

He sendeth His word  and healeth them.

# LEAVES OF HEALING

I am the Lord that healeth thee. And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

A WEEKLY PAPER FOR THE EXTENSION OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD.  
 EDITED BY THE REV. JOHN ALEX. DOWIE.

VOL 3. NO. 42

CHICAGO, AUGUST 14, 1897

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

The Story of One of God's Witnesses in Slavery Times.

## ETHIOPIA STRETCHING OUT HER HANDS TO GOD.

We gladly give a place in the LEAVES OF HEALING to the picture and the story of one who helped Ethiopia in the dark days when the curse of human slavery rested upon this land, and when she stretched out her hands to God from the awful depths of hopeless despair in the Sunny South, where lash and chain held sway.

The incident is one that it is good to recall.

It is a picture of the past which ought never to be forgotten.

The sin and shame of such a treatment of a man of God should make all men of southern blood see the reason why God shattered their armies on the battlefield and dashed in pieces their rebellious confederacy which attempted to establish a nation with slavery for its keystone.

There can be no doubt of that

fact for the so-called constitution of these rebellious states, adopted at Montgomery, Ala., in March 1861, declared that it "recognized and protected the institution of negro slavery."



REV. AMOS DRESSER, Julian, Nebraska.

This little story of our venerable friend, the Rev. Amos Dresser, recalls with clearness and simplicity the terrible conditions of that time.

And when on every hand there are the clearest evidences that bloodthirsty butcheries of negroes are "recognized and protected" by state and national government in this land; it is opportune to show another picture of Ethiopia stretching out her hands from amidst the horrors of public lynchings, where tortures which would have disgraced savage Indians are perpetrated without punishment.

The same spirit that flogged Amos Dresser because he was an

abolitionist is now pleading for the butcheries of Urbana, Ohio, and of Paris, Texas.

The same spirit that flogged Amos Dresser survives in the so-called churches which directly antagonize Christ by drawing a color line at the communion table of Him who said, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

The same spirit drives the negro to worship God, for the most part amongst those of his own color, or amongst the infinite shades of it which the white man's vices have provided.

That spirit is from the deepest depths of hell.

It is the spirit of murder and hatred and lust and all uncleanness.

It is the spirit of relentless opposition to liberty and religion, to God and to the nation.

It is a spirit which will light the fires of war and bloodshed and produce in all who are possessed by it, the choicest forms of damnation.

Shame to the nation and the churches which for a moment tolerate the rule of that accursed spirit of Cain!

Set a mark upon them, O God, that all men may see the brand of Cain on their faces and know the monsters whose hands and hearts are stained with the blood of their brother!

But let the Church of Christ in all her truth and purity arise, and cast the mantle of Love and Brotherhood and Eternal Redemption around every man and woman whose blood was originally drawn from the veins of Ethiopia, from whom came forth so many of the earliest and greatest of the Christian army of martyrs for their Lord.

All hail, my brother and sister, to the children of Ethiopia, who have so often borne the Cross of Christ to Calvary since it was first borne there by Simon of Cyrene!

All hail, my brother and sister, to the children of the prophet and teacher Simeon that was called Niger, who ordained Barnabas and Saul at Antioch, by the Holy Spirit's direction, to the apostolic office!

All hail, ye children of the Ethiopian prince whom Philip baptized as he was returning to Candace his queen, with the tidings that Ethiopia's Redeemer had come to Zion!

All hail! Your Lord loves you, and He is not ashamed to call you brethren, if the white-faced and black-hearted liars who call themselves His ministers and the members of His church, are!

The Church of God cannot draw a color line.

The Church of the Devil can and does.

Is there a black god for the black man, and a white god for the white man?

Is there a separate heaven for each grade of skin color!

Ye who say ye are Christ's, and tell the lie that God designs the separation of the human races, wherefore did Christ die for every man, and our Father and Creator make all men of one blood?

The black bar which ye have drawn across the stars and stripes is your eternal disgrace, ye vile and proud and brutal men and women who call yourselves Christians and dash out the brains of a poor wretched negro in the streets of Urbana, stripping his body naked and treating it with every outrage that hellish passion could devise!

All the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans on both sides of your land call never wash away the stains of your degradation.

Where is the Ruler of the Nation that he does not hear the cry of Ethiopia stretching out her hands unto him and unto God ?

Is it not "good politics" to defend the fundamental laws of this nation?

Is it "good politics" to permit any state to trample the life out of the negro, no matter what his crime?

