

Voice of the Eagle

July 1, 2024

**From The Sermons Of
William Marrion Branham**



He is a deacon in the church there
now, a wonderful Christian,
because he saw something that
wasn't put on. It wasn't a make-
belief. It was real.

William Marrion Branham



*Title: 64-0306 — A Greater Than
Solomon Is Here Now*

147 A little story before
praying for the sick. I like to hunt.
My mother, you know, is...she...
her mother drewed the pension.
She was a Cherokee Indian.
I...and my conversion never
taken the love of the woods. I
love it. That's where you see
God. That's where I first saw
God, was out there in the woods.
There is where He meets us.

There is where He does the talking. There is where those seven Angels met. Did you...on, *Sirs, What Time Is It?*

148 Brother Borders and I was sitting there the other day, when that (stand) come down, a whirlwind out of the heavens, even tore the rocks out, right above where I was standing there, what He said, see. And there, oh, many man, Brother Sothmann in here somewhere, one of the...Terry, I believe over

here, was present at that time. And things, you see Him in the wilderness out there! I love to hunt. I do that just to get out, not to kill the game, but just to be in the woods.

149 I used to hunt with a fellow up in New York, up in New Hampshire, rather, he was a—a fine hunter. His name was Bert. He was an Englishman. And his—his parents established, or cut that, where they call Jefferson Notch, through there,

and over to Carroll Notch, and separated that in the early days. There was a little Indian about him, too. But he was one of the best shots I ever seen, and one of the finest hunters. You never had to worry about going out and hunting him up; he knowed where he was at. I used to love to hunt the white-tailed deer up there. And they...And I'd go up every fall and hunt.

150 He was such a fine hunter, but he was the cruelest

man I ever met in my life. He had eyes like a lizard, and he just...Them kind, you know, like the women try to paint their eyes today, kind of lizard-like. Well, he actually had that kind of eye. And it don't look like human, to me. And so I—I always kind of hated to look at him. He was so slimy-looking like that, you know, look them eyes sideways.

151 And he loved to be mean. And he would shoot fawns, that's little baby deer, just to make me

feel bad. And he would say, “Oh, preacher, you’re like the rest of them. You’re chicken-hearted. You would be a good hunter if you wasn’t a preacher.”

152 I said, “I’m hunting souls, Bert.” And I said, “You got one that’s lost.” See?

153 And he, “Ah, get next to yourself!” Said, “Billy, you’re all right, but,” said, “don’t talk that kind of stuff to me.” So he’d—he’d shoot those little fawns,

and—and that just make me feel so bad.

154 Now it's all right to kill a fawn if the law says so, now, the size or sex, just whatever the law says. I was game warden for many years. But look, Abraham killed a calf and fed it to God, so there ain't nothing about killing a fawn, if the law said. But not just shoot them, just let them lay there, and act smart about it; that's wrong, that's wrong in doing it. So I just said that to

justify my hunting brothers here, you see, so that you would see what I'm trying to mean.

155 Now notice this, that we find that this man...One day I went up there, wife and I were together. And—and he had made him a little whistle that blowed and sound just like a little baby fawn crying, you know, a little funny blate they make. Well, as long...

156 I had been working, and I hadn't got through in time, in a

meeting, and I went up to hunt with him. And there had been a lot of hunting going on, and the first time a gun fires, in that country, them whitetail...You—you thought Houdini was escape artist; he was an amateur, to them. And the first thing you know, they would all hide. And if there's moonlight, they would graze at night; or get under a brush pile or something, and they—they wouldn't move.

157 Then we see that day, I said, “Bert, you’re—you’re not going to use that whistle?”

158 He said, “Ah, preacher, you’re so chicken-hearted!” Said, “Get next to yourself.”

159 And we started out, and we put some sandwiches in our—in our shirt. And we was hunt...was going to hunt till about noon, up around the rims of the top of the—of the Presidential Range, and then separate and come back down. If

we got a deer, we know where it would be hanging, we would go pull it out, in a day or two; hang it up. So there was about, oh, four inches of snow, or six, something like that, it was good tracking time. And we started off, got along about, up the mountain, not a track, there wasn't a thing. The moon shining at night, and deer...[Blank spot on tape—Ed.]

