

## GOD'S WAY OF HEALING.

---

A Series of Lectures by the Editor, presenting the Gospel of Healing through Faith in Jesus Christ, as taught by him during his many years of ministry in many lands.

---

### LECTURE ONE.

---

#### THE OPENING OF THE BEAUTIFUL GATE OF DIVINE HEALING.

---

An address Delivered at the Afternoon Service in Zion Tabernacle, Chicago, on Lord's Day, July 29, 1894.

"And they knew that it was he which sat for alms at the Beautiful Gate of the temple; and they were filled with wonder and amazement at that which had happened unto him." Acts of the Apostles 3:10.

**T**HE opening of the beautiful gate of Divine Healing in the apostolic church is before us in this wonderful story.

The event happened very shortly after the Day of Pentecost when three thousand persons were saved by the preaching of the gospel of salvation through faith in Jesus. This miracle of healing was followed by a sermon which produced even greater results, for it is written, Acts 4:4: "Howbeit, many of them which heard the word, believed; and the number of the men was about five thousand." The gospel of salvation standing alone produced three thousand converts, but when it was allied to divine healing, one sermon produced five thousand. Surely this glorious opening of the beautiful gate of Divine Healing in the apostolic church is, therefore, an event of the highest importance and most profound significance.

We shall first of all recall

#### THE CIRCUMSTANCES AND THE PLACE

which this wonderful opening of the Gate of Divine Healing takes in connection with the early history of the church of Christ, and, then, the application which this story has to our present conditions.

When our Lord Jesus Christ died on the cross and His disciples saw a lifeless body taken down from that "accursed tree," wrapped in that bloody shroud, and buried in that gloomy sepulcher in the garden; when they saw the stone rolled into its place, the sepulcher closed and the Roman seal put upon it and heathen

soldiers guarding that tomb, their hopes were buried with their beloved dead. Two of His disciples are walking together to Emmaus and they speak of these hopes as in the past tense whilst talking as they supposed with a stranger, "We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel." It is the third day and His body still remains in the earth. Suddenly they discover they are talking to the living Christ Himself and when that is impressed upon His disciples, that He is living, that He has risen from the dead, that the bloodless body has been reanimated by the Eternal Spirit of God, that by that Power He has risen from the dead and that He is walking about in their midst, their hopes are also resurrected. Then they go before Him into Galilee and for forty days He speaks unto them "of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God," and, returning with them, He leads them out as far as to Bethany, lifts up his hands, blesses them, and in that act is parted from them and carried up into heaven. Then they gather into that upper room waiting for the promise of the Father which they have heard from His lips, and it is fulfilled. The Holy Ghost descends, rests upon them, abides in them, and in the power of that spirit they go forth to preach the Everlasting Gospel.

#### WHAT IS THE BEGINNING OF THE GOSPEL?

Some will reply, "It is faith," and will tell you that the preacher must first say "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." It is not true. Faith is not the beginning of the gospel. It is repentance, not faith, which is the foundation of the divine life. When the Philippian jailer fell down before Paul and Silas saying, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" it was right that they should reply "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house," but it must be remembered that they were speaking to one who had truly repented, who asked the question sorrowing for his sins and feeling the awful burden of his guilt. The answer to this question, What is the beginning of the gospel? is given in the first words of the gospel according to St. Mark:

*"The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ the son of God, as it is written in the prophets, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face which shall prepare thy way before thee; the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance, for the remission of sins."*

This is the beginning of the gospel: for when Jesus came (Mark 1:15) "preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God," He said "The time is fulfilled and the kingdom of God is at hand; *repent ye*, and believe the gospel." He everywhere declared that he had come "to call sinners to *repentance*" and when Peter preached

this gospel on the day of Pentecost he cried, "*Repent*, and be baptized everyone of you in the name of the Lord Jesus for the remission of sins and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. This was the gospel of Paul who preached "*repentance* toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," and in all our teaching and in all our preaching of this Gospel of Divine Healing, let it be ever remembered that we place the gospel of salvation first and demand in Jesus' name *repentance*, full, sincere and complete practical and thorough, as a precedent to faith. No man can truly believe who has not truly repented and it is because of the multitudes of impenitent persons in the church to-day who profess faith in Christ, that the progress of the gospel is everywhere hindered. Having preached this gospel of repentance and faith, having won thousands to rest in Christ for their salvation, rejoicing in God through the Spirit, the church was filled with divine expectation. "They that gladly received his word were baptized . . . and continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine, and fellowship and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." Communion in spiritual led to community in material things. "All that believed were together and had all things common." Possessions were sold, the needy were supplied, the temple of God rang with their praises, they ate their daily bread with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God and having favor with all the people."

#### BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING MISSING.

The gospel had not reached the multitudes as it was destined to do. But the hour came. "It was the hour of prayer." Every blessing will come in the pour of prayer. Peter and John went up into the temple together at the hour of prayer. Doubtless it was the time of the evening sacrifice, three o'clock in the afternoon, the ninth hour. Multitudes were wont to gather every day to behold the wonderful ceremony, where, amid all the splendor of the Jewish ritual, the blood of the innocent lamb was shed and the smoke of its sacrifice ascended from that altar in the presence of vast assemblages. It was a good place to proclaim Jesus as the Lamb of God who had suffered and died and risen again to take away the sin of the world. Just as Peter and John are about to enter the beautiful gate of the temple, the cry of a beggar, importunate and shrill, strikes their ears and touches their hearts. They look upon him. He is impotent and has never walked, for more than forty years he has lived, but his feet have never trod the sacred precincts of the temple of God; he is lame from his birth, "lame from his mother's womb." He is only a beggar, but poor as he is, they are at that moment poorer still. They have

neither silver nor gold and yet they love to give, for the Master had said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

#### THE BEGGAR'S HISTORY.

Looking upon this man let us think of what he must have known and of the strange years that he had passed through.

He must have been about seven years old and well able to remember when the cruel old King Herod had murdered children of Bethlehem under two years of age in his endeavors to kill the infant Jesus, he might have heard the strange cry of the Wise Men of the East as night and day it rang through the streets of Jerusalem. "Where is he that was born king of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the east and have come to worship him?" And then the little lame boy would hear that the sacred council of the Seventy had declared that the King was to be born in Bethlehem, indeed, that he had been born. The shepherds there had seen the angel and heard the heavenly throng proclaiming the birth of the Redeemer. This little boy might have heard how Simeon and Anna had blessed the infant Redeemer. And then for long years all was silent, until one day a strange, mysterious boy came up from Egypt to Nazareth, and shortly after came with His parents to Jerusalem and had filled the Temple with the fame of His wondrous wisdom. This man, a beggar at the beautiful gate of the Temple might have seen and heard Joseph and Mary eagerly asking if anyone had seen their lovely son. He still lay at the Beautiful gate when the mightiest of all the prophets, who broke the long silence of four centuries, came to proclaim the coming of the Messiah. He must have heard how that mighty prophet had preached repentance and had stripped the priests and rulers of their hypocritical garments, had unmasked the adultery of the weak king and denounced his voluptuous and filthy paramour, Herodias; and had demanded that all men in all conditions should repent, and prepare for the coming of the Christ. Lying there at the beautiful gate this beggar must have heard much of that preaching which had stirred all men's hearts, and he would be told how Jesus Himself came down from Galilee to Jordan, to be baptized of John. He would hear that as He came up out of the water He was proclaimed by the Eternal Father as His Son, that He was filled with the Holy Ghost, and declared by John the Baptist to be "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." This poor beggar must have heard the strange story. Many would tell him of that wondrous appearance when the Holy Dove rested upon the Christ, when the voice from heaven said "This is my beloved

