

THE VOICE OF *The Magazine Used in America's Great Healing Revivals*
HEALING

SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA

BRANHAM MEETINGS MAKE HISTORY IN SCANDINAVIA

State Church Votes to Accept Ministry of Divine Healing



CROWD AT BRANHAM MEETING— SAID TO BE LARGEST RELIGIOUS GATHERING IN HISTORY OF THE WORLD IN THIS ARCTIC CIRCLE TERRITORY.

Upper Left—REV. WM. BRANHAM, whose humble ministry of Divine Healing has brought healing and deliverance to thousands in all parts of the world during the past four years, is caught by the camera in one of the recent services in Finland, standing by one of the many children whose healing was wrought through his prayers. The little girl is Veera Ihalainen, war orphan, marvelously delivered from having to wear a cruel brace and to walk on crutches.

Upper Right—LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN, near where the Branham party held a great two-day tent meeting. No, this is not six suns! The same film was exposed 6 times at 15-minute intervals, showing how the sun never sets in July or June at this latitude. Note how the last two flashes show the sun rising again in the sky.

Bottom—BRANHAM HEALING CAMPAIGN in large tent at Ornskoldsvik, Sweden, said to be the largest meeting ever to gather in the history of this area.

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"God Is Moving By His Spirit . . . Moving In All the Earth"



ON March 30, the editor, standing near the gate of the Shreveport Municipal Airport, bade his wife and children goodbye and boarded a Delta plane, which would make connections with a Capital Sky coach at Birmingham. From there we would be flown to LaGuardia Field, New York, our first destination, for we were to hold three days of services in Manhattan before going overseas.

Looking out the window as our plane prepares to take off, I catch one last glimpse of my family. Soon six thousand miles will separate me from them. This is the one unpleasant feature in this work in which we are engaged—that of being absent from our family so much. However, there are compensations. We know our children are in the hands of the Lord. Though we lose them for a season, we have them forever. Some, we fear, have their family for a season, only to lose them eternally.

The interest God takes in children was brought home to me just a few days later. With the readers' permission I shall relate how the Lord revealed Himself to our little Denny, not yet four years old. As soon as he got out of bed that morning, he said, "Last night I saw Jesus." His mother answered, "You didn't see Jesus, did you?" He seemed quite insulted and said, "Yes, sir." She then asked, "What did Jesus look like?" He said, "Had dress on, had eyes, mouth, chin, hands, feet." He then said that Jesus talked to him, and he held out his hands to show how Jesus had done. His mother then asked, "What did Jesus say?" Denny almost startled her by saying, "Coming back." Carole and Gilbert, our two other children were present when he was telling this and they said, "Mommy, do you think he means Jesus is coming back?" She answered, "I'm sure he does."

Later, while his mother was in prayer, she happened to see a picture of Jesus on a circular. She picked it up and showed it to Denny. He looked at the paper and then said almost scornfully, "That's little Jesus. Last night I saw big Jesus." He continued to speak of it to his mother during the day. There can be no doubt that he saw a vision of Christ.

The Brittle Cord of Life

As our plane rises from the field, we cannot but think of the many miles we shall travel, the unknown circumstances we shall meet before we return to Shreveport. How brittle is the cord of life! Our mind carries us back to an overnight stop in Dallas, Texas, which we made not many weeks before. Well do we remember the landing on the long north-south runway at Love Field. About us we could see the myriad lights of Dallas—great cultural center of the South. The friendly amber signals of the runway seemed to rise to meet us as they guided our plane to a safe landing. We reflected that during the many years, thousands of planes had landed each year, and all without a single serious mishap. **Yet death had a rendezvous that night at Love Field.** Already winging its way from Washington, D. C., was a great four-motored silvery liner with its nose pointed Dallas-ward. Its passengers were no doubt without presentiment that they had only a few hours to live. But most of them were never to set foot safely on ground again. Ere dawn the great liner with an engine faltering, while preparing to land, suddenly took off on an erratic course, zig-zagging across the field. The co-pilot had failed to inform the pilot that he had

The Fascinating Story of the Branham Overseas Trip As Related By The Editor

"GOODBYE"

With Party of Four Rev. Wm. Branham Launches Overseas Expedition in Fulfillment

feathered the propeller, and the next moment there was a terrific crash. A fiery holocaust followed that in brief seconds took 28 persons into eternity. When we ascended from Love Field the following day, there was a building missing and workers were still carrying away wreckage from the field.

Manhattan Sky-Line

Meanwhile, we reach Birmingham on schedule and transfer to the Sky Coach. Soon we are moving away from the "Iron City," and the brilliant glow of its Bessemer furnaces is left behind. Steadily we speed northward; darkness passes and dawn appears. The light of the morning is well upon us as we cross the Appalachians and approach New York. At length we have the sensation of losing altitude. The plane dips and we are able to see the New York sky-line silhouetted against a hazy background. Always inspiring to us is the view of the great sky-scrapers and the man-made canyons of Manhattan.

But from our vantage-point in the plane we not only see the sky-scrapers, but equally conspicuous are the vast cemeteries now inhabited by countless thousands, of whom a good number had a notable part in the erection of these gigantic edifices. Now they lie with the silent dead. Below on the streets are the teeming multitudes, each intent on his own plans. Few pause to consider that as each morning comes and goes, several hundred of their number will join the ranks of the city of the dead. "Eat, drink and be merry for today we live" is the prevailing thought in the world's greatest trading mart.

Three Days in New York

The Branham party was scheduled for three days in New York City—the first two days in Glad Tidings Tabernacle and the last night in nearby Manhattan Center. Needless to say, Mrs. Marie Brown (long co-pastor with her husband, the late Rev. Robert Brown) is a most gracious hostess. She refrained from advertising the meeting lest there be no room to care for the people. Her fears were well-grounded; many hundreds of people were there as a result of reading the announcement in THE VOICE OF HEALING. A show of hands revealed that the magazine had a wide circulation in that area.

It is our privilege to speak on Sunday evening. We do not pray for the sick, as Brother Branham will be here on the morrow. However, one little lad comes to us after the service, with such an appealing look, that we are persuaded to take him in a side room and offer a word for his healing. He was blind in one eye. How our hearts rejoice when immediately he cries out, "I can see now!"

Brother Branham's ministry is well received in New York, and there is a general expressed desire that the party plan a protracted meeting in the vicinity of New York at the first opportunity. It is evident that if such a campaign is planned it will require a building or tent

of tremendous seating capacity to take care of the crowds. As it is, during our three-day stay, Glad Tidings is crowded beyond its capacity, even in the day services, and few sinners can get into the building. Manhattan Center was more satisfactory, although many were standing by the time the service got under way.

By the third day, all the members of the Branham party have assembled, and visas to Finland have been obtained. There is some apprehension about the Finland visas, as news has reached us that Brother William Freeman had been refused entrance to that country. However, the Finnish consul at New York had previously been in Louisiana, and he is very friendly. We receive our visas without delay. Incidentally, we had opportunity to converse with Brother Mattson Boze and he informed us that Brother Freeman had had bitter opposition from the Swedish Press while in Sweden, but nevertheless God had overruled and given victory. Many readers of THE VOICE OF HEALING will remember Brother Freeman as we were associated with him at the time his ministry came into prominence.

Wings Over the Atlantic

April 6, 1950! This is the day! At three o'clock on this afternoon the five members of the Branham party board the large overseas airliner, Flagship Scotland, ready to cross the great Atlantic in answer to the call to carry this message of deliverance to other lands.

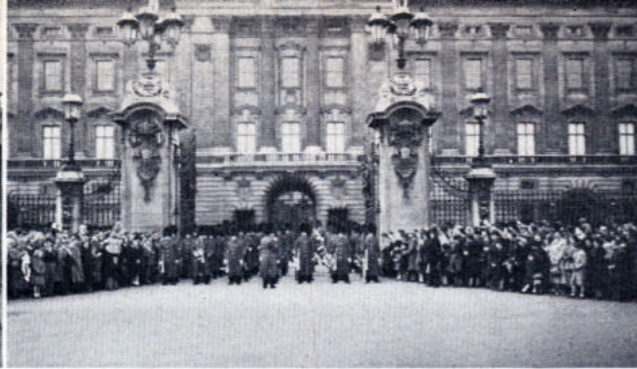
April 6, 1909! That was the day that William Branham was born in a little log cabin without floor, near a settlement called Birkesville, Kentucky.

On April 6, 1917, America took the plunge into the First Great European War—a venture that stayed catastrophe in Europe for that generation.

On April 6, in the year 30 A. D., Christ died on the Cross to redeem all that believe on His Name. By this act, believers of all generations are saved. Perhaps we may be excused for believing that April 6 is a day of significance.

The take-off is not from LaGuardia Field, but from Idlewild, which is much farther out on Long Island. Almost an hour is required to reach the airport. After that our tickets are checked and passports okayed. Finally our flight number is called and we march out to the great airliner. To this graceful, winged creation of the genius of man, we are to entrust our safety, as we cross the great expanse of the Atlantic Ocean. Comfortably ensconced within the airliner's bosom, an air hostess instructs us in the matter of our life jacket. The passengers listen soberly as she explains the purpose and manner in which it is used. If the great plane were forced down at sea, and we were thrown into the water, the life jacket would hold us up a few precious seconds.

Motors are warming up. In the cockpit, the pilot and co-pilot are carefully checking instruments. These men, capable of guiding this vast enterprise across the sea,



AMERICA"

Of Angelic Commission to Take Gift of Healing to Peoples of the World

through fitful tempest and capricious storm, and landing us safely at a given spot 3,000 miles away, command our profound respect. At this moment we think of how people trust their lives into the hands of men they have never seen, and yet are slow to trust the great God who has created and who has lovingly and at great cost provided redemption for them.

The final warming-up tests have been made and the great plane prepares to take off. The pilot keeps testing the motors and listens searchingly as if seeking to detect the slightest flaw in their firing. The great surges of power cause the plane to shudder, and we have the feeling that it is impatient to leave the earth and to soar eagle-like in its element. At last the brakes are eased and the full throttle applied. Momentum is quickly gained. But with the many thousands of gallons of gasoline and the full passenger load, great speed is necessary before sufficient lift can be obtained to counter the strong pull of gravity. Faster and faster we roll down the runway. Now the "point of no return" is reached. By that we mean that there is a point on the runway where the pilot dare not pause. We must successfully leave the ground or meet destruction. Not long before on LaGuardia Field a pilot having passed that point made a desperate attempt to reverse his decision. Too late! We remember the headlines which told of the fearful disaster that resulted.

But the four great whirling propellers fight for us with confidence, nor do they fail. Imperceptibly, the ground begins to fall away from us. We are definitely in the air. Now we are clearing the buildings and other structures; for a moment we level out, then steadily climb, until, as far as the haze permits us, all of Long Island comes into view. We circle the field and take one last look at American soil. The pilot sets his course toward Gander, Newfoundland. After a few moments, clouds shut off the earthview. We cannot see anything but fog, but we know that Providence, Rhode Island, is under us. Reverently we believe that Providence of a higher order is over us also. Three hours slip away. Then the roar of the motors begins to relax, and we are aware that the pilot is preparing to land. Wheels strike the runway and our plane taxis to a stop. As we walk to the airport office we reflect that in the short space of time, the skyline of Manhattan has receded from us almost a thousand miles.

We are delayed an hour at Gander. Plane trouble has developed. Nothing serious, only a dome light has come loose. But this must be repaired. No chances are taken, however remote. This is the law which governs trans-Atlantic air travel, and it has paid off with an excellent safety record. The North Atlantic was the last area to have regular passenger flights established. Pacific Clipper service and South Atlantic runs were a regular thing sometime before air service came to the North Atlantic. Here are the foggy banks of New-

foundland, where clash the icy waters of Labrador and the northward bound current of the warm Gulfstream. Here treacherous storms and fitful squalls augment the natural dangers of the sea; where early air pioneers gambled their lives in attempting trans-Atlantic passage in their frail craft. Some succeeded, and were cheered by the multitudes; others failed, and the sea alone holds the secret of their ill-fated ventures.

Ingenuity of man has gradually overcome all odds. Strato-liners have been designed to travel above 20,000 feet. Cabins are pressurized at an equivalent atmospheric pressure of 8,000 feet altitude, to provide comfortable breathing for the passengers. Airplane propellers have been designed with variable pitch, so that they can cut deeply into the rarified air of extreme altitudes, and whisk the strato-liners along at speeds up to 350 miles per hour—almost a mile every ten seconds!

Facilities within the plane are the last word in comfort. Hostesses are solicitous of the passenger's slightest whim. The meals are excellent. But man capable of the sublime must have the sensual also. A grogshop has been built into the plane. The hostess relinquishes her position as guardian of the passengers' safety and assumes the place of a common barmaid. Liquor begins to flow, and at the rate it is dispensed we do not doubt that this results in adding considerable revenue to the company's books. Passengers having nothing else to do, tittle these drinks until they fall into a befuddled sleep. A Newfoundland doctor who sits next to me, has carried on an interesting and rational conversation until, as he consumes glass after glass of ninety-proof Scotch, his remarks gradually lose all rhyme or reason.

It is after midnight now and we are four miles above the restless Atlantic. The moon has risen and an eerie glow basks the clouds which appear far below us. From time to time these cloudbanks open and we can see the faint reflection of the moonlight on the clear waters of the sea. To the left beyond the realm of vision, yet nearby in terms of our speed, is the southern point of Greenland. Drifting southward are treacherous icebergs, where many a sturdy ship has met disaster. The most notable of such was that of the Titanic, considered unsinkable by her builders, but which at this very same season of the year, on April 12, 1912, struck an iceberg, causing a vast seam to be opened in her side. A passing ship was only 10 miles away, but it ignored the frantic S.O.S. signals, and so missed her chance for immortality. While the ship's band played "Nearer My God to Thee," over 1500 passengers went down with the great Titanic into a watery grave.

We remember that it was in this general area off the shores of Newfoundland, Churchill and Roosevelt met and drafted the Atlantic Charter. We look also to the South from whence flows the Gulf Stream, mightiest river of them all, bringing

(1) THE FOUR GREAT WHIRLING PROPELLERS fight for us with confidence. The editor snapped this when the Branham party was nearly four miles above the Atlantic ocean.

(2) ARRIVING IN LONDON, we board a hack, which takes the five of us and our piles of luggage scurrying down the "wrong" side of the street.

(3) FAMOUS PICCADILLY CIRCUS, the "Times Square" of London. At night after performance hours, these streets suddenly boil over with thousands of theatre-goers, some hurrying to their homes, others into the many "pubs" (bars). We stayed at the Piccadilly Hotel, half a block from this center.

(4) THE KING MUST BE PROTECTED! Palace guards still go through their majestic routines of centuries' tradition, attired in their colorful uniforms and tall bushy hats. Guards never move their eyes from right to left.

(5) THE ENGLISH must have their pomp and ceremony. Regular activities around Buckingham Palace, one of the residences of the King, add color to the drab existence of many a Briton.

(6) WE SEE THE SIGHTS through angular windows of the common hack. Five days were spent in viewing the city of London.

warmth and life to northern Europe. We listen to the steady roar of the great motors and it is reassuring. The hour is getting late, and because of the time changes, the clock is moving ahead two hours for every one. We drift off into sleep . . .

Over Ireland

We awaken as the light of the morning is creeping through our windows. Looking down we are pleased to observe that the sea has given way to the green fields of Erin. This is Ireland, land of the shamrock. The little island drifts behind us and lo, across a narrow channel of water, England comes into view. Here is Britain, home of our forebears, where once Hengra and Horst, the first Englishmen to set their feet on British soil, landed in the year 449 A. D. Below us we see Bristol, where George Muller, mighty man of faith, raised up great orphanages, and through faith alone secured seven millions of dollars to feed and clothe the thousands of orphans that were under his care.

Now we begin to descend. In a short time we are low enough to observe the style and color of the quaint English country homes. Now the outskirts of London, that great city, which includes over 700 square miles and contains a population of over 8,000,000, looms into view. Our plane continues to drop, now it is over the runway, and, hovering a moment, it settles down on terra firma. We have made the trip safely.

After leaving the plane, we enter the British customs department. A clerk perfunctorily examines our passports. No one is going to object to our coming to London. Tourist dollars from America these days are welcome indeed! American money is lifeblood to a slowly sinking economy, which all the doctoring of Socialism, notwithstanding, has failed to relieve. Merry England, once the greatest world center of trade, long mistress of the seas, is now a land of austerity.

A bus carries us to the heart of the city. Our attention is attracted immediately to the fact that the driver takes the "wrong"



HATS OFF as we stand in reverence by the tomb of esteemed John Wesley in Westminster Abbey. Nearby are the graves of David Livingstone, Adam Clarke, Daniel DeFoe, Susannah Wesley and other historical characters. Visit to Wesley Chapel and tomb high points in London visit. Bombs struck nearby but did not damage Wesley's tomb.