160 Bert was in front of me, leading the way, and so I was walking along behind him. And

he just kind of sat down, like *that*. The snow was dry. And he started reaching back, I thought he was going to eat the sandwich and we would just part from there, 'cause we was way high in the mountain then. And he reached back *here*.

161 And I started getting my sandwich, and I started finding a place to set my rifle down. And—and I started to get my sandwich, and I looked around.

162 He brought this little whistle out. That, I thought, “Boy, that’s a dirty trick to do that.” So he took this little whistle, and looked at me, in them lizard eyes, and looked up at me. He put that little whistle in his mouth, like that. And I said, “Bert, you wouldn’t do a thing like that, would you?”

163 He said, “Oh,” and he blowed like that. And, to my surprise, about fifty yards from me, just across, a great big doe

stood up. Now, the doe is the mother deer. And there she was, her big brown eyes, and them ears peaked up. See, she heard. Now, she was a mother, see, and her baby was crying. And so no matter whether the rest of them come out or not, there was something in her. She was a mother.

164 So Bert looked like that, and he blowed it again real low. And that deer walked right out into the opening. Now that's

unusual, very unusual, walk out like that. And she was looking around, with big head up, and her eyes looking around.

165 After a while, when the hunter reached up and got the gun, she seen the hunter. Usually they'll just flash, and gone, you know how it is, quickly. But, you know, she never moved. She just stood and looked at him, broadside, had turned her head and looked. My! I thought, "Bert, you can't do that."

166 See, she wasn't putting on something. She wasn't hypocritically. She wasn't acting. She, was born in her, she was a mother. And that baby, I don't care if it cost her life, it was in trouble, she was trying to find that baby. It was in trouble. She was, the instinct in her, she was mother. And she saw the hunter. But her mind wasn't about the hunter, it was about that baby in trouble, that little fawn.

167 And so he pulled the safety down on this thirty-o-six. Oh, he was a dead shot. He leveled that rifle down. I—I just had to turn my head. I couldn't keep from it. I—I couldn't look at him. Thought, "Just a couple more minutes, and he will blow her loyal heart out; trying to find her baby, it's in trouble, knowing that hunter laying right there in the bush." And he would blow that loyal heart plumb through, with that hundred-and-eighty-grain bullet in there. And I—

I...He was such a dead shot. He leveled. I thought, “I just can’t stand to look at it.” I turned my back.

And—and I—I said, “Lord, help him, that he won’t do that.”

168 I—I felt so sorry. That poor mother standing there, hunting for her baby, and I knowed she wasn’t putting that on. She was a mother. She would have run, any other time. She wouldn’t have got up, and us

going by. But there was something in her.

169 And I waited, and I waited, and the gun never went off. Well, I wondered, “What’s the matter?” And I waited, then I turned around real slow. And I seen the deer standing out there, still was looking at him. And I looked at the gun barrel, it was going like this. He just...he was trying to hold aim, and he couldn’t do it.

170 He throwed the gun down on the ground, and looked around at me, and them big eyes had changed. The tears was running down his cheeks. He grabbed me by the trouser leg, he said, “Billy, lead me to that Jesus you’re talking about.”

171 What was—what was it? He saw something real. See? That little mother deer had to display a loyalty, a real loyalty that made that cruel hunter there...that had the wickedest

heart I ever seen. It wasn't a sermon I preached. It was what he seen, something that was real. It wasn't put on. It wasn't a sham. That was a genuine mother seeking for her baby, and that led him to Christ. He is a deacon in the church there now, a wonderful Christian, because he saw something that wasn't put on. It wasn't a make-belief. It was real.

172 Oh, brother, sister, if this church, if this people, tonight, if

you and I! There is something real, not a put on. You might see some putting it on, but there is a genuine thing. There is something in a man that makes him live for God. There is a genuine Holy Spirit tonight, brother, that's not a put on. There, it's a genuine thing.