Son in whom I am well pleased;" and how he would watch for the coming of the Christ to his Temple; and then how often he must have seen Jesus in his three years of ministry. Strange, is it not, to think that he must have seen Him and heard Him so often, must have been within touch of that garment which so many had touched and received healing, and yet that he never sought and found deliverance? Why was he not healed when Christ was there? We think we can tell. It is not difficult to read between the lines. The beggar at the Beautiful gate of the Temple would be told by priest and scribe the shameful lies which they had invented concerning the Christ. He might have joined in their hatred and have come to loathe the very presence of Jesus, fearing lest in touching Him he would touch one who was possessed by Beelzebub, the prince of devils. The priests would teach him that lie. It was the ministers of God's Temple who kept back this poor sufferer from "the Fountain open for sin and all uncleanness," and false shepherds to-day are driving back God's sick and weary sheep from the well of healing. There are many to-day who say, "Seek not the Christ for healing now; He is not with us as in days of old; He has changed and will not hear your cry; beware of those who proclaim He is yet the same to-day;" and then they might say, "take care lest in seeking Christ for healing you should be found to be in Satan's path." And so the poor man lay there, and so tens of thousands he to-day, at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple of the church of God, sick and dying, deceived by faithless and false men who profess to be the preachers of an unchangeable Christ. And so this man would see his Lord dragged out to die, and perhaps might have joined with the crowd in the cry, "Crucify him." And as Christ in His agony passed by, the rabbis might say to the beggar, "Are you not glad you didn't touch Him? See how God has forsaken Him. Hear Him groan as He carries the cross; behold Him creeping along the streets and fainting beneath its burden. Are you not glad you didn't touch Him." and perhaps the poor man cried, "Oh, false Christ, so glad am I that I did not touch you, don't you see that God is against you? He has stricken you, He has afflicted you, thou false Messiah." It may be that he simply neglected, and did not reject and revile the Christ as I have supposed, but such a rejection was the common crime of the people as a whole, as Peter alleged. One thing is certain, that he might have been healed and was not, and it must have been through my belief. But now the Christ has risen, THE PENTECOST OF JOY HAS COME, the poor beggar at the gate is sharing in the resurrection glory that fills the Temple with praise from day to day. He knows these men whom Jesus loved and called to be apostles. He

has often looked into the face of the loving John and the genial Peter, and now he asks them for an alms. He does not shrink from them now, although he knows they are the servants of the Nazarene whom he rejected. Peter is searching in his pockets and finds that he has no money. "John have you any?" "No." "None?" "Well, what can we do? We can't pass this man by? The Lord told us to take care of the poor." Then in that moment there came a heavenly flash, a divine inspiration and illumination which reveals to them one of the gifts of the Holy Ghost which they had not hitherto exercised.

#### "THE GIFTS OF HEALINGS."

They had preached salvation only, salvation from sin; they had not preached salvation from sickness. Now they remember that Christ has sent them with *the same gospel of saving; health* as that which He preached, and has given them His commission to "heal the sick." The nine gifts of the Spirit are within them (1 Corinthians 12: 7-11) the word of wisdom, the word of knowledge, faith, gifts of healings, workings of miracles, prophecy, discernings of spirits, divers kinds of tongues, and interpretation of tongues. All these gifts have for the most part lain unused. Now they remember, and in a moment, in the power of the Spirit, Peter says: "Silver and gold have I none but such as I have give I thee." Then in the Name that is above every name, the Name this man has now learned to love, they cry, "In the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk," and grasping him by the hand he lifts the beggar up. Immediately, his feet and ankle bones receive strength, and leaping up he stands, walks, and enters with them through that Beautiful gate into the Temple, "walking and leaping and praising God." "And all the people saw him walking and praising God." And they know (none can destroy the fact) that it is the same man that has lain there for forty years impotent and helpless, for it is written, (Acts 4: 22), "The man was above forty years old on whom this miracle of healing was showed." What cries of rejoicing came from the man's heart and voice. "Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ of God," you can imagine him shouting as he enters into the Temple.

"Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Jesus is the Christ of God."

Temple servants and soldiers in vain endeavor to still his shouts of triumph and of thanksgiving, and bid him cease to make a noise. "What," he might cry, "not make a noise! when I who never walked for forty years can leap and run, made whole by Jesus' name!

