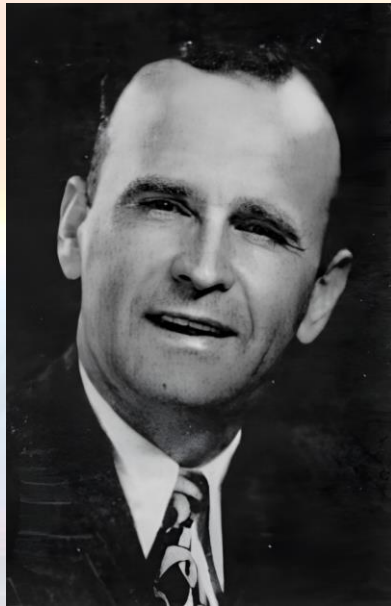


*Here we have no
continuing city*



From The Sermons Of
WILLIAM MARRION BRANHAM

I admired my daddy. And I'd think, "How strong he is." I said, "My, he'll—he'll live and live and live and live, because he's so strong." He died at fifty-two. For here, we have no continuing city.



William Marrion Branham

*Title: 50-0200 — Here We Have No
Continuing City*

4 The first thing comes into my mind at this time, is a little humble home built out in the country by the broom-sedge fields, and some old apple trees standing around, where my father and mother and their little family lived, a little humble place indeed. The...

We were very, very poor. Daddy had a hard time. He was

a—a very poor man. He worked for seventy-five cents a day in—in log wood. My father had a bad habit, drinking. I'm sorry to have to say that, but that's true. And he—he...My father died in my arms. I seen my daddy work so hard, till when he would come in, his—his back would be sun burned until his shirt would be sticking to his back, and mother would have to take and clip the shirt loose from his back. I don't care what he done. He's my daddy. I'm not ashamed of my

father. I love my daddy. He's gone on today, but he's still daddy.

5 And young people, remember. If you're fortunate enough today to have a daddy and a mother living, love them, honor them. The hour will come when you'll think they're the greatest people in the world, if you don't now. And don't never, little fellows, don't never give this slandering word, "old man," and "old woman." That's not the old

man and old woman. That's daddy and mother.

And some of these days when they go out of the room, in the casket, of flowers, you hear them lowered down in the ground, the pastor say, "Ashes to ashes and dust..." It won't be the "old man" then, or won't be the "old woman," it'll be, "Mother." You'll be wringing your hands and crying. That's right.

Now, while she's living, give her her flowers now, and give

dad his flowers. That's right. Now, and the best flower you could give them, is obey them. And that's the first promise in the Bible, the first commandment with promise, "Honor thy father and mother: which may lengthen the days upon the earth that the LORD giveth thee."

6 My daddy worked on a farm. I remember mother...The furniture we had in the house was the old hickory bottom chairs. How many remembers

the old hickory bottom chairs, wrapped...? Well, I'm not the only country person in here, am I? And we had an old kerosene lamp with a big old hoot owl on the chimney. Remember them old owls? It used to be the one I had to clean it, because my hand was so little, I could clean the chimney. And we had an old cook stove in the kitchen.

And pop would cut the wood, and we'd bring it in, and lay it

behind the stove. And us little kiddies would help him saw it up.

And we had a—a table. And behind the table was a bench. Daddy took a piece off of a barn, and—and made a—and made a—a bench that we all...We little boys would go set on that. We only had three chairs. And so we would get on...

7 And I remember the cabin, the front part of it, it had a floor. It had a ro—room in front and a little half room in the back. And

we had one of those little old...We called them monkey stoves, or laundry stoves set up on a stump. And mother cooked from there.

And she'd holler, "Dinner's ready." And my, oh, there's—there's about five of we little Branhams. We'd run in there, and wash our face, and slick that hair down, and jump up behind the table. And one great big old pot dinner, cooked in an old three-legged kettle...How many

remembers them? Say, I'd just love to have a dinner out of one right now. And—and we'd...

8 She'd take and get beef and make mulligan stew. How many knows what mulligan stew is? I'm not the only Irishman here then, am I? So they'd put the mulligan stew in there. And we had...

My plate was a tin plate. Frankly, it was a big bucket lid that was turned over, so I'd get a good measure every time the cup went down and dipped out

the mulligan stew. And we'd baked corn bread in a—in a—a pan (How many remembers old corn bread baked in a pan?), cut it in the middle, put it on.

And I'd set next to daddy, 'cause every person broke his own bread. And so when it come by, I'd break the corner off, because it had more crust on it. It was just so good. And so I sure like that yet. Yes, sir, I sure do.

I've eat in many good places, and some of the best places, I

guess, in the nation that minister friends of mine has taken me to dinner, which I'm very, very thankful. But friends, I'd give everything I ever had, or ever will have, if I could set behind that old table one more time and look at my daddy setting there, and eat some mulligan stew with him. I'll never do it no more. That's right. It's done forever. Enjoy your childhood, young people. Love God.