We find the antics of the palace guard, as he prances up and down the sidewalk protecting the king, most amusing scene of the trip. Here Brothers Moore, Lindsay and Branham pose near the palace guard.

side of the streets. Then we discern that all traffic is flowing on the left, and all cars have right-hand drives. This seems awkward to us. Whenever we cross a street, we make a hurried dash, as we are not quite sure of our calculations as to which direction the traffic will meet us.

Piccadilly Hotel, where we are to stay while in London, is located at the very center of the city. London has been built a long time. We see few, if any skyscrapers. The centuries have encrusted the great buildings and the stately edifices with a dark grime. The English make no attempt to remove it; it is the respectful mark of age. The city is still the London of the Victorian age—only it has lost its Victorian prosperity. There is still plenty of silverware, frescoed walls, ceilings of artwork, servants, valets, linens, but everywhere it is the appearance of decaying elegance. Our first meal is unsatisfactory. The napkins, rattle of silverware, change of courses, give an appearance of prosperity, but our appetites are undeceived. Everything is here but the food. Socialism has come into power with its promises, but so far there is nothing to show but a tightening of the belt.

We are guided to our rooms. The large bath intrigues us. Brother Howard makes a special study of it. The tub is a capacious affair. Above it stands a large U-shape metal booth. Special valves guide the water, for tub, shower or spray, and govern the temperature. Water rushes in from the side of the jacket to the center of the tub. If one does not want to be scalded, he must be careful to turn on no more water, once he gets in the tub.

Visits to Buckingham Palace

The next morning other members of the party are busy on various matters, so I venture out, determined to locate Buckingham Palace, home of the Royal family. I procure a city map and learn that many of the points of interest in London, including the Palace, are in a limited area of which our hotel is approximately at the center. Walking down Regent, I turn right on Pall Mall Avenue, and immediately I come in view of the Palace. Built some 250 years ago, it is an imposing structure, though it cannot compare with the Louvre Palace in Paris.

The most colorful feature in connection with the Royal residence, is the changing of the guard, which, incidentally, we witnessed the next day. Night and day, guards stand in their little booths in front of the Palace, ever and anon to emerge and in drum-major style march their endless beat back and forth on the sidewalk that fronts the area. While in their stalls they are motionless, their large helmets settled down

over their faces, and they give no indication that they are aware of anybody or anything going on about them. Suddenly without warning the guard takes a step forward, presents arms, clicks his heels together, makes a few more flourishes, advances to the center of the sidewalk, takes a pivot, starts marching up the sidewalk in exaggerated style, with a briskness that would suggest that he has just received some startling information. He reaches the curb, brings his heels down with a sharp click, as if he were a little angry, does a right-about-face, goes through a few more motions, gets set, and down the sidewalk he goes again. Farther down I see another guard pacing in the same direction. Both now are moving at urgent pace, with their headgear on and coattails flying in the brisk breeze, they make a sight. Back and forth they oscillate until as if by a given signal, they resume their motionless position in the stalls. After awhile they emerge to once more go through the routine, which had been ordered perhaps generations ago by some British dignitary—an order which has never since been countermanded. Nobody seems to want it changed. The ritual adds color and variety to the drab existence of many a Britisher.

The Famous Westminster Abbey

Of course, we must go to Westminster Abbey. Brother Jack Moore's report of our visit to the Abbey is very interesting and we shall give it here.

"Here in Westminster Abbey lie the dead who were noted and outstanding in their generations, such as kings, statesmen, composers, poets, scientists, philosophers, and so on. Here they have slept in an atmosphere of quietness, except for a period during the London blitz, when some damage was done to the building and the statues. Here they sleep, and as has been said in the Bible, 'their works do follow after them.' For no man liveth to himself or dieth to himself. Some among them served their king and country, with a fervent patriotism. Others love their country, but caught the spirit of a higher world, and served its King with an undying devotion. Such, for example, was David Livingstone, one of the greatest of modern missionaries. Perhaps many of his fellow countrymen could not see or properly evaluate his labors then. But today more people visit his resting place in the Abbey than any other, including the famous kings who sleep there. Livingstone labored in Africa, land of slavery and darkness. Here lies his body but his heart sleeps in Africa. There he penetrated that vast continent, his journeys were in the form of a cross, and he died on that cross, a personal ambassador of his Master, who by means of Calvary's Cross, has removed the curse, overthrown

the tyranny of hell, and brought hope and life to a dying world.

The seven hundred year old building is a monument to the skill and precision of workmen who lived before Columbus discovered America. Nothing built in modern times can quite compare with it. The great stately columns and Roman arches, perfectly balanced and anchored fast together, in an age when men were not supplied with items which we deem necessary in our day, such as concrete and structural steel. Begun by Edward the Confessor in days of Saxon rule, finished by Henry III, Westminster Abbey is more than a palace of art, is more than a cemetery, more than a cathedral. It is an epitome of Anglo-Saxon civilization. The ideals of the race congeal into stone, glorified by the spiritual contact with heroes and saints unfolded within her walls and beneath her floors.

One of the featured spots in the Abbey is the chapel where the kings of England are crowned. There stands the Coronation Chair, upon which the kings of the British Isles have been crowned during the past thousand years. We are struck by the fact that the chair has no glamour, but is a crude affair, and would make a fit item for a second-hand store but for its history. Vandals have mutilated it with crude inscriptions of names and initials, carved at various angles on the back. Underneath is an ancient stone, called the Coronation Stone. Legend has it that Abraham first possessed the stone, and that later Jacob laid his head upon it when he dreamed of a ladder that went up to heaven."

The Great Bombed-Out Areas

Our guide took us over to the East End. On the way we passed St. Paul's Cathedral. The great church is an immense affair. Bombs fell all about it, but most of the cathedral was spared. Beyond St. Paul's a short distance is an area of some 25 acres, once a great business center. Scarcely a wall stands in the area today, mute evidence of the intensity of the bombing which took place during the late war.

Not far from here is the All-Hallows Church. It suffered severely from the bombs, but is in the process of being reconstructed; the Queen being present at the ceremony which celebrated the new construction work. First religious services are said to have been held there about 650 A. D. Further antiquity of the site is revealed in the lower part of the church. There we see that Roman pavement has been uncovered.

We make a brief visit to London Tower, which was built many centuries ago. Its history is marked by many gruesome episodes. It was there that Henry VIII ordered the head of one of his wives, Ann Boleyn, decapitated. The very spot is

Historic City Visited By Branham Party

THIS IS LONDON

War Behind, War Ahead, Socialism Threaten England's Sustenance

pointed out to us. Ann's daughter was the famous Queen Elizabeth, who displayed her own cruelty by ordering the death of her cousin, Queen Mary of the Scots.

The Visit to Wesley Chapel

The climax of our stay in London, without doubt, is the visit to the original Wesley Chapel on City Road. There it still stands with some improvements as it was in the days of Wesley, two hundred years ago—a shrine not only to Methodists but to devout Christians over the world. Historians are agreed that John Wesley saved England from atheism and a reign of terror such as that which befell France. He was an individual who possessed that rare combination of qualities which made him the man of his century. He not only was a great preacher and organizer, but he possessed such character as to give his life the deepest spiritual tone. A mighty evangelist as well as a deep thinker and theologian, the effects of his ministry reached to every part of the English-speaking world both in his generation and to this day.

As we enter the grounds we notice the sign WESLEY CHAPEL. In the front is an excellent lawn. Soon we are in the chapel and we notice the high pulpit from which Wesley must have preached many hundreds of times. It seems as if his voice, long stilled, can be heard again, as it were, resounding through the chapel. Marble columns, which we understand have been given by churches in different parts of the world, support a balcony which goes around the entire auditorium. Graves of Wesley's associates such as the saintly Fletcher and other great Methodist pioneers lay under the floor.

The guide directs us behind the chapel, and there we see Wesley's grave. Beside him lies the body of the famous commentator, Adam Clarke. We stand in contemplation, meditating on the power of these great lives, who, though they have lain silently in death these many years, yet their works continue to follow after them. German bombs have fallen only yards away. However, the tomb and chapel have been spared desecration.

The Wesley residence is toward the front and over to one side, and we enter it reverently. Up the steps we walk where John and Charles have passed many times. The gentleman in charge has none of the air of the usual professional guide; this man, a minister, is a loving guardian of the residence and has apparently lived and drunk of its holy atmosphere.

Now he points out one by one the various articles of furniture and other possessions of the Wesleys. Sometimes his eyes shine for joy. Again there is the suspicion of a tear as he narrates some moving incident in the life of this great man of God. Here before us is John's favorite chair. We sit down in it but doubt that we are worthy.

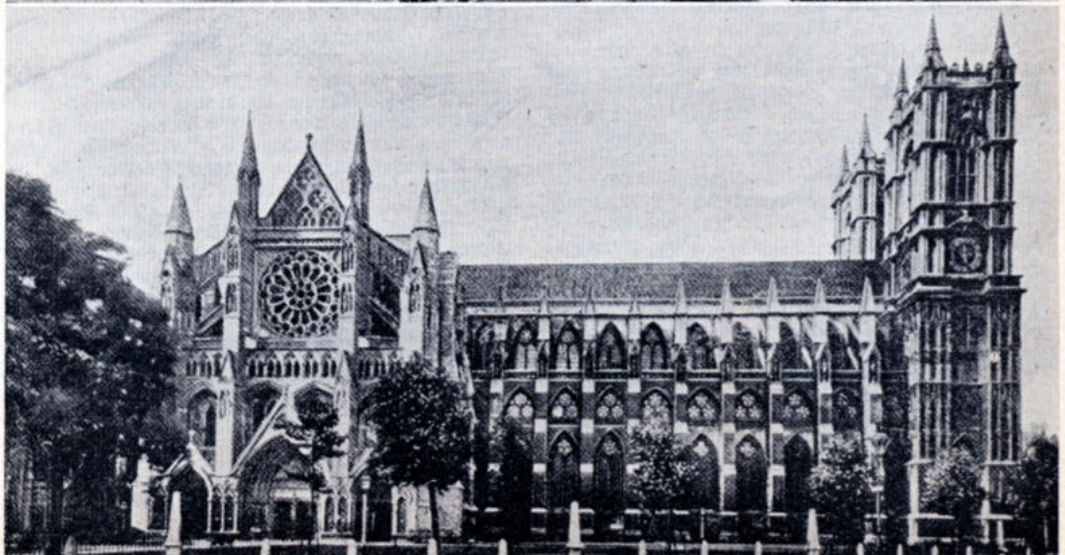
Over on the wall are a number of letters written and signed by Wesley's hand—letters almost two hundred years old. Now we are shown a mahogany desk, with secret drawers designed by John Wesley himself, who, apparently, like most of us, had things he did not want everyone to see. Inside lay one of his quill pens. Typewriters were unknown in his day, nevertheless, the number of books he found time to write is so large as to be almost unbelievable. We are shown a second desk upon which his brother Charles wrote "Jesus Lover of My Soul."

We go to another room in silent awe.

(Top)—LONDON RUINS as the result of the blitz. Great areas have been desolated, such as the one shown in the picture. Party was surprised that downtown London had not suffered more. Little rebuilding of the damaged areas has yet been done. London looks ahead with dark apprehension to the possibility of an A-Bomb war, against which she is very vulnerable.

(Center)—BIG BEN above, and Thames River below, identify the mammoth Parliament building, scene of the making of much world history.

(Bottom) WESTMINSTER ABBEY held our attention for a number of hours; under its floor are entombed kings and statesmen of English history.



For a brief moment time has turned backward two centuries. Finally we enter Wesley's room of prayer. How our hearts are moved!

The man of God preached in the Chapel at 5 A. M., but he must have his hour of prayer. So he rises at four! Others may have their dining rooms, their hobby rooms, drawing rooms, reception rooms, but Wesley must have a special room to pray. It was built at his direction with the window toward the rising sun. Here in this humble room was born a religious revolution which saved a nation from disaster.

We wish to ask a question but the guardian anticipates us. He sees we are one heart with him and he is pleased. "Perhaps you would like to kneel and have prayer in this room?" he inquires. We drop to our knees. Brother Baxter leads us in prayer and our hearts are liquid. It is a solemn moment not to be forgotten. We rise and observe a painting which hangs on the wall. It depicts the scene of Wesley's death. Inscribed below are his last words, "Best of all, God is with us." Silently we make our departure.

But before we leave the vicinity, we must visit the Bunhill cemetery just across the street. Most of the graves were already here in Wesley's day—it was a cemetery of non-conformists. Susannah Wesley was buried there by her son John, himself. Of her he said, "God never made a greater." Nearby is the tomb of John Bunyan, the Bedford tinker, who wrote "Pilgrim's Progress" while in the Bedford prison. Isaac Watts and George Fox and others of note lie in various parts of the cemetery, among whom is Daniel Defoe, author of Robinson Crusoe. We are surprised to learn that he was John Wesley's uncle. We have seen enough for one day. We turn to go to our Piccadilly Hotel, after dismissing our guide, we stop for a few moments on our way at an old London bookstore. It is just long enough for Brother Jack Moore, lover of old books, to buy up about 30 volumes which he prepares for shipment to his home in Louisiana.

The Famous Hyde Park

At two o'clock, Sunday afternoon, we were to meet Rev. Gwylin I. Francis, secretary of the group of which George Jeffrey is the leader. Years ago, both he and his brother held extensive healing campaigns in Great Britain and various parts of the world. Stephen Jeffrey is now with the Lord, but George Jeffrey is now carrying on with renewed vigor.

As we talk with Brother Francis we find him to be a most delightful brother and willing to cooperate to the fullest extent in the event of a Branham meeting in England. Brother Branham feels strongly disposed to hold such a meeting, and we trust that this will materialize.

Brother Francis is editor of several Full Gospel publications in England. As editors of respective publications, we have opportunity to exchange information that is interesting and valuable to us.

Now it is time to return to our hotel, so we take a trolley which will carry us past the famous Hyde Park of which we had heard so much. The evening breeze is cold enough to make our teeth chatter, and we wonder if there will be an audience that evening. But as we draw near, lo, there is a line of people, 500 feet long, listening to perhaps a dozen speakers of varied creeds and beliefs. The political color of the various speakers is posted, and we see that a wide choice is offered. Some are for Labor, other are anti-Labor. Catholic, Jew and Gentile, each are holding forth from respective soapboxes. Others are standing in the crowd, heckling the speaker. Some show signs of culture, others have a rough, uncouth appearance. Socialist, infidel, nihilist, Marxist, priest, are competing for atten-

tion. One characteristic every speaker appears to have in common—each is tenaciously dogmatic, and calmly advises the audience that if their views were generally accepted, the result would bring salvation to the world, and usher in peace, plenty and prosperity for everybody!

We stop and listen to the various speakers for a while. One man is blasting the present labor government because it isn't socialist enough for him. A heckler keeps asking questions that seem to embarrass him. Finally the speaker offers his tormentor a chance to speak from the soapbox. The heckler, too cunning to accept this offer, remains in the crowd to persist in his interruptions. Incidentally, these hecklers seem to be an essential part in the scheme of things at Hyde Park. The government's purpose in letting these radicals speak is that they may blow off harmlessly without doing any damage. The hecklers prevent them from taking advantage of the crowd. As we leave, the demagogue continues unveiling the glories of the Socialistic state. As his voice dies away, we hear a muttering from the crowd, with such words as "Lies!" "Doubletalk!"

We pass a knot of people standing around a Salvation Army band. The group is singing some lively songs, and giving a good testimony. We are glad that in this vast Vanity Fair of isms and what-have-you, there are those presenting the Gospel of Christ. Here in this very spot, their great leader, General Booth, preached the Gospel with a fervor that caused the stirring of the entire nation, and resulted in the founding of that noted Evangelical movement, the Salvation Army.

Only a few feet away from the band is a loud-speaking woman, who is attracting attention. We listen to her a few minutes, but as her conversation becomes vulgar and profane, we lose no time in getting out of her range. Nearby is a Catholic speaker. We tarry a while at his stand. It being Easter, he is expounding on the Resurrection. He is not doing so bad and we rather like the old gentleman. The priest is being heckled by a young Jewish rabbi, but the former handles his opposer rather well, we think. It is only when the speaker leaves the sub-



Paris' famous EIFFEL TOWER, a thousand feet in height, was ascended part way by the party.

ject of the resurrection and gets on the argument that the Catholic Church is the oldest church, therefore the true church, that his argument gets off of sure ground. There are quite a few in the crowd who can see little similarity between the ministry and teachings of the Early Church, and the traditions of the present institution he is expounding. But by this time the North wind has us all shivering, and, taking the next London trolley toward town, we are soon back in our room at the Piccadilly Hotel.