Hallelujah, Jesus is the Christ, the son of God," and so the people would cry in response "Hallelujah, Jesus is the Christ." Oh such a noise. The few temple guards

and servants are swept away by the tide of divine enthusiasm and perhaps many of them would join in the cry, "Hallelujah, Christ is God," and no one cares a pin about the evening sacrifice and the poor old priest with all his mummery is left to burn it up alone. They care nothing for the intense and the music. This man's testimony is a greater thing than all the ceremonial sacrifice; and as he holds the apostles they gather around them in thousands, asking how this great miracle has been wrought, The people are stirred and all kinds of conjectures are made. Perhaps there might have been a doctor there, as there was in Battery D in this city the other day, when one hundred and fifty of our brethren and sisters testified to their healing before several thousands of persons. He rose up and said, "Yes, I will tell you how all these things are done; that man (meaning myself) has magnetic forces that will heal at any distance and heal all whom he pleases." It might have flattered my vanity, if I had any of that silly commodity, for me to have accepted this exalted estimate; but it would have dishonored God. Men were doubtless willing then, as they are now, to give glory to one another, and account for Divine Healing in every way but the right way. But now Peter sees that the time has come to still this tumult and out there, in all probability in Solomon's Porch, with the thousands gathered around them, he preaches that great sermon with this living text, God's own witness to Christ's resurrection glory. Peter says, "I will tell you how this man was healed. Why look ye upon us as though we by our own power or holiness had made this man to walk. The God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob, the God of our fathers hath glorified his Son Jesus; whom ye delivered up and denied Him in the presence of Pilate when he was determined to let him go. And His name, through faith in His name, hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know; yea, the faith which is by Him, hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all."

And as they listen he preaches unto them this living Saviour and pleads with them in the beautiful words that closed this discourse: "Unto you first, God having raised up his Son Jesus, sent him to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquities."

But the sacred council have rallied their forces, and their armed men force their way through the crowds, seize the apostles, drag them to the prison, and thrust them into its darkest depths with words and blows of hate no doubt. This is their reward for a good deed, wrought in Jesus' Name. These priests who clamoured for the crucifixion of their Master are fully determined to destroy His servants. But, it is too late for we read, "Howbeit, many of them which heard the word,

believed and the number of the men was about five thousand." (Acts 4:4).

#### DIVINE HEALING IS THE GRIEF AND HATE OF FALSE SHEPERDS.

These hypocrites were grieved that Christ is preached and especially that His resurrection is thus so manifestly proven. They could bear the preaching of salvation, they cared nothing for Pentecost, but when the beautiful gate of divine healing is thrown open wide in the name of Jesus and a great and notable miracle has been wrought which they cannot deny, they endeavor to destroy the evidence and to destroy the instruments. But it is all in vain. The morning dawns and the apostles boldly proclaim Christ before their priestly judges as the Healer, in these stirring words: "Be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth whom you crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by Him doth this man stand here before you whole. This is the stone which was set at naught of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is their salvation in any other; for there is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts 4: 10-12). Gnashing upon them with impotent rage, and afraid to strike lest they themselves should be hurled from their place of power by an outraged people, they threaten but let the apostles go, "finding nothing how they might punish because of the people, for all men glorified God for that which was done. And this story of a scene in Zion Temple long ago is repeated again to-day. We in this Tabernacle glorify God for that which has been done in all these long years of ministry through even our own humble agency, and for all that has been wrought by the agency of many others in many lands. Scores of living witnesses could arise any day in Zion Tabernacle at a word. I shall call them. Miss Katie Keck, arise!

[Miss Katie Keck of 390 Second Ave., Aurora, Ill., then rose and testified that on the previous Saturday week Dr. Fenger of the Mercy Hospital, Chicago, was to have removed her leg declaring that it was so much diseased that her life would be forfeited unless her leg was amputated. She told how she had suffered in her home in Aurora for eighteen months; how she had lain in Mercy Hospital for ten weeks, and had been operated upon several times in vain; how she had been carried into the Divine Healing Home and from thence into the Tabernacle where she heard the words of God from Mrs. Dowie's lips and had then been brought into the prayer room where Dr. Dowie had laid his hands upon her and prayed, and at once all pain had passed away,

and she had walked. Then turning to the display of scores of crutches, braces, etc., etc., on the wall above the platform, Dr. Dowie rapidly recalled many of the healings connected with them and called upon all present who had been healed through his agency in that tabernacle to stand. Over sixty persons stood.] Continuing his discourse, Dr. Dowie said:

I never thought of asking one of these persons here to testify when I began this discourse. But there they stand, healed of cancer, paralysis, rheumatism, hip disease, with legs lengthened, spinal disease, with their spines straightened out, etc., etc. Oh, what a glorious sight! Had we desired, hundreds might have been brought here. But these are enough, and now let us apply this story to our present condition. THE TIME HAS COME TO PUT Divine Healing on the aggressive and not on the defensive. I deny the falsehoods taught in Jesus' name from the great majority of pulpits in Christendom, that disease is God's will and that Christ no longer heals through faith, His suffering children. I deny that this gate of divine healing has ever been closed or that the gifts of healing have been taken away. When were the gates closed? Why were the gifts removed? Some will say it was closed at the end of the apostolic era because God in His infinite wisdom saw fit to take away the gifts of divine healing as they had served their purpose in introducing the new dispensation, in proving that Jesus was Christ and that the apostles were His accredited messengers. They will allege that they were withdrawn that we might no longer depend on them but that through the infinite goodness of God we should find other modes of healing. They declare that medical science has taken the place of divine healing, and that no longer do we go to Christ but to the doctor. This is the teaching of a great part of the church concerning divine healing to-day. But that teaching is wholly false—contrary to Scripture and contradicted by facts. When did God withdraw the gifts? Is it not written (Rom. 11:29), "For the gifts and calling of God are without repentance?" Then they never could have been taken away. The gifts of healings are one of the gifts of God which are the constant possession of the Church in the Holy Ghost. And oh, what miserable substitutes have been presented for divine healing by the allopath, the hydropath, the psychopath, the homeopath and all the other paths that lead to the grave. Where is the science in medicine? There is none. There are no physicians of any standing to-day in any department of medicine who will declare it to be a science. With my own ears, in my own native city University, Edinburg, I heard a renowned professor declare before more than two thousand students and professors, "Medicine is not science; it is purely empirical, from the days of

Hippocrates and of Galen until now we have been stumbling in the dark from diagnosis to diagnosis, from treatment to treatment, and are stumbling in the dark still" What Dr. Oliver Wendel Holmes declared in a discourse before the Massachusetts Medical Society is true: "I fairly believe that if the whole materia medica could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind, and all the worse for the fishes." Sir Astley Cooper, physician to Queen Victoria has declared: "The science of medicine is founded upon conjecture and improved by murder." These are the words of men accounted eminent in their profession, and they could be multiplied by hundreds, all proclaiming, "Medicine is a failure!" But Christ is not a failure. Let me again call for some of God's Witnesses in this Tabernacle to-day. Will Miss Keck come forward to the platform?

[Miss Katie Keck ascended the platform with a quick step and presented a bright and happy face as she turned to the large audience. Dr. Dowie said:

Is your healing perfect? "Yes, sir, it is."

Can you leap and run? "I can."

Do it.

And so before the audience she leapt and ran.

Mr. Theological Professor, what are you going to make of her? She ought now, according to the dictates of medical and surgical "science," to be lying in Mercy Hospital with a bleeding stump, and a broken heart. You want to seal our lips and compel us to be silent. We hear your threatenings, and God is answering you. He is still stretching forth His Hand to heal. Go and glorify God and cease to sin, thou ecclesiastical fossil!

"Mrs. Lowrie," cried Dr. Dowie, addressing a lady in the audience, "Had you a cancer for several years?" "Yes sir."

Is it gone? "Yes sir."

"Did the doctors both in Canton, Ohio, and here in Chicago declare you would die if it was not removed by the knife?" "Yes sir."

"Who healed you?" "I was healed through faith in Jesus."

"Is not the breast that was full of cancer about three months ago, now full of milk, and do you not hold now in your arms at this moment a little baby that God has given to you since your healing, and does not that babe draw its nourishment from the very breast that was full of pain, and filled with that filthy disease?" "That is all true, sir, and I give God all the glory."