9 See all my brothers set around there, the little healthy looking things. Some of them's in eternity. I can never do that no more. For here, we have no continuing city, but we seeking one to come.

I used to see my daddy when we'd come in. He's a little fellow about my size, but strong built. And he would wind up his sleeves like that.

And we had it out to the old apple tree, they had a wash pan

setting out there with an old piece of a glass with drove up in the tree, and a towel made out of a meal sack. And we'd go out there and wash at this old bench, and—and—and then we'd clean up on the outside. There's a little bench around the tree.

I'd see daddy when he'd be combing his black wavy hair, and the muscles would just wallow under his arm. I thought, "Oooh, my. My daddy will live to be a thousand years old," I'd think. I

admired my daddy. And I'd think, "How strong he is." I said, "My, he'll—he'll live and live and live and live, because he's so strong." He died at fifty-two. For here, we have no continuing city.

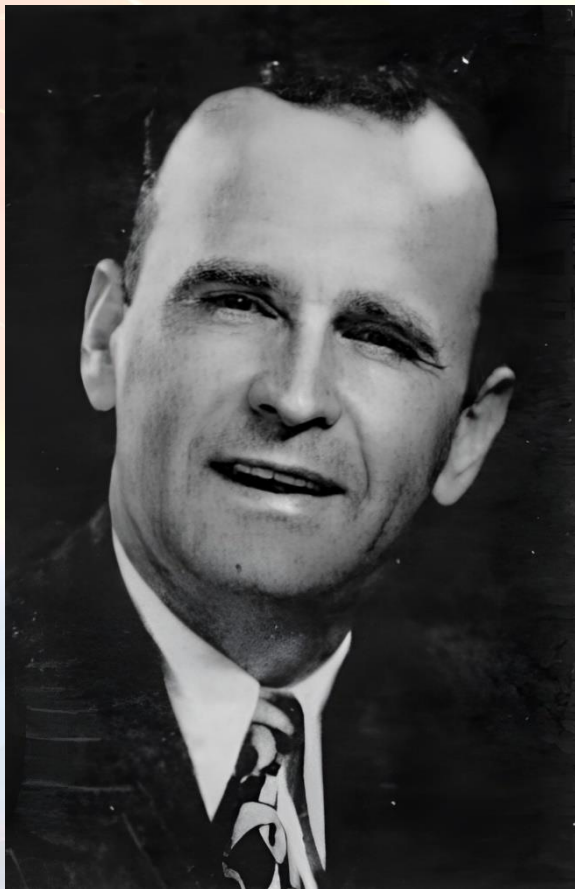
10 Now, I thought, "Oh, that house. How big." Beneath it was logs. And it been kinda slab board on the outside. I thought, "Oh, how...That house will stand for hundreds of years." Today, there's a housing project there. Here, we have no continuing city,

but we're seeking one to come.
That's right.

I passed by just before coming here. I'm just so a great swelling in my heart. Oh God, how can just twenty years make such a difference in a place? But here, we have no continuing city. We're seeking one to come. And I thought of daddy.

*50-0200 — Here We Have No
Continuing City*

**I passed by the old school
house; it's gone too, for we
have no continuing city.**



William Marrion Branham

*Title: 50-0200 — Here We Have No
Continuing City*

23 I passed by the old school house; it's gone too, for we have no continuing city.

And right across from there, there used to be Mr. Wathen's chauffeur. And...?...they live there. There's a pump that I wanted a drink out of. And I thought, just like David one time,

wanted a drink out of that well. And I went down there to the— and begin to pump the water, and wife and baby and them was picking violets.

I was leaning across the old fence, and looking at the old hill there where the school used to be, and the old trees, the sugar maples where we used to tap them and suck the sap on them

in the spring of the year, you know, when it was coming up.

And I thought, “Oh...” I could just imagine seeing all those little boys standing lined up there with their hands on one another’s shoulders, tramping like this, and the flag up, and we were going in, the teacher with a great big long willow, making us line up just right. And I looked up on the hill, and see the old home where

it used to be, and housing project up there. Down here, the old school was gone.

And my, my heart begin to swell up. I thought, “Here we have no continuing city, but we’re seeking one to come.”