173 And how many in here would like to be as much Christian, and as loyal to Christ, death, persecution, anything else, you would love to be as

much Christian as that deer was a mother? Would you like, wouldn't you like to be that? I would long to be that kind of a Christian. That even like that little Syrophenician woman last night, was that kind of a Christian. This little queen we're talking about tonight, was that kind of a Christian; when she saw something that was real, she was ready. God help us, tonight, to receive something real, Christ.





***I felt so sorry, one time, for a
big eagle***

William Marrion Branham

*Title: 61-0425E — The Forgotten
Beatitude*

33 I felt so sorry, one time, for a big eagle. And I just can't stand to go to a zoo, to see them poor things caged up, lions, and, how it's just in prison for life. And little Sarah and I, one time, at the Cincinnati Zoo, over here, was walking around, and mother was getting our dinner ready. We was up with the children, up there,

they like to take the little boat rides and see the monkeys and what-more. So we were walking around while mother was fixing the dinner.

34 And I heard a noise, and I went down at the bottom of the hill to see what it was. And they had just caught a big eagle and had put him in a cage. And I looked at that poor fellow there, and he was bleeding all over his head, and the feathers was all

beat off his head and off the ends of his wings. And I watched the big fellow walk across there, then here he'd come, trying to take off, like the eagle does. And he'd hit his head against those bars, and knock him backwards, and fall on the floor, and lay there and roll those big eyes around, and look up like *that*. And get back again, and here he'd come and hit against them bars again, and blood and feathers knocked out

of him, and he'd lay on his back, roll those big eyes and look up.

35 Why? He was a heavenly bird, he was looking up to where he ought to be. But some cunning device-ities of man had put him in a cage. And I thought that was the most horrible, pitiful sight. I'd have bought that eagle if I'd have—if I'd have had to take up my first offering to—to have bought that eagle, to turned him loose.

36 I thought, “That poor fellow,” I thought, “my, if that ain’t awful, that, born to be a heaven-soaring bird, and here he is by the device-ities of men, all caged up, and he’s just beating his brains out, but he’s caged.” I thought, “That’s the most horrible sight I ever seen.”

37 Then I turned around to walk away, and I thought, “Yes, that’s a horrible sight, but I’ve seen something more horrible

than that, to see men and women who were born to be sons and daughters of God caged in some kind of a cage, when then they look up and know there's a God of Heaven, know that He's a great Healer, and a great Master, and a great Saviour, and then put in some kind of an ecclesiastical cage, where they just beat their brains out with all kinds of societies, and everything else, and never be able to get out of the cage."

38 That's a pitiful condition. Tell them all about a great God that was, and build them up under expectations, then knock the whole thing out from under them, "He died and put in the tomb and that's all of it, He's not like He used to be." That's a pitiful sight, to see people, men and women who were born to be children of God and be caged in to such things as that.



**He said, "Well, since me receive
the Holy Ghost," he said,
"there's been two dogs in me,
and one of them a black dog
and one of them a white dog."**

William Marrion Branham



*Title: 64-0830E — Questions And
Answers #4*

36 Somebody told me he had, one, one time, was converted, received the Holy Ghost, and he said to him, “How you getting along?”

And he said, “Pretty good and pretty bad.”

He said, “Well, how do you mean pretty bad and pretty good?”

He said, “Well, since me receive the Holy Ghost,” he said, “there’s been two dogs in me, and one of them a black dog and one of them a white dog.” And said, “They argue all the time.” Said, “They growl and fight at one another.” And said, “The white dog wants me to do good; the black dog wants me to do bad.”

Said, “Well, Chief, which one of them wins the fight?”

37 Said, “That depends on which one Chief feeds the most.” So I think that’s a good answer here. See? There just depends on the warring of the body that’s in you; it depends on which one you cater to, which nature you cater to, the carnal nature after the things of the world, or the spiritual nature after the things of God. That does it.

