

## *TEACHING ON MOSES*

<sup>1</sup> All right, God bless you, Brother Neville. Okay. Good morning, friends. I have to look once in a while to find out whether it's morning or evening. Well, I'm happy to be here this morning. It's warm, and sure got a warm reception. We don't have no more springtime; we have summer and winter here, don't we? Everything seems to be out of cater somehow.

Well, what made me late; I—I'm housecleaning. And I was stiff and sore this morning. And I got up in plenty of time, but I didn't realize a woman had so much work to do; they have to get three children ready and then get off to Sunday school. Oh, my. Whole lot to do, more than I thought there was to do. And I thought, "Well, now . . ." Last evening was working, and—and I—I come in off the evangelistic field to clean house, I guess. My, isn't labor hard to get a hold of? Hum. I offered thirty-five dollars a week for somebody to watch the baby, and nobody would do it.

<sup>3</sup> I took a little piece of paper here not long ago. 'Course, this don't go to this. Said he was up here, some kind of a politician up here in Kentucky, said he'd been in the army twice, he'd been wounded three times, as a hero, he had lived a citizen in the neighborhood, he had done many things, rescued two children's lives, one from a creek and one from something else, forget what all he had to do. And finally he thought, well, they have to keep the neighborhood correct, he would run for an office. And when he did, out of a hundred thousand people, he got five votes. He asked the sheriff if he could get a sawed off shotgun to help him get out of the neighborhood, said, "It was dangerous to even live around." He had not enough friends to help him get out of town. That's American gratitude though, isn't it? That's right. In America, the more you do, the more you're expected to do. That's right, more expected of you.

<sup>4</sup> Well, I—I want to pass my compliments this morning on how clean and nice the church looks. And as I come up, they got a door there to give better circulation. So that's really nice, ever who's on the trustee board here and helped instigate this, that certainly was mighty nice, and it's a nice clean job. I think Brother Hall, if I'm not mistaken, did it. That's a very nice job.

Now, it's a little late, but you know how holiness people are. See, it don't have no certain time, do we, Brother Slaughter, Brother Deitzman? Just everything just as we take it.

<sup>6</sup> Had wonderful meetings down in the south, But I could only talk just a few days ago. I preached for four months straight, and I didn't have enough voice even to—to even whisper. I just had to kind of make motions to my wife, you know, what I wanted, and it's kind of a . . . And then after that, and coming back up here where it's about kind of some of this hypocritical weather we been having (why, cold one day and hot the next), I took a real, real old fashion flu. And I got up a couple days ago and got started again. And so we're thankful to the good Lord though, for all of His goodness and mercy to us, and—and how good He's been. Had wonderful meetings down there, and the Lord blessed us exceedingly, abundantly.

<sup>7</sup> And last night near midnight Brother Wood called me down to his house, and Brother Arganbright on the phone, wanting me to start in Switzerland. So it's too much going for an old man.

So now, our next meeting begins on the eleventh of this next month at Cadle Tabernacle at Indianapolis. At the—at the Cadle Tabernacle in Indianapolis, from the eleventh through the fifteenth. And then, from there, over to—to Minneapolis, Minneapolis; from Indianapolis to Minneapolis, Christian Business Men.

<sup>9</sup> Now, I think Brother Neville called me, and I had wanted to show my—express my appreciations to he and the Neville trio that came down and sang for that funeral for me, that I had day before yesterday. And I asked Brother Neville; didn't have any singers, the Liddick family. Mr. Liddick had went home to glory. And I certainly . . . If his son, I don't see him here; and I found out later it was a foster son. Knowing his daddy was dying, unsaved, run up home to get me, before, and his daddy got saved before he died. So the greatest thing that boy ever done, was coming to get someone to pray for his daddy before going. And the Neville trio came down and sang real lovely for them.

And so Brother Neville asked me if I'd speak this morning and this evening also. So you notice, the Scripture says, "Ask abundantly that you . . ." So Brother Neville certainly is Scriptural on those things, very much. And so I'll do my best.

<sup>11</sup> Now, I said this morning, being it's Mother's Day, and we want to speak to the—to the little children. I thought this morning would be a good time for—for little children. Now, I think that the day of mother . . .

Now, there's nothing any sweeter on earth, that we know of, than a real genuine mother. God bless her gallant soul, a real, real mother. But we got so many substitutes today that—that's called "mother," that's not mother; they're just women who have children,

but not mothers. An old fashion mother is one who cares for her family, and don't lay out to these lounges, and dances, and all night long, smoking, drinking, and come in. She don't deserve that sacred name of mother. She's just a woman (That's all.) that's raising a child, but not a mother, 'cause mother has got a different meaning to it. Now, I—I think if you know . . .

<sup>13</sup> Now to Mother's Day, I want to express myself real good. I got an old gray-headed mother setting there, myself. And I think, a day, all right; but every day should be a mother's day, just not once a year. And the reason these Mother Day things are going on now . . .

And I see we just got a handful, and we all know one another. We're home folks, and that's the reason we're going to talk this way.

I think that a mother should be respected every day the same (That's right.), a real mother. And, but this day they call Mother's Day, is nothing in the world but a big commercial nonsense, just to drain people for money. And it's a disgrace to mother: a Mother's Day, for once a year, "Well, we don't go to see her, but we'll send her a little bunch of flowers and that'll settle it." That's not mother. My, goodness. A real mother is a woman that you—one that raised you, and you love her, and you see her and talk to her all the time, express your love to her all the time, not just one day in the year.

<sup>16</sup> But just before I start on my little drama, I'd just like to express this and renew some of you. And many of you has died off, many of them has gone since this was made. It was in 1933.

Did you see in the paper a few nights ago where that woman killed that man, throwed him out into her driveway and just backed back and forth across him with her car till she just mashed him all up on the road. And they said . . . The—the—a—the attorneys and so forth, said, "Doesn't that condemn your conscience?" She said, "God and I are getting tired of the way women are treated." Huh. Yeah, she's an idol. That's right. "Getting tired." How low can this nation stoop? How far can we go without Divine judgment? I wonder: "God and I . . ." If God was guilty of all the nonsense was laid onto Him, He wouldn't be God, that's all. "God and I," my, God has nothing to do with such as that. Wonder when she's yonder in torment, how she'll think about it then? Oh.

<sup>18</sup> America . . . Now you remember, if you haven't got this wrote down, put it down. This is my prediction. See? In 1933, when we were having services down here where the old, I believe the Church of—of Christ is there now, it used to be the old Amer . . . It's right over here, Brother Neville, right straight down. Charlie Kern used to live there. What's that? Orphan's home over here on Meigs Avenue.

In 1933. I just got a 1933 Ford, and I dedicated it that morning to the Lord. And before leaving home, I saw a vision. I've got it wrote, old yellow paper still waiting in a Bible. I saw the end time coming.

<sup>19</sup> And, you, how many can remember what a '33 car looked like back there? Oh, it kind of run out like this, and way up the back, and chopped down for the spare tire to hang on. I saw a vision, that before the coming of the Lord, that cars would look like an egg. How many remembers that prediction? Is there anybody left in here? Brother Steward's gone, and I guess. It was 1933 when we were having services over here. I guess just about all of them's gone now, since then.

<sup>20</sup> And I predicted that America, their number one god would be women. That's what it is. Everything is fashioned after Hollywood. I have things on records from the FBI file that would shock you to pieces just to tell you right where, and the scandal on these movie stars, there isn't a one of them, hardly, but what's prostitutes. And the FBI exposed it just recently; I have it from their own file. And so all of them living out, even these movie stars, where they've proved they went in and picked them up, living with men, twenty-five and fifty dollars a night, of men, all up and down, in Hollywood and everywhere, had private homes and men back in there where they would send them out to these people.

And that's what we look to, television, and—and out here on these screens and things, and let our children call that an idol. And then call that mother? That's a long ways from being mother. That's filth. That's exactly. And yet they set the pace of the day. Well, let them, the kind of clothes they wear, watch the American women dress right up just like them, and everything. Sure. And America's god is a woman. Not Jehovah; they've turned away from That. Not to mother now, now lay that aside, that's a sacred thing we're going to talk about; but I mean woman.

<sup>21</sup> And, remember, I predict that before the great total annihilation, which I don't say the Lord told me this, but I believe there'll be something happen either between now or at that time in '77. It may come . . . ? . . . at this hour. But between now and '77, I predict that either a great destruction or a total annihilation of the entire earth, between now and '77; I predicted it in 1933.

<sup>22</sup> I predicted that women would keep demoralizing and the nation would keep falling, and they'd keep hanging to mother, or like mother like that, till they become, a woman become an idol. And

after a while, that America would be ruled by a woman. Mark it and see if it's not right. A woman will take the place of a President or something, of great, some high power in America.

When . . . I say this with respect, ladies. When a woman gets out of the kitchen, she's out of her place. That's right. That's where she belongs. Outside of that, she has no place. And now, I'm not hard on them, but I just tell what's the Truth and what the Bible. Used to be the man was the head of the house, but that was in Bible days. He isn't no more. He's the puppet, or he's the—or the babysitter or something. And now . . . No, they want to take care of a dog, practice birth control, and pack a little old dog around in their arms all the time, so you can run around all night.

<sup>24</sup> I'm—I'm not talking about mother. God bless them. That's what holds the nation together now halfway, is a real, good, sacred, God-saved mother. That's right.

But the shame of how degraded that our woman is. I got a piece out of the paper. I cut after this last World War, number two, that said, "Where has the morals of the American women gone, that after six months overseas, four out of five soldiers was divorced from their wives, and they'd married some other man?" And couldn't even wait for them to come back from overseas, soldiers over there dying on the battlefield. That person that does that is not worthy to be called mother, that sacred name. No, it isn't. So I've always been called "woman-hater," but I'm not. I think a woman's a wonderful thing, and a mother, especially. But they should be their places and not take the place of man, and not take the place of God.

<sup>26</sup> And this morning I heard a holiness church saying that a mother rules the stars of heaven and all this. I can imagine Catholics of doing that on virgin Mary, and so forth like that, which, worshipping them dead women, Saint Cecilia and all like that, which is the highest form of spiritualism. That's all it is. Anything intercedes with the dead is of spiritualism. So there's only one Intercessor between God and man, and that's Christ Jesus. That's right. No other saint, no nothing outside of the Lord Jesus Christ is the only One Who is the Intercessor between God and man. But when I see the churches, even of getting behind the pulpit, all the sacredness taken from Christ and given on mother, all the sacredness taken, and then they start and there you are.

<sup>27</sup> So . . . But there is a real mother left. Praise God. Just like when you see a hypocrite, there's a real Christian that really lives the

life. Where you have a pro, you have a con. That's exactly right. And now, that kind of a mother and that kind of a child, we wish to talk about now in the Bible.

28 Now, I wonder how many little boys and girls we got here this morning? If you heard Brother Neville's broadcast yesterday . . . How many little boys and girls would like to come up here and set on the front seat while I talk to you? Would you like to come up here? There's one, two, three, four, five seats here; one here, is six, and some little seats along here. Would you like to come up front, some of you little fellows can go without your mama, and would like to come up here, more than welcome. Our mothers are not . . . [Someone says, "They're back in the Sunday school room."—Ed.] Oh, they're in the Sunday school room, well, that's fine. We'll wait a few minutes, and be talking, and they'll be out in a few minutes. And we'll just gather around, little old black, and brown, and blue eyes, up here, and—and talk to each one of them. Now, how many loves the Lord, say "amen." [Congregation says, "Amen!"—Ed.] All right.