Mr. Theological Professor, what are you going to do with this woman? Are you going to do with her what the scribes did with Lazarus? Do you want to destroy her testimony by destroying her too? Of course you would not think of crucifying her except

metaphorically.”

“Mr. Lowrie, you were very sick yesterday?” “Yes sir, and near to death as I thought.”

“You sent for me to pray for you?” “Yes sir.”

Are you well?

“I was healed at once when you prayed and I give God all the glory.” “Yes and I was miles away.” And so calling one after another Dr. Dowie gave practical demonstrations asking after each one: “Mr. Theological Professor, what are you going to do about it?” amid the tears and laughter and hallelujahs of the audience.]

Continuing his discourse Dr. Dowie said:

This Beautiful Gate of Divine Healing is now opened wide. Only this year in this city of Chicago I have, as many of you know, laid hands upon more than twenty thousand persons who have sought the Lord for healing. And they have been healed in multitudes. I have exercised this ministry throughout Australia and this country; and, by means of those who have been blessed in these lands and throughout Europe and Asia and Africa, hundreds of thousands have received this teaching. Mr. Theological Professor, you are too late. The Gate is opened wide. Cease to persecute the students sitting under you in the Chicago University Theological Department and elsewhere. Cease to threaten them with the dire consequences of their believing in divine healing, and of their listening to Dr. Dowie. You are too late. The Beautiful Gate is Open! Open! Open! God has done it and you cannot close it. The sheep from all your folds are coming, and some of the shepherds. The Gate is opening wide for all the nations of the earth.

Let me tell you in closing of

#### HOW I CAME OUT ON THIS MISSION.

I was happy in the land of my adoption, the beautiful Australian land, and there is none fairer and more beautiful beneath God’s sun. Oh what a future lies before that island continent that lay slumbering under the southern cross until wakened a century ago! I love the land in which I have spent more than twenty-five years of my life. I was happy in my ministry when I received an invitation in the early part of 1885 to attend an International Conference on Divine Healing and True Holiness to be held in London, England, in June 1885, under the presidency of that venerable and mighty man of God, since departed, the Rev. Dr. Boardman. I prayed earnestly concerning this invitation and my heart yearned to go. But I was in the midst of work which could not be laid down at that time. I wrote a letter which was afterwards published in the Report of that Conference and which closes the volume. It

afterward attracted much attention in Europe and America. On the night, or rather in the early morning, when I had finished that letter, I walked out from my home into the lovely night. The city slept and all the earth was still—three o’clock in the morning. I got to a place where the city lay at my feet, and the sky was above me on every side, so that I could almost see down to the horizon. I looked up and asked God if I had made any mistake in the writing of that letter. I had said that in three years I would leave my home and enter upon a world-wide mission hoping to reach England when I had visited America. Had I erred? Ought I to send that letter? I seemed to want God to give me an answer concerning which there could be no mistake. But there was none.

“Stars over me silent,  
Graves under me silent.

Looking up again my heart was awed, my spirit was stirred, with the solemn beauty of the night. The Southern Cross hung low in the sky. At its foot was that blackest place in all the heavens, like a rent, without a star. As I looked into it, the misery, the shame and horror of sin and disease and death and hell seemed all to be buried there, there, at the foot of the cross. But whilst I continued to gaze, its darkness, in the stillness, appalled me. Then, suddenly, the earth seemed to be vocal. I could hear the wail of pain and the cries of the dying rising from all the continents, swelling up from all the cities and villages and hamlets and solitudes, from ten thousand times ten thousand homes where babes in mothers’ arms and children lay dying and breaking loving hearts, where the wail of the widow and the fatherless arose from broken hearts. Oh, how can I tell it? I could hear the cry of the suffering coming up from all the earth, from millions of beds of weary pain, crying, “Oh Lord, how long? how long?” and my heart was broken. I wept bitterly and threw myself down in my agony. Was there no Helper? After a time, I arose and looked upward again. Now I saw that the Cross was pointing to the Milky Way, that glorious ladder of light which spans our southern sky, where galaxy after galaxy of starry glory lead upward to the sweet Pleiades, the seven sisters. The smallest to our eyes of these seven, some say, is the mightiest center of all the heavens, the center of all things, around which all the suns and systems revolve. Perhaps it is. Be that as it may, as I looked, the “sweet influences” of the Pleiades, of which Job sings, stole over me. I thought, perhaps the Throne of God is there; but the pathway to it is from the Cross. And as I looked I knew that I, too, had to carry the Cross of Christ from land to land and bid a sin stricken and disease smitten world to see that