*He's been my Guide
through life*



William Marrion Branham

Title: 62-1014E — A Guide

107 He's been my Guide through life. He's guided me unto Life. He was the One that led me to Life, and He is my Life. Without Him I have no Life. Without Him I want nothing else. He's all my All-in-All. In the hours of my trouble, He stands by me. Yesterday He blessed me, today they done the same. What can I expect? The same forever, praise His Name! Amen. Yes, sir.

He promised it. He'll do it. He is my Life, He's my Guide, All-in-All. I've trusted Him. I've had some hard trials. I trust Him wherever I go. I want you to do it. If you go to wash, you women, trust Him. If you go downtown, trust Him.

108 I got one time where I thought that I was kind of a good woodsman, you know, hunted so much. I thought, "I'm just foolproof, nobody's going to...You couldn't lose me. My mom was a half Indian, and I

loved that. Oh, my! You can't lose me in the woods, I know where I'm at."

109 And off my honeymoon, I kind of cheated a little bit on the wife, I told her, "You know, honey, it'd be a good thing for us to get married on October twenty-third." Course, that's when the Lord told me to do.

110 And I thought, "Now, for a little honeymoon, I saved up my money, and I'll take her over by Niagara Falls, and go over on the

Adirondack and do a little hunting.” See? So I took her and Billy, he was just a little bitty thing. And so I had to take her on a honeymoon, and it was on a hunting trip, too, you know. So—so I thought that’d be a good thing to do. And so I took her up, and the...

111 I wrote to Mr. Denton, the ranger. And we was going up on Hurricane Mountain. And I said, “Mr. Denton, I’m coming up, I

want to hunt some bear with you this fall.”

112 And he said, “Okay, Billy, come on up.” So he said, “I’ll be up there on a *certain-certain* date.” Well, wife and I got there a day early, and Billy, and so the cabin was locked up. There was a little lean-to back up on the woods.

113 Where, Brother Fred Sothmann and I went not long ago and stood there. The Holy Spirit, I seen Him standing there,

that yellow Light moving around in the bush, and Fred standing right there. He said, “Come aside, I want to speak to you. Tomorrow,” said, “be careful, they set a trap for you.” Said, “Be alert!” Is that right, Brother Fred? And I went and told hundreds of people that night, over in Vermont, I said, “There’s a trap set for me; I’m going to see it. I don’t know where it’s at.” And the very next night, there it come, there it was. Said, “Here is the trap that’s set.” Yes, sir. But

the Holy Spirit led me in what to do. And, oh, my, that was just right! Oh, many of you know what it was. I haven't time to tell it.

114 But standing there at that place that time, it just begin to turn cold that day. Mr. Denton was coming up the next day, I said, "You know, honey, it'd be nice if I got a—a big buck to take home." I said, "We did...I had to save these pennies, and we just got married." And I said, "We'd

get our winter's meat if I'd get a little hunt today."

115 And she said, "Well, go ahead, Billy." Said, "Now, you remember, I never was in these woods," she said. She was about twenty-five miles up in the mountains, you know, and she said, "I don't know nothing about this." And she said, "So I'm..."

116 I said, "Well, now, you remember, it was two years ago I killed those three bear. That was right back over top of the

mountain over there.” And I said, “Now, I’ll get a big buck and we’ll get some bear,” and I said, “we’ll have our winter’s meat in.” Well, that sound pretty good, you know. (And we picked blackberries, and got our coal for that—for that winter; and so then Billy sold them, and Meda and I picked them of an evening after I got off of my patrol.) So then I—I said, “Well, I’m going to pick up my rifle, I’m going down here.” I said, “There’s a lot of deer in here, I’ll find one.” And I said,

“You know,” I said, “then I’ll get him.” And I said, “We’ll...I’ll be back in a little while.”

She said, “Okay.”