29 Now, I want to speak to the mothers and the children, and it's directed to them.

Tonight, if the Lord willing, I want to speak on the first miracle Jesus performed, and how it was done, and with what power, and what did He do when He done it. How many knows what the first miracle He did? Speak it, all together. Turned the water into wine.

That's right, the first miracle He done . . . Now, if the Lord willing. While I was studying this morning, it just come up on my mind.

31 I see we got our good friend, Mr. and Mrs. Gender back there, I believe, this morning. I just happened to notice him as I turned around the post this way. The other day I was taking a examination. I have to keep myself up for examinations about overseas duty. And when I come out, who did I meet but Mr. and Mrs. Gender, sitting out there in the office—office of Doctor Schoen, in Louisville, a very fine Christian brother. I tell you, I really met a real man there, a real one who believes in God and puts his trust there.

You know what? I'll tell you, I find more doctors believing in Divine healing than I do preachers. That's right. You talk to them. I said, "Certainly." And when he . . . When I went to leave, he took my hand, he said, "Brother Branham, you do more for humanity than I ever could do." He said, "That's right." Said, "You can help people that I couldn't even touch." Said, "That's right."



I said, "Well, 'course, you can sew them up, or set a bone, or something like that. But God does the healing."

He said, "That's correct." Amen. Oh, I like to see wide-minded, sensible thinking people. I think a surgery, and a medical doctor, and a chiropractic, osteopathic, Divine healing, and all together, if any of that can help anybody, I'm for it. And when you take a doctor condemn a preacher, and the preacher condemn a doctor, and an osteopath condemn—condemn a surgeon, the surgeon condemn a medical doctor, you can imagine this, there's some selfish motive somewhere (That's right.), 'cause each one of them has proved that they help somebody. That's exactly right.

<sup>35</sup> Now, the thing of it is, I think, if our motives is right, and our hearts are right for the people, we ought to all work together to help our fellow man, to make it an easier life. And then your motives is unselfish, giving praise to God Who gives all things freely. Amen. Yes, sir. Oh, we should not have any selfishness nowhere; it should be perfect.

If the chiropractic can help this one, the osteopathic help this one, the surgery help this one, and something else help that one, let's pray for all of it (Amen.), that God will just help His dear people to be well and happy. 'Cause we ain't got very long to stay here; just a few days and we're on the road gone somewhere else. So what we're trying to do is make life just a little easier so you can have a better time while you're here. Amen.

<sup>37</sup> Now, upon this thought, let's bow our heads, before we open the Bible, and speak to our lovely Saviour.

Our kind heavenly Father, we come so humbly this morning in Thy Presence, and thank Thee above everything that ever was on the earth or ever will be, for the Lord Jesus Christ. For He was the One Who brought man and God together, and reconciled us poor unworthy, ungodly aliens. Away from God by—by choice, of ourselves, we took our own choice and walked away from Him. And He was so good to come, and while we were displeasing to God, while we were sinners, away from God, He reconciled us back to the Father, through the shedding of His Own Blood.

How we thank Thee for Him. And today stands as a Mediator, the only One between God and man, Who can make a prayer come in the Presence of God, through the platform of His Own Blood that He shed from earth to glory. Come in this earth by the way of a barn, borned out in a manger, went out of the earth, through capital punishment. The earth didn't want Him. Heaven couldn't receive Him, because He was a sinner; He had our sins upon Him. The earth

didn't want Him; they rejected Him, "Away from such a Person." He had even—not even a place to be born, or a place to die. And He hung between the heavens and earth; heaven couldn't receive Him, nor earth wouldn't have Him. And He died anyhow to save us from sin, to heal our sickness, to give us joy and a lovely stay while we were here on earth. What a Saviour. Oh, how we thank You for Him.

O God, let our every adoration of our heart be poured to Him and Him alone. May every respects and every worship, everything that comes from our lips or heart, may it be laid on Him Who's worthy of all. He Who set upon the throne one day with the Book in His hand, no man in heaven or earth was worthy or able to even look on the Book, or to loose the seals that had It sealed up. And this Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the earth, come, took It from His hand, opened the seals and loosened up the—the Words to the people.

<sup>41</sup> And, Father, we pray today that His Holy Spirit will loose our hearts from all of its darkness, loose our tongue from all that's vile, forgive all of our sins, and take away all the darkness, and move into our hearts this morning.

And especially these little children, God, bless them as they set here this morning with their lovely mother. And, God, how we thank Thee for motherhood, for real women. In the midst of all this darkness, and idolatry, and filth, and corruption of the world, yet we got real genuine mothers. How we thank Thee for them. Young and old, both alike, we thank Thee, Father, for real motherhood. And we pray, God, that You'll bless them.

See them sitting here this morning, many of our brothers and sisters, wearing white roses or white carnations, and flowers, meaning that their dear sainted mother has crossed beyond the veil on the other side: not dead, but alive forevermore. Someday they'll come too, down to the river, and there they'll get to see her again on the other side. Many are wearing red roses; mother's still here. We thank Thee for that.

Pray that You'll bless us together as we study Thy Word, for we ask it in Christ's Name. Amen.

<sup>45</sup> Now, the Lord bless you. And we start right in on the Word this morning. Now, first before this little drama, I thought for the mothers and the little kiddies . . . And they'll probably hear me 'cause this thing has got quite a voice. And I'm going to give a little drama, because I been noticing now my services, sometimes dramas help



out a whole lot. Don't you think so? The little fellows understand it better. I'm looking at a couple little bright-eyed boys setting, looking at me now, which will be men of tomorrow if there is a tomorrow.

<sup>46</sup> And now before we have any drama, or anything else that's going on in church, it must have the Bible background. Amen. It must be the Bible background. First, let us all turn over to Matthew the 16th chapter and the 25th verse, and we'll read these verses. First, while we're reading, getting ready, maybe by that time the little fellows will be out. Now, Matthew 16:25, we read this.

*For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.*

Now, this is a very important Scripture. Let's all read that together. What do you say? Everybody, little children and all, together now. [Brother Branham and congregation read the following Scripture together—Ed.]

*For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.*

<sup>48</sup> You know, boys and girls, and I know the older ones will enjoy this just the same as the children will. But, that Scripture is so important. And some Scriptures were so important that God puts it in all four of the Gospels: Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. But, this is so important till He put it six times in the Gospel. Six times this came from His Own lips, Jesus.

<sup>49</sup> Now, over in Mark, we'll turn over there unto to the 8th chapter of Mark, and begin with the 34th verse, and I'll read some there. And I want you to notice here again, with just a little continuation of this where Jesus spoke it. And remember, He put it six times in the Gospel, so it would be sure. Two is a witness, but He put it three times that (See?), so it would be sure that you remember it.

*And we had he—when he had so called the people unto him, and his disciples also, he said unto them,*

*Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me.*

Now, one of the translators put, "Take up his cross, and follow Me daily." Now, now the 35th verse. Listen.

*For whosoever will save his life will lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it.*

*For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*

*Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*

<sup>51</sup> Now, let's take this 35th verse and quote it together now. All right. Now, let's say it together. We're going to take Mark 8:16, now let's say it together; Mark 8:16, beg your pardon, Mark 8:16, 35. No, I got it wrong yet. Mark 8 (Excuse me.), Mark, St. Mark, 8th chapter, 35th verse. Now, let's try it now. St. Mark, 8th chapter, 35th verse. Now, we got it. Let's read it. [Brother Branham and congregation read the following Scripture together—Ed.]

*For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's sake . . . shall save it.*

<sup>52</sup> That marvelous? Now, we'll get right along with our little story, and as the kiddies come they'll take their places. The ushers watch them as they quieten them, see if you can get them in here, as we take and give our story. We're going to base this, this morning on a drama. And I, a lot of times, here a few days ago I . . .

Brother and sister Wood was with me, I believe, up there at the—the last meeting; I was speaking at the Christian Business Men's Breakfast. And I gave a little drama of Zacchaeus in the—up in the sycamore tree, and, when Jesus came by, and how he got a garbage can, you know (and dramatized it), and got up in a tree, to see Jesus. And the businessman setting in the tree, you know, hiding from Jesus. And Jesus didn't know where he was at, as if, you know. And then he said, "Oh, they tell me that Man knows things and can foretell things, and knows where the fish had a . . . I don't believe it." And Jesus walked around the tree. And he said, "Aw, He can't see me; I'm sitting up a tree."

Jesus stopped and looked up, and said, "Zacchaeus, come down." Didn't only know he was up there, but He knowed who he was.

So I think a little drama sometimes helps the old people, the old boys and girls, the same as the young.

<sup>56</sup> So now, you might ask me, after this is over, "Brother Branham, where do you get this information of these characters and names?" Some of them I've been helped by my good friend, Brother Booth-Clibborn. And another, by Josephus, the great historian. And then books upon history, that I have read, of this event and so forth. And that's how I get my information from what we're going to give in drama this morning, for this a . . .

<sup>57</sup> I see our little ones are coming out now, and for this story this morning that we're going to give. Now, you little boys and girls, if

you can, as many as wants to, come right up here in front. We got five or six empty seats. If you'd like to come right up here, we'd be glad to have you. You're just coming in in time for the little drama out here.

And now, that's how I come to get this information, how I come to find it. Someone might pick around and say, "Well, I never read that part in the Bible." But if you didn't, history picked it up. You see? So it's all the same story, only it's just give in a—a—a little drama form.

<sup>59</sup> And, so, that's it. That's it. That your little brother? Oh, he sure looks like you. And he's a fine boy. You can just tell he is. All right.

Now, you want to come up here and sit down here? There's two little girlies, or three little girlies. My, that's just fine and dandy. Now, I want . . . This little story this morning is for little girls and boys. Mrs. Collins, I believe that's you there, and the other little sister; you want to go right over there, honey, and sit down. Yeah, I believe there's a place right here, if the lady would—would move her pocketbook. And—and may . . . Right over here is a couple seats over here.

I want all these little boys and girls up here in front, so I can talk to them. Here, here we got some chairs here. We just see that you get some chairs. Yes, sir. Some of them will help us right here, 'cause we want this to be just to these little boys and girls. Oh, my. Isn't that fine? Now, that's . . . I believe you'll have to have a few more, Brother Neville; I see a couple more coming down. And now, that's just fine.

How many mothers is here? Raise your hand. Oh, that's wonderful. Now, that's just fine and dandy.

<sup>63</sup> Now, if you little girls in the back want to come up here, come right ahead, if you're old enough to be away from mommy. And mommy wants to bring you up here, well, tell her to come right on. It's for mommy too. All right.