the Christ who died on Calvary had made atonement for sickness as well as for sin, that with His stripes we are healed. I knew that I would never reach the abode of peace except by taking up that Cross and following Him in a life of still more complete denial of self. And so the comfort of that peace came to my broken heart that night; and although the cry of the sorrowing and the dying is ever with me, and again and again breaks my heart, yea a thousand times, yet I have learned it is only a man with a broken heart who can ever carry on this ministry. A broken heart! A broken heart that feels the weight of human sorrow, sin and sickness. I can smile. I laugh. And sometimes people think perhaps, that I do not always take things seriously, and yet if I were to try to speak just as I feel, I think I would never speak at all. I could only stand before my fellow-men and weep. But God sends joy and His joy is my strength. But the night passed, and as I entered my Australian home in the first hour of the glorious light of day the stars had faded out of the sky, the lesson I had learned was with me, and I knew that it was right to leave that lovely Australasian land, and go forth on a pilgrimage carrying Leaves of Healing from the Tree of Life to every nation I could reach. I will do so while I live, and as this Gate opens from day to day, and year to year, I love my message more and more. I sow in tears what others may reap in joy, yet I reap too. But the Greater Harvest lies beyond. I may sow with my heart's blood amid these tears that which others will reap in joy. But I can sing as I go:—

“He that goeth forth and weepeth,  
Bearing precious seed,  
Let Him know that as he soweth  
To the sinners' need,  
So he'll reap.  
Sowing now, sowing now,  
But reaping by and by  
Weeping now, weeping now,  
Rejoicing by and by.”

My ministry is a joy. This city is opening wide its doors, with its million and a half of inhabitants. The land is all before us, with millions longing to know the Gospel that we teach. I cannot but feel a thrill of joy when I think that these words which I have preached here to-day, will appear in the first issue of our new series of Leaves of Healing. They will go forth from Zion Publishing House, which we have recently established, and be printed from new clean type that has never been used for anything else and by a new press which has never been used for any other purpose. My heart is singing for joy. I feel that these words, feeble though they are, they will be used of God to open the Beautiful Gate of Divine Healing to multitudes in many

lands. We gather here from week to week in one of our daily meetings an average of about five hundred sick children and often count more than twenty nationalities represented. And so from this City of Destiny, as some call it, this cosmopolitan city where good and evil, light and darkness, and truth and falsehood wrestle, we once more send forth our Dove with its message of love. May God bless every reader. We shall remain here until God calls us out to other cities and other lands. We shall with faithful loving hands open the Beautiful Gate in every place to which we come. The gates of hell shall not prevail against us. Divine Healing through faith in Jesus Christ has come, and come to stay. Amen and Amen.

*(The Christian reader of this address is earnestly asked to pray for the speaker at 9 a. m. every Lord's Day.)*

### HOW DOES FAITH COME?

WE often hear the remark made by those who are seeking divine healing, “I prayed for faith to trust the Lord for healing and yet I could not get it.” Our reply in all such cases is, “You are wrong. Faith does not come by praying.” The Holy Spirit expressly teaches that, “Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.” (Rom. 10: 17). It can never be too earnestly impressed upon the children of God that this is the divine pathway to a perfect faith—RECEIVING. BELIEVING and ACTING UPON the teachings of the WORD OF GOD.

Leaves of Healing Vol 1 No. 1 Aug 31, 1894 p. 3

for forty years can leap and run, made whole by Jesus' name! Hallelujah, Jesus is the Christ, the son of God.” and so the people would cry in response “Hallelujah, Jesus is the Christ.”

so and had filled the Temple with the fame of His wondrous