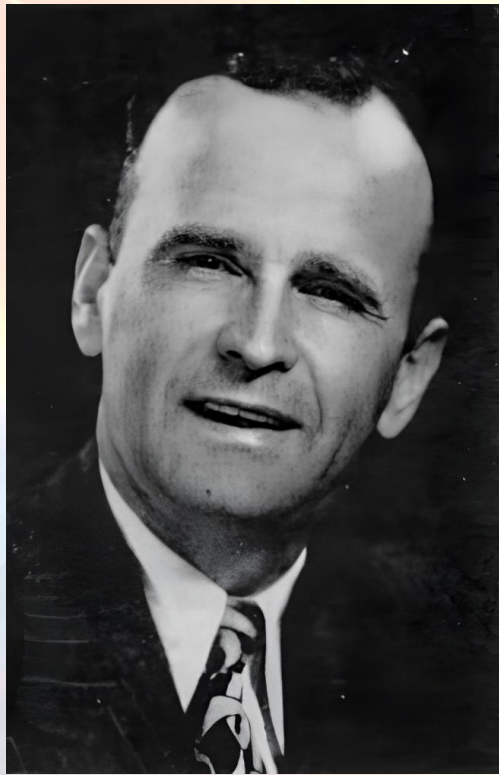
24 I remember the boys that I use...I said, “Let me think. Ralph Fields, where’s he at? He’s gone. Where’s Howard Higgins? Dead. Where’s my brother? Gone. Here

~ 6 ~

we have no contin...Where's dad? He's gone. Where's Charles? Gone. Where's Edward? Gone." I thought, "O God, and soon somebody look at this ground and say, 'Where's Bill?' Gone." Here we have no continuing city. I begin to think of it. My heart begin to pound.

*50-0200 — Here We Have No
Continuing City*

*My, I looked up across the hill
where the old home place used
to stand, and there was a
housing project; the home was
gone.*



William Marrion Branham

Title: 51-0722A — Life Story

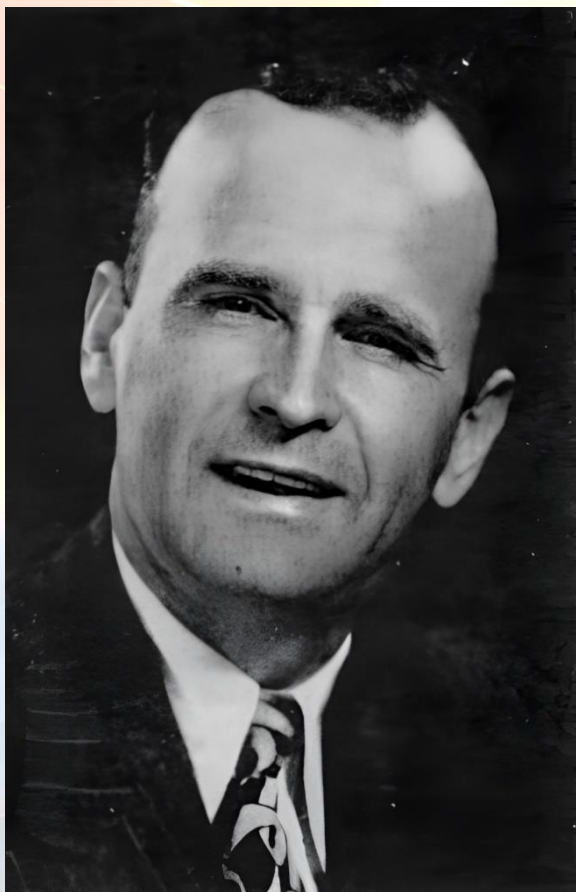
38 I begin to come down the line; I thought, “Yes, Ralph Fields, he’s in eternity. I called three or four more of the boys, “William Hensel, in eternity.” I thought, “Who stood next to him? I did. I thought...Who, say...Who was next to me? Edward, in eternity. I look right behind me, and seen Bill Ault:

eternity. Behind that, Howard Higgins, in eternity...”

My, I looked up across the hill where the old home place used to stand, and there was a housing project; the home was gone. The old place wasn't like it used to be; the old spring was stopped up, the fields had become people's lawns, just in a little twenty, something years. There I begin to cry, I thought—I said, “Oh God, here we have no

continuing city.” When I thought, “Dad, how I used to see him come across the field, his black hair wavy, and coming across the field; he’d meet mother out at the gate and all of us kiddies, and take us up in his arms and walk into the house.” But he’s past; it’s already fallen in. “Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come, whose Builder and Maker is God.”

**Every nation has to fall,
because there's coming a nation
that'll not be ruled by men, but
by Christ. These things fall.**



William Marrion Branham

Title: 56-0129 — The Supernatural

Not long ago I stood and looked. I used to be a pugilist as you know, fight. I won fifteen professional fights (not bragging, I'm ashamed of it.), but fifteen professional fights without losing a one, nine of them knockouts. And I had my picture there, when I was in my very best, muscles over me and black shaggy hair hanging around my neck. And I looked and I thought...My little

girl come in and seen my picture setting in the room; she said, “Daddy, you don’t look like you used to.” Sure not.