Then so much the worse for "good politics," they are only fit for hell.

The nation that can tolerate mob violence and murder has ceased to have the right to be ranked as civilized or Christian.

President McKinley, stretch forth the strong hand of your executive power and make the proud boast of "equal rights" on your banner, a reality and not a deceit!

Amos Dresser, no longer do they flog the northern abolitionist in the state of Tennessee; but they torture and burn the negroes in oil and cut their flesh into shreds in the state of Ohio from whence you went into the south, and such gentle pastimes are the occasion of a delightful holiday amongst tens of thousands of monsters who call themselves Christians in Texas and Alabama.

The amusing fiction that the negro is a man and a brother is among the clever campaign dodges which beguile the northern negro at voting time, etc., but the fact is that the negro is treated as the helot of the Lacedemonian, or as the pariah of the filthy religion of the Brahmin.

His vote in the South is a joke with the "chivalry" of

that region: for these highly honorable men do all his voting and make sworn returns to a set of infamous lies.

Is it not time for a new abolitionist movement to arise which shall abolish the accursed lines of caste, color and custom which endeavor to brand the splendid Ethiopian race with a stamp of the outcast?

Shame to the churches which sing of freedom and deny its application to Ethiopia when it is found in America!

Shame to the hypocrites who are consumed with love and devotion for the negro in Africa, who talk of giving their lives to win him from sin and Satan there, and who murder him with fiendish accompaniments in the city of Urbana, and tell the story of their devilry in special editions of their daily papers!

Shame to the land where these crimes pass into the records of the Book of Judgment above with only the sneer of the press and the faint deprecations of a small portion of the pulpits of America!

Eight millions of Ethiopians are stretching forth their hands to God, and they will not cry in vain.

The chariots of heaven are thundering down from all the skies to answer the call of the oppressed.

Stand aside ye hordes of hell! The breath of that heavenly host will scatter ye as it did the Assyrian long ago.

Woe, woe, eternal woe, to those who have cruelly oppressed and shed the blood of those whom their vices and those of their fathers had made criminals; for there is not a brutal Ethiopian in this land, whose brutal passions are not the offspring of centuries of brutal tyranny and enforced ignorance.

Zion stands for the Ethiopian, and for men of every race, and claims them all for Christ her Lord, as the common children of one common God and Father.

Zion's songs are sung by the voices of white and black in sweetest unison.

Zion's King spreads His table in Zion Tabernacle for every race and color, and in the Christian Catholic Church we are one in heart and one in love.

Zion opens wide her gates in every land to every man, and points to the City where all are clothed in white.

Let Zion perish when she denies brotherhood, fellowship, and love to those who are the ransomed of the Lord.

Father Dresser, we bless God for what you did; but Satan has been forging new chains in Ohio since you went down to Tennessee where the slaves were held in

bondage sixty years ago.

Fathers of the Abolition days, ye never dreamed that when slavery was swept away it would be replaced by this political, ecclesiastical, and social hypocrisy which is offered to Ethiopia in America as "freedom."

It will take stronger hands than have ever yet smitten wrong in America to break the new bonds that Satan and policy have forged.

\*The wrongs of Ethiopia are but a part of the wrongs of the New Slavery which has been created by Policy.

Policy has married Cunning, and Fraud and Poverty are their children.

Not only the Ethiopian, but the Caucasian, are in their horrid grip.

And these four monsters have produced an innumerable brood of serpents who have set the toilers of both races at enmity with each other, so as to profit by their hatred and separation.

O Eternal All-pitying Father, hear our cry, and set every captive free, and smite the enemy who has come in like a flood.

Let the Standard of Zion be lifted as an Ensign for the Nations, telling of the Unity of All under the Rule of God.

## LYNCH LAW IN 1835.

NARRATIVE OF REV. AMOS DRESSER.

On the first day of July, 1835, I left Cincinnati, for the purpose of selling the "Cottage Bible," in order, from the profits of the sale, to raise funds sufficient to enable me to complete my education. The largest portion of my books was sent to Nashville by water.

I took several copies of the Bible with me, besides a considerable number of the little work entitled "Six Months in a Convent." In packing them into my trunk and the box of my barouche, a number of pamphlets and papers of different descriptions were used to prevent the books from injury by rubbing, intending to distribute them as suitable opportunities should present. Among them were old religious newspapers, Anti-slavery publications, numbers of the Missionary Herald, Sunday School periodicals, Temperance Almanacs, etc.