117 So, when I started off, it was kind of low. And any of you New Hampshire people, and up in there in the New England, knows what it means when that fog comes down, or anywhere else in the mountains, you don’t know where you’re at. That’s all. You can’t see your hand before you. So then I started down

through a—a little chopping, like, come down, and went over across the ridge and come up. And I noticed a panther, you'd call it here in this part of the country. We call it, in the West, a cougar. They call it, up there, a mountain lion. It's all the same animal. It's a puma, really what it is. Same cat, about nine-foot long, weigh about a hundred fifty, two hundred pounds. He crossed the road, and I slipped the gun real quick, not fast enough to get the shot at him.

118 Well, I slipped on up over the hill, chasing this cougar, watching the leaves where he had moved, you know. I could hear him. He had four feet. I knowed he wasn't a two-footed animal, has four feet. And I knowed he wasn't a deer, 'cause a deer stomps. And he would slip real easy, the cat, you know, like that. And a bear rolls his feet when he walks. And so I knew it must be a cougar. And he was behind a log and I didn't see him,

till just got a glimpse of him, he was gone.

119 And I watched where he disturbed the leaves, you know, up over the top of the mountain, and down like this, and I wasn't watching that cloud coming all the time, you know, coming down the fog. I slipped down, went down through a great valley and went out into the Giants, following this cougar. I thought, "I'll catch him after a while." I'd see a place, and I'd run up on a

high place, and look all around like that, and peep around, see if I could see him; listen real close, and get down, slip down again. You could hear the brush go crashing, way ahead of me, as going out. See, he was hitting the trees then so I couldn't trail him. See, he got smart, got up in the trees and jumping from tree to tree. Then he knowed I couldn't trail him there. Oh, I thought, "Oh, anyhow!"

120 And I started back up the canyon, and I whiffed a bear, an old male bear. I thought, “I’ll get him now, boy, that’s good!” I whiffed again, and I went a little farther, and I watched for all kinds of signs and everything. I couldn’t see a thing; turned back down, and went back down the other side of the mountain. And then I begin to notice, getting a little foggy. And I’d whiff again, he was in the air somewhere. I said, “No. Now, what happened, the wind was coming *this* way,

and I come...The bear whiff come from *this* down that way, and I've crossed around now and the wind's coming from this other direction. So I have to go back to where I smelled the bear the first time, and take it from there."

121 And on my road back, I looked across the canyon, I seen the bushes move. And when I did, something black moved. I thought, "There he is." I throwed a shell up in the gun, real quick, and stood still. And, when it did,

it was a great big buck, great big one. I thought, “That’s just what I was wanting, anyhow.” Shot the buck.

122 I thought, “Well!” I never noticed it was kind of...Time I got him fixed up, looked...I cleaned off my hands and fixed my knife, put it back. And I thought, “Praise God! Thank You, Lord Jesus, You’ve give me my winter’s meat. Praise be to God!” And I got my gun. I thought, “I’ll go right back up the canyon here

now.” I said, “Look at here, boy, storm’s coming. I better get out of here and get back over to Meda and them.” I said, “I have to hurry.”

123 Up the canyon I went, unbuttoned my big red coat, and I was running up the canyon like *this*, around. The first thing you know, I thought, “My, where did I turn off at?” Wind was already down, the trees lapping together. I thought, “Where did I turn off at?” I went around. I—I knowed I

was going right straight to Hurricane Mountain. But I happened to stop, and I was sweating, I thought, “What’s the matter here? I’ve been gone a half hour, or three quarters, and I can’t find that place I turned off.” I looked up, and there hung my deer. I was right at the same place. I thought, “Well, what did I do?”

124 Well, I took off again. I thought, “I’ll make it this time, I just wasn’t noticing.” I watched

every little move everywhere, watching. I kept searching, searching, searching. Them clouds coming, I know a snowstorm was on the road, fog hanging low, and then I begin to notice. I thought, “I’ll go a little further,” went on, on, on, on, on, on, on. And I thought, “Well, this is strange, look like I’ve seen this place before.” And I looked, and there hung my deer. See?

125 You know what I was on?
The Indians call it the “death

walk.” See, you’re walking in a circle, round and around. Well, I thought I was too good a guide to ever be lost. See, nothing had to tell me in the woods, I knowed my way around. See?