For in here we have no continuing city; this mortal body is fading away. Where I used to be strong, old age, fat begins to slip in. I once remember of a great tree that I used to stand by and its great stately branches I said it’ll live forever. And today it’s a snag.

37 I stood not long ago in Rome, where once ruled the world. And there, that great city has now become nothing, but you'd have to dig thirty feet under the earth to find the ruins of it, now one of the weakest, degraded nations in the world. They're not even self supporting.

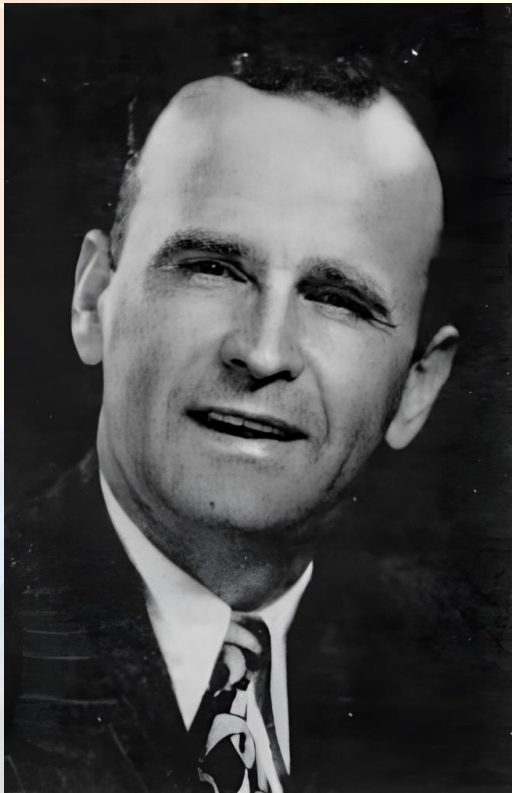
I stood in Athens, Greece, where another great empire once stood, and there's not even hardly a symbol of that empire left. And I stood in Cairo, Egypt,

where Egypt once knowed and ruled the world in the day of the Pharaohs, and there's nothing left but the Sphinx, and a few of the pyramids is standing as relics of a once great worldwide empire.

Brother and sister, our great America and our great economy that we have is rotting under the foundations, and someday, I see it in the making right now, she'll lay in the ruins. And you young men today, you young

women, with the beauty of youth, the blush of the young cheek, the folly of the young heart, but one day will mold yonder in a graveyard somewhere. Why? Because all mortal has to give way to immortality. Every nation has to fall, because there's coming a nation that'll not be ruled by men, but by Christ. These things fall.

**Jesus shall set up a Kingdom
here that'll be an everlasting
Kingdom, and we're looking
for that**



William Marrion Branham

*Title: 56-0426 — Jesus Christ The
Same Yesterday, Today, And
Forever*

11 I've stood by the—on the Egyptian ground where the Pharaohs once ruled. We'd have to dig twenty, thirty feet to find some of the ruins of some of the greatest kingdoms of the world.

I stood in Rome where the great Caesars stood, and they all fell. And I've stood in...And

London where the great men in different places around the world and their kingdoms fall. And, remember, there's every kingdom of this world has to give way. All mortal has to give way to immortality.

I stood by a tree when I was a little boy...That great maple in our country, what a great tree it was. I thought that tree would always be there. And that's been about thirty-five years ago, and today it's a snag. Just goes to

show that here we have no continuing city, but we're seeking one that'll come.

Our great nation will fall someday and crumble just exactly like all other nations; because the Kingdom of God shall come someday. Jesus shall set up a Kingdom here that'll be an everlasting Kingdom, and we're looking for that.

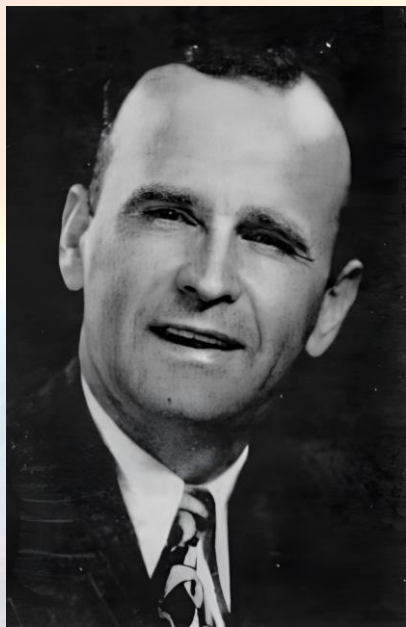
12 All people, we love our nation, why, the greatest nation under the heavens. If it wasn't,

I'd leave till I get the greatest nation. But I'm glad to be in America, but I'm sorry to see it de—demoralizing, and—and corrupting and going down with vice and sin the way she's sinking tonight. And that's why we're preaching the Gospel and trying everything that we can to seine out every soul that God would have saved, before the great climax comes. That's our reason of being here tonight. There'll come a time when there

won't be any Charlotte. There won't—won't be one stone left upon another. There'll be a time that these hills will shake and crumble, but you'll be somewhere. And tonight, maybe it's time for you to decide where you'll be at that time. You're a free moral agent; you can make the decision.