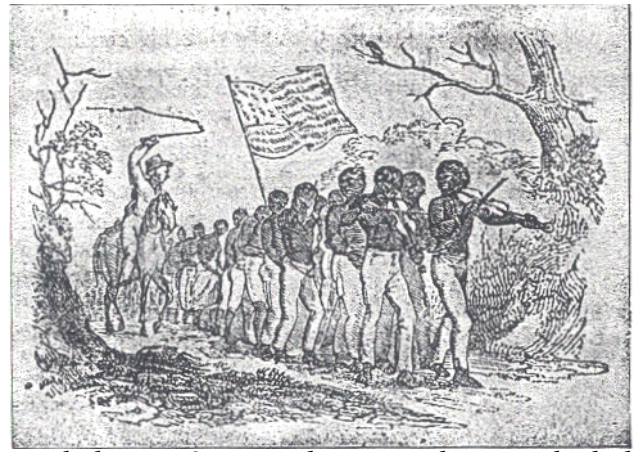
At Danville, Ky., where a State Anti-Slavery Society had been organized some months before, and where the subject of emancipation seemed to be discussed without restraint, besides selling several copies of my books, I parted with a large share of my Anti-Slavery publications.

In traveling through the state, I distributed most of my temperance almanacs and other papers above mentioned, including a few tracts on Slavery, given to those who were willing to receive them. *I gave none of these to any Person of color, bond or free, nor hail I any intention of doing so.*

Near Gallatin, in Summer county, Tennessee, I sold a copy of Rankin's Letters on Slavery.

I arrived at Nashville, on Saturday, the 18th of July, and took lodgings at the Nashville Inn. The young man who accompanied me, in bringing into the house my books from the box of the barouche, omitted the Anti-Slavery tracts and other pamphlets. Their being overlooked did not occupy the attention of either of us, and on Monday morning the barouche was taken to the shop of Mr. Stout to be repaired.

In the course of the day, Mr. Stout remarked to his workmen, as he afterwards informed me, that perhaps as I came from Cincinnati, I was an abolitionist. On this, one of them commenced rummaging my carriage. In the box he found, among the other pamphlets, a February number of the Anti-Slavery Record with a cut representing a drove of slaves



chained, the two foremost having violins on which they were playing—the American flag waving in the center, whilst the slave driver, with his whip, was urging on the rear.

This added considerably to the general excitement, which I afterwards learned, was prevailing in relation to Slavery, and in a short time it was noised about, that I had been

“Circulating incendiary periodicals among the free colored people, and trying to excite the slaves to insurrection.”

So soon as the report came to my knowledge, I went to Mr. Stout and explained to him how it was that the pamphlets had been left in the barouche. I then took into my custody the remainder of them and locked them up in my trunk. Mr. Stout on this occasion, told me the scene represented in the cut, was one of frequent occurrence—that it was accurate in all its parts, and that he had witnessed it again and again. Mr. Stout is himself a slave-holder, though as he says, opposed to slavery in principle, an *elder* in the Presbyterian church, and one of the committee of vigilance which afterwards sat in judgment upon me.

The excitement continued to increase, and it was soon added to the report, that I had been posting tip handbills about the city, inviting an insurrection of the slaves. Knowing all the charges to be false, feeling unconscious of any evil intention, and therefore fearless of danger, I continued the sale of my Bibles, in and around the city, till Saturday, the 8th of August, 1831, when as I was preparing to leave town to attend a camp-meeting, held some eight or ten miles distant, a Mr. Estell, formerly an auctioneer and vender of slaves at public outcry, in Alabama, met me at the door, and demanded “*those abolition documents*” I had in my possession. I replied he should have them, and proceeded to get them for him. When he made the demand he was under the influence of very highly excited feelings—his whole frame indicating agitation even to trembling. On presenting the pamphlets, I requested him to read before he condemned them. This seemed greatly to inflame his rage.

I then proceeded to the camp ground, where about two hours after my arrival, I was taken in charge by Mr. Braughton, the principal city officer. I take pleasure here in stating of Mr. Braughton, that allowing his conduct to be strictly official, he exhibited to me throughout the whole of this melancholy affair, the kindest and most delicate deportment.

