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# HE IS JUST THE SAME TODAY

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Have you ever heard the story  
How our Lord before He died  
Laid His blessed hands in healing  
Upon all who to Him cried?

How the sick and all oppressed ones  
He rejoicing sent away?  
O, I'm glad, so glad to tell you,  
He is just the same today.

Let me speak to you of Jesus, kind reader of these pages. In simple, honest words, with tenderness and love, I want to tell you glad, good news. Christ changes never, and as He was on earth in ages long gone by, He is unchangeably the same even here and now. The Word which never dies is true, "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to day and forever."

All His life and ministry were beautifully described by Peter thus: "God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power; who went about doing good, and healing all who were oppressed of the Devil." (Acts 10:38).

"Teaching" patiently, "preaching" boldly, He went about with constant sympathy, "Healing all manner of disease and all manner of sickness among the people. (Matthew 4:23, 9:35.)

He is the same today as when He trod the Holy land, blessing the fainting, scattered, burdened sheep of God with words of life. And still He journeys over all the earth and never wearies of His loving task. He binds up still the broken, bleeding hearts, He still delivers from the tyrant's fetters, and from Himself, the Fountain, healing virtue still is flowing.

With outstretched hands He stands, quick to respond to thine appeal and banish all thy woe. Unseen but "with us always," as He said, He stands beside thy bed of weary pain.

Loved ones bend over thee, and minister with sympathetic care; but nearer than all beside is Jesus,

thy Saviour and thy Healer still.

The Hand that cleansed the foulness of the leper's flesh and made it sweet and clean; the Hand that made the deaf to hear, the blind to see, the lame to leap, the dumb to speak; the Hand which raised the dead to life is here, no vanished Christ have we.

Oh, wherefore doubt, and wherefore seek at other hands, from surgeon's knife, or poison draught, the healing which He died to bring to thee, to me, to all mankind, in every age, in every land, in every clime? Christ changes never.

At noontide, sixteen years ago, I sat in my study in the parsonage of the Congregational Church, at Newtown, a suburb of the beautiful City of Sydney, Australia. My heart was very heavy, for I had been visiting the sick and dying beds of more than thirty of my flock, and I had cast the dust to its kindred dust into more than forty graves within a few weeks.

Where, oh where was He who used to heal His suffering children? No prayer for healing seem to reach His ear, and yet I knew His hand had not been shortened. Still it did not save from death even those for whom there was so much in life to live for God and others.

Strong men, fathers, good citizens, and more than all, true, faithful Christians, sickened with a putrid fever, suffered nameless agonies, passed into delirium, sometimes with convulsions, and then died. And oh, what aching voids were left in many a widowed, orphaned heart.

Then there were many homes where, one by one, the little children, the youths, the maidens, were stricken, and, after hard struggling with the foul disease, they too, lay cold and dead. It seemed sometimes as if I could almost hear the triumphant mockery of fiends ringing in my ears whilst I spoke to the bereaved ones the words of Christian hope and consolation.

Disease, the foul offspring of its father, Satan, and its mother, Sin, was defiling and destroying the

earthly temple of God's children, and there was no deliverer.

And there I sat with sorrow-bowed head for my afflicted people, until the bitter tears came to relieve my burning heart. Then I prayed for some message, and oh, how I longed to hear some words from Him who wept and sorrowed for the suffering long ago, the Man of Sorrows and of Sympathies. And then the words of the Holy Ghost inspired in Acts 10:38 stood before me all radiant with light, revealing Satan as the defiler and Christ as the Healer.

My tears were wiped away, my heart was strong; I saw the Way of healing, and the door thereto was opened wide, and so I said, "God help me now to preach that word to all the dying round, and tell them how 'tis Satan still defiles, and Jesus still delivers, for "He is just the same today."

A loud ring and several loud raps at the outer door, a rush of feet, and then at my door two panting messengers, who said, "Oh come at once. Mary is dying; come and pray." With just such a feeling as a shepherd has who hears that his sheep are being torn from the fold by a cruel wolf, I rushed from my house, ran hatless down the street, and entered the room of the dying maiden. There she lay, groaning, grinding her clenched teeth in the agony of the conflict with the destroyer, the white froth, mingled with her blood, oozing from her pain distorted mouth. I looked at her and then my anger burned. "Oh," I thought, "for some sharp sword of heavenly temper keen to slay this cruel foe who is strangling that lovely maiden like an invisible serpent, tightening his deadly coils for a final victory."

In a strange way it came to pass; I found the sword I needed was in my hands and in my hand I hold it still, and never will I lay it down. The doctor, a good Christian man, was quietly walking up and down the room, sharing the mother's pain and grief. Presently he stood at my side and said, "Sir, are not God's ways mysterious?" Instantly the sword was flashing in my hands—the Spirit's Sword, the Word of God. "God's way! I said, pointing to the scene of conflict. "How dare you, Dr. K—, call that God's way of bringing His children home from earth to heaven? No, sir, *that is the Devil's work*, and it is time we called on Him who came to "destroy the works of the devil" to slay the deadly, foul destroyer, and to save

the child. Can you pray, Doctor; can you pray the pray of faith that saves the sick?"