"GAY PARIS"

Fashion Capital of the World Is City of Darkness
Says Branham Party

PARIS, France, is but 200 miles south of London and only a little over an hour away by air, and so we plan to get a glimpse of the city which for centuries has held a prominent place in world affairs. A bus carries us out to the Northolt Airfield. (We can never get used to the left-hand traffic.) Entering the gate, we pass the usual custom routine. (It was at this time that we met the Red Dean, but as Brother Moore tells of this incident, we shall omit further details here.) We board the plane, and in a few minutes we are soaring southward above English villages and towns, interspersed among green fields and wooded hills. As we approach the English Channel the fog comes down, then lifts. There, gleaming in the sun are the chalk cliffs of Dover! Just ten years ago, rugged fishermen in their frail boats ferried a quarter of a million soldiers across from Dunkirk, right under Hitler's nose. To our right, coming into view, in the distance, are the fields of Normandy. It was there that the north walls of the "Iron Fortress" were first scaled in the famous D-Day invasion. Underneath us is Dieppe, where in 1942, a dress rehearsal of the European invasion

was given at a cost of several thousand Canadian soldiers. Brave men they were.

The English Channel drops away behind us and soon the environs of Paris come into view. Beyond us the misty form of the Eiffel Tower looms up—a monstrous structure of steel girders. The size of the tower is not realized from pictures, for there is nothing close to it to give proper comparison. Actually the base alone occupies nearly an acre.

Our bus at the airport conveys us swiftly to the center of Paris. How these taxi drivers weave in and out of the line of traffic, narrowly missing oncoming cars! At night only parking lights are on. This circumstance apparently does not cause the driver to slacken his pace one whit.

Through the courtesy of another American, we locate a good hotel. It is modern in every respect, and quite a contrast to the English Victorian hotel we stayed in while in London. After finishing an appetizing dinner, we have just time to keep appointment with a tour that has been arranged for us. We call a taxi and he whisks us to the street L'Opera. The director of the tour, also the bus driver, wel-



BROTHER MOORE AND BROTHER BRANHAM are caught by the camera during our tour through the spiritually benighted city of Paris. The Arc of Triumph is in the background. Brother Lindsay had just purchased a new camera and most of the pictures in the remainder of the magazine were taken by him. Brother Baxter took the London pictures.

comes us in French fashion, and soon we are winding our way through the streets of Paris. The River Seine bisects the city of Paris, and at the very heart of the city, on an island in the river stands the stately edifice of Notre Dame, built during the Middle Ages. The Cathedral, whose towers reach over 200 feet high, can accommodate an audience of 5000 people. It was here that Napoleon was supposed to have been crowned emperor by the Pope, but when the Pontiff did not fall in with his plans with sufficient enthusiasm, the impatient Bonaparte seized the crown and placed it on his head, himself.

In one of the alcoves of the cathedral lies a stone guarded by protecting bars. It is supposed to possess healing charms. A line of people are continually passing and touching the rock, worn smooth by the contact of many hands. How far from the Scriptural teaching of Divine healing is this superstitious Medievalism! There was no evidence of people repenting of their sins, or getting their lives right with God. No intention was manifest by anyone that he intended to change his sinful life, and to receive healing for the soul as well as for the body. A superstitious and idolatrous worship of a stone which could neither see, hear, feel, or speak. We think of the brazen serpent which Moses raised up in the wilderness, as a type of Christ. People in those days were healed as they looked at it in faith. But even this divinely authorized symbol, after people got to worshipping it, was destroyed by King Hezekiah, evidently at the command of Jehovah. God is jealous of His glory and will not share it with another person or object.

On a hill in the northern part of the city, is another cathedral which we visit on our tour. Within the edifice we are shown a linen napkin, which is supposed to be one which was wrapped around the face of Christ after His death. Imprinted on the cloth is a rough likeness of the suffering Saviour, alleged to be caused by the sweat and blood of His death agony.

The tour takes us to the Louvre Palace. We are amazed by its size and exterior magnificence. We have no difficulty in accepting the statement that it is the largest and most pretentious palace in the entire world. It covers an area of 15 acres and is three times as large as the Vatican at Rome. On the west is a park and a large open space, de la Concorde, considered the finest square in the world, but once the scene of the bloody riots of the French Revolution. In the center of the square is an obelisk brought up from Egypt in 1831.

Looking west is the great Boulevard, Champs Elysee Avenue, down which Hitler's army marched in 1940. About a mile distant can be seen the Arc of Triumph, which is 140 feet high and is the center where several important Parisian boulevards intersect. Under the Arch lies France's Unknown Soldier of the First Great War. Above him burns a flame that

never extinguishes itself. As the bus returns on its tour we pass another large square, where once the Bastille prison stood, and which was torn down by the angry mob in the riots of the French revolution.

A brief tour of the city at night was more than enough for us. The cab driver took us to a street named Pigalle (certainly well-named; it is Pig Alley in the terms of human degradation). Every unholy solicitation is made there. We did not tarry long, but called a cab which quickly returned us to our hotel. It would appear that France missed her hour when she massacred the Huguenots. The Parisians are unaware of it, but the day of reckoning cannot be far off, when the sounds of its unholy revelry will cease forever.

On to Stockholm and Helsinki

Rising early the following morning, we return to the municipal airfield at Paris. On schedule we are returned to the London airport where we are to await Brother Baxter and Howard Branham, who did not go with us to Paris. We meet them as anticipated, and go through the routine custom inspection to which we are now becoming accustomed. We board a Scandinavian Airsystems plane and are soon on our way to Stockholm.

Our plane circles to the left of London, and then lays a straight course to Goteburg, Sweden. Soon we are over the waters of the North Sea. Here, we reflect, was the setting of the great sea battle which resulted in the sinking of the battleship Bismarck, though not until she had inflicted serious damage to the British Home Seas fleet. In a shorter time than we expected, we could see the green meadows of Jutland (Denmark) and passing over the Cattegat, our plane drops down and makes a few minutes' stop at Goteburg. Resuming our journey, we are, in an hour or so, at the city of Stockholm.

The Swedish Brethren whom we meet the next day are very kind to us. Rev. Lewi Pethrus, pastor of the great Philadelphia Church (6500 members) meets us and we have a brief season of fellowship, and plans are finalized for the meetings which are to be held in the latter part of May in Sweden. They tell us that the newspapers had fiercely attacked Brother Freeman while he was in Sweden, but they had hopes that this persecution had run its course and that the press would be more friendly. The next day we see write-ups with Brother Branham's picture, on the front page of Stockholm papers. The writeups are in a friendly spirit. However, we realize that this is no guarantee of their future attitude.

Helsinki, Finland

Now we are on the final lap of our overseas journey. So far, our trip has been all that could be desired. But during the last hour we notice that there is an atmospheric disturbance. The air is getting rougher and the signs flash on, FASTEN SEATBELTS. This we do, as the tossing of the plane increases. Every few seconds the liner drops and we feel a sinking sensation in the region of the stomach. Then an ascending air current picks up the plane again. Continually the plane dips and whips in the whirling atmospheric currents. None of the party gets sick, but we are shaken a bit. All of us are glad at last to see land below. We are over Finland and here and there are lakes—all of them yet frozen over, though within two weeks, and before we leave Finland, the rapidly changing season will thaw out the entire lake system, causing the water in the sky's reflection to acquire a brilliant blue. We descend, the wheels ground on the pavement and we realize that we have reached our destination—Helsinki, Finland. We are in the land of as brave a people as may be found anywhere on the face of this globe.

As we walk to the air depot, we see waving to us Brother Manninen and his associates. We return their salute. Shouts of "Hallelujah" and "Praise the Lord," come to us. Our hearts are warmed. A moment ago we were strangers on a foreign soil, but we realize that here in Finland, we are to find friends whom we shall learn to love. The custom formalities over, we greet our brethren and find ourselves in sturdy American-built cars which take us to our hotel. Soon we are settled for the night.

Land of the Midnight Sun

We take note of our geographical location. We have realized that Finland is north but have never considered just how far north it actually is. Helsinki, at Finland's extreme south, is north of the 60th parallel. In a few days we go north to Kuopio. There, we are only about three degrees south of the Arctic Circle—only a little over 1500 miles south of the Pole. The night sky looks quite different. The Big Dipper is directly overhead, and the North Star holds an elevated position in the sky. Kuopio is at the same latitude as the extreme northern part of the Hudson Bay in Canada. In that area, because of the cold currents that press down from the Pole, the land is bleak and frigid, and uninhabitable by man, with the exception of a few Eskimos who fight the extremes of nature for a precarious existence. But England and Scandinavia are beneficiaries of the direction of the flow of ocean currents. The Gulf Stream of the Atlantic brings the warmth of the tropics north, and so tempers an otherwise bleak climate, that by late April the weather is mild and enjoyable. The hotels seem to us only moderately heated, and we note with appreciation the signs of approaching Spring. The long days help, too. At this date (April 16) it is 10 P. M., before the last ray of evening light has disappeared. By the first of June it will be light all night. At Kuopio, during June and July, one can read a newspaper at any hour of the night. At midnight the sun will have dipped only two or three degrees below the northern horizon. One hour by plane north is Lapland, and there one can see the glories of the midnight sun.

While considering our geography, we are reminded that at 6 P. M., in Finland, it is only nine o'clock in the morning on the west coast in America.

The Iron Curtain Ten Miles Away

With international events developing as they are, we are sobered by the thought of our proximity to the "Iron Curtain," which is only ten miles from Helsinki. At a moment's notice, shells could rake the city. Bit by bit we gather the story of the vengeance of the Red Army, which in the recent conflicts has resulted in the seizing of a considerable portion of her most valuable territory. Finland is a nation that has known sorrow. Three times in one generation she has experienced the bitterness of war fought on her own soil. The country has been impoverished by these conflicts and the indemnities she has been forced to pay. Much of her railroad rolling stock is shabby and antiquated. When we rode a Pullman to Kuopio we found that one of the sheets used in the berth was made of paper. Nevertheless, the industry of the people is remarkable, and the extent of recovery from the wounds of war is more than might be expected.

But these privations that the people have been subjected to are a small thing beside the tragic loss of life resulting from the recent conflicts. Stopped cold at the Mannerheim Line by the brave little Finnish army composed of men between the ages of 16 and 55, the Red Steam Roller, in order to save its face, was forced to throw into the maw of the god of war, vast quantities of her war material and treasure, before at last by the sheer weight of num-

bers, she was able to break down Finnish resistance. Taking into consideration the small population, an appalling percentage of the nation's youth was sacrificed. When the Germans attacked Russia, Finland again became a battlefield. And when the Nazis finally retreated, in desperation they ravished and destroyed large areas of the country in their "scorched earth policy."

Women and children were not spared. Fleets of Russian bombers swept over defenseless cities such as Kuopio, and bombed the inhabitants for as long as three hours at a stretch. The nation's sorrow is reflected in her songs—many of which are written in a minor key.

The Archbishop's Vision

The archbishop of the State Church of Finland comes to our hotel. In fact he takes over our rooms, having reserved them at an earlier date, as we understand, so that he could attend our meetings. Sister Isaacson, our interpreter, (who, we learn, is a member of the same Portland church as the editor's mother-in-law) relates a remarkable incident concerning the appearance of an angel to the archbishop of Finland about the year 1913. The bishop had entered a cathedral and to his astonishment was met by an angel with a drawn sword. The angel communicated to him in words similar to those spoken to David many centuries ago. The angelic visitor said that judgment was coming upon the land, and that he, as spiritual leader of the people was to be given one of three choices. He was to choose whether judgment should come as a pestilence, as a famine, or by the sword. The bishop pleaded for time, and begged the angel that he might have opportunity to consult his brethren on so important a decision. But the angel said that no time could be given. Finally the Bishop, in his dilemma being forced to make a decision, with deep emotion said, "If judgment must come, then let it come by the sword." Soon after came the First Great War.

First Service in Finland

The first night, as we enter the great Messuhallen Auditorium, said to seat 7,000 people, we find that it is well filled. The next evening it is estimated that between eight and nine thousand people are in attendance. We are charmed by the singing. Most of the hymns are sung in a minor key, and they are beautiful and expressive. We cannot help but notice the drawn faces of people who have suffered much. The people welcome us warmly and we are made to feel that our coming is bringing blessing and spiritual refreshing to them. They are a responsive people and they listen eagerly to everything that is being said.

The language barrier is a problem. Very few in Helsinki speak English and we must constantly have our interpreter to make ourselves understood. On one occasion we entered a restaurant desiring only a bowl of soup, as our time was limited and we did not want to wait for a full meal. The waitress smiled that she understood, but lo, after a long interval she appeared with a

FOUR DEEP AND HALF A MILE LONG was a line of people which began at the doors of the Messuhalli auditorium in Helsinki, which would not open for the Branham service for several hours yet.

large tray, carrying almost everything listed on the menu!

A few of the day services are held in the Filadelfia Church. We observe that the roof is made of concrete and is held up by gigantic columns about two feet in diameter. We wonder about this, but we are told that in the last war, a bomb actually broke through this vast thickness of masonry.

The Trip to Kuopio

So that we might be present in Kuopio to take the preliminary services, Brother Moore and I take the Pullman at about nine P. M. Although the accommodations are poor in comparison with those of America, and the road bed uneven, I succeed in enjoying a refreshing sleep. Brother Moore is not so fortunate. Morning finds us nearing Kuopio. As we draw into the station we realize that we are only 200 miles from the Arctic Circle. We are agreeably surprised by the mildness of the temperature. The thermometer in the afternoon is running between 60 and 70 degrees! Indeed, we learn to our surprise that a tent has been erected to take care of the overflow crowd. Not more than 1500 can crowd into the church and seats are at a premium in the tent! There are only a few places that you can use a tent in America during the month of April—but here only a few miles from the Polar Circle (as they call it here), a tent is not only set up but people compete to obtain a seat. We thought perhaps this might be one for BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

The long sunny days are thawing the frozen lakes. Soon it will not get dark for a period of over six weeks. We observe in Kuopio that the moon at certain times of the month does not set at all, but skims the horizon in the north.

The Morning Services

Brother Jack and I are taking the morning services. Although Brother Branham's ministry is the chief attraction, the marvels of God are taking place also in the morning. Some 15 or 20 deaf mutes have been delivered in three or four mornings. Blind eyes are opened. One of the first of the deaf boys who have been healed, is now acting as an interpreter for the others who come. He is learning fast and can repeat almost anything that is said to him. Of course he must learn the meaning of words that are spoken. The people are thrilled and faith is raising high. The evening service comes as a great climax when Brother Branham's gift of discerning diseases and the secrets of hearts, brings great awe over the congregation.

Miracles in Kuopio

Faith has risen so high in the meetings that Brother Branham decides to pray for a great number in a "faith line." One man, a leading physician who has come to the meeting to be prayed for, is brought to the front. He almost reaches Brother Branham, for personal ministrations, but not quite. The local brethren are disappointed. However the man gets into the faith line, where hundreds are passing by to receive healing

as they touch our brother. At a certain point the line becomes congested. Who should be in front of Brother Branham but this man? As our brother looks up, we hear him speaking, "Sir, you are a physician or you work in a clinic, for I see you ministering to the sick. You have had tuberculosis but the Lord has healed you." The interpreter repeats this to the audience, and they gasp, for everyone knows the man well. The physician is so overcome that he bows his head and worships in tears.

Crutches and canes clatter to the floor. I watch Brother Branham touch a man who is on crutches. The place is so congested that the man cannot get rid of his crutches at once. But when he gets to the side he throws them down, walks several steps by his own strength, and then begins to shout for joy. By the time the service is over, there is a good-sized pile of crutches and canes that have been discarded. The next night the scene is repeated.

One case of a little girl about ten years of age is so touching that we must mention it. As Brother Branham came into the church, a little girl on crutches, and with one leg in a cruel brace, reached out and touched him. Our brother wanted to tell her that her faith had healed her, and that she should take off the brace at once. But he could not speak the language, so passed on. Then he saw her again in the line. This time he made motions for the girl to remove her brace. After a while, we looked around and there, sure enough, the girl was now carrying both the crutches and the brace. She was healed and joyfully she was going up and down the steps and walking around perfectly normal. And when we say normal, that is exactly what we mean. No limp could be detected in her walk.

The next morning I saw the child. I took her outside and talked with her (through an interpreter, of course) and then snapped her picture, while she stood supporting the crutches and braces at her side.

Morning Services

In the morning, time for testimonies is allowed. Most wonderful testimonies are related of healing from every kind of disease. It is an hour of great victory. Brother Moore and I pray mostly for deaf mutes and a few blind cases. The deaf are not able to hear the preaching, and so as a rule are not able to appropriate faith for the healing without personal ministrations, as are those who are afflicted with other types of diseases and sicknesses. In most cases the deliverance is remarkable and immediate.

The previously deaf, if they are young people, are able to repeat Finnish or English words with the same ease, much to the delight of the congregation. We always speak behind them in demonstrating their healing so that the congregation can see that they are not lip-reading. When we hear of those who deny that any deaf-mutes are really delivered, we wonder what their reaction must be some day

PART OF OUTSIDE CROWD, standing in the cold listening to the service by means of loud speakers. Auditorium has long been packed to capacity. Estimated inside crowd between eight and nine thousand.



when they are compelled to face the truth. Surely unbelief brings darkness to a man's soul. God has given his blessings only to those who believe; he has reserved none for unbelief.

We feel that the morning services are an especial blessing to the ministers. If these meetings are to secure the ends we really desire, they must inspire other ministers to arise and carry on this ministry in their own nation, after we are gone.