*56-0426 — Jesus Christ The Same
Yesterday, Today, And Forever*

Everything mortal gives way; I don't care how strong you are, how healthy you are. Your breath lays in the hand of Almighty God. He might take it in the next second. That's right.



William Marrion Branham

*Title: 56-0902 — The Handwriting
On The Wall*

128 When we see America, the great, last civilization, brother, as great a nation as it is, we've got to give way. Everything mortal has to give way to immortality.

129 I stood here, some time ago, up in the woods, and cried like a baby. I went over here to my daddy's grave. I used to see him wash his face, his little short,

stubby arms. He was a logman, just stout as he could be. And I'd see how...Mr. Coats told me, said, "I seen your daddy, single-handed...Billy," said, "you ought to be a stout man."

I said, "But I'm not."

He said, "I seen your daddy, single-handed, load an ash log that weighed nine hundred and fifty pounds."

And I thought, "Boy, that, my daddy will live to be a hundred

and fifty years old.” He died at fifty-two.

130 What was it? We have no continuing city here. Everything mortal gives way; I don't care how strong you are, how healthy you are. Your breath lays in the hand of Almighty God. He might take it in the next second. That's right.

131 I stood by an old tree up here, where, when I was first saved. I didn't know how to talk to the Lord, but I wanted to get

right. I never did speak to Him. So, you know how I prayed my first prayer? I was going to write it out on a piece of paper.

132 Being a woodsman, I always lived in the woods, mostly. And I—I noticed that out there I'd see Him in the woods. I could hear Him. I could hear His footprints like, as He come through, the nighttime, the whirlwind. Oh! "He rides upon the whirlwind." Hallelujah! His way is in a whirlwind. I could see

Him as He clapped His hands with the leaves, like *that*. [Brother Branham clapped his hands—Ed.] Everything. And a Voice saying, “Adam, where art thou?” Oh, laying down under a blanket; my head sticking out, looking at the stars. I knowed He stayed in the woods.

133 And I wrote out my prayer, I said, “God, I’ve been an awful man. If you’ll just forgive me.” I took it and tacked it on the tree. I didn’t know how to ask

Him. I thought, “If He come by, He could read it and know that I was sorry for what I had done.” I didn’t know how to pray. But the God of Heaven understood that, and He saved my lost soul. Yes. Yes, sir.

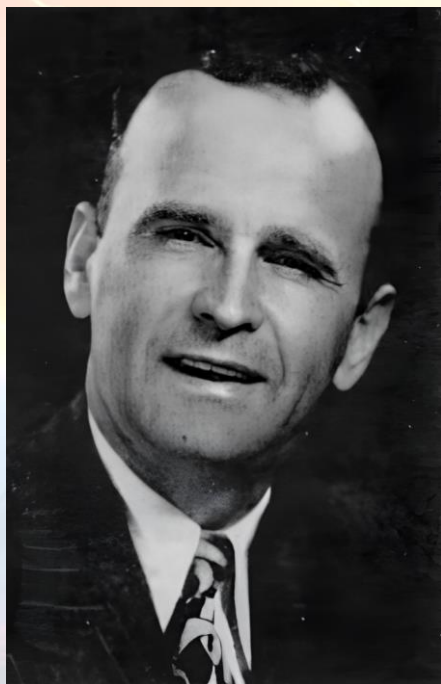
134 I stood by the old trees up there in the woods, other day, and I started weeping. Brother Wood and I was out in the woods, and I noticed it. And that great big tree had its great strong branches out like that. I

thought, “What a wonderful tree!” I used to break pieces off of it, (couldn’t afford a tent), and make a little shelter rest and get back under at night, when it was raining; when I would be fishing, staying out all night, and when I just was a kid. And I thought, “This tree will stand here for hundreds and hundreds of years.” It’s nothing but a snag now. What is it? No matter how strong and how powerful it was, everything mortal has to give way to immortality.

135 And, brother, we've been a great nation. We've been a great people. We've been a great church. We've been a great everything. But, I tell you, everything mortal has to give way. And this, the time is at hand. I tell you everything is laying in it, and the world has become to one great big chaos of just of corruption and stink, before God.

*56-0902 — The Handwriting On
The Wall*

“For here we have no continuing city.” No, nothing here on the earth that you can look at will continue. It’s got to have an end. Everything that’s mortal has to give way to an immortality.