126 And I started off again. I said, “I can’t make this mistake.” And I come back again.

127 I moved up the canyon a little piece, then it had done started blowing. Oh, my, snow everywhere! Almost towards dark. And I knew that Meda

would die that night in the wilderness, she didn't know how to take care of herself. And Billy was just about four years old, three years old, just a little bitty thing. And I thought, "What will they do?" Well, I got up this far and I hit some moss bed, I thought, "I'm in a flat somewhere, and I can't see nothing, it's all foggy." I was going around now.

128 Ordinarily, I'd have found me a place and hold up, if I had

somebody with me. I'd hold up and wait till the storm was over, a day or two, and come on out. Cut my piece of deer...over my back, and went in, eat, and forgot about it. But you can't do that, and your wife and baby laying up there in the woods, perishing. See?

129 So I begin to think, "What can I do?" So I went a little farther. And I thought, "Now, wait. When I crossed over that first valley, the wind was in my

face, so I must have come this way. I've got to come this way." And I had wandered way down in the Giants, but I didn't know where I was at. I said, "Oh!" I begin to get nervous. And I thought, "Wait a minute, Bill, you're not lost," trying to bluff myself. You can't bluff it. No, no. That inner conscience tells you you're wrong.

130 Oh, you—you try to say, "Oh, I'm saved, I go to church." Don't you worry, you wait till that

deathbed comes, and you'll know it's different. Your conscience tells you. Something inside of you tells you you're wrong. See? You know if you'd die you couldn't meet a holy God. As we seen Him last night, even the holy Angels have to veil their face to stand before Him. How are you going to stand outside the Blood of Jesus Christ to veil you?

131 I thought, "Oh, I'll make it." I started on. And I found out I

kept hearing Something. Then I got nervous. And I thought, “Now, if I do that, I’m going to go to pieces.” That’s usually what a lost man does, he goes to pieces in the woods. Then he’ll take his gun, shoot himself; or fall over a ditch and break his leg, and there he lays, he’ll die there. So I thought, “What am I going to do?” So I started walking on.

132 And I kept hearing Something saying, “I’m a very

present Help in a time of trouble.” I just kept walking on.

133 I thought, “Now, I know I’m getting a little bit off now, I’m hearing a Voice talk to me.” I kept going on. I went “*whew, whew, whew,*” whistling, you know. I thought, “Now, I’m not lost. You know where you’re at, boy! What’s the matter with you? You can’t get lost. You’re—you’re too good a hunter, you can’t get lost.” Self-bragging, you

know, making myself bluff myself through.

134 You can't bluff it. Way down *here* there's a little wheel turning, saying, "Boy, you're lost and you know you are. See, you're lost."

135 I kept moving on. "Oh, I'm not lost! I'll be all right. I'll find my way out." Things begin to look funny, winds close. Snow begin to flying, the little hominy snow, we call it "spitting down." I

thought, “A wife and baby! I’m not...” I thought, “Oh, my!”

136 Directly I heard That again, said, “I’m a very present Help in a time of trouble.” And I was a minister of the Gospel then, preaching right here at the tabernacle.

137 So I thought, “Well, what can I do?” I stopped, looked everywhere, and there was fog already down now. I...That was it. Nothing could be done then. I thought, “Oh, what can I do?” I

thought, “Sir, I’m not fit to live, I’ve had too much self-confidence. I thought I was a hunter, but I’m not.”

138 And, brother, I’ve always trusted Him. Shooting, I’ve got records up there. And a fisherman, I’m a poor one, but I’ve always trusted Him. Shots, I’m a poor shot, but He’s let me make world records on it. See? Shoot deer, seven, eight hundred yard. Got a gun up there killed thirty-five head of

game without missing a shot with it. Just read that anywhere, if you can. See? Not me, it's Him. I've trusted Him.

There I was, I thought, "What can I do? What can I do?"