We Leave Kuopio

It is the last night at Kuopio. The church is crowded, as usual. In fact, tickets have been given out to the people so that each person will have at least one opportunity to get inside the church. Thus it is practically a new crowd each night. But faith is high. All the sick are given opportunity to march by Brother Branham, and as they touch him many wonderful healings take place. Each night that this is done we find a pile of crutches which have been discarded.

At ten-thirty our train leaves for Helsinki. When we arrive at the station at this late hour there is a great crowd awaiting us. As we stand on the train platform the choir with the others, sings most beautifully the Finnish songs, always in a minor key. Our eyes are dim as we realize that in a moment we shall see them no more. We thank God that we have been permitted to be a blessing to them. The train starts. Slowly we roll out from the station, and gradually their singing dies away. By morning we are back in Helsinki.

The Last Helsinki Meeting

In the last few nights of the Helsinki meeting, Brother Branham decides to pray for the people as they pass by and touch him. The results on the first night he does this are excellent. When the line comes to an end, there is a pile of discarded crutches. One of the sets of crutches has been carried by a little girl. I saw her throw them down, and walk back to her seat unaided. I motion to her to come forward, so that I can take her picture. Sitting nearby is a high church official of the Finnish Church, I see that he is greatly impressed, and he watches with interest the little girl, who holds her crutches up as I take the picture. On the last night Brother Branham has only the "faith line," without any preliminary prayer. Afterwards he said that he did not think the results were as distinctive as other nights. It is evident that it is the demonstration of the supernatural in the service, that causes people's faith to reach high enough to receive miracles in the "faith line."

Brother Jack Moore and I have been praying for special cases of the afflicted in the morning services. There are some remarkable cases of deaf mutes receiving their deliverance. One young man did not show signs of deliverance at the time we prayed, but suddenly he got his hearing in the middle of the following day. When he returns that night, he is able to show that his deliverance is complete. How happy he is. A skeptical woman reporter comes up to test him. She is doubting, but is confounded by what has happened. Though it is evident that she is a very worldly and sinful woman, we can also see that the meeting is profoundly shaking her skepticism.

A wife of one of the Finnish diplomats writes a letter and asks that we pray for her husband who is deaf and forced to wear an earphone. She writes concerning her husband, "He believes all things are possible. He is so humble and his kindness is inexhaustible in spite of his burden. He was operated on four years ago while on an official mission in Washington, D. C. This helped him a little but he still had to wear the hearing-aid. The government authorities know this, and therefore I have a belief



PANORAMIC VIEW OF CROWD AT HELSINKI lined up at 3 P. M. The line is four deep and has almost encircled the large square. Tent shown has no connection with the meeting. Messuhalli stands at the right. Photo is taken from high tower next to stadium where 1952 Olympics are scheduled to be held.

that his healing would be a living testimony to them and also to the men that prevented Mr. Freeman from coming to Finland." She went on to ask that since Brother Branham might not get to him, would one of the others in the party pray for him?

During the morning service I call this man forward and talk with him. I tell him that though he is a diplomat, he must become as a little child to receive from God. He agrees and seems to thoroughly understand this. I pray for him last. So far as I can tell, his deliverance is very marked. Without the earphones, he can understand everything I am saying to him, though I talk in a low voice. I trust his deliverance is complete and that he is a testimony to other officials in the Finnish government. His name is H. Smedlund, and the address given is Perustie 15, Munkkiniemi, Helsinki.

The Castle at Kotka

Elsewhere we have told of our trip to the castle at Kotka, which is located only a short distance from Russian territory proper. We enjoyed the novelty of the visit there, where once kings and princes dwelt. The outside appearance of the royal residence was not pretentious, but when we entered the interior we found the furnishings luxurious. Could the whole thing be transported to America, it would no doubt command a fabulous sum. We were treated kindly and had we been royalty ourselves, our hostess could not have been more hospitable to us. Food was served five or six times a day, with the main meal coming in three courses. Of course, we found it impossible to eat all this rich food!

We learn that the royal estate has had quite a history. Originally built about the year 1300, it was rebuilt by the Swedes about the time of the Revolutionary War in America. Kings have lived here. One King Adolphus III spent a troubled time there, while enemies conspired for his life.

As guests we must take a Finnish bath. It, in effect, is similar to the Turkish bath in America. Water is poured upon hot stones, and soon the room becomes a torture chamber of hot steam. Sweat rolls off of us in great streams. Our breath becomes as a fire when we breathe on our skin.

Soon we have enough. The Finns now perform an amazing feat. The ice has just melted off the river, but Brother Manninen and others calmly walk out on the gangplank and proceed to dive in the icy

water. They expect us to follow. In this we have to disappoint them. None of the "soft" Americans are prepared to go through this part of the performance. But these Finnish Spartans are not through yet. Out of the river they go back to the steam room where the air is again super-heated. Once more they dive into the bitterly cold water. But even they at last have enough, and after dressing we return to the royal residence, where the tinkle of polished silver tells us another meal is being served.

NORWAY

Leaving Helsinki, we fly by Finnish Airlines to Oslo, Norway, stopping en route at Stockholm for about an hour. We land at an airfield about forty miles north of Oslo, the only field in Norway large enough to handle the great four-engined airliners. We reflect that just ten years before, Hitler's airforce suddenly appeared from the south and seized the field. Then followed the dark years of the war when the occupying troops, holding the people in an iron hand, rewarded the slightest infraction against their authority with cruel punishment, even death. When counter-attacks were made by the Norwegian underground, and it was impossible to locate the perpetrators, innocent hostages were chosen by lot and then marched off to be ruthlessly shot. The anguished cries of the widow and the orphan had no effect upon the men who had chosen to live by the sword. We listen with sorrowful hearts to the story of the death of a young man of 21, a brother of one of the leading ministers, who was unfortunate enough to be chosen as one of these hostages.

One of the pastors of the large Oslo church where we held services relates interesting incidents to us of that tragic period. This beautiful church, seating over 2,000, had been built by Pastor T. B. Barrett, a renowned man of God, who had been largely responsible for the spread of the Full Gospel movement in Norway. He lived to see the splendid edifice completed and dedicated, though shortly after he was called home to glory. He went at a happy moment, for he did not live to see the invasion of his homeland by the Nazis. The succeeding minister, Pastor O'lien, a fine and able man, told how the invading army took over the church building for their own purposes, forcing the congregation to meet in temporary quarters as best



Utsikt fra Rådhuset.
View from the Town Hall.
Aussicht von dem Rathaus



Above: MANY HOPEFUL PERSONS stand outside the church at Oslo, vying for opportunity to get in.

Left: OSLO, NORWAY, where 200 ministers of all denominations joined in a mass protest against Health Minister's ban upon praying for the sick. Branham party found amazing cooperation from ministers of all denominations while in Scandinavia.

they could. But the people kept praying. Soon the Germans, because of increasing sabotage, became alarmed, and decided that the building was too vulnerable for further use, and thus it came about that the congregation was permitted to return. This was to the people a wonderful answer to prayer.

The citizens were forbidden to have radios in their possession, but the pastor hid one far up in the attic, and thus kept in touch with developments of the war situation. The attack on Pearl Harbor, a dark day in America, was a time of rejoicing in Norway, for the people knew the oppressor's days were numbered. What a day it was when the occupying troops meekly laid down their arms to the members of the Norwegian army which no longer was underground! It was also a dark hour for the traitor, Major Quisling, who had betrayed his country, and had thus contributed so greatly to the misery of his

GOTENBURG

Since we can not at the time pray for the sick in Oslo, we determine that we shall go to Gotenburg, having received an invitation from the brethren in this Swedish city. The flight south will be remembered as one of interest. We watch the picturesque sunset as our plane carries us down to that beautiful city on the sea. From this area came the Vikings centuries before, one of whom was Leif Erickson, who sailed completely across the Atlantic and landed in New England in about 1,000 A. D.

The church at Gotenburg, of course, is unable to hold the crowds which desire to attend. It is in this city that newsmen charge Brother Branham of trickery in his discerning the diseases of the sick; they claim that he did this by means of signals, passed surreptitiously by members of the party. Upon learning this, we remain at the hotel that night, while

ward to Orebro, passing through many miles of beautiful Swedish countryside. In Orebro we are to find many friends, the memories of whom we shall not soon forget. Arriving in the city, we go to our hotel, which is located right across from the depot. Spring has just arrived in Scandinavia. The trees have leafed out in a profusion of green, and everywhere flowers are blooming in abundance. The Swedish people after a long winter feel the stirring of Spring, and this being Saturday, many are taking week-end trips to various points in the country. Those taking the train leave their bicycles in a lot specially reserved for them, which happens to lie just outside our window. We estimate that there are no less than a thousand bicycles there. Boys, girls, men, women, and grandparents, all ride bicycles. Actually, a pedestrian must be more wary of the omnipresent cyclers than of the automobiles.

The first service is held in a beautiful

Great Two-Day Tent Meeting Held Near

The Land of The Midnight Sun

people. Arrest, courtmartial, condemnation to death, followed in swift succession, and his very name became as that of Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold, a synonym of treachery.

Advance reports had come to us of the persecution Brother Freeman had received from certain of the authorities while he was in Norway. We find that these reports are indeed true. The Minister of Health had in the intervening time decided to place a ban on any further praying for the sick. So when we arrive in Oslo, we discover that we are forbidden even to preach, let alone pray for the sick. By exerting considerable pressure, Pastor Orlein is able to secure a relaxation of this ban, to the extent that services can be held, but we are not permitted to pray for the sick. We are sure that the ministers will not take this edict lying down, and in this we are not mistaken. Indeed, we are pleasantly surprised to learn that all the Protestant ministers of Oslo, some two hundred, in a great mass meeting vigorously protested this ban, and it is evident that this evil persecutor found more opposition than he had bargained for. Norway is a democracy, and while the people suffer for a time, they have a way of dealing with men of Quisling's type, who seek to take away their God-given freedom.

Brother Branham goes to the meeting himself. There he calls the sick from among the audience, and in each case, is able by the Spirit of God to discern the affliction of the person. On the whole, the newspapers in Norway and Sweden are as favorable to us as could be expected; only occasionally do news reporters write anything seriously antagonistic, as was the case at Gotenburg. In this instance, they were properly exposed before the people as liars and blasphemers.

From Gotenburg, we travel by car for a one-night service at Jonkoping. This was not on our schedule, but in deference to our interpreter, whose work we so highly appreciated, we consent to stay over. Incidentally, with scarcely an exception our interpreters in the Scandinavian countries show great skill in translating English into their native tongue. Speaking through an interpreter is not the easiest way to preach, so we are grateful indeed for the high quality of service performed by those who assisted us in this necessary function. Moreover, we are thrilled over the number of the Scandinavian ministers that could both understand and speak English. This fact contributes no little bit to the pleasure of our visit.

OREBRO

The following day we continue north-

park. Not less than five thousand people gather to hear us. After speaking first, Brother Baxter and I turn the service over to Brother Branham and we leave the platform to take pictures. To get all the crowd, it is necessary to take three views, one of which, we find later, failed to turn out. After the service on the way to our hotel, we pass a castle located near the heart of the city. It is a beautiful structure, surrounded entirely by a moat, and at one time was considered as an impregnable fortress, but would afford lean protection in these days of bombs and modern siege guns.

During our stay here we become acquainted with Editor Hallzon, who is superintendent of Evangelipress, which publishes a series of papers and magazines that run into hundreds of thousands of copies each month. We find that our Swedish friends are somewhat ahead of the Full Gospel people in America in getting out the printed word. If our religious literature were reaching the same proportion of the population in America as theirs is in Sweden, we would be mailing out many millions of copies per month. Their vision and enterprise is an inspiring object lesson. Brother Hallzon shows us the excellent equipment of the Evangelipress, which includes the latest type of presses, adapted

to turn out books and magazines by the hundreds of thousands.

The Swedish Christian periodicals are carrying many reports of our meetings. Unfortunately, we cannot read this language and we do not know what they say about us. However, their enthusiasm assures us that what they write is good.

Some had informed us that the Swedish people were self-satisfied and would not perhaps take to our ministry as was the case in Finland. We were happy to learn that this was not true, for we found a most cordial response in almost every place that we went. The Swedish brethren, under the spiritual leadership of Pastor Pethrus, seem to have a great vision and are moving forward in the Divine program in a manner which was exceedingly gratifying to us.

As has been mentioned, Brother Branham's ministry is eagerly received by the Swedish brethren. His meetings are far more than healing services—they are a demonstration of the various Gifts of the Spirit in action. We trust and believe that our Scandinavian brethren shall receive inspiration to believe God for a new manifestation of the Gifts of the Spirit in their midst. Each evening Brother Baxter takes the service preceding the time at which Brother Branham begins to minister. His messages are received with great interest. Few preachers today speak with the fluency or have the command of language he possesses. Brother Moore and I take most of the afternoon services at which time we pray for the sick. Since many of the blind and deaf usually do not exercise faith to receive their deliverance in a fast line, we take a special interest in these cases. Every day there are outstanding instances of immediate deliverance, which always results in a demonstration of enthusiasm from the audience. However, we instruct the people that those who apparently do not receive deliverance at the moment are not to cast away their confidence. As an example of this, one of the prominent Swedish ministers who was completely deaf in one ear, was prayed for, but he did not notice a difference at once. Later in the day he discovered that he was hearing. You can imagine how happy he was, as well as the many people who knew him. The healing of the interpreter, Pastor Sjöberg, in one of Brother Branham's services was quite dramatic, but that story is told elsewhere in this issue.

Ornskoldsvik

The last day at Orebro is a holiday, so special services are held in the morning and afternoon. In the evening, we hasten from the church to catch our train which goes north to Ornskoldsvik. We see a great crowd at the station and we wonder where everyone is going. But soon we learn that most of these have come to bid us goodbye. As we board our car, they are singing a beautiful Swedish song. As the train pulls out they are still singing, and we continue to listen until the strains completely die away. No more shall we see our kind friends of Orebro, but if not on earth someday, somewhere, we shall meet again.

It has been in the minds of Brother Moore and myself to continue on the train on up to Narvik, and then go to Tromso, while the rest of the party take the services at Ornskoldsvik. Even in May, the midnight sun can be seen at the latitude of Tromso, which is well up in Lapland, and we would like to hold at least one service that far north. Indeed, we carry in our pocket an invitation from the brethren in Tromso, which had been relayed to us through Brother Wade. But alas, when morning comes, and we are about to make the transfer, at the station where the spur branches off to go to Ornskoldsvik, we find that the

ticket agent will not take our traveler's checks, and by the time that we could get to a bank to obtain Swedish money our train would long have departed. Disappointed, there is nothing for us to do but go to Ornskoldsvik. However, after we reach the city and get some idea of the preparations that have been made, we are sure that it has been the Providence of God that has not permitted us to go on to Lapland. People from all over this area have gathered to attend these services. In fact, we are told that this is the largest meeting ever held in this area. Since Scandinavia is the only part of the world where large religious meetings are ever held at this latitude, it appears that this meeting attended by at least six thousand people, is the largest religious meeting in the history of the world, ever held near the Arctic Circle. We cannot absolutely guarantee this statement, but we will say that from the information that is available, we have good reason to believe that it is true. Incidentally, the newspapers here speak of our coming and perhaps not altogether incorrectly, as "the invasion of Ornskoldsvik", but they are not unfriendly.

Light at Midnight

But although we were unable to go north of the Arctic Circle and see the midnight sun, we find that it is light all through the night in Ornskoldsvik. (On June 21, the midnight sun can be seen from this city, in a cruising airplane.) It seems strange to be in a land where part of the year there is no night. At midnight Brother Moore pulls down the window shades to try to get some sleep. But I slip out with my camera and take several pictures and these are reproduced in this issue.

What a great crowd gathers on the following day! A tent meeting in May near the Arctic Circle! Yet the temperature is not too cold, for the long days have warmed the countryside which a few weeks before was bleak and cold. It is hard to realize that six months earlier this area was dark for weeks, with only a brief twilight at noon each day. In the tent, people are packed in so closely that it is almost uncomfortably warm, even though one side of the tent is open to permit the crowd on the outside to look on and hear. The local pastors are very cooperative, and how intently the people listen. Brother Oliver Pethrus (son of Lewi Pethrus) has come up from Stockholm to interpret for us, and his fluency in either the English or Swedish language is a great asset to the meeting. Brother Branham's message and ministry are enthusiastically received. The only sad feature is our utter inability to reach more than a small percentage of the people who need healing. In the afternoons Brother Moore and I pray for as many as possible, and God answers with some splendid healings and miracles. Large as the crowd is in the afternoon, it is even larger by night. On the outside are many people standing and listening.

On to Stockholm

Following our last service in Ornskoldsvik, we are to leave early in the morning to go on to Stockholm. Since it is light at midnight, I decided that I would not retire, but do some writing, as we would have to leave by two A.M. On the minute, the local pastors are at the door and our baggage is taxied to the depot. A rail motor car carries us on the spur line to a nearby town where we take a pullman. Entering the sleeping car, we lower the shades, as the sun is already up, and soon some of our party at least, are reposing in slumber.