Now, I tell you, children, we just read a verse. Would you all like to quote it with me? Would you all quote this verse with me? Now, it's found in St. Matthew the 16th chapter and the 25th verse, what we're going to talk about. Now, these little . . . Every little boy and girl, this morning, quote this with me now. Say, "St. Matthew" [The boys and girls say, "St. Matthew"—Ed.], "the 16th chapter" ["the 16th chapter"], "the 25th verse." ["the 25th verse."] Now, you quote with me. "For whosoever shall save his life" ["For whosoever

shall save his life"] "shall lose it" ["shall lose it"] "and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall save it." ["and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall save it."] Shall save it. Yeah, let's say it again. "Whosoever" ["Whosoever"] "shall lose his life" ["shall lose his life"] "for My sake" ["for My sake"] "shall save it." ["shall save it."] Wonderful.

<sup>65</sup> Now, boys and girls, you know what? There's a lot of things in the world that's real valuable. And one of those things is, you have it with you today; it's the soul that's inside of that body. And that's the most valuable thing in the world to you. Is that right, mother? Say "amen." [The mothers say, "Amen"—Ed.] The most valuable thing that you got is your soul. And now, if you keep your soul, then you're going to lose it. And if you lose your soul, then you're going to save it; if you lose your soul to Jesus. See? In other words, if you believe on Jesus, you become His disciple. And then if you give your life to Jesus when you're young like this, and then you're going to . . . He's going to save it to Everlasting Life. But if you—if you want to keep it, you're going to lose it; yeah, you'll lose it. If you want to act like these other girls and boys around here, and go out and do as they do, then you're going, you're—you're going to lose it. But if you want to give your life to Jesus, then you're going to save it for eternity and forever.

<sup>66</sup> Now, you remember that now, that it's the most valuable thing in all the world, is your little soul. And if you keep it, you'll lose it; if you give it to Jesus, you save it. Can you say that with me? If . . . Say, "If I keep it," [The boys and girls say, "If I keep it,"—Ed.] "I'll lose it" ["I'll lose it"]; "and if I give it to Jesus," ["and if I give it to Jesus,"] "I'll save it." ["I'll save it."] That's it. Now, you got it. Isn't that . . .

All mothers think that was fine, say "amen." [The mothers say, "Amen!"] Oh, that's fine. That's good.

Now, you see, there's one thing you can do. Now, you go ahead. If they want to act like it, and have their world wants . . . If the boys and girls wants to go out there and do things, and tell stories, and say things that's wrong, and—and cheat, and steal, and—and do things bad, and copy in school, and things, go ahead; they lose. They lose it. But if they'll give it to Jesus, they won't do that, and then they'll save it. That's what you want to do. Isn't it?

<sup>69</sup> Now, we're going to start in our little story. Now, that's our background now; you remember that. Now, let's start our little story. Now, to the old people, and to the—the fathers and mothers, you listen too now, you, especially you mothers and dads at this. And

we'll start. You like little stories? Do you? Oh, I just love them, especially now . . . You read a lot of stories that's not true. But this story's true, absolutely the truth, every Word of it. It's in God's Bible, so it has to be the truth (See?), 'cause It's God's Word. God's Word is the Truth.

<sup>70</sup> "Now, you know," said, "I'm so tired. I—I'm—I'm tired enough to die."

"Well," said, "why don't you go upstairs and go to bed? Lay down on the cot, the sofa up there, and go to bed."

He said, "But, oh, I'm too tired." He said, "Oh, honey, if you'd have seen what I saw today, oh, I'm—I . . . What . . . I don't even want any supper. Oh, it was terrible, the sight that I saw today."

She said, "Well, what, what was it that you saw?"

Said, "I can't tell you before the children, oh, it's too terrible. My, it was bad."

"Well, what was it that you saw?"

"Well, I'm going upstairs and lie down just a little while, and then—and then after supper when we put the kiddies all to bed, then I'll tell you what happened today."

"All right," she said.

And upstairs he went. He laid down. "Oh, so tired, oh, my." You know how daddy is when he gets tired, just really tired.

<sup>76</sup> And after while, the little bright-eyed girl, she started running around over the floor, and talking a little loud. Said, "Sh-sh-sh, don't do that. You'll wake up daddy. And, oh, he's so tired till he—he wanted to die. He didn't want to live any more. And if daddy gets that tired, well, we should let him sleep a little while. Don't wake him up." And little Miriam, she goes over and sets down to be real quiet.

And after while she had supper all ready, so she slips up the stairs and she—she calls him, "Amram?"

And he said, "Yes, Jochebed, dear, I'm coming down." So they come down the steps, you know, and they had a nice supper.

<sup>79</sup> So after they'd eaten supper, and the little—the little boy and little girl had eaten all their supper, why, the mother put the things away and she tucked them into the bed.

And then she goes into the room, her and her husband, and they set down. Said, "Well, now, what was it that you saw today, Amram, that made you so—so upset tonight, that you didn't even want to live?"

"Oh," he said, "darling, I—I just can't understand it." He said, "I saw . . . It's . . . Well, we see it every day, but today was especially." Said, "Oh, I—I seen the awfullest sight I ever seen." Said, "Our poor boys, some of them are not over twelve years old, pulling that big old wagon, with ropes around their neck like that. And those poor kids had pulled till they could pull no more, up that great big incline, those big stones back there, and they couldn't go no farther. And after while the wagon begin to creak and go real slow, and after while it stopped. Down the road come a man, oh, he was a maniac. He roared out, 'Why are you stopping this wagon?' Wham, with those great big old snake whips, and whipping them across the back, and the blood run out of their back, and run down like that. And those poor kids just hung on to this rope, and cried." Said, "Oh, Jochebed. What can we do, mother?" Said, "We're the people of God. God blessed us. We're the children of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. And why will we have to be slaves down here to these things? Oh, it's terrible how those poor boys cried. Oh, and I pray and I pray and I pray, Jochebed, and it seems like that God just don't even hear me. I pray and I pray, and He seems like He turns a deaf ear, He don't hear me at all. He just seem like He don't care any more."

"Now," she said, "look, Amram, that don't sound like you. You're a real daddy, and you . . . That don't sound like you, because you're always encouraging us, telling us to have faith in God."

"Oh, but, dear, when I pray so much, and—and still God don't hear me, and seems like it just gets worse all the time. The more I pray, the worse it gets."

<sup>84</sup> But little boys and girls, does God hear prayer? Say, "He hears prayer." Does God answer prayer? Yes. Does He answer real quick? Not all the time, does He? No. Sometimes He makes us wait. Is that right? But God answers prayer. Doesn't He? And just because everything's going wrong, that's no sign we should quit praying. We just pray on anyhow. Don't we? That's right. Now, you answered right. God answers prayer. Let's all say it together. [Brother Branham and congregation say, "God answers prayer."—Ed.] Yes. No matter what the circumstances are, He answers, anyhow. All right.

"Well, are you going up to pray again?"

"Yes." And daddy had a secret room way up in the attic where he went to pray. So he gets up there that night; he kneels down by the side; he said . . . Now, he said, "Jochebed, now you go on and go to bed, and you and the kiddies. Because, don't bother me, I'm going to pray maybe all night tonight."



<sup>86</sup> So he gets down on his knees, and he prays and he prays. I see him lift up his hands and say, “O God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob, remember Your promise to Your people. Here we are way down here in Egypt, and we’re under bondage. And, oh, our cruel taskmasters are—are driving us to do things, and to beating us around, and our poor people are—are stripped off naked, and they’re whipping us with a whips. And we’re Your people. O God, surely You’ll hear prayer, surely You’ll answer prayer. And I pray and I pray and I pray, and You seem like You don’t even answer me. But, God, I believe that You are God, and You’ll finally answer prayer.” And he prayed on like that, almost all night.

<sup>87</sup> And the next morning about three or four o’clock, he comes down the little steps, and he looks over there, and there was his lovely little wife, little Jochebed. She was there in the bed, asleep. And little Aaron and little Miriam had already been tucked in the bed, so they were just as sleepy as they could be, and sleeping away. All right. He said to her . . . She said, “It’s getting late, and you’re just getting?”

“Yeah, I prayed all night.” His eyes were stained with tears, because he cried for the people.

And she said, “Looky, now, Amram, you shouldn’t go too hard at it.”

“Now,” he said, “listen, dear. That’s good. But now look, you’ve got two kiddies to raise here. And the burden is mine. If somebody don’t pray for our poor people, what will become of them? What’s going to happen if somebody don’t have the people at—at heart? Somebody’s got to pray.”

“Well,” she says, “Amram, the burden’s not all yours.”

“Well, it seems to be. And anyhow, I’ll pray, anyhow, all the time.”

<sup>92</sup> Goes to work that day, and each day he comes and goes, and the same old toil of . . . And he—he had a hard job. He had to . . . They poured mortar into great big molds, and he had to stand there by that big furnace. When they’d open it up, oh, my, it’d almost break his hide, that horrible heat. He’d push those bricks back in there and bake them, bring them out to build great big roads and great big high towers to idol gods and everything. And this real Christian man down there working like that for the enemy . . . But he was a slave; he was in bondage. He had to do it.

And every night when he come home, he’d pray, and go up the steps again, and pray and pray and pray, and come back down: got no better; kept getting worse.

<sup>94</sup> And one day over at the work he heard a rumor. Said, "What's that? What is that? Tell me." Somebody whispered to another. After while before the day was gone, it was all over the whole country, what was going to happen.

What was it? A council was going to meet that night. Old King Pharaoh, the old wicked king was going to call all of his people together and have another big council. So they had this great council meeting down there.

<sup>96</sup> So that night he went in, oh, he was just all down. He goes in, and his wife says, "Amram, dear." She met him at the door, and kissed him, and said, "I have your supper real good and warm. But," said, "dear, you look so pale. What's the matter?"

Said, "Oh, Jochebed, if you'd have only knew what's going on. Oh, it's worse than ever."

"What?"

"Sh, sh, can't tell it, the children's around. Wait till after supper, and I'll tell you about it."

"Okay."

So she had supper ready, and got supper up, and took all the kiddies and put them in bed.

So they went in. He said, "Jochebed, I want to tell you something." Said, "One of the most horrible things is a-happening."

"What?"

Said, "They're going to have another council today—tonight. And when they do, they're going to set some other burden upon us people."

<sup>102</sup> So then, let's go over to the king's palace. King Pharaoh brings them all out there, and said, "All right, all you generals, what's the matter with you around here? I give my orders around here. This people is increasing all the time. What's the matter? Can't we stop this?" Said, "Someday there'll come another army in here. And all these enemies of ours out of Goshen over there, these Israelites, will join themselves with this army, and they'll overcome us. And our great economy will be tore down; our great kingdom will be destroyed. They'll take us. What's the matter with you? Speak up, somebody. Don't you know something to say?" Oh, he was mean and dirty. All the generals was shaking.

One of them raised up, and said, "Long live King Pharaoh."

"Well, say what you're going to."

Said, "Long live the king. Your highness, sir," he said, "I would desire that you'd put more burdens upon the people."

"You numskull, you already put plenty of burdens on the people, and yet they increase. Why, you. . . If that's all the ideas you got, just keep it to yourself." Oh, he was rough.

<sup>105</sup> After while one raised up, great big smile on his face, like the devil. And he said, "Long live King Pharaoh." Said, "I've got the idea."

Said, "Well, speak up. Don't stand there like that."

He said, "I'll tell you what they—what you can do." Said, "You know, these people are increasing so fast."