I immediately accompanied him to town, where, on arriving at my boarding house, I found the Mayor, Mr. John P. Erwin, waiting for us. He remarked he was afraid I had got myself into difficulty, and wished me to appear before the Committee of Vigilance. To this I replied it would give me pleasure to do so, as I wished it understood just what I had done, and what I had *not* done. He then asked me if I had any witnesses I wished to have called. My reply was, I knew not what need I had of witnesses, till I heard the charge brought against me—that I supposed it would be necessary to prove me guilty of some misdemeanor, and not that it should be upon me to prove that I had broken no law. To his demand, if I was ready for trial, I answered, I wished it to take place immediately, as I was anxious to return to the camp ground.

We repaired to the court room, which was at once crowded full to overflowing. The roll of the Committee, (sixty in number,) was called, and the names of the absentees proclaimed.

The meeting being called to order, the Mayor stated that he had caused me to be arrested, and brought before the Committee in consequence of the excitement produced by the periodicals known to have been in my possession; and that he had also taken into his charge my trunk, which he had delayed opening till my return. The trunk was then produced before the Committee, and a motion made and carried, that I should be interrogated as to its contents before opening it. On being interrogated accordingly, I replied, as to the trunk before them, I preferred they should make the examination for themselves. It was then resolved, (the whole house voting,) that my trunk should be examined.

The officer first laid before the Committee a pile of clothing, which was examined very closely: then followed my books, among which was found, one copy of the "Oasis," one of "Rankin's Letters on Slavery," and one of "Bourne's Picture of Slavery in the United States." These, I informed the Committee, I had put in my trunk for my own perusal, as I wished to compare what had been written with the result of my own observation while in the slave states and that no individual had seen there besides myself. A careful inspection was made of the books also. Then was presented my business and private letters, which were read with eagerness. and much interest. Extracts were read aloud.

Among them was one from a letter received from a

very aged and venerable lady, running thus:

"Preached a stream of Abolition two hundred and fifty miles long,"

in traveling from Cincinnati to Cleveland. Great importance was attached to this.

Another spoke of

"the inconsistency of celebrating the 4th of July, while so many among us were literally in bondage."

Another, from a letter of Mr. Ensign, (a gentleman well known to entertain no favorable sentiments for Abolitionism,) which, after urging me to diligence in the sale of my Bibles, (obtained from him,) jestingly concluded,

"Now don't spend more than half your time among the niggers."

This was cheered by the crowd.

The last was from the letter of a friend of mine, a minister of the gospel, who remarked that on visiting his friends at the East, Abolition had been the principal topic of conversation than that day, and he had preached Slavery at night!

Great stress was laid on these extracts, and I was questioned very minutely as to the authors of these letters. They labored much to prove I was sent out by some society, and that I was under the guise of a religious mission, performing the odious office of an insurrectionary agent.

My journal was next brought in review, but as it had been kept partly in short-hand and in pencil mark, the memoranda short and hastily written, it served them very little purpose. It was laid down again by the Mayor, who had attempted to read it aloud, with this remark, It can not be read, but it is evidently very hostile to slavery."

A witness now was called forward by whom it was proved that an Anti-Slavery periodical of *some* kind had been left by *some* individual on the counter of the Nashville Inn. That it was left with a copy of the Cottage Bible at the time I arrived. On being questioned by me, it turned out to be a number of the Emancipator, used as an envelope or wrapper to the Bible. Other witnesses were called, but this is the substance of all they proved against me.

It was conceded, without hesitation on my part, that I had sold a copy of "Rankin's Letters," in Sumner County, and that I had read to Mr. Cayce, at his request, the number of the "Anti-Slavery Record before mentioned, which he said contained nothing that any candid man, and especially any *Christian*, could gainsay.

The Chairman of the Committee asked me if I

remembered the *places* where I had circulated the Anti-Slavery tracts: thus by the form of the question, as well as his manner, making the impression that I *had* circulated them *somewhere*, and that the fact of my having done so was known to the Committee.

To this I replied, that what I did I did openly,—that I had not distributed any Anti-Slavery publications in Tennessee, except the one above mentioned, and that, if any had been found under circumstances calculated to throw suspicion on *me*, it was a devise of my enemies. On being interrogated as to my former connection with Lane Seminary, I informed the Committee that I had been a member of that Institution as well as of the Anti-Slavery Society, formed there more than a year before; and that I had voluntarily withdrawn, and had received an honorable dismissal from the same.