Noon finds us in Stockholm, the capitol city of Sweden. Here is located the famous Filadelfia Church, perhaps the world's greatest Full Gospel Church, founded about forty years ago by Lewi Pethrus



(1) At one time this castle, surrounded entirely by a moat, was considered an impregnable fortress, but would afford lean protection in these days of bombs and modern siege guns. We passed it on the way to our hotel in Orebro, Sweden.

(2) GROUP AT OREBRO includes (left to right) Elov Hugosson, and Gunnar Johnson, deaf mutes who received hearing, Arne Hasselgren, who interpreted for the deaf, Alvar Blomgren, pastor of Orebro church, Bertil Olindahl, assistant pastor, Gosta Lindahl, Brother Branham's interpreter, Brother Moore, Brother Hallzon, editor of Evangelpress.

(3) LARGE CROWDS overflow tent at Ornskoldsvik.

(4) SWEDEN might well be called "Eden." Posing before one of its beautiful scenes of nature are Brothers Moore, Baxter, and Oliver Pethrus, who interpreted.

(5) SISTER ROBERT BROWN, widow of the late pastor of Glad Tidings Tabernacle, was among group who met us at N. Y. airport on return trip.



5,000 persons attended first afternoon services of Branham outdoor meeting in Orebro.

who is still the pastor. Nearly five thousand are members of its Sunday School, although all of this number do not attend the main church. For convenience a number of smaller schools are located in various strategic parts of the city. Membership of the congregation is about 6500, and the church itself seats some 3500, so that on special occasions such as the Branham meetings, this large building is wholly inadequate to care for the crowds which desire to attend. Lack of adequate auditoriums has systematically kept sinners from attending our campaigns in Sweden. In Finland in the large municipal auditoriums, where outsiders had opportunity to attend, as many as a thousand responded to one altar call.

The story of the life of Pastor Pethrus is a classic illustration of what vision and purpose may accomplish. There are, of course, many other fine men in Sweden who have assisted Brother Pethrus in the accomplishment of this great work, but essentially we see this harmonious enterprise as a fulfillment of one man's vision, in which the faith and hard work of many have brought about the fulfillment. Brother Pethrus has the simple faith of a child, yet he has the wisdom and foresight of a man who has the ability to rule a kingdom. Although there is no organized Full Gospel denomination in Sweden, as we understand organization, yet there is indeed a closely bound fellowship which heads up in Brother Pethrus. Men with false doctrines and low morals, the fanatics and extremists are found in Sweden the same as in other lands. But so great is the prestige of this godly man, that when he looks with disfavor on a matter, the greater majority is right with him. Those who seek to bring in division sooner or later find that their following drops off. Often the erring brother seeks restoration in the fellowship and usually he is welcomed back. So the work has continued on in harmony for many years.

We wish it were possible to set on paper the many wonderful things this man of God had to tell us, but space does not permit us to do this. Eloquently he pleaded for the unity of God's people and declared that he believed that God was drawing together His people in these last days. He was happy to learn of the great revivals that were springing up in various parts of the world; spoke of his regret that some were given to excesses which had the tendency to divide the people rather than draw them together, but that he was sure that in the over-all picture God was surely

moving to unite His people. He recalled for us the story of the growth of the work in Stockholm, and the spread of the Full Gospel throughout Sweden. We were inspired by the vision of our brother, and rejoiced with him, in the great things that God had done. While we did not take down the figures, I believe that while in the city we were told that the Stockholm church was supporting something like fifty missionaries, had 100 full-time workers in Stockholm, and maintained an annual budget of something like a million dollars. Few American churches of any denomination can vie with this record.

The six days in Stockholm are soon over. On the afternoon of the last day the service was to have been held in the park, but because of intermittent showers, many come to the church. Indeed, before the service is well under way, almost every seat in the vast auditorium is taken, although no meeting has been announced there. Had it not been for the rain, we are told, there would have been up to 15,000 people in the park. As it is, there is a large crowd in spite of the rain. Brother Baxter ministers at this service. In the auditorium Brother Moore and I, hastily summoned from our rooms, pray for the sick, with Brother Lewi Pethrus interpreting, until it is almost time for the evening service to commence.

Leaving the building, we are startled to find thousands of people on the outside vainly seeking admittance. Returning to our lodging place, I receive a call from Brother Pethrus, who asks if Brother Moore and I will go to the Park, to speak there to the overflow crowd that can not find entrance in the church. Of course we are glad to do this. The park is several miles away, and the evening is quite cool, but nevertheless a considerable crowd gathered. By the time we arrive, the band is already playing. Soon a sound system is set up and the meeting begins. At the close of the service, we give an altar call, and out of the number that came to the park, fully fifty respond to the altar call to give their hearts to Christ. We did not suppose that we should have a prayer line in the park for the afflicted, so we have a mass prayer. As we are leaving the grounds, a young man runs up to us with his countenance aglow. He says that during the mass prayer his deaf ear has been healed. Returning to the Filadelfia Church, we find that they are having the climaxing service of the campaign. Brother Branham lays hands on a couple of thousand this night.

Some throw down their crutches. Others shout that they are healed. All in all, it is a great night of victory.

The time has come for us to leave Sweden. On the last day we go out to the modest home of Pastor Pethrus where we have a delicious dinner. On the way back we have another delightful talk with our brother. At this time Pastor Pethrus expresses his thanks for our visit and extends a hearty invitation to Brother Branham to come again, at such a time as it might be possible.

We are taken to the airfield, where a huge DC-6 is standing, which is destined to land us on American soil on the following day. After complying with customs formalities, and presenting our passports and visas, we are admitted to the great airliner which is to take us away from the people who have been so kind to us. Our good friends ascend the airport balcony and as our plane taxis out on the field they wave to us and wish us a safe journey home.

Our plane makes one stop in Norway, then continues on its way to Glasgow, Scotland, where we stop for an hour. The midnight sky is not nearly as bright as it was in Sweden, though the dawn can be seen all through the night. However, we are racing toward the west, and the sun which should have risen at 3 A. M. is five hours late! The plane's personnel appears to go by European time, and we are served meals on a schedule based on that time. So it happens that by the time we reach New York, we have eaten two meals before breakfast! This does not include the light refreshments that we receive while our plane refuels in Glasgow. We cannot refrain from noting that when a Scottish restaurant announces light refreshments, it means literally that. The "light refreshments" in this case included a cup of tea with a small cookie of microscopic size!

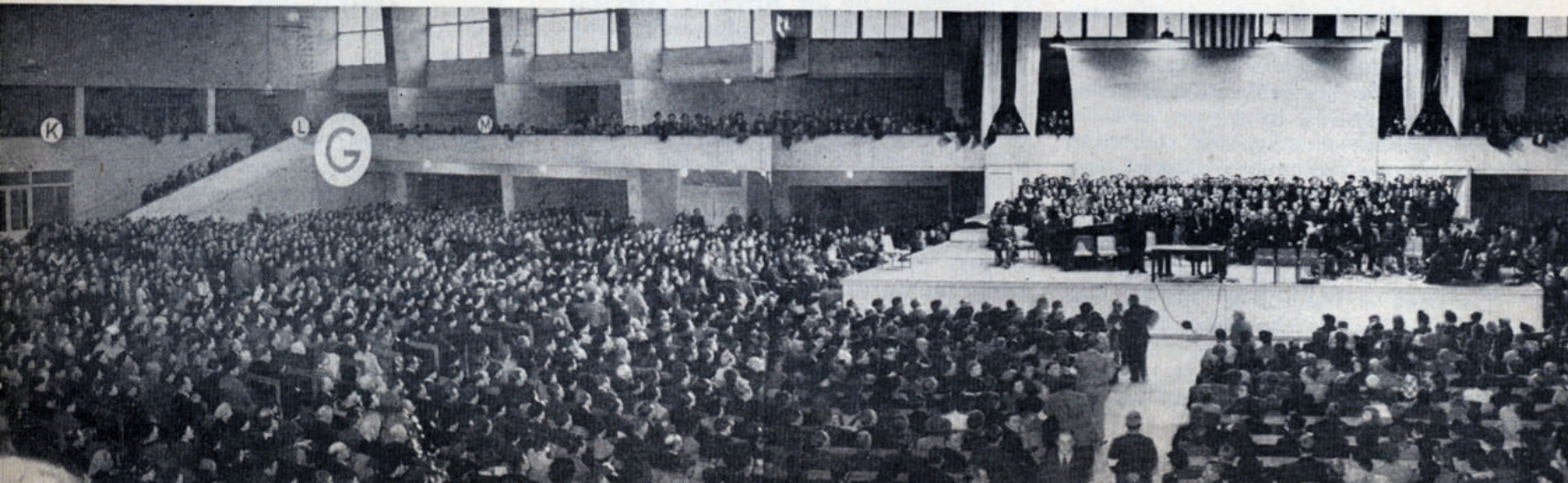
Widow of Count Bernadotte

On our plane is the widow of the late Count Bernadotte, who lost his life by assassination while attempting to mediate between the Jews and the Arabs in Jerusalem. We had read in the newspapers that the Jews had just made financial settlement with her, and so the Countess and her son were now on their way to America. Count Bernadotte was the son of the brother of the king of Sweden. Pastor Pethrus had told us a most interesting story of how the brother, who was in line of succession, because he thought the kingship might interfere with his Christian calling, had renounced his right to the throne. Today this man is recognized as one of the most devout citizens of the Kingdom. Here indeed was a man that would rather be a Christian than king. Perhaps his son did not share the same convictions as he possessed. We notice that the countess smokes cigarettes although she refuses the liquor which is being served.

We stop for refueling at Gander, Newfoundland, and then speed southward to New York. A heavy fog hangs over Idlewild International Airport as we prepare to land, and the ceiling cannot be over 300 feet. Yet the pilot faithfully locates the right spot, and as we break through the clouds, we find that we are just ready to settle on the runway. We elude the photographers (they had consistently met us at each airport), while they are taking pictures of the countess and her son. But we are happy to see Sister Robert Brown, who two months earlier had been such a gracious hostess in our meeting in New

(Continued on Page W)

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VISIONS ... DIVINE REVELATIONS GIVEN TO WM. BRANHAM FULFILLED

FULFILLMENT OF THE VISION OF THE RAISING OF THE DEAD CHILD

By William Branham.

It was in Kuopio, Finland, when the Lord Jesus fulfilled the vision that He had shown me some two years before. It was that of a little boy with light brown hair which was raised from the dead. I was with a group of ministers, who were coming down from a mountain where we had been praying and singing hymns. Among the ministers were Brother Gordon Lindsay and Brother Jack Moore, whom I am associated with. A motor car some 300 yards ahead of us struck a little boy, throwing him to the ground, and then ran over him with such force that it threw him back near the sidewalk.

Brother Jack Moore picked him up and brought him back into the car with us. We saw that he was dead. I looked at the little boy and thought I recognized him. Then I remembered that he was the little boy I had seen in the vision, who was eight or ten years old, with light brown hair and who was poorly dressed. I held him to my body and began to pray. Suddenly his life came back to him.

Arriving at the hospital, we were surprised to learn that the car had struck another little boy, and had knocked him to the other side of the road. We had not seen him because he was hidden from our view, and another car had picked him up and rushed him to the hospital. After two days he was still unconscious. The parents of both children came to the hotel to see me. The father and mother of the first boy were so happy because the Lord had given life back to their son according to the vision that He had showed me. But with sadness the other parents looked at me and said, "What about our boy? Is he going to live?" I replied that I could not say. But they answered, "You have told the other parents that their boy would live; can't you say something for our boy?" But I said that I could say nothing until the Lord showed me. Then they began to weep.

I then asked the parents if they were Christians. They replied that they belonged to the church but were not saved. I then asked them if God saved their boy, would they serve the Lord all their days and teach the child to do so. With tears they answered that they would. Then we all knelt and prayed. I said in my prayer, "Father, please have mercy on us and save their son." Then I returned to my room.

The news was brought to me about that time that unbelievers standing by at the scene of the accident, when the boy was killed, had said, "There is the 'divine healer' from America whom they are all talking about. Now let us see what he will do." When they heard that the dead boy was raised, then they said, "Why doesn't he do something for the other boy who has been unconscious for two days?" That is what my interpreter, Sister Isaacson, reported that that people were telling the parents of the child that was dying in the hospital.

I then said to Sister Isaacson, "I can do nothing until God shows me what to do. That is what Jesus said in John 5:19. I can only pray." That night I prayed again for the boy. The report

came from the hospital the next day that he was just barely alive, and life seemed to be going fast. The following evening, after returning from the service, I was in my hotel room. The angel of the Lord came into my room. Before me were placed two Easter flowers, one leaning to the south and another to the north. That is just the way the boys' bodies fell when the car struck them. The one toward the north was the one they took up dead, and the Lord healed. The other one to the south was the smaller lad, who was still unconscious these three days. Then the flower toward the north sprang up at once, strong and alive, but the other one toward the south was fading away and dying fast. The angel made me to understand that the vision represented the two boys. Then he showed me two pieces of candy which had just been given me before I came into the room. The angel said, "Take one piece and eat it." I did, and it tasted good. Then he said to me, "Take the other piece." But the second piece did not taste just right, and I started to take it from my mouth. But the angel seemed to say, "If you do that the other boy will die." So I quickly ate the other piece. Then the flower was alive again in the other vision. When the vision was over, I hastened to the room of Brother Lindsay and Brother Moore. I said to my brethren, "Thus saith the Lord concerning the boy." Then I repeated the vision to the others of the party. I said, "God showed me another vision three weeks before in London, and it came to pass perfectly. So this vision also shall come to pass. The boy shall live." Sister May Isaacson, the interpreter, tried to call the parents of the boy and tell them what I had said, but they had gone to the hospital, for it had been told them that the boy was dying. But when they arrived at the hospital, they discovered that something had happened. The lad had awakened out of his unconscious condition. When they reported this to Sister May, she asked, "What time did this happen?" They said, "While we were watching for

him to take his last breath, he suddenly became conscious. It was 10 o'clock at the time." When the doctors examined the boy, they reported that he would be all right. After checking the time of the vision, I found that it was just 10 o'clock when the angel of the Lord had come into my room. The boy is now home, healthy and happy. All praise to the power of Jesus' Name. Let angels prostrate fall. Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all!

VISION OF THE BOY RAISED FROM THE DEAD

By William Branham.

(As has been related before audiences by Brother Branham)

One morning at about 3 A. M., I was awakened out of my sleep to find that the angel of the Lord was in the room to show me a vision. By the spirit I was transported in the vision to a scene where an accident had just happened. I saw that a little boy of about eight or ten years of age had been killed. He had light brown hair and his clothes looked very ragged and torn. Some men were taking the child to a hospital or funeral home.

It was at that moment that the angel of the Lord told me to kneel and pray that the child's life would return to him. That I did, and life was restored and he lived. Now this vision is to come to pass in the future. I have told it to hundreds of people all the way from Canada to Florida. Many have written it on the fly-leaf of their Bible.

About two weeks after the vision appeared to me, I was telling it to a crowd of people at a tent meeting in Miami, Florida. The next evening when I was coming to the service, I was taken to a crowd of people waiting just behind the tent. They had a little boy about five years old that had been drowned that morning in a canal. But when I saw the child I said it was not the boy I had seen in the vision. So I offered a prayer of sympathy for the family.

PART OF GROUP which had just left mountain tower when tragedy struck. Sister May Isaacson, party's capable interpreter, stands at far left, and Dr. Manninen is kneeling to the left of Brother Branham on front.





CAUGHT IN ACTION are Brother Branham and Brother Sjoreberg, interpreter, who relates inspiring story of his healing below.

TESTIMONY OF THE INTERPRETER By Tage Sjoreberg

(We regret that we do not have space to record the entire testimony of Pastor Sjoreberg, who interpreted for the Branham party in Orebro, Sweden, and whom we learned to love as a very devout Christian minister. He tells of his serious sickness that lasted for four years, and the necessity of resigning from the large Orebro church seating 2,000 people, how he was operated upon, but the tumor could not be removed, and he was sent home with his case diagnosed as hopeless. He further tells how that God dealt with him, and he received boldness to believe God, although he did not receive complete victory in his body. He then sought God with all his heart, and it was at this time that the Branham party came to Orebro, during which time Pastor Sjoreberg acted as interpreter. He now continues his testimony):

"A few days after the operation, God came to my soul in a wonderful way. I saw first my sins and shortcomings, but after a little while, God began to speak to me about His forgiving and healing grace. I got so happy that I began to speak in tongues and praise God very loudly. My soul, spirit and body rejoiced in God. I was afraid that the nurse should come to my room and ask what was the matter with me. But I was quite alone with my dear Saviour.

From that time I recovered very fast, and I have again taken up my work as an evangelist. In the end of March I had my first evangelical services.

But as you surely understand, I was tempted to think upon my sickness. I was not sure if it should come again or if it was something left. Those thoughts troubled me and my wife sometimes. I had gotten a new sickness, as I said, and I wanted to know if God had answered my prayers. I had received healing by faith, but I had still some kinds of symptoms on the other side.

