there's no more warfare, nothing you got to do; it's already done. We just rejoice. Oh, my. We are complete in Him.

. . . leaning,
Safe and secure from all alarm;
Leaning, leaning,
Leaning on the everlasting Arm.
Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
Leaning on the everlasting Arm;
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
Leaning on the everlasting Arm.
Leaning, leaning,

Safe and secure from all alarm;
 Leaning, leaning,
 Leaning on the everlasting Arm.

You who can, and have a handkerchief, get it out.

. . . oh, leaning,
 Safe and secure from all alarm;
 Leaning, leaning,
 Leaning on the everlasting Arm.

Now, your Bible . . .

Leaning, leaning,
 Safe and secure from all alarm;
 Leaning, leaning,
 Leaning on the everlasting Arm.

⁹² What is it? Safe and secured, all over, all finished, the battle's over, the last seal's broken, He's ascended. Hallelujah.

Leaning, leaning,
 Safe and secure from all alarm;
 Leaning, leaning,
 Leaning on the everlasting Arm.

⁹³ Now, let's bow our heads towards the dust where God took us, where someday we shall ascend out of the dust of the earth. For our Lord, brought from the dust, went into the dust to give to us His immortal Spirit; He ascended from the dust. And all those that are in Him shall ascend with Him someday to the regions of the blessed.

As we have our heads bowed. I see Brother Smith is in our midst this morning, the pastor of the Church of God; called on me last night. Brother Smith, would you just step down. I wonder now, that if Brother Smith will dismiss us in a word of prayer. As you hurry then to your homes, have your breakfast, come back for the Sunday School service, and the baptismal service immediately beginning at nine-thirty. Shall we bow our heads, while . . . Brother Smith, dismiss us in prayer.

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