139 I kept...That getting closer, closer, "I'm a very present Help in a time of trouble, a very present Help."

140 I thought, "Is that God talking to me?" I took off my hat. I had my patrol hat, red handkerchief wrapped around it.

I laid it down. Took off my coat, it was moist. And I laid my coat down, set my gun up against the side of a tree. I said, “Heavenly Father, now I’m getting beyond myself, I’m hearing a Voice speaking to me. Is that You?” I said, “Lord, I’m going to admit to You that I ain’t no hunter. I ain’t, I—I can’t find my way around. You have to help me. I’m not fit to live, and doing the things that I’ve done, coming in here and thinking I knowed too much about it to ever get lost. I need

You, Lord. My wife is a good woman. My baby, my little boy, his mother's gone on, and she's trying to be mother to him, and I've just married her. And here she is, a kid, there in the woods, they'll both die tonight. That wind, it'll turn down about ten below zero, and they won't know how to live. They'll die tonight. Don't let them die, God. Take me to them, so that I can see that they don't die. I'm lost! I'm lost, God! I—I can't find my way around. Won't You please help

me? And forgive me for my own self-centered way! I can't do nothing without You, You're my Guide. You help me, Lord."

141 I got up, and I said, "Amen." Picked up my handkerchief; my coat, picked it up; put my hat back on; picked up my gun. I said, "Now I'll fix myself in the very best way that I know how to go, the very best of my understanding; and I'll go straight one way, 'cause I'm walking around a circle

somewhere, I don't know where.
But I'll go the way You tell me,
Lord God, my Guide."

142 I started walking *this* way.
I said, "This is it, and I have to
make myself believe it. I'm going
this way. I'm going straight *this*
way. I'm not going to vary, I'm
going *this* way. I know I'm right.
I'm going *this* way." If I'd have
went that way, I'd headed off
over in Canada. See?

143 Just then I felt Something
touch me on my shoulder, a

hand, it felt like a man's hand, so, quickly I turned around to look. There was nobody standing there. I thought, "What was that?" Here's the Bible laying before me. God, my Guide and Judge, is standing here. I just looked up. And right back *this* way, that fog just cleared back till I could see the tower on top of Hurricane Mountain. Going right straight away from it, the best of my hunting ability, I was going away from it, getting real late in the evening then. I turned real

quick, directing myself like *this*. I took hold of my hat and raised up my hands, I said, “Guide me over, God, You’re my Guide.”

144 I started. I had to go right straight up bluffs and everything getting there, later and later. Then it got dark. Deers was jumping in front of me, and everything. I couldn’t think of nothing but keeping myself one way, right up this mountain.

145 And I know if I could get to the tower, Mr. Denton and I...I

helped put the line up that spring. We tacked the telephone wire from the Hurricane Mountain, all the way down about three and a half or four miles, right down to the camp. And it went right down a little trail, but, the snow on there, you couldn't tell the trail. See? And the wind blowing and everything, it was dark and blizzard and, going, you couldn't tell where you was at. Well, the only thing I knew to do, after it got dark, and I didn't know...I know I was going one

way, and right up the mountain. Cause I was supposed to go up the mountain, and the tower set right at the top of the mountain, and I had about six miles to get to it. Just think, that fog clearing back, six miles, just one hole, till I could see it!

146 And then I—I'd pack my rifle in *this* hand, and hold *this* hand up, 'cause I had tacked the—the wire on the trees like that going down, the telephone wires to the cabin, so he could

talk to his wife, and then call out from there, from the mountain. And I was going to help him take it down that fall. And I had my hand up like *this*, saying, “O God, let me touch that line.” Walk, and my arm would get so sore, tired, I couldn’t hardly hold it, and I’d have to let it down. And I’d change the gun and put it in *that*; step back a couple steps so I’d be sure not to miss it, then raise my hand up, start walking, walking. Getting late, dark, wind blowing. Oh, I’d grab a hold of a

limb, I'd say, "That's it! No, that's not it." Oh, it give...Don't let it give an uncertain sound.

147 After while, when I just about ready to give up, my hand hit something. Oh, my! I had been found, when I was lost. I held to that wire. I dropped the rifle right down, took my hat off of my head, and I stood there. I said, "O God, what a feeling it is to be found, when you're lost." I said, "Right down to the end of this wire, I'll never turn it loose.