At that time Pastor William Branham with party came to Orebro, Sweden, for a healing campaign. I served as one of the interpreters. Before I left for Orebro I knelt down in prayer with my wife and asked God to strengthen my faith in my healing, and I asked Him about a token. I knew that Brother Branham had the gift of discerning the sicknesses and also the gift of healing. We prayed that he should be used by God to help me.

In one service the power of God was upon us in a mighty way. I laid my hand upon Brother Branham and asked God to let him see my case. I got also assurance that my prayer was heard. Many other brethren were standing close by and Brother Branham was in prayer all the time.

The following morning I waked up very early and praised God for His mighty wonders last night. I thanked Him also for my own healing. It was about 5 o'clock. My heart was overflowing in thanks to my dear Saviour. I rested a little while. But about 9 o'clock I felt an urging in my heart to get out. I thought first to write

Rev. Baxter Writes of Norwegian and Swedish Meetings

Committee of Prominent Ban on Divine Healing

down our glorious meetings yesterday, but the inner voice said, "You will get time enough for that afterwards or later on." I was thinking to get my breakfast, but to get food was not my main interest. I cannot give a sufficient reason for going instantly down the stairs and to the streets. I had to hurry on.

I was not willing to talk with anybody where I lived. God said hurry on. As you know, it is very important to obey the Lord and be guided by the Holy Spirit. You can miss His guidance if you are coming one and a half minutes too late; yes, it may depend upon a few seconds.

When I had passed the hotel, where Pastor William Branham stayed, he stood straight before me. I was very much astonished but also happy. We greeted each other very heartily.

And then he said to me, "Have you not gone through a serious operation quite newly?" I answered yes. And then he said, "Did you not put your hands upon me last night in the meetings?" I answered also this question positively. And then he told me about my sickness. And he said also, that God had answered my prayers. I was healed. He said some other things to me, but I was so touched by this prophetic gift and the truth he said about my sickness, that I scarcely heard anything else.

God did care about me. He had answered my prayers. I went forward on the streets to get something to eat. But I was weeping for joy all the time. The place was not yet open where I should have my breakfast, so I went to the park and opened my Latin New Testament and my eyes fell upon these words, "**For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.**"—Romans 8:14.

I was persuaded that Brother Branham was led by the Spirit to me and he was therefore one of the sons of God. Oh, how happy I am. God shall have all my future, everything I lay in His hands. I will be concentrated and consecrated in His service.

Brother Branham told me how God had waked him up at the same time as I, and God said to him, "Put on your clothes and go out." He had been in prayer for hours. And after his prayer God led him directly to the place where I was coming. We can truly say that God's ways are wonderful.

Brother Branham Relates Vision of Interpreter

I was in Orebro, Sweden, when, one morning about 5 A. M., I was awakened out of my sleep, and the Spirit of the Lord said to me, "Arise and dress and go out." This I did, not knowing where I was going. I went down to the river and there I engaged in prayer for about half an hour. After that, I began to walk again and went back toward the main part of the city. I was about to turn to my left when the Spirit spoke and told me to go to my right. That I did and continued on my journey. After I had gone another 500 yards, the Spirit said, "Turn to your left." By this time, I knew that what was going to happen was at hand.

Just then I saw my interpreter coming down the street. He was near an intersection and the Spirit said for me to go to him. As I did, the interpreter met me with a pleasant smile, though he looked surprised. While shaking the interpreter's hand the Spirit of the Lord came down upon me to prophesy. Then I said to him, "You have had an operation, and had a kidney removed. The operation was not successful, and you have had trouble with either side." And other things were told to him of his life, what he had done, and what he had failed to do, and where he had missed God.

With tears in his eyes the interpreter said, "Brother Branham, you are God's prophet, for no one could have told you

ORCHESTRA OF OREBRO CHURCH plays at opening service in park.



Heads Protest Government Service in Norway

of these things." I said, "Last night when I was on the platform, praying, you touched my coat. You were healed at that moment." The interpreter was amazed and said, "How did you know that?" I replied, "God has shown it to me, and at the moment that you touched my coat, you were healed. God has sent me out this morning to tell you this."

Report From Norway

By W. J. Ern Baxter

Arriving at Oslo airport we were delighted to see Pastor and Mrs. Fremmerlid waiting to meet us. Having attended the Tabernacle in Vancouver before their coming to Norway, their warm greeting was like a breath from home. If however, we thought we had arrived at Oslo, we were mistaken. It took us as long to go by bus from the airport to downtown Oslo, as it had taken to come to Oslo by plane from Stockholm, Sweden, the port being some 42 miles from the city.

Our period of ministry in Finland had been a time of rich spiritual blessing. It had also been, however, a constant strain as the threat of trouble seemed ever present. We were all happy in the thought that this had been left behind, and that the rest of our tour would be free of this sort of thing. We were doomed to disappointment. The ink was not dry on the hotel register before newspaper reporters confronted us with the information that the director of medical affairs was determined to have our meetings outlawed in Norway. Although this had been made public, no official word had been received by the brethren of the sponsoring church. The morning mail took care of this detail, however, and Pastor Orlein was ordered by letter from the police, to forbid our ministering in Oslo. As this posed a serious threat to religious freedom, Pastor Orlein immediately contacted the police and urged a modification of the official attitude. After two hours of discussion, the police consented to permit us to preach, but forbade us to pray for the sick personally. Pastor Orlein informed the police that he would not promise to obey their order, as he must obey God rather than man. He told us to go ahead and pray for the sick, and he would bear the consequence. We felt however, that as outsiders, it was not our place to stir up trouble. On the first night, therefore, we only preached and Brother Branham had a congregational prayer for the sick. After this we gave an altar call and quite a number confessed Jesus Christ as Saviour. The auditorium was packed to capacity with hundreds blocking the streets. Newspaper reporters and photographers were present in plentiful numbers, with a nose for some exciting news. Although the police were present, we suffered no interference.

Norway reminds us a good deal of England. The Norwegian language, of course, is more akin to English than Finnish, and we recognize many words. The food is not as plentiful as in Finland, and meat is very scarce. Fish may be had served in "twenty-eleven" different ways, but steak is a "collector's item." Sugar is rationed, and some other things are procurable only at certain times. Coupons are necessary for

the purchase of many things. Old silver must be turned in if you desire to purchase new silver. As in Finland, the economic aftermath of the war is everywhere in evidence.

Pastor Orlein kept in constant touch with the police, hoping that there would be some relaxation of the official attitude toward praying for the sick. The police continued adamant however, receiving no permission from "higher up" to do otherwise. The second day of the meeting, Thursday, two preaching services were held. Reports of the situation had received full newspaper coverage, and public opinion was starting to make itself felt. Newspapers which at first had been indifferent or critical, became ardently interested in fighting for the right to religious freedom. This did not necessarily indicate that they were any more kindly disposed to spiritual things than they had been. It did indicate, however, that they clearly saw the threat to democratic freedom which was involved, and realized that the forfeiture of one freedom would endanger other freedoms.



PASTOR ORLEIN, of Oslo, took a brave stand, along with other petitioning ministers, against the official ruling in Norway prohibiting Divine Healing meetings. He is pictured with Brother Branham.

These people had lived too close to this kind of a thing in the past, and having shot one Quisling, were in no mood to nurture the spirit which might produce another.

Although the press and other groups publicly registered their disapproval of the ban placed upon prayer for the sick, it was the city's ministerial group which carried a protest to parliament. Meeting Friday afternoon, two hundred ministers took only one minute to literally shout their unani-



REV. W. J. ERN BAXTER, of Vancouver, B. C., special speaker for the Branham overseas campaigns.

mous agreement that protest should be made. The following protest was then drawn up and signed by some of the most illustrious names in Norwegian religious life.

To the Norwegian Government,
Oslo.
Sirs,

Healing through faith and prayer is an inherent part of the Gospel, and is as an anchor in the life and work of Jesus Christ. Throughout the ages this doctrine has had a firm position in the commonwealth of Christian life and preaching.

The Christian population of Norway principally stand as one man in this matter, even if details and ways of procedure may differ in churches and countries.

The undersigned, therefore, vividly regret the measures taken by our authorities and form a protest against the prohibitive regulations given, endeavoring to exercise censorship over Christian preaching. This procedure is of a nature to offend fundamental human rights in a free country, and disputes the principle of free worship.

We suggest that the prohibitive restrictions be immediately repealed, imposed by act of the Oslo Chamber of Police.

Oslo, May 5th, 1950.

Names of Protest Committee

- H. Asak-Christiansen,
General Secretary of the Norwegian Baptists.
- Eivind Berggrav,
Bishop of the State Church.
- O. Hallesby,
Professor and noted author.
- Ludvig Hope,
Chief Secretary for the Salvation Army in Norway.
- J. B. Jarnes,
Vice-Chairman of Evangelical Churches Fellowship.
- Nils Lavik,
Member of Parliament and Vice-President of the West Norwegian Home Missionary Society.
- Dr. Alf Lier,
Chairman of the Non-conformist Parliament and President of the Methodist Conference.
- Thv. Storbye,
Chairman of the Evangelical Preacher's Fellowship.
- Alf Bastiansen,
District Minister of the State Church.
- Daniel Braendeland,
Editor.



DAYLIGHT AT MIDNIGHT in Ornskoldsvik. Lights are left burning, but are not needed.

By W. J. Ern Baxter

Arriving in Gotenberg, Sweden, Saturday evening May 6th, we commenced the last lap of our journey, which would take us to Orebro, Ornskoldsvik, and finally Stockholm,

The Gotenberg service was not on our schedule, but quickly arranged as an alternative for the remaining Norwegian meetings which had to be cancelled. There was little opportunity for advertisement, which however, was not necessary, as the Gotenberg church has a large constituency. The building, seating approximately 3,000, was packed to the doors for a "closed meeting" attended only by members of the church.

Upon our arrival at the Gotenberg airport we were met by our "friends" the newspaper reporters. They are a strange clan. No one is opposed to good objective reporting, but when "the freedom of the press" becomes nothing more than official permission for the printing of some reporter's whimsical opinion, then the press no longer stands for reporting but becomes an instrument of propaganda. Referring to the services in the Gotenberg press, it was reported that those assisting Brother Branham were informing him by signs, and that this accounted for the apparently miraculous fashion in which he was able to tell people the nature of their ailments. Therefore, the night following this newspaper report, the brethren of the party who assisted Brother Branham during the prayer service, left the building and returned to their hotel. God seemed to give our brother a special anointing, and he picked people out of the audience, discerning their diseases, and referring to events in their lives which he could have no way of knowing apart from divine help. It was a great vindication which none could gainsay, even though unbelief might reject it. The meeting concluded with a deluge of blessing. Strangely enough, the press was silent the next day. Paul faced "unreasonable and wicked men" in his day who "had not faith." It is not always possible to convert such, but it is often possible to see that their "mouths be stopped." (2 Thess. 3:2; Tit. 1:11).

Leaving Gotenberg Friday afternoon, we traveled by automobile to Jonkoping, arriving in time for a service in the church. Although there had been only a few hours' notice given of the service, the church was packed three hours before the commencement of the meeting. It was a great service. There was such congestion that

a prayer service for the sick was almost impossible, so we just had an informal time of testimony and Brother Branham spoke for a while. Reports were brought to us the next day of people who had been healed while the service was in progress.

Saturday we continued our trip by automobile to Orebro, a pretty little Swedish city clustered around an ancient moated castle. Our meetings here were conducted in the Pentecostal church which has a fine new auditorium seating about 1,600. It was inadequate to handle the crowd from the first service. As no larger hall was available, there was no alternative but to make the best of the situation. The services were greatly blessed with many healings taking place. While in Orebro, Editor Hallzon took us through his fine printing establishment, from which he sends a stream of Christian literature. His weekly magazine has a circulation of approximately 50,000, and through this paper our meetings had been well advertised. We left Orebro on the evening of Ascension Day. Pastors Blomgren and Olingdahl, and a large group of the Christians gathered to sing us farewell. We were off to Ornskoldsvik.

We arrived at a junction town several miles from Ornskoldsvik, about 7 in the morning. Here we were met by Pastor Gideonsen and some of his men with automobiles, and transported to Ornskoldsvik. Now we were far enough north to get some idea of what the "Land of the Unsetting Sun" was like. Although not far enough north to be able to see the sun during the whole twenty-four hours, nevertheless at midnight it was still quite light, and by 2 a. m. the sun could be seen.

Our meetings in Ornskoldsvik were held in a large tent. The newspaper estimated the crowd at about 6,000. We had only two days to spend here. The congestion was so great as to make a prayer line impossible. People were packed in to the edge of the platform and then the platform was crowded. A number confessed Christ and some were brought to the platform for prayer. God blessed the preaching of the Word, and everything considered, it was a most profitable meeting. At least 20 chartered buses lined up at the back of the tent, having brought their passengers from various points in Northern Sweden. Pastor Oliver Pethrus came from Stockholm to do our interpreting. He proved to be a great blessing to us. Having spent some years in America, he was acquainted with our "manner of speech," and it enabled us to

FILADELPHIA . . .

IDEAL

LEWI PETHRUS . . .

IDEAL

Party Pays Tribute to Magnific

enjoy more liberty than we had thus far had. After the final service Sunday evening, we returned to our hotels to wait for the time of our departure. We caught a "train-bus" at 2 a. m. which took us to the junction where we boarded a sleeper for Stockholm. We were a tired group when we pulled into Stockholm the next day.



OLIVER PETHRUS, son of the founder of the great Filadelfia church. He acted as interpreter in Ornskoldsvik and Stockholm. His remarkable fluency in both Swedish and English was a great asset to the services.

We had all looked forward to our visit to Stockholm for two reasons. It was our last meeting before returning home, and none of us tried to hide the fact that we were homesick. Our meeting in Stockholm would also bring us in close touch with the world's largest Pentecostal church, and its noted pastor of forty years, Lewi Pethrus.

We had met Pastor Pethrus and some of his associates on our way to Finland, but had spent only a short time with them. Our first feeling on this occasion, we must confess, was one of disappointment. Pastor

CHURCH PASTOR

Leadership of Brother Pethrus

Pethrus was not particularly impressive in his appearance. He blended well with a group of ordinary men. His manner of speech was simple and unaffected. He assumed no airs and indulged no verbal bombast. There was no loud parading of his accomplishments nor attempt to impress us with his importance. We were struck with his great simplicity and genuine pleasantness, and the earlier feeling of disappointment gave way to one of sincere admiration. We would have to wait, however, until our return to Stockholm, to become more fully acquainted with this remarkable man and his outstanding church. It was, therefore, with enthusiastic expectation that we stepped off the train at Stockholm.

We were met by Pastor Pethrus and his associate, Pastor Tornberg. Also on the platform to greet our good brother Oliver Pethrus, was his wife and two of his little girls. Dry Swedish humor was at its best when they directed the writer of this report to make the trip to the hotel in the front seat of Pastor Tornberg's miniature French car. Never was so much carried by so little!

That evening it was the writer's privilege to attend one of the church's closed assembly meetings. Here were to be seen in operation some of the principles which had made Filadelfia church famous throughout the world. It was indeed a meeting of "the church." Pastor Pethrus, his associate pastors, and thirty of his forty deacons, occupied the lower platform. Immediately above their heads, running the full length of the second platform, was the Communion Table, set in readiness for the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The meeting was conducted with simplicity and hominess, as this church family gathered for a regular domestic conference in their vast church home seating 3,500 people. Pastor Pethrus had just returned from a trip to the Holy Land and gave his people a brief report. Then new members were received and some delinquent members were regretfully dropped. Others presented themselves as candidates for baptism, which is essential to church membership in Filadelfia. Decried in some quarters as being too rigid, these rules of membership have certainly not curtailed growth here, some 6,500 members serving as eloquent proof. The purchase of a new home for one of the pastors was next discussed. Then an offering was received. Pastor Pethrus discussed his continuation as pastor, and the congregation-wide "Ja" that followed his statement of willingness to continue, was ample indication of the people's love for the man who has been their pastor for forty years. A further offering was received to go toward the purchase of the new parsonage,



THE PETHRUS FAMILY AND THE BRANHAM PARTY are pictured at the modest home of the former, where warmth and hospitality made a visit one long to be remembered. Pictured left to right are: Howard Branham, Jack Moore, Sister Pethrus, Mrs. Oliver Pethrus, Wm. Branham, a daughter, Pastor Pethrus, W. J. Ern Baxter, "Happy" (a friend), Oliver Pethrus, a daughter, Gordon Lindsay. The latter set his camera and got into the group before the shutter flashed. The party enjoyed an excellent dinner here, just before leaving for America.

and then the deacons took their place at the Table and this great people engaged in the distinctive feast of remembrance. As we watched Pastor Pethrus guide this meeting through its various phases of activity, with gentle firmness, we were thrilled, realizing we were witnessing a multitude of Christian men and women rising to their distinctive privileges and duties as an autonomous New Testament church, complete with its Pastors, Deacons, and saints.

