

Excerpt from Leaves of Healing vol 17 p 559 July 16 1905  
The First Healing after Dr. Dowie came to the United States.

When I came to his country, many wealthy people flocked to me in my rooms in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, begging me to pray for them and their many infirmities; but none of them were in a condition to receive healing.

### **A Story of Humble Service to a Poor Sufferer.**

One morning, however, after having seen large numbers of wealthy people who had bothered me with their practical infidelity all the morning, as I was passing out I saw an old woman nearly seventy years of age, who looked to be at least eighty years old, although she was at least ten years younger.

She had a plain, pine crutch, which evidently had not been used much, and was sitting with a very gentle-looking daughter.

Having been a long time without food, I had sent the throng away that Mrs. Dowie and I might get something to eat.

On our way out something in this aged woman's eyes stopped me. I looked at her, and she looked at me.

Her heart was in those old, patient eyes; and I inquired, "Mother, do you want to see me?"

She answered by asking, "Be thee the Dr. Dowie?"

"Yes," I answered.

Then she explained how she had come down from Sacramento, having risen from what she was told was a bed of death, with a terrible foot and leg; "but" she added, "you have had nothing to eat and you are so weary; I will wait until you come back."

"When did you come, mother?" I inquired.

"Oh" she answered "I left home this morning at five o'clock."

"Mother," I again asked, "have you had anything to eat since you left home?"

"No," she answered.

"Do you think I am going downstairs and leave you to suffer?" I said, "Come back into my room."

And I led her back.

She knew so little.

### **Little Knowledge Sometimes Accompanies Great Faith.**

She only knew that a man that believed God to answered prayer for poor, sick people had come to America, and she said to her husband when he read to her the story of my work, "That is true, John! I never would have anything to do with ministers and churches, but this is a man of God!"

"They want to take off this foot and leg, but they shall not! Get me a carriage and take me to the train!"

"I have no money, mother," replied the poor husband.

"Well, go and borrow some," she said.

They borrowed, and she came.

After returning to my room I inquired of her, "Are you converted?"

"I know nothing," she answered' "I am too ignorant to understand what you mean by 'converted'; but, Doctor, I look in your face, and I will do what you tell me!"

I explained to her the necessity of confessing, and she said she had made her confession.

Her repentance was clear; she made her appeal to God, and I knelt to pray.

### **I never Before Saw Such a Horrible Foot.**

Oh, how it stank!

The bandages on it had not been removed for many hours and the effluvium of the rotten bone was stifling.

I knelt and told God that I was so glad to begin my work in America with a poor woman

that had no money and no friends, and who was dying of a rotten foot.

If I remember correctly, I removed the bandages and with a little water washed her foot, while still kneeling.

Then I prayed, "O God, take my hands and use them; heal her now!"

While I was praying I felt great drops falling upon my forehead; they were her tears!

She was weeping to see a gentleman, as she stated afterwards, "in a very fine room in the Palace Hotel, who knew she was poor and had nothing, kneeling at her feet and crying to God for her until he wept."

Upon rising I said, "Now, mother, you said you would do as I told you."

"Sure I will!" she answered.

"Then put that crutch aside!" I gently commanded, "and stand on your feet, Mother Brown. Walk across that room in Jesus' Name!"

She was a tall woman, and she rose and walked without the slightest pain, and afterward walked many blocks to her daughter's home.

She lived many years after that and died, if I remember aright, at about the age of eighty-four years—very quietly falling asleep.