William Marrion Branham

Title: 59-0419A — My Life Story

23 Now, I know that you're very fond of Los Angeles. You have a right to be. It's a great, beautiful city. With its smog and what-more, yet it's a beautiful city, fine climate. But this city cannot continue, it's got to have an end.

24 I've stood in Rome (where the great emperors) and the cities that they thought they would build immortal, and dig down twenty feet to even find the ruins of it.

25 I've stood where the Pharaohs has had their great kingdoms, and you'd dig down in the ground to find where the great Pharaohs ruled.

26 All of us like to think about our city and our place. But, remember, it cannot stand.

27 When I was a little boy I used to go to a great maple tree. In my country we have a lot of hardwood. And then we had this maple trees, the sugar maple, and what we call the "hard maple" and

“soft maple.” This great gigantic tree, it was the most beautiful tree. And when I would come in from the fields, of working in the hay and—and the harvests, I would love to go to this big tree and—and sit down under it and—and look up. And I could see its great, mighty branches sway in the wind, great huge trunk. And I said, “You know, I believe that this tree will be here for hundreds and hundreds of years.” Not long ago I took a look at the old tree, it’s just a snag.

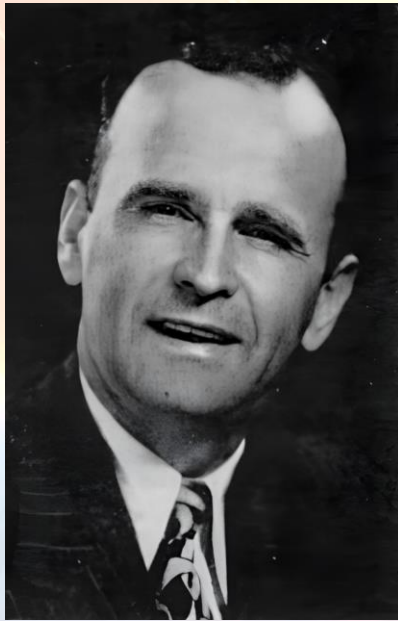
28 “For here we have no continuing city.” No, nothing here on the earth that you can look at will continue. It’s got to have an end. Everything that’s mortal has to give way to an immortality. So no matter how good we build our highways, how fine we make our structures, it all has to go, for here there’s nothing can continue. Just the Unseen is what continues.

29 I remember the house that we lived in, it was an old log house chinked with mud. I...Perhaps maybe many never seen a house

chinked with mud. But it was all chinked up with mud, and the great huge logs that was in the old house, I thought that house would stand for hundreds of years. But, you know, today where that house stood is a housing project. It's so much different. Everything's changing. But...

59-0419A — My Life Story

*Everything on earth is
movable and shakable, is
falling*



William Marrion Branham

*Title: 60-1218 — The Uncertain
Sound*

203 I stood yonder in Rome,
where—where the great Caesars
stood, that walked through the
streets, with their great mass,
and—and the pomp and the
glory, and all they had. And you
know where to find their
kingdom? It's twenty feet under
the ground. Two thousand years
has sunk it.

204 I stood in Cairo, Egypt, where the—the great Pharaoh stood, in one day, that persecuted the people of God, that run them out and made slaves out of them. Twenty or thirty feet below there, is the ruins of their place.

205 I stood yonder in London, England, where all the—the great arch hierarchies and things has stood, and all that. And find out, it's sunk beneath the ground. What is it? “Here we have no

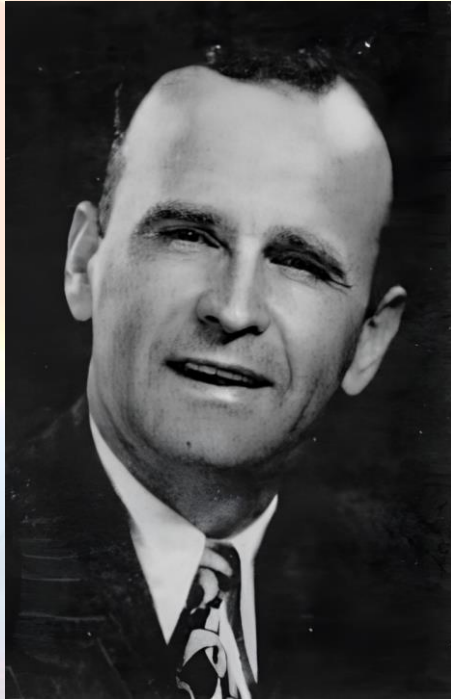
continuing city, but we're seeking One to come."

206 Why are these kingdoms? It's only to tell you, speaking of One that's Eternal. Why is a tree beautiful? It's waiting. It's waiting for the full manifestations of the sons of God, when that tree shall live forever. There's a Kingdom that'll come. And the—the Bible said, "Here we have no continuing city, but we seek One to come." And there God has

give us a Kingdom that cannot be moved.