"Yes, that's right." Said, "Some of them, some of their people even have as many as fourteen children; sometimes they have twenty children. And our people don't have maybe one." Said, "They're increasing so fast, they're just covering the whole land."

See, God was doing something. See, God always pulls the wool over the devil's eyes. You see? See? He knows what He's doing. See? And all these women just having lots of children.

<sup>109</sup> "Why," he said, "long live the king. Well, I'll tell you what. Every time a woman gives birth to a little boy baby. . . Go out in the land here and get some women, and that—that's not mothers (You see?), women that never had children, women that don't want children and don't love children, old long-nosed witches (See?), longer the nose, the better: old long fingers, painted-up faces, and get them. They don't know what mother's love is. So then when a little boy baby's being born, why, let them go and get that little boy baby and bring him out, bust his head against the wall, throw it back in the house to the mother like that. Throw him down in a big well. Oh, better than that, take him out, tie his hands and feet. Throw him out and fatten up the crocodiles. That's the way to get rid of it. Then they won't increase very much, 'cause there'll be no men left. Kill all the little boy babies."

"Oh," Pharaoh says, "that's good. That's a good idea." See what the devil is? He's wicked, isn't he? Said, "So that's the thing to do. Go get. . . You got. . . Now, being that you had the idea, I'll just make you overseer of that. You go out and get all the old women that you know of, that—that's never been mothers, and they don't love children. And they're. . . They. . ."

See, it takes a mother to love a child. You remember how mother loved you? Well now, see, mother loves the little babies.

112 “But she had to get somebody that—that they didn’t, that didn’t have no children, didn’t want no children, just—just—just real old mean women,” and said, “make them police. And when you make them police. . . And give them orders that they can go in any house they want to, and take every little baby out and bust its head against a wall, and give it to the crocodiles to eat: every little baby.” Oh, how cruel. Then you know what they did?

“All right, that’s good.”

113 Then the next day when Amram was down there working, he heard that issue had been made.

And, oh, he goes home. He said, “Oh, Jochebed, oh, darling, let me tell you something. You know what that order was issued? To kill all the little boy babies.” And he told her. Said, “Oh, I just can’t stand it.” Upstairs he went again to pray. That night he prayed like he never before.

Are we supposed to keep on praying? Oh, pray on. Is that right? Just keep on praying, no matter what goes on. Keep on praying.

Now, and the first thing you know, he prayed all night, “O God, be merciful. Help, God. We pray that You’ll help us in some way.” Back down he come around daylight.

117 Day after day, and, oh, what a howl around the country. Every day they’d hear mothers screaming up and down the streets. They’d take their little babies out of their arms, or little tiny little boy babies. Those old witches would go in there and, take their little feet, and bang them up against the wall and kill them, and throw them in to the crocodiles. The poor mother would get on her knees, and she’d cry, “Oh, don’t take my baby. Don’t take my baby.” And, oh, what a time they were having.

118 You know how mother loves little babies, how she puts him on the chin. You remember how mother would take you and—and wash you, and kiss you, and—and—and would say how pretty you was. And how she put you to bed at night. And, oh, if—if you’d. . . A little door would be open, a little draft coming through, something like that, oh, my, she’d run real quick and shut the door, cover up the little baby, and you know she taken it. She loved you. See? She loved you. Oh, she loved that poor little thing that God had give her, that was helpless and it couldn’t help itself, so she loved that little baby. And she’d just kiss her little babies and play with them, because she was a real mother. See?

119 But these old women that kill the babies, they didn't know what motherly love was. They wasn't mothers. All they thought about, they just had big time on their mind, things of the world. So they'd go in, kill those little babies. You're too young to know, but it's still going on. That's right. Now, you adults know what I'm talking about. That's right. Too much of it. . . Oh, you say, "I wouldn't take. . ." But abortion case is the same thing. All right, but you see they don't know what mother love is. Now, you know what I mean when I say real mothers? That's right. No different; the same devil. . . So there, then, and—and just to think of the thousands times thousands times thousands, yearly. It's as bad as it was in Egypt or worse. And there. . .

Then they come in, they didn't have a mother's love, so they'd take those little babies and kill them. Oh, it kept going worse and worse. And one day there come another rumor, they're going to have another meeting.

121 Pharaoh called all of his counselors together, and all of them together, and he got in there and said, "All right, they're still increasing. What will we do about it now?"

This same old sly, slick, devil-faced guy, raised up and said, "Long live King Pharaoh. I have the idea. Look, you've got the men working. You make them have a kiln of bricks, so many each day, make them make them out of stubble. You've killed the—the little children and things, but they're still increasing. The thing you ought to do, is put the women to work too. If you put the women to work, then they won't. . ." Now, that's not a woman's place. No. So he said, "But you put the women to working; put them out there, and let them make brick too. And then they will be so tired when they come in, they—they can't cook their husband's supper; they can't be a good mama. See? And so if they're going to work and go on like that, so they—they won't be able to do it. So you put them to work too."

"That's good, fine; you're a wise man." So he puts all women to work.

124 And here comes poor old Amram, come in that night, said, "Oh, Jochebed, I don't know what we're going to do. Now, they're putting all the women to work. I—I tell you, oh, I just don't know what to do. We're—we're—we're just. . . We're slaves, and we're getting worse and worse. I—I predict this: if God ever does anything for us, it'll be after we're all dead."

Now, God don't wait like that, does He? No. God just watches us sometimes, doesn't He? All right.

So then that night, said, "I'm going up and pray like I never prayed before."

Now, that's the way to pray. Isn't it? Pray like you never prayed before, really get to business! See, if you just go up and "Lord, bless So-and-so-and-so." God don't—don't take the interest much to that. But when you really get down to business. . . When you little boys and girls pray, get down to business. Do you do that in school? Do help. . . You ask God to help you in school? When—when you're going to go to school, and you don't make very good grades, you go in and say, "God, I—I want You to help me"?

<sup>128</sup> Do you pray? How many little boys and girls prays? Let's see your hands. Oh, that's fine. Now, that's good. Do you have a secret place where you go pray, where mommy and daddy don't even see you? Do you pray like that? You, you don't pray like that? Have a little place, step out and pray, and say your little prayer. You say it every night before you go to bed? When you get up at morning, honey? Oh, that's good. How many other little boys and girls, raise up your hand, that prays, way over the building. Oh, ain't that fine. Well, now, that's good. That shows you got a real mother and daddy that teaches you to do these things. Now, now, when really get in need, you better pray sincerely, hadn't you?

<sup>129</sup> So, little Amram, upstairs he goes. Oh, my. He didn't want no supper. He said, "It's too bad. My. . ."

"Oh," she said, "you must eat supper, dad."

"Just can't do it, Jochebed. I just can't do it. I—I. . ."

"Oh," said, "but you're losing weight, and you're nervous, and you're pale in your face. You're vomiting up your food and things."

"Oh, I don't know what to do." But he said, "dear, if somebody don't take the people to heart, if somebody don't pray for the people, what will we do? We're getting worse. Surely, sometime God will hear."

Yes, that's right. That's right. God will hear. You get down to business and just stay there.

<sup>133</sup> Oh, this time he goes upstairs different. When he goes upstairs this time, he kneels down, he puts his hands up in the air, hollers, "God, I'm speaking to You now." Amen, getting to business. . . "God, Thou hast ears, and You can hear. Thou hast eyes, and You can see. Thou hast a memory; You know Your Word. You know Your promise. I plead to You, God, look down here, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, that Your people are in distress, and they're dying. Do something for us, God. We've got to have You



at once. We've just got to have You or we'll perish. We must have You. We just got to, if we live." That's when you really pray. Oh, he prayed.

<sup>134</sup> You know, sometime people when they pray, they get tired. Don't they, mother and dad? Oh, get so tired. Brother Branham sometimes gets so tired I almost faint when I go to praying a long time; just get faint, go without eating and things, for days, and pray and pray and pray, and preach, I just get to a place I going to faint, nearly. And sometimes people get that way. That's no time to give up. Keep on. God will answer. Yes, sir. Keep holding on. Yes, sir.

<sup>135</sup> So he goes up the little old creaky steps. And I see Jochebed come by, and say, "Oh, Amram, don't. Honey, I—I believe . . ."

"Now, Jochebed, look, you're a fine, lovely . . ." She was beautiful, pretty little mother. And he kept going, keep going, patted her like that. Said, "Now, mother, you go back and put Aaron and— and little Miriam to bed. And I'm going up to pray. And now, if you hear me weeping, don't you come up."

"Well, but, Amram, what you going to do, honey? You're—you're about dead."

<sup>138</sup> "Yes, but I—I—I got the burden of the people on my heart. I got to do something about it. I got to stay on my knees. And so all the people . . ." He said, "Today, only today, down at the brick hill, I was down there, kept saying, 'Well, children, God will hear.' And one big old man come up, put his hands on his hips, and said, 'When will He hear? When will He hear?' See how people is even getting bitter? They're getting against God, because they pray and pray and pray, and nothing happens. And this one prays and prays and prays, and nothing happens. And all the priests says, 'The days of miracles is past, and only thing we can do is just get right down to these old taskmasters who worship heathens or heathen gods, and so forth. And what can we do?' But he said, 'But I believe in Jehovah. Amen. I believe He still answers prayer.'"

Do you believe that? You believe it? Amen. All of you that believe that, say "amen." [Congregation says, "Amen!"—Ed.] Still answers prayer . . . All right.

<sup>140</sup> Little old frail body, lost a lot of weight, up the creaky steps he goes, goes over there and kneels down, and he said, "O Jehovah . . ." Oh, he prayed like he never prayed before. He said, "Jehovah, looky here. You're a real God. We believe that You got ears. We believe You got eyes. And You know all things. And we believe You're the God of the Hebrews, and we're the people of the promise. We

believe You keep Your Word.” Said, “Look at these heathens out here, how they’re taking our cheap labor, and building great big roads and idols, and everything. You, Jehovah, would You set in Heaven and let the heathens rule over You? I don’t believe You’ll do it.” Amen.

<sup>141</sup> I still don’t believe He will do it. Amen. When the devil comes in; God is still God. Right. He will not permit the devil to do that. I believe it’s the day that when fashion and nonsense, and all this tommyrot’s going on, still, God still reigns and He’s still God. Right. What we need’s somebody like Amram, got the burden on their heart, who will stay there and pray it through, until the heavens is split open yonder, God comes down and answers prayer. Amen.

“Now, looky here,” he said, “God, do You let the heathens mock at Your people like this? Weeks and months and years has passed. We pray constantly. The tears bathe our . . .” [Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

“O God, will You permit such a thing?”

<sup>143</sup> I wonder today, that when hundreds of little babies are thrown into the rivers and cesspools, and not permitted to live, and abortion cases and everything else committed, O Jehovah, will You permit such stuff to go on? Today, when whiskey and beer, and night life, and everything, is crowding out. And even the pulpit’s got so weak till they’re afraid to say anything about it. Jehovah, will You permit such nonsense to go on? He’ll answer one day. Oh, His wrath is terrible when it comes. Yes, sir. Women going out and making their babies die, a cigarette tray to drop ashes in, and everything. And people take their little babies out to beer parlors, little girls and boys setting there, six or eight years old, drinking, and things like that. And the nation legalizing it, and it’s all right? Oh, my. Think Jehovah don’t see that? When, they’re even making fun of the people who really are right with God. All these things going on, making fun. Hold on, just keep holding on. Jehovah will answer. Don’t worry. All right.