Filadelfia church might well be proud of its record under God. Starting with a membership of 29, forty years ago, it now is 6,500 strong. Fifty missionaries in foreign fields are being supported entirely by this church which contributes \$200 a day to make such support possible. Out of an over-all annual budget of \$1,000,000, the church employs 100 full-time workers, who serve in the book store, the printing establishment, the church offices, and the recently acquired high school.

Tuesday was our last "rest day" before commencing our final campaign in Filadelfia church. Pastor Pethrus drove us to "Kaggeholm," the castle home of the Christian high school, which was bought and is supported by the church. Situated on the shores of Lake Melaren, this 17th century

castle is ideal for the purpose for which it has been acquired. Built on a hill, it looks out over 57 acres of beautiful woodland and in the distance is to be seen the island of Bjorka, the site of the ancient city of Birka, Sweden's 10th century capital. It was here that Anskar, the "Apostle of the North," introduced Christianity to Sweden. "Kaggeholm" is a beautiful spot, and as we walked along its lovely lanes and among its gardens, Pastor Pethrus shared with us the memories of the past forty years. To many men of 65 the day of vision is past and they settle down to "dream dreams." Not so with Pastor Pethrus, for his eyes sparkled as he spoke of new plans and a greater program of expansion in this section of God's kingdom.

Much blessing rested upon the Stockholm meetings. The rich deposit of faith in this great Pentecostal congregation made the services times of joy and victory. Souls were saved, filled with the Holy Spirit, and healed. The church was inadequate to handle the crowds, and was well filled long before the commencement of each service. On the last Sunday afternoon, two services were held simultaneously. One was conducted in the church and the other in the park. The blessing of God rested upon both meetings.

BOOKS-OF-THE-HOUR

By LEWI PETHRUS

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MISS MAY ISAACSON, our splendid American-born interpreter (our "eyes, ears and voice") while in Finland. Her assistance to the party was invaluable. She is doing missionary work in North Finland.

AUTHORITIES BROADCAST PRO-CON DISCUSSION ON DIVINE HEALING, WRITES MISS ISAACSON

Victory for "our side"

Larsmo Mission Home
Larsmo 4, Pietarsaari
June 2, 1950

Dear Brother Lindsay,

Jumalan rauhaa to you!

Herewith the translated reports of the meetings mostly culled from the "Ristin Voitto" (Victory of the Cross) and from the "Hyva Sanoma" (Good News) publications.

Many, many healings have taken place. The churches in many places have crowds which they didn't have before. Souls are being saved. As one minister said to me, "The revival is on!"

There was a very interesting radio program on the air recently, which I, unfortunately, did not have the opportunity of hearing, but which was in the nature of a round table discussion on "Divine Healing" and the Branham Meetings, of course. A Medical Professor, an opposing State Church minister, a "pro-Divine Healing" State Church Minister, Brother Manninen and Brother Kunnas took part. It was a victory for "our side," I was told. If it is published, I shall try to translate it for you.

There is a decided cleavage amongst the State Church ministers. Some are very definitely taking their stand on the teaching of the Word in the matter of Divine Healing. Some are attacking them. An article in one of their papers was titled, "The battle lines are taking shape—"! It dealt with the matter of the break in the ranks, the threat of a kind of "civil war" in the State Church because of this question of Divine Healing.

God is moving by His Spirit!

Greetings to Brother Moore who, I sup-

"By His Stripes

We Were Healed"

Authentic Testimonies Reflect Miraculous Operation of Gifts Through Brother Branham

EVANGELIST NOW HEARS OUT OF DEAF EAR, AFFLICTED FOOT HEALED

Martta Hellen, from Tampere, an Evangelist, has been deaf in one ear since 9 years of age. Her brother, by mistake, beat her on the ear so hard that the eardrum broke. The doctors told her that she would never hear. April the 24th Brother Branham prayed for Sister H. on the platform in Helsinki. Her feet were also afflicted. Branham detected the deaf spirit and the rheumatism in the feet and prayed for her. At the moment the deaf ear got its hearing and the feet were healed.

TOTALLY BLIND LADY ABLE TO SEE INSTANTLY

Mrs. Alma Ryno, from Helsinki, has been blind for 1½ years because the retina had been detached. The doctors tried to fasten them by burning, but in vain. In November, 1948, Prof. Vaananen operated on Mrs. Ryno for two hours. The operation was a complete failure, and the blindness continued. The operations were so difficult that Mrs. Ryno had to lie with her eyes covered and unmovable for one whole month after them.

When Mrs. Ryno became totally blind this trouble caused her to seek the Lord. She was saved and in the Branham meetings she went through the faith-line. She took hold of another and walked forward without even knowing when Brother Branham touched her. Suddenly she saw a line of preachers, who stood on both sides of a passage, along which the patients walked. She saw, came to the platform and told it all. Sister Ryno is happy for this help she has obtained and is praising the Lord therefore.

PUBLIC TESTIMONY OF HEALING OF DEAFNESS QUIETS SKEPTICS

The Lord in His grace has so arranged, that everywhere someone has been healed through prayer of faith. Such a person is like a landmark amongst his people. The smile of an infidel is kept back by the testimony of them who tell what the Lord has done.

So it happened in a bus coming to Helsinki. Two gentlemen spoke mockingly about the meetings in Messuhalli. A woman spoke up and said: "Sirs, you may not talk so proudly. Have you been in the meetings?"

"No, we haven't", they answered. "But, I have been, and I am a living testimony to what the Lord is doing. I have received hearing in my ear, which has been deaf since childhood, and in this bus there is a person present who is able to verify this." The mocking was ended. The men became speechless, ashamed.

—Excerpt from an article in "Good News".

pose, is in Shreveport, too, now, and to the other brethren when you see them.

God bless you all!

Sincerely, May Isaacson.

P. S.—About Brother Branham another word. One minister said that he has noticed one general prevailing feeling amongst the rank and file of the Finnish people, "Brother Branham belongs to us!"

ORPHAN TOUCHES BRANHAM'S CLOTHES, RECEIVES HEALING

Picture on front page

Veera Ihalainen, 11-year-old war orphan, experienced a marvelous healing. She had been in the district hospital of Kuopio and "Children's Castle" (Helsinki), suffering from "leg-perthes" in her thigh. She was not able to walk without crutches. Besides she had to use a foot-brace, weighing over three pounds (1.6 kg.), an iron-support and supporting leather straps. With these she was able, by swinging her body, to move about with great difficulty. She came to the meeting with her nurse. Outside the church in Kuopio she noticed when Brother Branham arrived, stole up near him and with a simple faith in her heart took hold of his clothes. Brother Branham had no translator with him, so he was not able to speak to the girl.

Veera was able to get in, and when the faith line was formed she passed by Brother Branham together with her nurse. Then Brother Branham remembered what had happened at the entrance and motioned to the girl to take off her foot-brace and leave her crutches. Veera sat down on a chair and took them off. After a while she walked to the platform carrying the heavy foot-brace and weeping aloud for joy. Later Brother Branham told the audience that the girl had been healed already outside, but he was not able to tell her so.

Veera is well, plays and runs about like other children, and is able to use even a bicycle.

BAPTIST MINISTER HEARS AFTER YEARS OF DEAFNESS

Baptist minister Paavo Ketonen was one of the fortunate ones who was able to get to the platform of Messuhalli and was prayed for by Brother Branham. Brother Ketonen had long ago fallen towards some bush, and a dry branch had pricked him in the ear. The eardrum broke, and the ear began to run. When the doctor pumped the discharge from the ear a wooden stick of 1½ cm. came out of it. This ear lost its hearing entirely. After Brother Branham's prayer there has returned already so much hearing into it, that Brother Ketonen is able to hear the clock ticking and is able to use the ear on the phone hearing what is being said. At least 50% of normal hearing has already returned to this formerly completely deaf ear.

LEAVES CRUTCHES, WALKS SEVERAL KILOMETERS

Kirsti Matilainen, 16 year old girl from Jyvaskyla, has written the following testimony:

"Praise be the Lord! He healed me also. I had tubercule in my left foot for 5 years, and was not able to walk except with crutches. By the grace of Lord Jesus I am now able to walk quite normally."

Kirsti was healed in Kuopio Friday night in the faith-line. She left her crutches before she came into the line, trusting the Lord for healing, and she walked through it with the help of another and was healed. Already the next day she walked several kilometers.

With My Own Eyes I Saw The Lame Walk, Blind See, Deaf Hear

WRITES FINNISH PASTOR OF KUOPIO MEETING

By Pastor Vilho Soininen

We have lived marvelous days here in little Finland of the far Northland. In the wonderful guidance of God, His servant, Brother Branham, and his assisting brethren were sent to this little city of Kuopio, and the city with a population of about 30,000 was privileged to witness that which we shall surely never forget.

From April 19th to the 23rd, 1950, our church sponsored a "Deeper Life Convention" at which the speakers were our dear brethren William Branham, W. J. E. Baxter, Jack Moore, and Gordon Lindsay of America.

In the opening service of Wednesday evening Brothers Lindsay and Moore were with us, and our church, which accommodates a little over a thousand people, was packed to capacity. From the first service we felt that the Lord was with us. After their messages, Brothers Lindsay and Moore prayed for the sick, particularly calling the deaf and deaf-mutes forward. Many of the deaf definitely received their hearing. The writer was personally acquainted with two of them, the deaf-mute son of a preacher, Olavi, age 14, and Pekka, age 10, who had been completely deaf in one ear for seven years. Pekka did not receive his hearing the first evening, but Brother Lindsay prayed again on Thursday morning, and his hearing was restored. The deaf-mute, Olavi, received his hearing immediately. Many others experienced the healing power of the Lord on this first evening. Praise the Lord!

On Thursday our guests arrived, Brothers William Branham, Howard Branham, and W. J. E. Baxter. I had heard much about Brother Branham, and awaited the meeting with him with interest. I met him, that beloved, humble man in the train. His whole being spoke of that inner glory which shines from Christ into his own. The more I contacted him and conversed with him, the more was confirmed the realization that he was a really humble, simple man; a man, who cared not what men said of him, but to whom the will of God was all in all.

On Thursday, then, our meetings were in full swing. In the morning service Brothers Moore and Lindsay spoke. And, incidentally, it was lovely to see with what esteem they spoke of each other in their introductions. One felt that they indeed "in honour preferred one another". The brethren again prayed for the sick, and many were healed. I particularly remember a mother who had two blind children, the younger about three years of age. Suddenly as Brother Lindsay prayed, the child's eyes opened wide, and in a frightened way he looked about him, then covered his eyes from the bright light, looked up again, then looked at his mother and began to laugh! The great crowd praised God with a loud voice. One could "not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people". It was marvelous! Even the most skeptical had to admit that Jesus lives. The other child was prayed for, too, but did not receive its sight, at least immediately, and the writer has had no opportunity to follow up the case.

Brother Baxter was the speaker in the afternoon, and one realized at once that

PASTOR VILHO SOININEN, of Kuopio, gives his account of the Branham meetings there.



this brother was the one, who through the Word of God, laid the foundation for the ministry of the other brethren. That Brother Baxter was a Bible scholar and a fine speaker was evident, and although the sick were not prayed for during this service, it was one of the best.

In the evening service Brother Branham, also, was with us. That evening, while calling for our brother from his hotel, I was told that Brother Branham feels that something unusual is about to take place; that he so strongly senses this that it makes him feel strange. He was convinced that it would happen during the Kuopio meeting. It was difficult to get Brother Branham into the meeting that evening for the church was packed to capacity, the tent, pitched on the grounds to accommodate the overflow, was packed, and a great crowd was standing on the street. Through the kind influence of officials of the city, loud speakers were permitted to enable all on the outside to hear.

When he entered, all eyes were fastened on him, this small, slim, modest man whom God had used as a channel to minister healing to thousands. In a quiet voice he whispered "Good evening" in English, which our excellent interpreter, Sister May Isaacson, almost as softly voiced in Finnish.

After he had spoken a few words, the sick were called forward, those, that is, whose lot it happened to be, for according to the new method used, fifty cards were distributed, out of which from ten to fifteen were chosen by lot. The younger Brother Branham, incidentally, distributed

the cards, which was a great boon to us local brethren, since no one then could accuse us of partiality. No favoritism was possible by this method.

The first one called forward was a lady totally deaf. After diagnosing her condition, Brother Branham prayed quietly, commanding the deaf spirit to leave. The second patient, a young mother, was told that she had tuberculosis (which I knew to be a fact), and after praying for her, Brother Branham advised her to eat well and assured her that after two weeks she will have gained weight and would feel better. So Brother Branham dealt with about thirteen, diagnosing each one's affliction or sickness exactly, and often revealing the spiritual condition of the person before him, stating whether they were saved or not. He assured them that nothing could hinder their healing if they were sincere and he were sincere in praying. God's Spirit worked mightily amongst us. It seemed that heaven had come down to earth! Such an atmosphere of faith filled the auditorium that many were healed in their seats in the church and in the tent, also.

On Friday morning again Brothers Lindsay and Moore preached and prayed for the sick, and again scores were healed, of which testimonies will be given elsewhere.

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

As we hurried to the hospital, I asked through Miss Isaacson, the interpreter,

BRANHAM PARTY poses for photographer in Kuopio. Fish emblems in background are significant of the dozens of ways fish is served as the main course of every meal in Finland. Fowl is rarely seen, beef never.





"THREE carloads of us made an unforgettable trip to Puijo Observation Tower, situated on a beautiful scenic elevation." Party may be seen at top. Few minutes after this picture was taken, accident occurred in which child was killed.

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

The other boy had been brought in a little earlier and was still unconscious. As I was taking my guests back to their hotel, Brother Branham said to me, "Do not worry! The boy, who was in our car, will surely live."

At that time Brother Branham had no assurance that the other boy would live, but on Sunday evening he assured me on the basis of a vision which he had seen early Sunday morning, that he, too, would live. At the exact time that Brother Branham was telling me this at his hotel, the boy lay dying at the hospital. However, according to the statement of the doctor, that night there was a change for the better, altho' on the 28th of April as I write this, he still occasionally lapses into unconsciousness. The boy, who was in my car, Kari, was dismissed from the hospital in just three days, and is feeling very well considering the circumstances.

In the Friday evening service Brother Branham told us about the vision which he had seen in America two years ago, and which had been fulfilled that afternoon when he had prayed for the dead boy. The angel had appeared to him that evening before the service and had reminded him of this vision which he had seen two years earlier, and which he had at that time told to thousands. Now it was fulfilled. Brother Branham's coming to Kuopio was in the eternal plan of God! We of the Kuopio Elim Assembly wondered why the Lord was so good to us that He granted to just us the gracious privilege of receiving His servant.

On Saturday it seemed that the tide of the Spirit was still rising. Brothers Savonniemi and Heikkinen, who were "door-keepers" and prevented by their duties from enjoying many of the blessings of the meetings, were visited by the Lord at night and baptized with the Holy Spirit and with fire. Many other friends, also, were filled with the Holy Spirit during these meetings.

The Saturday evening service was per-

haps the most marvelous I have ever been in. With my own eyes I saw how the lame walked and praised the Lord, the blind saw, and the deaf heard. God's Spirit was mightily in our midst. In such an atmosphere just anything could have happened. In the prayer line of at least five hundred persons, many experienced wonderful healings of which testimonies will be given later.

The Sunday morning Communion Service at eight o'clock was attended by about one thousand. The Spirit of God was brooding over us and Brother Baxter gave a brief but precious message and together we "broke bread" with thanksgiving and praise.

Those who gathered for the eleven o'clock morning service enjoyed a lovely surprise. Brother Branham unexpectedly appeared to the great joy of all, and, also preached, giving his life story. It was something which the hearer will not soon forget. The hour and fifteen minute talk seemed to last only five minutes! I do not think that anyone could have listened without tears

Ministers of Finnish State Church Accept Healing

On the day that we left Finland, we received a special letter from one of the ministers of the State Church, informing us that there had been a mass meeting of the ministers of the church, and that after considerable discussion, the body under the stimulation of the Branham meetings, had voted to accept the ministry of healing. The letter was a splendid one, and we hope to have it printed in the TVH, as soon as we can get a certified translation. Brother Branham wrote in reply a letter of thanks and encouraged the brethren to believe God for mighty things within their ranks. Though we were given to understand that the whole group who had gathered had voted to accept the truth of Divine healing, we knew that did not necessarily mean that every minister in the State Church had endorsed it. That some opposers might later appear might be expected, but the overwhelming sentiment in favor which appeared in the letter we received that last morning was indeed encouraging to us, and made us feel that our journey to Finland had not been in vain.

to this powerful message on what it costs to flee from the will of God. The whole congregation seemed to finally melt into one sea of tears. Even many outside were weeping. Thousands upon thousands would have desired to hear what we were privileged to hear in Kuopio that morning. The service was closed in a mighty volume of prayer led by Brother Branham, who anointed by the Spirit of God, prayed as never before. It was mighty as the sound of rushing waters! What will it be like in Heaven!

