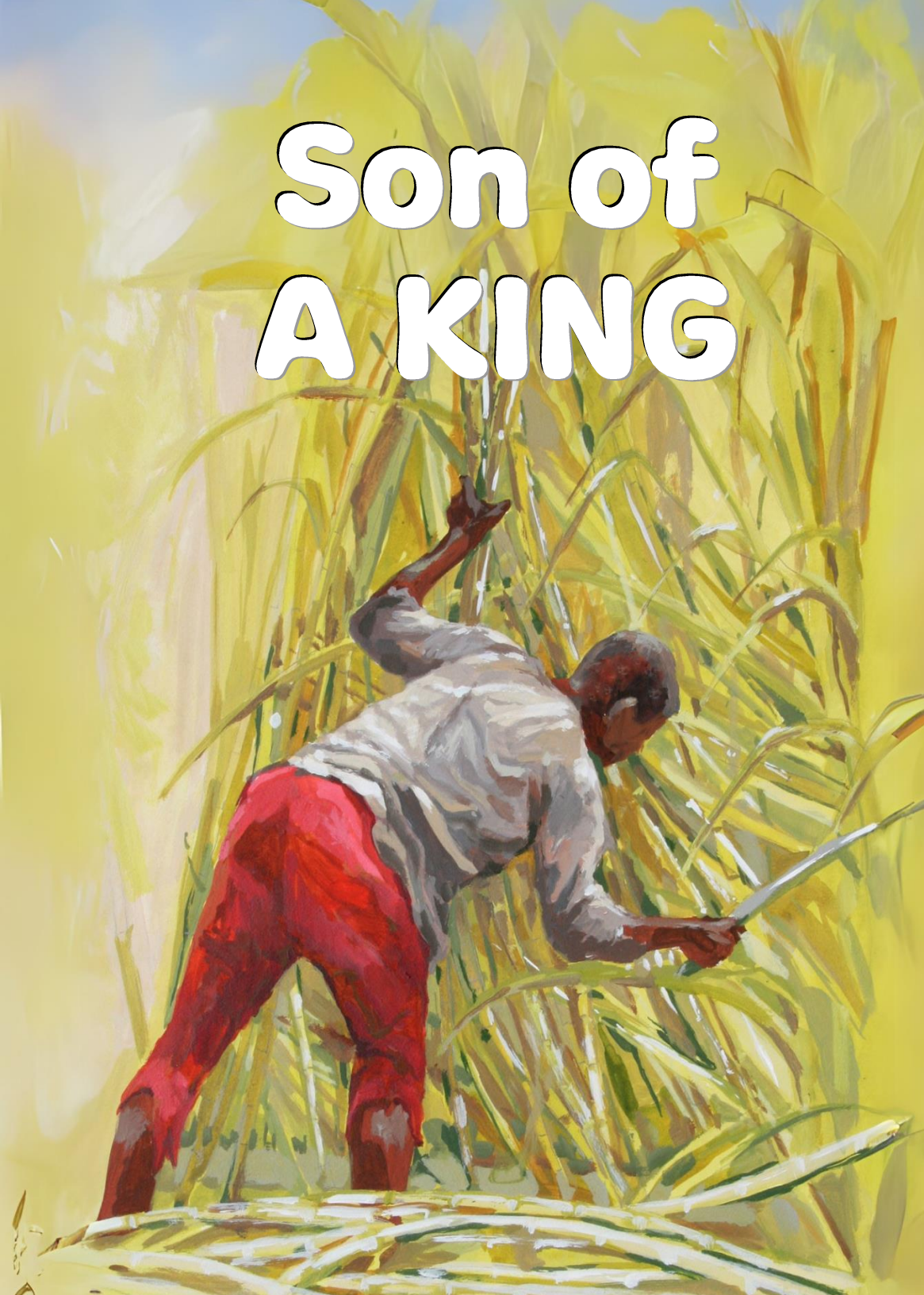

Son of
A KING

Son of a King

From the sermons of
William Branham
– Retold for children –

Here some years ago, down in the south when slavery was legal, they used to go around and had brokers that would buy slaves just like you do with automobiles today, in an automobile lot. You'd go buy an automobile, take it over and sell it to another used car lot.

They used to have the slavery for the colored folks.

The Africans, the Boers captured and stole the people and brought them in an old wooden ship across the sea. There they sold them on the market.

These people knew, that they would never see their loved ones again. They had to live here and work till they die here in slavery. Those slaves were very dishearten and sad. They had no more courage to do anything. So the owner would have to scold them or whip them to make them work.

One day, a broker came by a certain big plantation and asked the owner:

"How many slaves do you have here?"

He said: "Over a hundred."

"You got any swap on sell?"

He said, "Yep."

Said, "Let me look them over."

So he went out in the field and watched them.

After a while he saw one young man, he had his chest out and his chin up.

Anything you want to be done, he'd do it. You didn't have to whip him, he was right at it, to do it.

The slave buyer said, "I want to buy that slave."

And the owner said, "But he's not for sale."

He said, "I have never seen quite a slave, as many as I've bought, never seen one act like that before." Said, "Do you ever have scolded him?"

Said, "No, sir. He's always up. He's the best slave I've ever owned."

The broker said, "I tell you what you ´ve done, you ´ve made him a boss over the rest of them."

He said: "No, sir, he's a slave just like the rest of them."

Said, "Well, then, perhaps you feed him a little better than you feed the rest of them."

He replied, "No, he eats out in the galley with the rest of the slaves, just like they all do."

The broker looked on him and said, "Well, what makes him so much different than the other ones?"

He said, "I often wondered that myself until one day I found out that over in the homeland where they come from, he's the son of the king. His father is the king of the tribe. And though he's an alien and away from home, he still knows that he is **a king's son**, and he conducts himself like a king's son."

And Brother Branham continues:

What kind of people ought we to be? How should we conduct ourselves? We are sons and daughters of a King, not a king, but the King: Jesus Christ the Son of the living God Who is the King of Kings.

Poem and Song:

My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the World in His hands!

Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold, His coffers are full, He has riches untold.

I'm a child of the King!
A child of the King!
With Jesus my Saviour,
I'm a child of the King!

My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of them; but now He is reigning forever on high, and will give me a home in heav'n by and by

I once was an outcast, a stranger on earth, a sinner by choice, an alien by birth!

But I've been adopted, my name's written down, an heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown!

I'm a child of the King! A child of the King! With Jesus my Saviour, I'm a child of the King!

A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for me over there! Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing:

All glory to God,
I'm a child of the King!

Remembering Bible Verse:

The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

Romans 8:16-17