207 Everything on earth is movable and shakable, is falling. Everything is decaying. We're living in a dying world. Everything is dying. Trees are dying. Grass is dying. Flowers are dying. Cities are dying. The world is a dying. You're dying. Everything is dying. I'm dying. Everything is dying. The—the certain rays of acids and stuff in the air, that, chemicals in the air.

*This is our preparation
time, so let us prepare now
to meet the Lord when He
comes.*



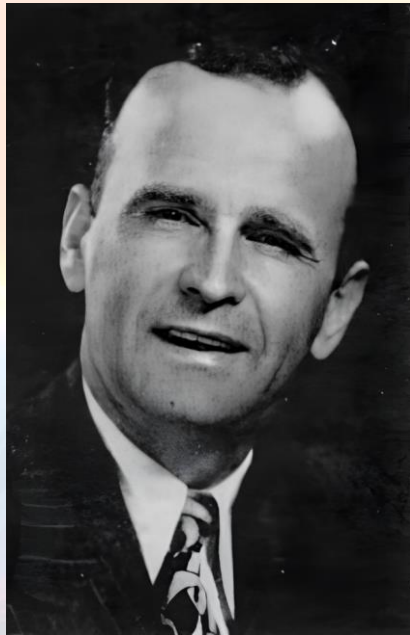
William Marrion Branham

*Title: 62-0627 — We Would See
Jesus*

36 Now, before we take up too much time now, and I want to thank my brethren again, I suppose these are ministers, and so forth, along here, I appreciate it, and you laity, and dif-
...members of different parts of the body, we are sojourners here, we're pilgrims, and we come to visit you who are sojourning. We are waiting for

the coming of the Lord. Here we have no continuing city, we're going from place to place, and waiting for the coming of the Lord. Day by day we grow older and older, and don't know what minute, whether we're young or old, that our life [Brother Branham snaps his fingers—Ed.] can be snapped like *that*. Then we got to meet God, and there...This is our preparation time, so let us prepare now to meet the Lord when He comes.

My thought of beauty isn't what man has made, but my thought of beauty is the way God makes it. Just to look, that's the way I like it.



William Marrion Branham

Title: 60-0301 — He Careth For You

6 And I was out today to Camelback Mountain, where thirty-three years ago I rode through a wilderness out there, on the back of a horse, chased burros behind South Mountain here. I don't think there's any left in Arizona no more, it's all cut up in roads and highways. Well, there's one thing, "Here we have no continuing city; but we're

seeking One to come, Whose Builder and Maker is God.” I know that people coming in, and you have to go out and spread out. But I just hated to see the old cactus beds leave, and turned into housing projects. And—and just look like...I hate to see that. I hoped I wouldn't stay long enough to see it. Just, I—I like the original, somehow. Oh, you got beautiful homes, that's true. But, that's—that's perverted, that's what man has

done. My thought of beauty isn't what man has made, but my thought of beauty is the way God makes it. Just to look, that's the way I like it.

7 But, our nation is going, our people are going, and everything here is going. I've stood on where the great Pharaohs once stood, and the great powers that rule the world, and you'd have to dig twenty feet under the earth to find the ruins of their kingdom.

And in where the Caesars, in Rome; walk down the street, and they say, “Twenty feet below here was where So-and-so, the great emperor.” Oh, my! There, because we have no continuing city.

So our hopes is built on nothing less

Than Jesus’ Blood, with righteousness;

When all around my soul gives way,

~ 6 ~

He is then all my hope and
stay.

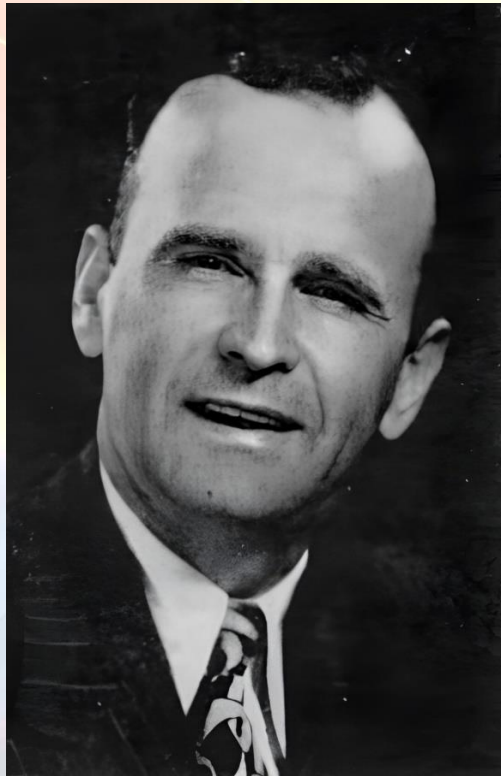
On Christ the solid Rock I
stand;

All other grounds are sinking
sand.