<sup>144</sup> We go on a little farther. We find him up there praying. And he just gets so tired, he lays down. He just prays till he just falls on the floor. He can’t go any farther, and he took a little nap. He woke up. “What’s the matter? Look around here. Where’s that Light coming from? Oh, look, standing there in the corner.” There stood an Angel, His sword hanging there on His side. Oh, he looked again, and he rubbed his eyes. He pulled up on his knee; he said, “Lord. Oh, oh, what—what would You want of me?”

<sup>145</sup> He said, "Amram, I am the Angel of God. I've been sent from heaven to tell you God heard your prayers. And I've come to tell you that He's going to send a deliverer. He remembers all of His promises." I see the Angel now; look at Him; he's pulling out this sword, he points it to the north. Amram looks. He said, "Just the point of this sword lays the promised land. And I promised Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, your fathers, that you people would inherit that land. And I've heard the groaning of the people; I've heard the crying of the children; and I'm come down. And I want you to know that you're going to play a great part in this, Amram, because you were faithful in prayer. You were faithful in your house. And about this time next year, Jochebed, your lovely little wife, is going to embrace a little baby boy. And that little baby boy is going to be a deliverer." Glory.

<sup>146</sup> He said, "Oh, yes. Yes. Oh, yes. Yes. Oh, He's so beautiful." He looked, and the Angel begin to lift up. Just seemed like the whole heavens opened up, and He went out of the room. He waited a little bit. He said, "Oh, I'm not beside myself."

Downstairs he went, real quick, and said, "Jochebed, Jochebed, right quick."

Said, "Yes, what's the matter, dear?"

Said, "Stand up." And the moonlight shining in the window . . . ? . . . she looked beautiful. And he said, "I have just seen an Angel of God, and He told me all these things."

"Oh, how did He look?" said the mother. "How'd He look?"

Said, "Oh, He was beautiful. He had on a shining robe. His eyes sparkled. And He had a sword in His hand, and He pointed it to the north." That's the way, you know, the promised land lays from Egypt; up that way, Palestine. He said, "He pointed it to the north. And He said that we were going to have a baby about this time next year, and this little baby was going to come forth and be a conqueror, and going to deliver His people. Oh, hallelujah, Jochebed."

<sup>150</sup> And he noticed she was quiet. Her face, her eyes were staring; her great eyes were looking. "Jochebed, what's the matter?"

"Oh, Amram! No, no, no. We have a boy baby?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you . . . It can't be. You know what? Oh, if you'd have never had this vision. You know what, Pharaoh he's killing all the little babies."

“Yes. But, you know, if God gives us this baby, God will take care of the baby. Amen. God promised. God will take care of him.”

Well, the next day he goes out to work. And all the fellows up there, they notice Amram. Instead of coming in, you know, being all stooped down and weary, had his shoulders up, said, “Pass some more bricks. Come on, let’s go.”

“What’s the matter?”

“Glory to God. God’s going to answer prayer. Uh-huh,” going on.

<sup>154</sup> You know, it makes you feel good when you get a answer. Don’t we know that, pop and mom, when God gives an answer? You don’t have to see a vision, just know the answer’s there, that’s all. That’s all, just know the answer’s there.

Now, listen close now. Want you to listen to what happened. Now, you know, after while, said, “All right, Amram, what’s the matter with you?”

“God’s going to answer prayer. God’s going to answer prayer.”

“Well, how’s He going to answer prayer?”

“That don’t make any difference.”

One old guy walked up and said, “Now, when do you think He’ll ever answer prayer?”

“I ain’t going to tell you, because you’re an unbeliever, anyhow. Pass me some more bricks.” Throw it in there like that. No . . . ? . . . Don’t care; you don’t have to tell unbelievers all things. Do you? Don’t make any difference. No, sir. Certainly not, “Pass me some more bricks. Hallelujah. Going to answer prayer.” That’s the way you feel when you know it’s going to happen. Isn’t it? Yes, sir.

“Well, how’s He going to do it?”

“You don’t know anyhow, so just keep on passing bricks.” Put them all in there, got all them old brick in there.

<sup>160</sup> That night he went home, said, “Oh, Jochebed, think of it, we’re going to have a baby. Oh, and he’s going to be the deliverer. God’s going to send him. Oh, it’s going to be wonderful.

“Oh, but I’m so . . .”

“Oh, quit worrying. Quit worrying. My, God’s on the—God’s on the hearing end now. God’s got ears; God can hear. God has got hands; He can deliver.” Said . . . Oh, he had a lot of faith.

You know when you pray through, you get an answer, you really get a lot of faith then. Oh. Did you ever pray for anything that

you knowed God was going to do it for you? You little girls do that, and you little boys? Yeah, Sure. That's when you—that's when you know it's going to happen. All right.

<sup>163</sup> A whole year passes. And the first thing you know, here comes Amram in from work one day. What happened? The cutest little baby, oh, he was a little darling, about this long. And so she picked him up, hands him over to Amram. And he kisses him, you know. He loves him. See? And mother was holding him. Oh, what a treasure. She said, "Oh, I'm so scared though, you know. This little baby, he's such a sweet little thing."

And you know what? The Bible said that was the prettiest little baby ever was born. Now, I know mothers will disagree with me on that. They thought . . . Your mother thought you was the prettiest little baby. Didn't she? Yeah. She has a right to think that. But the Bible said this was a pretty little baby. Oh, he was a jewel. God had His hands on him, you know. So, oh, he was the cutest little thing. He'd lay there, and he—he'd just make a little bitty grin, with no teeth.

<sup>165</sup> Do you ever have a little brother and them, when he had no teeth, just grin like that?

And the first thing you know, "Wah."

"Oh, my, goodness. Whew. That old . . . ? . . . hiding."

"What's the matter? What you doing?"

"Take him downstairs. You know what the order is. See, if that old long-nosed witches comes by here, they'll take our baby and kill it. That's right. We can't let it cry." So, oh, it needed some—needed some breakfast or supper. So the mother takes it over in the corner; she nurses it, you know. And so he's all right then.

<sup>167</sup> So a couple of nights after that, they was playing with him. And, "Wah," away he went again, you know, started crying. Away she went real quick, and hid, hid him real quick like that. And downstairs, way down in back, in the wall, Amram had fixed a little place where he could hide the baby.

And then first thing you know, they heard something upstairs go . . . [Brother Branham knocks on the pulpit—Ed.] "Whew. gone." Everybody scattered over to one place, said, "That's them. That's them old witches." Them old long-fingered, painted fingernails. And the old witches looked down there. And looked out the window, said, "Yeah, that's them. They're standing there."

[Brother Branham knocks on the pulpit—Ed.] "Open up!"

Old Amram walked out, opened the door, said, “What do you want?”

Said, “You got a baby in here, and we know it. And we’re going to take it.”

“We ain’t got no baby to give to you.” (They didn’t.)

<sup>171</sup> “We’re coming and look anyhow. We are police women. See our badges!” And that’s a . . . Ain’t that something for a woman to be? But, “We’re police women. We got our rights from the authority.” You know, we have them here now. And so—so then they checked down, goes in. They go in and turn over the sofa, and open up all the drawers and throw everything out in the floor, and take all the bedclothes and shake them out, and go upstairs and find where daddy had a little secret place. Looked everywhere, but they couldn’t find the baby.

<sup>172</sup> Couldn’t find the baby, so they walked up to the woman there . . . ? . . . poor Jochebed standing there, her face was white. They walked up, said, “Looky here. We know that you’re a—a mother. We can tell by the looks of you. We know you’re a nursing woman, and we know that baby’s here. We’ll be back. We’ll get it.” Out the door they went. Whammed the door, and out they went.

She said, “Oh, oh, what can we do? What can we do?”

So Amram said, “Pray.” Is that the thing to do? Is that the thing? “Pray. Let’s pray.”

“Oh, oh, oh. I don’t know what—what to do. Oh.”

So he said, “Now, look, you quieten down, and you go nurse the baby again. I’m going upstairs and pray.”

<sup>175</sup> So he goes upstairs, he prays. He said, “Jehovah, You got ears. Jehovah, You got eyes. Jehovah, You can hear. You can answer prayer. You gave us this baby; You gave us Your promise. And You will keep Your promise, and You’ll keep that baby. And I’m confident.”

After praying, getting real tired, and he—he just fell over like this, went to sleep. He was so tired, worked all day, and praying all night. He was tired. And then you know what happened? He went to sleep, and he dreamed a dream.

<sup>177</sup> You know, God speaks in dreams too. Doesn’t He? Sure, He does. Yes, He does. He can. See? And He speaks in dreams.

Oh, he woke up, and said, [Brother Branham snaps his finger—Ed.] “That’s it. I ought to have thought about that. That’s what I ought to do. I just won’t say nothing about it.”



Downstairs he goes. He said, “Jochebed.”

“Yes, dear? Oh, I’m so weary. I can’t sleep.”

“Oh, go to sleep. Go to sleep. It’s all over.”

“How do you know?”

“Oh, I just know. I just have confidence.”

<sup>179</sup> Instead of dad that night going upstairs to pray, he went down in the basement. He was busy down there. I wonder what he was doing? Let’s slip down and see him. I see him down there, going. . . [Brother Branham begins humming and illustrates building something—Ed.]. “Slam, slam, slam.” [Brother Branham hums]. Takes this reed, and look over, twist it and see if it’s good. [Brother Branham hums]. Little Aaron went out that day, gathered a whole armload of them, laid them down in the basement, you know. [Brother Branham hums]. “God takes care of you.” [Brother Branham hums]. “Old-time religion, it’s all got to be true!” [Brother Branham pounds on something]. . . slam around.

She said, “Amram, what’s the matter with you?”

“Hallelujah. Nothing, dear. Go on.”

[Brother Branham hums—Ed.]. “It’s the old-time religion.” [Brother Branham again pounds]. “It’s the old-time religion.” Bring this over here, you know. “It’s the old-time religion.” “Shhhhhhh,” seal it all up. “And it’s good enough for me. Give me this old. . .” He was doing something.

<sup>181</sup> You know, after a week or two passed, the first thing you know, they wondered what he was doing.

So one night when they was all asleep, he slips upstairs and brings this little thing up, you know; he gets it up like this. And he brings it up. He raises up the cover where Jochebed his wife is sleeping, and he slips it under the cover. And little Aaron and—and little Miriam was asleep, you know. Oh, she was a sweet little thing, that little girl was, and so was little Aaron. So he put it under there. He said, “Jochebed, dear.”

She said, “Have you been in the basement praying this time of night, Amram?”

Said, “No. I’ve been in the basement, praising God.”

Said, “What you been doing?”

Said, “I want to tell you. Now, you know that old witches is coming back.”

“Yeah.”

And I want to tell you what we're going to do. We've had the baby now for three months, and we've got to get rid of it."

"Oh, Amram, you got to do what?"

"We've got to get rid of the baby."

"Get rid of the baby?"

"Yeah."

"Oh, you're cruel."

"No, I'm not cruel. No, no, no. I know what I'm doing."

"What do you mean? Why, you'll be as bad as Pharaoh. Going to get rid of our baby?"