At once, offended at my word, my friend was changed, and saying, "You are too much excited sir, 'tis best to say God's will be done," he left the room.

Excited! The word was quite inadequate, for I was almost frenzied with Divinely imparted anger and hatred of that foul destroyer, disease, which was doing Satan's will.

"It is not so," I exclaimed, "no will of God sends such cruelty, and I shall never say God's will be done to Satan's works, which God's own Son came to destroy, and this is one of them."

Oh, how the Word of God was burning in my heart: "Jesus of Nazareth went about doing good, and healing *all that were oppressed of the Devil*: for God was with Him." And was not God with me? and was Jesus there and all His promises true? I felt that it was even so, and turning to the mother I inquired "Why did you send for me? To which she answered, "Do pray, oh pray for her that God may raise her up. And so we prayed.

What did I say? It maybe that I cannot recall the words now without mistake, but words are in themselves of small importance.

The prayer of faith may be a voiceless prayer, a simple, heartfelt look of confidence into the face of Christ.

At such a moment words are few, but they mean much, for God is looking at the heart.

Still I can remember much of that prayer unto this day, and asking God to aid I will endeavor to recall it.

I cried:

"Our Father help! and Holy Spirit teach me how to pray. Plead Thou for us, Oh Jesus, Saviour, Healer, Friend, our Advocate with God the Father. Hear and heal, eternal One! From all disease and death deliver this sweet child of Thine. I rest upon the Word. We claim the promise now. Thy word is true, "I am the Lord that healeth thee." Then heal her now. Thy word is true, "I am the Lord, I change not." Unchanging God, then prove Thyself now. Thy word is true, "These signs *shall* follow them that believe, in My Name, they *shall* lay hands on the sick, and they *shall* recover." And I believe and I lay hands in Jesus' Name on her, and claim this promise now. Thy word is true, "The prayer of faith *shall* save the sick." Trusting in Thee alone, I cry, oh save her now, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

And, lo, the maid lay still in sleep, so deep and sweet that the mother said in a low whisper, "Is she dead?" "No," I answered in a whisper lower still, "Mary will live; the fever has gone. She is perfectly well and sleeping as an infant sleeps."

Smoothing the long dark hair from her now peaceful brow, and feeling the steady pulsation of her heart and cool, moist hands, I saw that Christ had heard and that once more, as long ago in Peter's house, "He touched her and the fever left her."

Turning to the nurse I said, "Get me at once, please, a cup of cocoa and several slices of bread and butter."

Beside the sleeping maid we sat quietly and almost silently until the nurse returned, and then I bent over her and snapping my fingers said, "Mary!" Instantly she awoke, smiled and said, "Oh, sir, when did you come? I have slept so long."

Then stretching out her arms to meet her mother's embrace, she said, "Mother, I feel so well."

"And hungry, too?" I said, pouring some of the cocoa in a saucer and offering it to her when cooled by my breath."

"Yes, hungry, too," she answered with a little laugh, and drank and ate again, and yet again, until all was gone.

In a few minutes she fell asleep, breathing easily and softly.

Quietly thanking God, we left her bed and went to the next room, where her brother and sister also lay sick of the same fever. With these two we also prayed, and they were healed.

The following day all three were well, and in a week or so they brought to me a little letter and a little gift of gold, two sleeve links with my monogram, which I wore for many years.

As I went away from the home where Christ as the Healer had been victorious, I could not but have somewhat in my heart the triumphant song that rang through heaven, and yet I was not a little amazed at my own strange doings, and still more at my discovery that

HE IS JUST HE SAME TODAY.

And this is the story of how I came to preach the Gospel of Healing through faith in Jesus.

That very day I went to the cemetery and laid in the grave the bodies of three who had died two days before; but I rejoice to add that in the more than twelve years of ministry in Australia which followed, I only buried five, although ministering to many, many thousands.

And yet it was not all at once that I could discover who to teach the lessons that I learned that day. Not until six years after did I fully enter upon the ministry of healing as a part of the ministry of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, to preach which I was duly ordained twenty years ago.

In these twenty years I have prayed, and in Jesus' Name have laid my hands upon tens of thousands of sick ones, and, so far as man can judge, by far the greater part were fully healed. These witnesses have testified in thousands and the record of their testimonies has gone forth to many lands.

We have left our friends and home to carry Leaves of Healing from the Tree of Life to every nation we can reach. We have never proclaimed this Gospel in any city or country where God has not confirmed the word with signs following, although in some places it is still true as nineteen centuries ago, "He could not do there many might works because of their unbelief."

We bring this Message to this city, and to thee, kind reader. It will give us joy to tell it to all who will come. Salvation and healing are FREE, for God never sells His gifts. "Come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

The mission opens its doors to all. It is the old time religion and no new gospel that is preached. 'Tis the gospel of Jesus' Redemption for spirit, soul and body, bringing salvation from sin, healing from sickness and cleansing from every defilement of the flesh and spirit.

Let the words abide in thy heart.

HE IS JUST THE SAME TODAY.

**And if thou wilt believe Him, first for Salvation and then for Healing, thou wilt go onward in the King's Highway of Holiness, singing the familiar words with a new meaning, as thou goest along the way through earth to heaven:**

Thou, O, Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in Thee I find.  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.