A handbill was next produced, and I was asked if I had ever seen it. After having examined it, I replied I never had. I was then asked with a stronger emphasis, if I was *sure* I had never seen a copy of it. I again replied, *I was sure I never had*. I was asked a third time, with a provoking and still stronger emphasis, if I was *positively sure I had never seen anything of that kind*. I again took it into my hand, and after examining it more minutely, *again replied I was positively sure I had never seen anything of the kind*.

The trial continued from between 4 and 5 o'clock, P. M., till 10 o'clock, when I was called upon for my defense. The perplexity I must have felt in making it may well be imagined, when it is recollected that I was charged not with transgressing any law of the state, or ordinance of the city,—but with conduct, to which, if the law had attached the penalty of crime, its forms were totally disregarded, and this too, before an array of persons banded together in contravention of law, and from whose mandate of execution there was no appeal.

However I took the opportunity thus offered to declare my sentiments fully on the subject of slavery. Whilst I told them I believed slaveholding to be inconsistent with the gospel, and a constant transgression of God's law, I yet said that in bringing about emancipation, the interests of the master were to be consulted as well as those of the slave. And that the whole scheme of emancipation contemplated this result, that the slave should be put in possession of rights which we have declared to be inalienable from him as a man;—that he should be considered as an immortal fellow being, entrusted by his master with the custody of his own happiness, and accountable to him for the exercise of his powers;—that he should be treated as our neighbor and brother.

In reference to my demeanor towards the slaves, that in the few instances in which I had casually conversed with them, I had recommended quietness, patience,

submission; teaching them to “render good for evil” and discountenancing every scheme of emancipation, which did not, during its process, look for its success in the good conduct of the slaves whilst they remain such, and to the influence of argument and persuasion addressed to the understandings and consciences of slaveholders, exhorting them to obey God in doing justice and showing mercy to their fellow men.

After my remarks were ended, the crowd were requested to withdraw whilst the Committee deliberated on the case. In company with a friend or two I was directed to a private room, near at hand to await their decision. Up to this period during the whole proceedings my mind was composed, my spirits calm and unruffled; nor did I entertain the most distant apprehension there would be so flagrant a violation of my rights as an American citizen, and so deliberate an attempt to dishonor me as a man.

In this confidence I was strengthened by the consideration of all the circumstances of the case. What I had done, I had done openly. *There was no law forbidding what I had done*. I had contracted no guilt that the law considered such—my intentions had been those of kindness to all—I had no secret feelings of guilt, arraigning me before the bar of my conscience, for any mean or clandestine movement.

In addition to this, too, among my triers, there was a great portion of the respectability of Nashville. Nearly half of the whole number, professors of Christianity, the reputed stay of the church, supporters of the cause of benevolence in the form of Tracts and Missionary Societies and Sabbath Schools, several members and most of the elders of the Presbyterian church, from whose hands but a few days before I had received the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of our blessed Saviour.

My expectations, however, were soon shaken by Mr. Braughton's saying, on entering the room where I was, that he feared it would go hard with me,—that, whilst some of the committee were in favor of thirty-nine, others were for inflicting one hundred and two hundred lashes, whilst others still thought me worthy of death.

I repeat, till this moment my mind had been kept unruffled. But when it was announced that my life was demanded for an instant my whole frame was agitated, but when

“I considered all the oppressions that were done under the sun, and beheld the tears of the oppressed, and saw they had no comforter, and on the side of their oppressor there was power, but they had no comforter,”

and especially when I remembered that my blessed Jesus had laid down His life for me, it seemed a privilege, if demanded, to lay down my life for the brethren. Committing my cause to Him who judgeth

righteously, I again had "perfect peace," and with patience and composure waited for the issue.

My suspense was at length terminated on being summoned to hear the decision; it was prefaced by a few remarks of this kind by the Chairman, that they

Had acted with great caution and deliberation, and however unsatisfactory their conclusion might be to me, they had acted conscientiously with a full recognition of their duty to their God."

They had found me guilty,

- 1st. "Of being a member of an Anti-Slavery Society in Ohio."
- 2d "Of having in my possession periodicals published by the American Anti-Slavery Society.
- 3d. "They believed I had circulated these periodicals, and advocated in the community, the principles they inculcated."

He then pronounced that I was condemned to receive twenty lashes on my bare back, and ordered to leave the place in 24 hours. This was not an hour previous to the commencement of the Sabbath.

The doors were thrown open, and the crowd admitted. To them it was again remarked, that

"The committee had been actuated by conscientious motives; and to those , who thought the punishment *too severe*, they would only say, that they had done what they, after *mature deliberation*, thought to be right; and to those who thought it *too light*, they must say, that in coming to their decision the committee had regarded not so much the number of stripes, as the disgrace and infamy of being publicly whipped."