"Yeah, going to get rid of the baby."

"Oh, we can't."

"Now, listen. If we keep it, we're going to lose it. And if we give it to the One Who gave it to us, He'll find it." Is that right?

"Now, if you keep it, we're going to lose it."

"How you going to lose it?"

"Why, them old witches is going to come by and get it."

<sup>188</sup> And look, if you keep that soul and go ahead and live like the world, you're going to lose it. The witches of hell's after you. And that's right. All this old folly of the world and things out there, it's right after you. If you keep it, you'll lose it; but if you give it back to the One Who gave it to you, you'll find it and keep it. What is it now? If we keep it, what do we do? [The children say, "Lose it."—Ed.] Lose it. If we give it to Christ, we what? Keep it. Amen! That's good. Now, you answer right.

Now, he said, "Jochebed, we're going to lose it if we keep it. So if we turn it—turn it back to the One Who gave it to us, then we'll keep it."

<sup>190</sup> Now, you got a soul, and, papa and mama, you the same. But if you keep it, you're going to lose it. That's right, the witches of hell will take it. They're all after it. But if you give it back to the One Who gave it to you, you'll keep it to Everlasting Life. Hallelujah. Amen. Excuse me, children; I'm just old fashion enough to shout. If you keep it . . .

Let's say it, all together: [Brother Branham and congregation say together—Ed.]

"If you keep it, you'll lose it. If you give it back to the One Who gave it to you, you'll keep it."

Amen. Remember it now, give it to Him.

Now, let's watch. Oh, she begin weeping; she said, "Oh, what you going to do with it?" She said. . .

"Look here, I want to show you something."

"What you got under my bed there?"

Said, "Let me show you." And he pulled it out.

"Oh, it's a little reed basket."

<sup>192</sup> It's a little ship, what it is. Hasn't got no rudder, and it hasn't got no sail, hasn't got no cannons on it, and yet it's going to pack the most precious cargo that was ever packed by a ship to that time. Hear it. It hasn't got no captain or no crew. Brother, I know a Ship for an adult like that too.

"Oh," she said, "Am, let me just look at it. Amram, let me see." She goes over here.

Said, "Look here, I got a little lid on it. See, you pick the little lid up."

Said, "Whew, stinks. Um. Whew. My."

He said, "Yes, it stinks."

"Why?"

"I poured it full of tar. It's all pitched, all over." Pitch is tar, you know, so they put pitch all over it. That's what he was boiling down here, and poured on top of these reeds. He'd pitched it. Said, "See, the water can't get—get into it then. See, it's sealed all over." And said, "And it—it just can't get into it; the water can't. I pitched it."

Said, "Whew, smells bad!"

<sup>196</sup> You children know what tar is, when they're fixing the streets, you know, Oooh, that awful smell. But it—it—it—it keeps the . . . It—it shuts out all the cracks on the street. And that's the way this does; it shuts out all water.

And that's what prayer does for the believer. That's what you, keeps the world out of you, is when you pitch yourself on your knees, and say, "Lord Jesus." And the Blood comes down and seals you all up so the devil can't get you. See, that's right. See? So then, oh, many times the people go around and say "it's awful," but that don't make any difference; it keeps you safe. See? That's the main thing: keep safe. Say you're old fashion, but, that doesn't matter; it keeps you safe.

<sup>198</sup> "Well," said, "what are we going to do?"

"All right," said, "I'll tell you what we're going to do. We're going to take the baby, and we're going to have a little talking. And we're going to take the baby and put him in here, and put him out in the Nile River."

"Oh, no, no, no. Amram, you can't put our baby out in the river."

"Yep, yep. I know what I'm doing." See, he'd had a dream; he knowed what to do. See? God had instructed him. He knowed what to do. He built this, and he seen it was the very type of the ark that saved Mo—a Noah back there in his time.

So he said, "Look here; I got a little hole cut right in the top of it so he can breathe. See, he can get sunshine through there."

And you know, the ark in the Old Bible, way back there, it was made the same way. And it had a hole right in the top of it, so you could see in (You see?), and where he has to look up.

So then this poor little baby, nameless, didn't even have any name, little nameless baby, and yet the cutest little baby in the world.

<sup>204</sup> The next night, when they come in, and they waited till about three o'clock in the morning, and then they . . . He walks over. And he got through praying. He goes over, and he said, "Now, come on, Jochebed, get up."

And so they woke up little Aaron and little Miriam. Oh, she come over and she put her arms; she said, "Daddy." Little Miriam, she said, "You're not going to take our little brother baby, are you, and put it in the Nile where all those old crocodiles are?"

And he pushed her little hair back like that. And her . . . She had pretty eyes and pretty little hair. And so he kissed her on the side of the cheek. He said, "Honey, it hurts me too. It hurts me too, but we must do this."

<sup>207</sup> You see, little girls and boys, sometimes we have to do things that kinda hurts us, but we must do it anyhow. When the girls say, "Hey, did you ever smoke a cigarette?"

You say, "No."

"Well, try one. Oh, I'm your buddy, you know. Yeah, you try one."

But you, it might hurt a little bit, but say, "Huh-uh. I don't want it. I don't want it."

Say, "Will you come, go to the show with me this evening?"

"No, no. Huh-uh. I don't go to shows." See? It might hurt just a little. See?

“Oh, you’re just an old foggy.” Don’t you believe that. It might hurt just a little bit. Just turn your head from it; it’s the right thing to do. You see? Always do that; do the right thing. All right.

<sup>212</sup> And now when the girls are learning this little old toe dance and stuff like that, and want you to do it, you tell them, “No, no.” You don’t do it. See?

“Oh, well, it’s a lot of fun.” You don’t care how much fun it is. You want to do what’s right, so you always do what’s right. Now, you just remember that now. You won’t forget it, will you?

Now, now what did they do? They took the little baby then, and he got up there. And little Aaron come up; he said, “Daddy, what are you going to do with our baby?”

He said, “Aaron, set up here on my lap, honey.” Said, “Look, Aaron. If we keep the baby, what are we going to do? [Congregation says, “Lose it.”—Ed.] Lose it. But if we give the baby back in the hands of Him that give it to us, what will we do? We’ll keep it.” That’s right.

“But how are you going to do it, daddy?”

“I don’t know. I don’t know how it’s going to be done, but God’s going to do it.” See?

<sup>217</sup> And so then they put the little baby in there, and so he goes. And here they go now, they’re going to the door. They go down to the door; he looks this a-way down the street, that way down the street. There’s no one, nobody coming. Said, “Come on, Jochebed. Come on, Aaron. Come, come on, Miriam. Let’s go.”

They take their little ark and go down to the flags of the river. Oh, it’s a long time ‘fore daylight. And here comes little Aaron, back there holding little Miriam, little brother and sister, they were crying. And poor little Jochebed, she’s going along, this [Brother Branham imitates Jochebed weeping—Ed.]. “Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh. They’re watching the street. Be careful. Sh. Careful,” going on down the street. “Sh-sh-sh. Be careful.” Packing the little baby. And the mother’s packing the baby, and—and daddy’s packing the ark.

<sup>219</sup> They get down to the river. Oh, it’s a great big river, second biggest in the world about. And so them great big rivers, swishing, just full of great big old crocodiles and alligators. Oh, they were fat. Whew. They’d fed them all them little children. They were just fat. And—and she says, Jochebed says to Amram, her husband, said, “Oh, what if the alligators get a hold of it? What if the crocodiles in here touch it?”

Said, "Don't worry. If they ever stick their nose in that tar, they'll get plumb away. See? That's the reason it stinks. See? He'll stick his nose up," said, "he couldn't smell human flesh, so he'll get away. That tar will stink so bad till they'll run away. It'll be all right. Don't you worry." So they . . . And knelt and put it down, you know, the little ark. And she said . . . "Now, you nurse the baby."

<sup>221</sup> So the mother takes the baby and nurses it, and she nurses the baby until it gets its breakfast, early in the morning. And then she [Brother Branham makes a kissing sound—Ed.] kiss it. And she said, "Now, Aaron, you can kiss it." And Aaron kisses it. And then take it over to Miriam, and she kisses it. And mother kissed it, and, "Oh," she said, "I just . . ."

"Sh-sh-sh. Now, listen, we got to be soldiers. See? We got to be soldiers. Now, you all want to kiss it again?" All of them kiss it around again. Then they put it in there.

And mother made the little blanket and put on it, little pillow, and put it on that. She said, "My darling little baby, God bless you."

"Sh-sh-sh. God will take care of that. Don't you worry."

Closed the little lid down. And the first thing you know, father begins to pull off his coat, take off his shirt. Here he goes wading out into the water.

<sup>225</sup> What do you think is going on in heaven about this time? Hallelujah. You know, when things goes on down here, there's something going on up there too. Amen. I can see God raise from His throne, walk over, say, "Gabriel, Gabriel, where are you?"

Gabriel say, "Here I am, Lord."

"Come here; going to show you something." Said, "All you Angels come around here a minute; I want to show you something. I got people that believes Me. Yes, I got people who trust Me. Come here now. It's good for all you Angels, take a look at this. Look."

"Where is it at?"

"Right down there. Where abouts."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, I see it."

"Look right down there. See the edge of them—them—them bulrushes there, them flags and things?"

"Yeah."

"See there."

"What is it?"



“There’s a man with his hands up in the air, on his knees, calling on Me. There’s a crying mother, and two little crying children. They’re trusting Me to the very end. Gabriel, you remember when you went in? You remember that man?”

“Yes, I met in the room that night and talked to him. Uh-huh.”

“He still trusts Me. I got people that believe Me. I got people that’ll trust Me to the end. See him? Look at him. Yes, oh isn’t that gallant.”

<sup>231</sup> The father’s walking in the water, starts to push the little boat out.

I can hear Him say, “Gabriel.”

“Yes, Lord.”

“Call ten thousand Angels to the scene. Give them marching orders right away. Call the hosts of heaven out. Sail them all up and down on along the banisters of heaven, and put them all up and down the Nile. I command that no crocodile will touch that cargo; nothing will touch it. Don’t even let a chunk of wood come near it.” Hallelujah.

Gabriel said, “It shall be done.”

“ . . . ? . . . sound the trumpet.” Ten thousand Angels come in arm.

“The Father . . . “Where You going to be, Lord?”

“I’ll be at the other end.” He’s always on the receiving end. “I’ll wait down at the other end. I got a purpose. When people will trust Me, I have something, a purpose; it’ll be all right with them.” All right, goes down at the other end.

<sup>235</sup> I see Moses—or little Aaron and them going back up the street, weeping. “Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh.” Watch it.

And little Miriam, she’s still standing, watching. She said, “Oh, oh.”

Said, “Come on, Miriam; it’s getting daylight. Come on, the roosters are crowing day. Come on, it’s getting daylight. Come on, honey, let’s go.”

Said, “Oh, daddy, daddy. Please, one more time. Let me just stand; just let me watch it and let me see what happens. I’ll be back home after while.”

“Oh,” [Brother Branham snaps his finger—Ed.] “that’s a good idea, Miriam, it might be all right. You just stand and watch what takes place.”

“All right, I’ll—I’ll watch it.”

“Now, you hurry home after while. You just see what takes place. You come, bring us news what goes on.”