The evening service was the last with our American guests. According to the estimates of newspaper men and others, the crowd in attendance was probably the largest that has ever been seen at a gathering in Kuopio. Conservative estimates placed the attendance in the church, tent, and in the street at five or six thousand.

Brother Baxter again first laid a foundation by the teaching of the Word of God. Again and again the brethren reminded us that Brother Branham is not a "miracle-healer". And this same fact was stressed by our brother himself. "I cannot heal anyone.

Jesus is the Healer!" were the words that we often heard our brother repeat. Brother Branham prayed again for hundreds and many experienced the miracle of healing.

"I Have Not Seen Another From Whom Radiates Such Love . . ."

Says Siion Pastor of Wm. Branham

By Pastor Lauri Hokkanen
of the Siion Assembly

Editor of "The Victory of the Cross"

When reports began to arrive from America that marvelous healings were taking place through the ministry of William Branham, the thought was expressed by Christians of various affiliations that he should be invited to visit Finland, too. For a time there was fear lest the unfriendly reception afforded our Brother Freeman should also be the lot of Brother Branham (i.e. the Finnish Government's refusal of entry permit).

But, praise the Lord! With Him all things are possible! The doors were wide open to Brother Branham! And on the evening of the 14th of April, he arrived in Helsinki with Brothers Baxter, Moore, Lindsay, and his brother, Howard Branham.

On Saturday evening, the 15th of April, the first service was conducted in the great Messu-halli auditorium. The auditorium was packed from the first service. Brother Eino Manninen, pastor of the Saalem Assembly of Helsinki, and host pastor, greeted our distant guests and the great audience with words of welcome.

Of our guests, Brother Baxter spoke first. He spoke of God's work in America, and of the great revivals there. As many as six and seven thousand have been saved during meetings of a few days' duration. And the spirit of God has also been outpoured upon college youth.

Then Brother Baxter explained the purpose of these meetings, saying that "we desire above all to represent Christ". And further, that Brother Branham emphasizes the necessity of giving all glory and praise to God and to the Lamb! Then, after telling us of the gift and stressing the necessity of believing God for healing, he said,

"We trust that when we have gone, the Finnish people will be speaking, not of Brother Branham, but of Jesus!"

When Brother Branham entered the auditorium, the audience arose to greet him with his favorite chorus "Only believe", singing it in Finnish and English. He then spoke briefly telling us of the extreme poverty of his early days, of his lack of education, and of God's dealings with him from boyhood, leading to the impartation of His gifts, saying,

"Some have given me the name, 'divine healer.' That I am not. I have only been given two gifts through which God desires to strengthen the faith of the sick."

Prayer for the Sick.

The audience, packing the Messuhalli, the saved as well as the unsaved, watched with intense interest to see what would happen now. One at a time, those whose numbers were called, (numbered cards had been distributed earlier) came up to Brother Branham, and were told the nature of their sickness. In each case the diagnosis was correct. Brother Branham even pointed out some in the audience, telling them what was wrong with them and telling them also that Jesus heals them.

One of those thus singled out happened to be my wife, who sat in the audience weeping. Brother Branham suddenly turned from dealing with those on the platform, and said to my wife,

"You sitting there and weeping, yes, just you with the black hat, you have stomach trouble. Is that right?"

My wife arose, and assented, and then



SISTER ISAACSON, a minister herself, was able to interpret the messages with almost identical bearing as the ministers delivered them. God bless our sister.

PARLIAMENT BUILDING, where Communists stirred opposition against Branham ministers, demanding investigation of our passports. Former Kuopio Chief-of-Police defended us, saving us from possible arrest.

Brother Branham told her that she was well. Hallelujah!

It was wonderful, too, to see the operation of the other gift. This happened in the cases of several of our ministering brethren and an evangelist sister, whom Brother Branham, of course, did not know, but who were told that they were ministers.

Some Brother Branham knew to be healed before they reached him. He said to a certain brother, "Go, and forget about your tuberculosis!" And to an evangelist sister, who was standing behind him, without turning around, he said, "The goiter you had is gone!" (The sister testified later that she had felt the goiter leave while waiting in the prayer line!)

And many desired to be saved during these meetings. In the morning service on the first Sunday, there were about two hundred who indicated their desire to be saved. But in the evening service the nets began to "break"! There were at least four or five hundred in that first Sunday evening service who sought the Lord.

Branham Again in Helsinki.

The first meetings which Brother Branham conducted in the Messuhalli, and that which the vast audience saw and heard there, so gripped them and inspired them that they waited with eager expectancy and intense interest his return. And so we saw crowds such as we had never seen before making their way toward the Messuhalli on the first evening of the return campaign.

Already in the forenoon the line began to form in front of the Messuhalli. People wanted to make sure that they would get into these unique meetings, the like of which Finland had never before seen. The first day the officers would not permit the formation of the line very early so that it would not cause traffic congestion around the auditorium. But later the officers organized the great mobs of people into a line which encircled the great square adjoining the Messuhalli. So great were the crowds that each night thousands were turned away. From the second night of the return campaign permission was granted for the use of loud-speakers for the benefit of the crowds outside.

The hardest heart would have melted on seeing the great crowds of sick ones who tried to get into these meetings. From all over Finland they had come, even from Northern Finland. And many were disappointed because they could not be reached by Brother Branham, although he did his very best to reach them all. His associates had to almost carry him from the services, so fatigued he was at the close of the meetings.

About Brother Branham himself, Christians of different denominations were united in their declaration that they had never seen a servant of God who had such a sensitive and direct contact with the Lord. We noticed, too, that he had no un-

becoming affectations. Simplicity and modesty adorned him to such an extent that many of us were moved to the depths of our being. I have not seen another from whom radiated such a love for souls, for the poor, for the suffering, as from our Brother Branham.

From the very first days of his visit, we in Helsinki were convinced that the Lord had indeed given His servant, Brother Branham, uncommon and extraordinary gifts of the Spirit. And the purpose of their manifestation, to arouse and strengthen fath in God, Who through the Name of His Son, Jesus, heals the sick, was fulfilled in the experience of many.

The writer personally knows of one who was healed in the audience one evening and the next day had the statement of a well-known physician confirming the healing. Many wonderful healings have taken place, some testimonies of which are being sent herewith.

The days have come when the glorified Jesus is revealing Himself in the power of the apostolic era.

Verily Jesus is the same today!

Lauri Hokkanen, Pastor of Siion Assembly, In Helsinki, and Editor of "Ristin Voitto" (The Victory of the Cross.)

"My Impressions of The Branham Meetings"

By Unto Kunnas, Editor of "Good News," Official Organ of the P.A.F.

"Almost two thousands years have passed since there walked upon the earth a lonely Man, just a carpenter's son in the eyes of the people, who with compassion had mercy on the sick and the sinful, and all under the power of the enemy. He had a wonderful gospel to preach, the forgiveness of sins to the sin-bound, and healing to the lame, the leper, the blind, the deaf.

"And now after two thousand years, we are suddenly transported into the times of the Redeemer and the apostles! I saw the lame leave their crutches, the deaf man hear, the blind see, and the dumb speak. I talked with them, touched them and saw their delight and their tears of joy.

"These have been wonderful days. And we can live in the blessing of the fullness of the gospel, expecting them to continue through His grace, Who is the Beginner, the Finisher and the Perfecter of our faith. Glory to God!"

TWO TOP PICTURES indicate proportions of meetings, showing parts of crowds which could not get in at Ornskoldsvik and Stockholm. In some cases loud speakers carried outdoors.

MANY MAGAZINES featured write ups of the Branham meetings, mostly favorable. Two pages of a Finnish publication pictured here.

IN SEVERAL CITIES tickets were issued, in order that as many as possible could attend the meetings only once, thereby giving others opportunity. This one was issued by the Elim Assembly in Kuopio.



Rouva Kämäräinen
Hengellisen elämän syventymispäivät. Kuopiossa 19-25. 4. -50

Oikeuttaa torstaina 20 p:nä klo 10 kokoukseen.



Elimiseurakun
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*We Meet***THE RED DEAN OF CANTERBURY**

By JACK MOORE

AS we were waiting in the London airport for our plane to Paris, we noticed a clergyman standing nearby us who looked familiar, we reflected, yet we were not sure of his identity. He made a striking picture standing there in the towering height of his giant frame, broad shoulders swept by thick, snowy locks which had been out of touch with the barber for a long time, the long frock and gaitors, the diamond-studded gold cross, his open countenance and easy smile. This impressive character gave the appearance of a great leader of some kind, and in my mind I had already concluded that he was the famous Dean of Canterbury, who shocked the world sometime ago by embracing Communism. A few words with him confirmed this.

In his official position as pastor or Dean of the Cathedral of Canterbury, famous Mother Church of England, over a thousand years old, Dr. Halett Johnson enjoys world prominence as a universal traveler, speaker and writer—but how tragic that his valuable energies are being spent in the cause of carnal things. Although we have no knowledge of why this man has fraternized Communism with such undying devotion, yet we must conclude that he deemed it of more value than his former role in the world of Christendom. I give him credit for being honest in seeking the kingdom of God in Communist materialism, but a man can be honestly wrong. Many Christians who read this will wonder why a supposed minister of the Gospel should be so fooled. . . . I answer in my humble judgment that I blame the church . . . the church which has long ago fallen into apostasy . . . the church that had its call and opportunity in Wesley and Adam Clark's day. Others before and after these have been sent of God to warn to repentance, but it failed to give heed until there was no remedy, like Israel of old. (2 Cor. 36:16.) Apostate Churchanity is a form without a power, a hull without a kernel.

The early Church was a power house in the earth. They turned the world upside down. They had a commission higher than the kings of the earth . . . to go preach the Gospel to every creature. They looked out upon a world, conscious that they had just exactly what would meet the needs of every man for time and eternity. They were men of very little visible support but very much invisible support. They had one answer to every need . . . CHRIST.

WITHOUT CHRIST THE RICH WERE POOR INDEED.

WITHOUT CHRIST THE LIVING WERE DEAD INDEED.

WITHOUT CHRIST THE GOOD WERE BAD INDEED.

To the poor they preached the unsearchable riches of Christ, that though He was rich, for our sakes He became poor that we through His poverty might be made rich. The way of self-denial is the way to possession. When Abram denied himself the rich offer of King of Sodom, God spoke to him, "Fear not, for I am thy shield and exceeding great reward." Paul discovered that in Christ was hidden all the riches of wisdom and knowledge.

To the sinner, they preached life by death to sin and the world. This is reflected in Calvary . . . there Jesus drank the cup of judgment that we might drink the sweet nectar from the Rose of Sharon.

To the professor of goodness and morality, they constantly called to repentance and humbleness of mind . . . for every rational man will have to answer for his choice, made possible to him through his free moral agency.

To the sick they preached Christ the Healer until faith that cometh by the Word and worketh by love would rise to a point where they could say "Look on us, in the Name of Jesus arise," or "Stand on thy feet; Jesus Christ maketh thee whole!" All these things are still in God's Bible, and until heaven and earth pass away will do for us the same if only we have the same kind of faith, for with our heavenly Father there is no variableness or shadow of turning.

And where can we find so much for so little today? The great social and economical upheavals of our day have not given life to a dying world . . . nor indeed can it . . . but Jesus Christ has and will give eternal life to all who come to Him.

Now if Communism can move a man who is nearing the end of his activities on this terrestrial sphere to cross seas and deserts to spread a doctrine of economical reform not apart from devil-inspired atheism, what a tragic paradox that scores of ministers retire every year from the field while men go to hell and sin abounds. Let us pray that this man will be arrested by the Lord Jesus even as Paul, and make the discovery that the supernatural Gospel of the living Christ only can accomplish the golden day of humanity . . . justice and prosperity. This He alone will accomplish in His Day, after He has judged His Church and the world for sin.

"ONCE TO EVERY MAN AND NATION COMES A MOMENT TO DECIDE!"

A GRAND WELCOME HOME concludes journey for Brother Moore at 1 A. M. on June 1 as he is surrounded by his jubilant family, with band and singers in background. Candidly caught by news photographer are Mrs. Samuel Moore, Mrs. Jack Moore, Samuel, Jackie, Mother Moore, Brother Moore and Anna Jeanne. Son David is not in picture. We are sure other members of party had eventful receptions, but we have no other pictures.



GORDON LINDSAY, editor of THE VOICE OF HEALING magazine, and member of Branham party, who relates account of overseas tour in this special issue. Finnish photographer produced this representation.



The Land of The Midnight Sun

(Continued from Page L)

York. Also Brother Mattson Boze of Chicago is there to greet us.

Each of the Branham party has different routes to take in order to reach his respective home, so at this time members of the party hastily separate, some going one way and some another.

Certain matters that I have to attend to make it necessary for me to go by Chicago. Having completed my business there, I make arrangements to take the first plane out to Shreveport, although I can get no confirmation of accommodations beyond the city of St. Louis. Arriving at the St. Louis airport, I am told at the Chicago & Southern ticket counter that it will be some hours before I can go farther. Nevertheless, I leave my baggage on the plane and stand outside the DC-6, hoping against hope that some scheduled passengers will fail to show up. While waiting there I chat a moment with the two hostesses, and incidentally tell them where I have been and about our healing revival campaigns. They seem to be very interested and kindly express the hope that I should be able to get on the plane. When at the last moment as the liner prepares to leave, there is found room for one more, I need no second urging to board.

Called On to Pray for Woman on Plane.

When we are about half way in the flight between St. Louis and Memphis, I notice that there is a commotion in the plane. The two hostesses are working frantically with a woman, that apparently has taken sick at the high altitude. We soon learn that it is worse than air sickness, for at that moment, one of the hostesses, Miss Mayieux, comes running to me and with great earnestness asks if I would do a favor for her. I ask her what it might be. She then says that the woman's pulse has practically disappeared, and it seems that despite the oxygen that they are giving her, she is dying. I am singularly impressed by the unusual faith of the stewardess. So I ask the passengers, who are sitting next to me, some of them prominent business men, if they will bow their heads with me. They all agree to do so. When I have finished praying, I look up. I can not see the face of the woman who had gone into what appeared a death coma, but I watch for the expression on the face of the stewardess. Almost immediately I see it relax, and a smile of relief take the place of the grim, worried look. Before the plane reaches the ground, the stricken woman is able to converse freely with the stewardess. May God bless this young lady who in this moment of need showed that she had faith in God, and was not ashamed to ask for prayer.

Two or three hours later, our plane lands on the Shreveport airfield and there I see a happy family waiting to greet me. Need I repeat the words of that well-loved song, "Home Sweet Home": "Mid pleasures and palaces though far we may roam, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." We are thankful indeed to be back again, safe and sound, in America, and we give thanks to God for His faithful protection and guidance.

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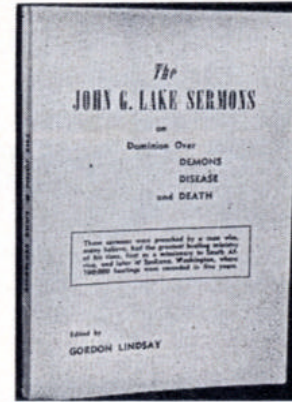


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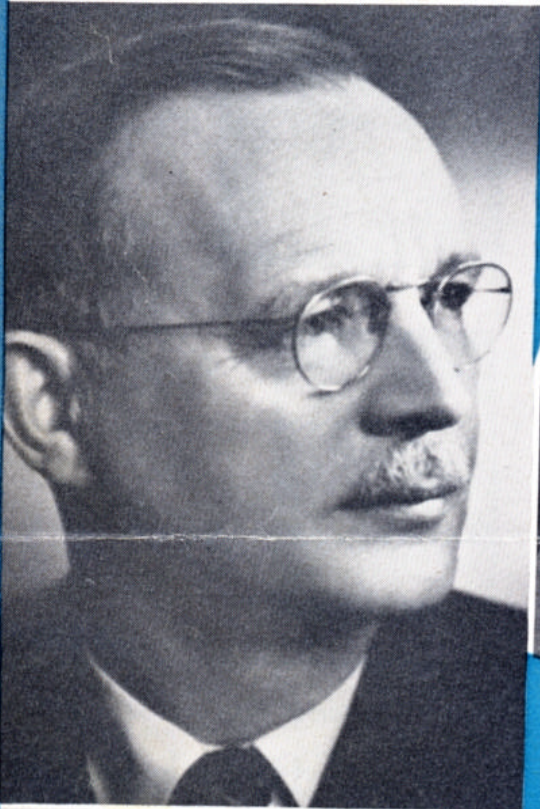
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Part of the crowd in the great Filadelfia Church in Stockholm. Only one small portion of top balcony can be seen.
 Pastor Lewi Pethrus, who, more than any other man has been responsible for bringing the Full Gospel message to Sweden.
 "Homeward Bound," Branham party boards big four-motored Scandinavian airliner in Stockholm.

Not a summer camp meeting in America—A Branham Healing Campaign in the Arctic regions of Northern Sweden. Note fleet of buses in background.
 Modern architecture beautifies the spacious Filadelfia Church in Stockholm. Note consecutive platforms, graduating to choir and orchestra sections.