That's what we look forward
to.

60-0301 — He Careth For You

**But if you are of God, you'll do
the way they do in Heaven,
because your Spirit comes from
Above and It controls you**



William Marrion Branham

*Title: 59-0628M — A Deceived
Church, By The World*

31 The other day, Friday, wife and I was going to the store. I don't mean to harp on this. But as we went down the street, I just kept turning my head one way for the other, naked women. I promised God when I was a blind man, if He'd heal my eyes I'd look at the thing was right. And I keep a little cross hanging in my

car. When I see such as that, I look at the cross and say, “O God, That’s my Refuge,” as I looked at the cross.

32 I seen those women. Meda said, “We haven’t seen one woman today that’s got on a skirt.” And she said, “Bill, look at that woman there with those little straps around the top of her body,” and said, “you mean to tell me that woman don’t know that’s wrong?” Said, “If she

doesn't know it's wrong, then she's out of her right mind.”

33 I said, “Just a minute, honey. She is an American, she does as the Americans do.” I said, “I was in Finland not long ago, sweetheart.”

34 And I questioned there to a man that set me down, Doctor Manninen. And we were going to the—the health baths, what's called the “sauna,” and they take you in and pour hot water on, or

water on hot rocks, and it just sweats you. Then they make you jump in ice water, and then back out. Then you take you into a room, and there's nurses in there, women who scrub the men (and them naked), send them back into the pool. I wouldn't go in. And I said, "Doctor Manninen, that's wrong."

35 He said, "All right then, Reverend Branham, that's wrong. Then how about your American doctors that will strip a woman

naked and lay her on the table, examine every sex—sex organ she's got? How about your nurses in the hospitals?"

36 I said, "Excuse me, Brother Manninen, Manninen, you're right."

37 What is it? It's customs. When I was in Paris I could hardly believe it, that the urinals for both men and women were the same one. I couldn't understand it, that the restrooms

was on the side of the street for both male and female. I couldn't believe that when women went to the beach to go swimming, a boy and his sweetheart, they have no dressing rooms, they just took all their clothes to the last garment, then turn their backs and put on a little strap and went swimming, but it's so. They pay no attention to it. It's a custom of France.

38 In Africa, women and men, young and old, no clothes at all, walking through the prairies.

Never knowed what a restroom was, or things, or never went out of each other's sight. But they don't know the difference. They don't know the differen. But it's customs of nations.

39 But I said, "Honey, we are different, we're from another Nation. We are pilgrims and strangers here, that's what makes these things look so wrong. For the Bible said, 'They that profess such, claim, they show that they are pilgrims and

strangers, they are seeking a city to come.’’

40 A man or a woman in Italy, in France, in Africa, in any other nation, that's ever born again of the Holy Ghost, don't do those things. They won't wear those clothes. They won't act like that, because they're of another Nation Whose Ruler and Maker is God. We're from Heaven. The spirit that's within you, motivates your life. If you are an American, you'll do as the Americans do. If

you are French, you'll do as the French do, and criticize the other one. But if you are of God, you'll do the way they do in Heaven, because your Spirit comes from Above and It controls you.

41 A little something you might look at. In the Scripture, those who sought this new City, acted different. They professed that they were pilgrims and strangers. But on the side of Cain, they become fugitives and renegades. But Christians were

pilgrims and strangers. A fugitive has no home, a renegade is a horrible person. But a pilgrim is something real, and from a real land in another Nation, trying to find his way Home, professing by his living that he has something that he's from another Country. There is the reason.

42 But yet those people who do so, those people who wear those things, let me tell you. In South Africa, when I saw thirty thousand raw heathens, naked,

blanket natives. Sixteen-, eighteen-, twenty-year-old girls, boys with not one stitch of clothes, standing there with mud in their faces, and painted up, bones through their nose, and blocks of wood hanging from their ears, and cross human bones or some bones in their hair, animals' teeth hanging over them, naked as they come into the world, and didn't know it. But when they received Christ, and fell on their face and received the

Holy Ghost, they got up and folded their arms to hold shame to their bosom, as they walked away and found clothes to put on. Why? They become pilgrims and strangers to this world. Hallelujah! They were away from Him. Yes, sir.

43 Oh, yes, these people call themselves Christians. They belong to churches. They go away and say, “We are Methodists. We are Baptists. We’re Pentecostals. We’re

Seventh-day Adventists. We're *this, that, and the other.*” That doesn't have one thing to do with it. Your spirit, the life that's in you, motivates and tells what you are. Jesus said, “By their fruit you shall know them.”

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From The Sermons Of
WILLIAM MARRION BRANHAM