I'll hold onto this wire. It'll guide me right straight to where all on this earth that's dear to me is laying, right down there. My wife and baby, frantically, not knowing where I am, not knowing how to make a fire, not knowing what to do, and winds blowing, and limbs popping and falling off of trees." I was daresn't to let go of that wire. I held that wire until it guided me right in to where all that was dear on earth was to me.

148 That was a horrible experience, and a great experience to find my way out, but that wasn't half of it. One day I was lost in sin. I went church after church, trying to find Something. I went to the Seventh-day Adventists, they told me, "Keep the Sabbath, quit eating meat." I went over to the Baptist church, first Baptist church, he said, "Just get up and tell them that you believe Jesus Christ the Son of God, and I'll baptize you, that's it." There

wasn't nothing. But one day, out in a little coal shed, I held my hands up, I caught a hold of Something; or, may I say, Something got a hold of me. It was a Lifeline, the Guide. And He's led me safe this far, I ain't going to take my hand off of that Wire. I'm holding my hands to Him. Let creeds, the denominations do whatever they want to, I'm holding onto the Guide. For all that was ever on earth and all that's in Heaven, ever means precious to me, is at

the end of this Line. He's brought me safely this far, I'll trust Him the rest the way. "When He the Holy Ghost is come, He will guide you and lead you into all..."

149 Friends, It's brought me where I am today. It's made me what I am. I can gladly introduce It to you. It's the only Guide that I know anything about, for here on earth or up There. He is my Guide when I go hunting. He's my Guide when I go fishing. He's

my Guide when I talk to
somebody. He's my Guide when
I preach. He's my Guide when I
sleep.

150 And when I come to die,
He'll be standing at the river.
He'll guide me across the way.
“I'll fear no evil, for Thou art with
me. Thy rod and Thy staff, they'll
correct me and guide me across
the river.”



**Millions now in sin and shame are
dying,
Listen to their sad and bitter cry;
Hasten, brother, hasten to their
rescue;
Quickly answer, “Master, here...”
(If you can’t go, send someone
else.)**

William Marrion Branham

Title: 62-0521 — Convinced And
Then Concerned

174 I think we should be concerned. I think we ought to support Brother Boze, and any other missionary with all we've got. The first thing we have to do is be convinced that Jesus is coming, this is His program, we ought to be concerned about our brother, whether he's black, yellow, brown, or white, we ought to be concerned about those people over there. And if we cannot go, we ought to dig down, and do everything

we can to support those that God has called to go.

175 Let us bow our head.

When the coal of fire had touched the prophet,

Making him as pure as pure could be,

When the Voice of God said,
“Who’ll go for us?”

Then he answered, “Master, here, send me.”

Speak, my Lord, oh, speak, my Lord,

Speak, and I'll be quick to answer
Thee;

Speak, my Lord, speak, my...

Speak, and I will answer, "Lord,
send me." (Look out over the city, look
out over the nations.)

Millions now in sin and shame are
dying,

Listen to their sad and bitter cry;

Hasten, brother, hasten to their
rescue;

Quickly answer, "Master, here..."
(If you can't go, send someone else.)

Speak, my Lord, speak, my Lord,

Speak, and I'll be quick to answer
Thee;

Speak, my Lord, oh, speak, my
Lord,

Speak, and I will answer, "Lord,
send me."

[Brother Branham begins humming
Speak, My Lord—Ed.]

"Who will go and work for..."

176 Just remember now, while the
music is playing, and you're humming,
are you convinced? Are you
convinced that God is here? Can you,
are convinced that This is the Holy

Spirit? Are you concerned? Look at the millions, sin and shame are dying.

Oh, speak, my Lord, (What do You want me to do, Lord?), speak, my Lord,

Speak, and I'll be quick to answer Thee;

Speak, my Lord, speak, my Lord,

Speak, and I will answer, "Lord, send me."

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Voice of the Eagle

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**From The Sermons Of
William Marrion Branham**