“All right, daddy.” And away they went, home, right in a hurry.

Little Miriam, she stands, and she watches. First thing you know, it gets light. “Oh, oh, oh, what is that coming up there? Well, it’s a—it’s a chunk. No. Is that an alligator? Oh, he turned.

<sup>242</sup> Ha-ha. What did he see? He seen what a lot of people don’t see. See? That little cargo was going, floating through there. They thought it didn’t have any pilot; they thought it didn’t have any captain. It did. They were gathered all around.

Here comes a little crocodile, say, “Oh, looky there.” Here it comes, floating up like that, he go . . . Oh, no. No, no. He can’t come close to that cargo. In there stood the emancipator that would deliver, free a million Jews that needed emancipated. All devils in hell couldn’t touch him. Floating down, this little old tar-made ark, on down the river.

<sup>244</sup> The first thing you know, it gets into a whirlpool. “Oh,” Miriam said, “Oh, no, oh, look at there, that whirlpool; look at that; look at it like that.” The first thing you know, all at once it just smoothes out.

That’s the way it goes. We get in a whirlpool sometime, this little bark. Don’t worry. There’s Somebody watching over. “The Angels of God are encamped about those who fear Him.” Got ten thousand of them on the marching list now.

<sup>246</sup> Little Miriam, she goes down, she climbs up over this big rock, and she scoots over it like this. And she runs down; she watches the ark. It goes on down through here, and goes through this bunch of flags. After while it gets stuck out there. Say, “Oh, oh, I wonder.”

Now, her daddy told her, said, “Now, don’t you let anybody see you watching that. If somebody comes up, just act like you’re not even looking at it; just go on some other way. Don’t—don’t act like that you’re even watching it at all; just keep on going.”

“All right,” she said.

<sup>248</sup> She goes on down the banks; it gets stuck. First thing you know, there’s a big bunch of fishermen. And she just acts like she’s just a little girl walking down. It’s along ten o’clock in the day now, you know, so she just walked on down the river, and she keeps her eye looking back sideways, see where it’s a-going.

After while she passes by another group. Just keep watching; goes on a little farther. Keeps on, goes on a little farther.

After while she comes to a great big wall. "Oh, my, it's going in behind this wall." What can she do? She don't know what to do. So she can't get over the wall, so she just wades out in the water and steps over like this, and crawls over the top. She gets over there, and she keeps walking.

251 The first thing you know, she's in a beautiful garden. Flowers are blooming everywhere, and it's so pretty. Now, listen just a moment. Now watch, little girls. Pretty flowers, and, oh, the trees are all trimmed. It looked so pretty. It's a park. "Oh," she said, "looky there at that! Oh, my. I'm in the palace park, Pharaoh's palace, in the park. What am I going to do here? If they'd ever catch me in here, oh, my, what would they do to me?"

And she watched. There goes the little ark, and it kind of stopped out there in the water, and just float around out in the water. I wonder why? And she hears somebody talking. She slips back under the bushes. She sat, and looked out like that, you know, little Miriam . . . ? . . . look out and see it.

253 First thing you know, here comes some great big strong dark men packing a canopy up like this. And the maids a-following along, and they're singing. And here comes a woman, and she's got a big gold band around her head, with a big snake with its mouth open (like that) out in front. And she's a nice-looking woman, and she comes down. She has real pretty robes on and things. And I hear one of the maids say, "Your majesty, do you think the water will be warm this morning?"

Miriam said, "Majesty? Oh, that must be loyal, royalty, so I must be in the park. And if they catch me in here, what will they do for me?"

255 All right, she comes on down, and these big dark men packing her, just hold like this, walks down to the edge of the water like that, and she slips off her shoes. And one maid has the towels, and another one has the soap. And she was going down for her morning bath. So she goes down there and she starts to—to make ready for her bath. She slips off her shoes, and said, "I'll stick my toes in the water and see if it's warm yet. Oh, it's just nice, just . . . What is that out there?"

256 "Oh," Miriam, little Miriam said, "Oh, oh, oh, oh, she's done spied that ark."

"Oh," she said, "is that a crocodile?"

One of those big strong men said, “Just a minute; I’ll find out.” Splash, splash, splash, walks out into the water, picks it up like this, and walks in. Said, “Your majesty . . .” gives it to the maid. And the maid takes it over and gives it to her like that, and she sets it down.

She said, “What is it? Whew, stinks. Got tar all over it. Look here, it’s got a hole in the top of it.”

And Miriam said, “Oh, oh, there goes my little brother. There goes my little brother.”

<sup>260</sup> And so they opened it up like this. “Oh, it was a baby.” And it begin . . . The prettiest little baby in the world . . . And, oh, a God Who could cause hate, could cause love; and all the love that He could put in a human’s heart, a mother for a child, He put in that girl’s heart. And she—she said, “It’s one of Heb. . . I know what it is. It’s that ill father of mine. He’s so mean. He called all them little Hebrew children to be killed. And one of them mothers has just throwed their baby out, expecting it to land wherever it may. Oh, he’s wicked. Well, he’ll not kill this one, because this one’s mine.” Uh-huh, see how God is a-doing?

<sup>261</sup> She picked him up and [Brother Branham makes a kissing sound—Ed.] she kisses him. And the baby cried. And when it cried, it just warmed her heart. She said, “Poor little thing.” Said, “I’ll take him and I’m going to call him. . . I’m going to give him a name.” And there’s where he got his name.

What was his name? [Congregation says, “Moses.”—Ed.] Moses. And “Moses” means “took out of the water.” See?

<sup>263</sup> She said, “Now, I will call him Moses, and he will be my own baby. I will keep him.” But now, she said, “But I’m a maid; I can’t nurse him. I—I—I don’t have no way of feeding him.” They didn’t have these bottles and things then. Women didn’t smoke cigarettes and like they do now (You see?), and poison themselves up. So said, “Well, if you know a . . .” Said, “What—what will I do?” So she said, “I . . .”

And one of them said, “I will tell you, your majesty, I will find a wet nurse for your baby.”

“Oh,” she said, “that’s very good.”

A little Something spoke, a Angel standing there at the bush, said, “Miriam, there’s your chance. There’s your chance.” Little Miriam ran out. And said, “Don’t you say a thing now, don’t you let on. You go out and say you will ‘find a nurse,’ and go get your mother.”

All right, so she said that. She said, "Your majesty . . ."

<sup>266</sup> Now, ordinarily, she'd have said, "What are you doing in here?" But, see, God had covered it all over. Why? He had ten thousand Angels on the march. See? His program's going to work out. He had ten thousand Angels standing there.

So the first thing you know, said your . . . said, "Yes, little dear, what are you doing here?"

She said, "I just seen you with the baby." Said, "I know where there's a nice mother that would take care of your baby for you."

She said, "Go, get her, and tell her that I'll give her three hundred dollars a week to take care of this baby, and I'll give her a whole suite of rooms over in the palace. And if you know where there's a Hebrew woman, that's a wet nurse, that can nurse this baby. This is my baby."

Said, "Yes, your majesty, I'll get you one."

Said, "Now, wait a minute. Before you go into the castle, you've got to have a password. See, you don't know the password. Each day we have a password. Now, the password today, you know what it was? A pitchfork in a load of hay." Said, "That's what you have to say to get through the gate."

<sup>271</sup> So little Miriam starts off down home, hard as she can go, and jump over the wall, down over the little street, and down this way, and down this way, and hard as she can go. She run in the house.

And—and Amram had just come home. And Jochebed said . . . Oh, they were sad, wondering what's going on. She said, "My poor baby, my poor baby." She . . .

He said, "Now, just listen." Said, "I just come by awhile ago down there on the street, and that poor mother had kept everybody up all day. They come right through this neighborhood this morning, and they busted every baby's head there was in the neighborhood." And said, "How they were screaming and crying. Now, don't know what with your baby. Wherever it is, where our baby is, God will take care of it."

<sup>274</sup> Just then someone . . . [Brother Branham knocks on the pulpit—Ed.] "Oh, oh, there they are at the door now." So, they went and looked. No, it wasn't. It was Miriam.

She said, "Oh, oh, Miriam! Come in, dear. What happened to the baby?"

She said, "Mother, I'm so hungry."

Said, "But what happened to the baby?"

Said, "I'm about starved, mother." Said, "Oh, praise the Lord! Hallelujah. I'm about starved, mother."

Said, "But what happened to the baby?"

Said, "Mother, I'm so hungry I could eat everything in the house."

Said, "We'll get you something to eat, but what happened to the baby?"

Said, "Oh, the baby is all right, mother. Give me something to eat. Oh, I'm so happy."

"But what happened to it?"

"Well, give me something to eat; I'm just about starved." Could you imagine that?

She said, "Miriam, this is your mother and dad. Where is the baby?"

<sup>282</sup> She said, "Mother, I told you. The baby, I saw it, and it's all right. Now, mother, get me something to eat; I'm starving. You know, I—I'm just about starved." Like you are when you come home from school, you know; oh, just got to have something.

So she went and got her a sandwich. Said, "Now, tell me."

And she going, "Yum, yum, yum," eating, you know, like. Said, "Mother?"

Said, "Yes, what happened to the baby?"

"Why," said, "mother. . ." She told her the story. And said, "Mother, you go get out your best clothes, and get your suitcase packed, 'cause you're going to take care of the baby." Oh.

"What?"

If you lose it, you'll find it again. Is that right? If you keep it, you'll lose it. If you give it, lose it, you'll find it. Is that right?

<sup>286</sup> And little Miriam just a eating away, said, "Yes." Said, "You're going to the palace today. And not only that, but you're going to be given—be given three hundred dollars a week, and the best rooms in the nation to take care of your own baby."

First time in all the world's history where a mother was ever paid to nurse her own baby. See how God does it? Hallelujah. Nurse her own baby, and got three hundred dollars a week for it, and the best rooms in the country. God does things, doesn't He? Does it pay to pray? Is it good to pray?

<sup>288</sup> So she got her little suitcase ready. We'll hurry now; we're going to close just in a minute. So we. . . She got her suitcase ready,



and down the road she went, just as hard as she could go. And the first thing you know, she come; big old guard standing there with his great big spear, said, "Who goes there?"

She said, "A pitchfork in a load of hay."

"Pass on." See how God does things?

Went to the next guard. There he drew his sword, said, "Who are you? Who goes there?"

Said, "A pitchfork in a load of hay."

Said, "Pass on." My, see how God does things?

Go up, on up to the palace, starts up, and all the royalty comes out, pulls their swords. "Who goes there?"

Said, "A pitchfork in a load of hay."

"Pass on in."

First thing you know, a man walked out, said, "Are you the little lady that her majesty is waiting for?"

"Yes."

"And is this the wet nurse for the baby was found this morning?"

"Yes."

Said, "Well, bring her in." So she brings the baby in—or brings the mother in.

<sup>294</sup> And—and the—the little princess walked out, and she said, "Do you know anything about babies?"

She said, "Yes, your majesty."

She said, "Look at this baby. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes, your majesty. Yes."

Said, "Can you know how to nurse a baby?"

"Yes, your majesty. Sure."