The sentence being again repeated, it was received with great applause, accompanied by stamping of feet and clapping of hands.

The chairman then called for the sentiments of the spectators in reference to their approbation of the decision of the committee, desiring all who were satisfied with it, and would pledge themselves that I should receive no injury after the execution of the sentence, to signify it in the usual way. There was no dissenting voice.

The chairman then expressed in terms bordering on the extravagant, his high gratification of the sense of propriety that had been manifested in the conduct of the meetings, and that so much confidence was placed in the committee.\* The crowd was now ordered to proceed to the public square and form a ring.

I had been assured that my trunk with all its contents, as they were taken out, should be returned to me. But while the crowd were leaving the house, Mr. Hunt, Editor of the Nashville *Banner*, and as I am informed, an emigrant from New England, where he was born, set himself busily to work to secure in his own hands, my journal, sketch book, business and private letters, etc.

By no one concerned in the whole proceeding, was

there so much exasperated feeling shown, as by Mr. Hunt. It was now displayed in the pale, death-like countenance, the agitated frame, the hurried, furious air with which he seized the papers and tied them up in a handkerchief, clinching them in his hands, and at the same time eyeing me with an intense yet vacant gaze, bespeaking not only rage, but a consciousness of doing wrong. Of my papers I have heard nothing since Mr. Hunt took them into his custody.

I was told by Mr.—, of Boston, Mass., who accompanied Mr. Hunt to the Southern states, that on their first sight of slavery, Mr. Hunt was so shocked by the cruelties and barbarities which his eyes saw and his ears heard, that he again and again repeated that he must return to New England. He could not live and be obliged to witness such shocking abominations.

"Vice is a monster of so hideous mien,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen;  
But seen too oft, familiar with her face.  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

I entered the ring that had been formed; the chairman, (accompanied by the committee) again called for an expression of sentiment in relation to the sentence passed upon me; again the vote was unanimous in approbation of it, and again did he express his gratification at the good order by which the whole proceeding had been characterized.

While some of the company were engaged in stripping me of my garments, a motion was made and seconded that I be exonerated altogether from the punishment. This brought many and furious imprecations on the mover's head, and created a commotion which was appeased only by the sound of the instrument of torture and disgrace upon my naked body.



I knelt to receive the punishment, which was inflicted by Mr. Braughton, the city officer, with a heavy cow skin. It was now the same hour of the night in which "Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises to God." I felt that the foundations of the "prison walls [of slavery] were shaken." The Sabbath—emblem of that rest that

remaineth for the people of God, was just commencing.

Nearly one-half the Committee who condemned me were members of the different churches in Nashville. Two of them we're preachers. (one a Methodist, the other a Disciple,) a large number of them were members of the Presbyterian church, with whom I sat at the communion table about three weeks before, seven of them elders of that church from whose hands I received the bread and the cup in remembrance of the sufferings of Christ; and one of those elders now stood and held my clothes while I was scourged.

I am told by my friends in Nashville that I owe my life to the professing Christians on the committee as they stood for my defense and accepted the whipping as a compromise measure.

These circumstances, together with the calm serenity of the midnight hour, and the thought of meeting that immense crowd at the bar of God, gave feelings better imagined than described. To give vent to these feelings I attempted to raise my voice to heaven in prayer. The death-like silence that prevailed for a moment, was suddenly broken with loud exclamation, "G—d d—n him, stop his praying." I was raised to my feet by Mr. Braughton, and conducted by him to my lodging, where it was thought safe for me to remain but for a few moments.

And though most of my *friends* were at the campground, I was introduced into a family of entire strangers, from whom I received a warm reception and the most kind and tender treatment. They will ever be remembered with grateful emotions.

On the ensuing morning, owing to the great excitement that was still prevailing, I found it necessary to leave the place in disguise, with only what clothing I had about my person, leaving unsold property to the amount of nearly three hundred dollars, and sacrificing at least two hundred on my barouche, horse, &c., which I was obliged to sell. Of my effects at Nashville, I have heard nothing since my return, though I have frequently written to my friends concerning them.

AMOS DRESSER.

*Julian, Neb. July 1897.*

Leaves of Healing vol 3 No 42 p 657 Aug 14 1897

# ...ZION...

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AND MRS. DOWIE,

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