"Well," they said, "I'll give you your wages of three hundred dollars a week." Hum. Wasn't God good? And said, "And you got the best rooms in the palace, and your meals will be sent to you. You won't even have to come out and cook your own meals." Said, "Now, here's the baby; be careful. Don't drop it."

"Oh, don't worry, I won't. Don't worry; I won't drop it."

"You take the best of care of it."

"Don't you worry; I will. It'll have the very best care."

Sure, it was her own. See? "I'll give it the very best care."

“You see it’s a beautiful baby?”

“It’s very beautiful,” she said.

“All right.”

<sup>297</sup> Close went the door on Miriam, and her mother, and little Moses. And when the door was closed, she looked all around. She said, “And she thought you were her baby. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.” Oh, my. She petted it.

What had she done? She . . . If she had have kept it, what would she have done? [Congregation says, “Lost it.”—Ed.] ‘Cause she gave it back to the One Who gave it to her, and she what? Found it. And she can keep it. Now, what happens if we lose . . . If we keep our soul, what happens? We will lose it. And if we give it back to the One Who gave it to us, what will happen? We will keep it. Is that right?

<sup>299</sup> How many of you all would like to come up around the altar and pray? Would you like to do it? Would you like for Jesus to take care of you like He did that little babies? Now, let’s all, little children, gather around the altar then. Will you do it? Come right around, kneel around the altar. Let’s pray, all of you. All the little children, now come up here. Did you like my story about this? Did you like that? All right, now you come right up around the altar. Now, come. All you little children come, kneel right around the altar, just kneel down right there on—right there on the altar. That’s it. All you little ones in the back, come here now, we’re going to pray. All right. You want to come up and pray. Come up and kneel around the altar. That’s right. Now, that’s good. That’s just fine. All right.

Now the mothers, you want to come too, and dads, you all kneel in the aisle.

<sup>301</sup> Now, I want to ask you little children something here. Look, do you believe that Jesus loves you just like He did Moses? You believe that Angels watch you like this? Now, God gave you a soul. Didn’t He? Now, if you keep your soul, what will happen to it? Going to lose it. But if you give it back to Jesus this morning, then what you going to do? Go—going to keep it . . . ? . . . Now, you want to save your soul, don’t you? And you want to grow up to be real mothers and real ladies, don’t you, and real men, preachers, and so forth? Don’t you want to do that? Now, if you do, then you give your soul to Jesus. Here’s the way you do it. You say, “Dear Jesus, this is all I got to give You, is my soul, but You watch over me like You did Moses.”

<sup>302</sup> Now, if some of you older ones want to come and kneel too, some of you mothers, maybe, that you might want to kneel here this morning. . . ? . . . for you do. If you want to come and kneel right along here, that's fine. Here's a mother coming with her little boy. Is there somebody else?

A father, daddy, any of you, if you want to be a praying man like Amram was, then you come and kneel too.

Mother, if you want to be like Jochebed, why, you come right along and kneel too.

Sure, it's for everybody. 'Cause what? You got a soul too. If you keep it, what will happen? Lose it. And if you give it back to the One Who gave it to you, what will happen? You will save it to Everlasting Life. That's right. Now, I want you to gather around, all you that will now, and let's have prayer with these little ones, and with our—with all now.

<sup>306</sup> Mother's Day, a wonderful day. . . And maybe tonight, I might change my subject and go on tonight and tell what that mother did, how that mother did. She was the one who educated her little boy to lead all of Israel to the promised land. Oh, she was a real mother. Wasn't she a real mother? Now, you got a real mother too, and mother is praying for you. He was a real daddy. And daddy's praying for you. And now we're all going to pray together, and ask Jesus to help us.

Brother Neville, would you come, kneel with us?

<sup>307</sup> And let's all bow our heads, everywhere. Now, Sister Gertie. . . [The pianist begins playing "Bring Them In"—Ed.]

Dear heavenly Father, this little simple story today, about the long days that's gone by, where a true father and mother, or a true believer, come to You and they worshipped You, they believed You. There was a distress in the land at the time. And how do we know that there's not a modern little Moses kneeling here this morning? How do we know that there's not a modern little Miriam knelt here this morning too, the prophethess?

O Father dear, these little children love You, and they come, kneeling at the cross, recognizing that they got a soul that must be saved, and they're giving it to You now. For we have just read in Your Word, "If you lose it, ye shall find it; and if you keep it, you'll lose it." And, Father, they don't want to keep their soul to themselves. They don't want to live to themselves. They want to give their soul to You, so that by giving it they'd find Eternal Life. . . ? . . . Grant it, Lord.

<sup>310</sup> Bless all these little boys and girls around the altar. Bless their mothers and fathers that's here this morning. Oh, may Thy loving grace and mercy be upon them all. Forgive us, Lord, of all of our sins and shortcomings. Take sickness from our midst.

Send the Angels. Hallelujah. God, You Who commanded Gabriel, and ten thousand Angels went on the march; how many more Angels come around when they seen these poor little children kneel at this altar this morning. All around, over this altar and through this church, stands Angels of God. The recording Angel is here, taking their names down in a Book. They are losing their soul, so they can find it in Christ. Grant it, Lord.

<sup>312</sup> May, from this day henceforth, may their lives be sweet and humble. May they be obedient children to their parents and to their heavenly Father, until the day that You call them home. Guide them in their little bark, down near the whirlpool. Every time it gets stuck in the bushes, may the Angels of God push off into the flowing currents of God's love. Grant it, Lord. And at the end of the road, may they find a loving Home, and their mother and their loved ones there in glory, where God stands in the gate to welcome that day. Grant it, Father.

Forgive us all of our sins and trespasses. And help us from this day to be wholly Thine. We commit these little children into Thy hands now, and these mothers with them, Lord, that they'll be the right kind of mothers upon this Mother's Day, this memorial time that's given to mothers. And may they, from this day, be better mothers. May the children be better children. May we all be better, Lord, and serve Thee greater. Grant it, Father, for we ask it in Jesus' Name. Amen.

<sup>314</sup> Now, let's sing a little chorus. Do you believe Jesus saved you? Do you want Jesus to watch over you now, while you stand up? Raise up your hand to Him like this. Now I want you to turn around to dad and mother, and all of them. Turn around this way. Now, look here, mother and dad. All you little girls and boys stand up. Now, how many accept Jesus as your Saviour, and you're going to trust Jesus from now on to take care of you like He did little Moses, let's see your hands go. Every one of you. That's fine. Now, what happened? If you keep your soul, you what? Lose it. But if you give it to Jesus, what will happen? You'll keep it. Now, what if Jesus has got you now this morning? You're Jesus' now, aren't you? You're Jesus' little boy and girl.

315 Look at these little fellows standing here with tears. Tell me why they don't know that. Amen. The men of tomorrow. Yes. That's right. Amen.

Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, bring them in,

Bring the little one to Jesus.

“Oh How I Love Jesus.” Now, come on.

Oh . . . (all of you) . . . how I love Jesus, (Raise your hands up now.)

Oh, how I love Jesus,

Oh, how I love Jesus,

Because He first loved me.

316 Isn't that beautiful? Now, “Jesus Loves The Little Children Of The World.” Give us a chord, sister. Now, you all turn right around this way to me, you little girls. I want to sing, “Jesus Loves The Little Children Of The World.” How many knows it? All right, let's sing now.

Jesus loves the little children,

All the children of the world;

Red and yellow, black and white,

They are precious in His sight,

Jesus loves the little children of the world.

317 Now, all of you are in the army now. Did you know that? You know you're in God's army? Now, you look right at me now. And sing this with me now, 'cause you're soldiers now. Do you know that? Soldiers of the cross. Now, “I may never march . . .” You know that one? All right. All right, long time ago, old Sunday school song I learned. “I may never . . .” Now, you look at me now. [Brother Branham makes motions while singing the words of “I'm In The Lord's Army”—Ed.]

I may never march in the infantry,

Ride in the cavalry, shoot artillery;

I may never fly over the enemy,

But I'm in the Lord's army.

I'm in the Lord's army,

Oh, I'm in the Lord's army!

All of us, all together now. Now.

I may never march in the infantry,  
 Ride in the cavalry, shoot artillery;  
 I may never fly over the enemy,  
 But I'm in the Lord's army.

<sup>318</sup> Do you believe you could sing that by yourself? Come up here lassie, come up right here now. I want you all go and do the same things I do. Come around behind the altar here now. Come right up here. Every one of you, move right up here where I am. See? Walk up here. Nobody is this side of the altar, come right up here. That's it. Come right back here. Now, turn around that way, look back this a-way like this. That's it. I want to show you what nice little boys and girls does after they know Jesus. Now, come right back this way. Now, that's it. Now, see out there.

<sup>319</sup> Now, when I say, "I may never march in the army," you . . . "march in the infantry," you march too. When I say, "I may never ride in the cavalry," you do the same things I do. Now, stay back away from me, stand way back now. I need room. Way back, way back, now get away from, son. Now, come on, let's sing it. [Brother Branham and children do motions while singing—Ed.]

I may never march in the infantry, (march!)  
 Ride in the cavalry, shoot artillery;  
 I may never fly over the enemy,  
 But I'm in the Lord's army.  
 Oh, I'm in the Lord's army,  
 I'm in the Lord's army! (Ready!)  
 I may never march in the infantry,  
 Ride in the cavalry, shoot artillery;  
 I may never fly over the enemy,  
 But I'm in the Lord's army.

Amen. Just stand still. How many like that, say "amen."  
 [Congregation says, "Amen."—Ed.]

<sup>321</sup> Now, heavenly Father, bless these little children today. They are Thine, Lord. They have give their lives to Thee. They hear the little story of Moses and how You protected him. They hear of a good mother and a good dad who succored them and brought them up. And so have these little children good mothers and dads. And I pray, Father, that You'll watch over them and steer them down the stream of time, and may the Angels of God protect them. Give . . . And then be at the receiving end, to receive them in the last days, Lord, into Your Kingdom. We ask in Christ's Name. Amen.



322 Now, you may go back to your seats and tell daddy and mother how good you feel. Amen.

“All the days of their wandering they were led,” . . . ? . . . that one, Gertie?

. . . of their wandering they were led,  
To the land of the promise they were led;  
By the hand of the Lord in guidance sure,  
They were brought to Canaan’s shore.

Everybody.

The sign of the fire by night,  
And the sign of the cloud by day,  
Hovering over, just before,  
As they journey on our way,  
Shall a guide and a leader be,  
Till the wilderness be past,  
For the Lord, our God, in His own good time  
Shall lead us to the light at last.

324 How many is sick this morning and wants prayer? Let’s see your hand. Being that we’re a little late, maybe we’ll put our healing service off till tonight, but just offer a word of prayer now, ‘cause we’re a little late.

Have you enjoyed the little story? You think it was good for the little kiddies? [“Amen.”—Ed.] Yeah. We—we pass them by a lot of times. We shouldn’t do that. See, I never get a chance to teach Sunday school, and this morning was a time to talk to them. I didn’t want to wear you out, but I wanted to tell you this little story.

Remember, little children, that’s not a little old story you read anywhere. That’s Truth. That’s the Truth. God did that. And He’s with you now. All right.

Let us bow our heads now while we sing our dismissing song, slowly, “Take the Name of Jesus with you, as a shield from every foe.” All right.

Take the Name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and woe.

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