

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.
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GOD'S WITNESSES TO DIVINE HEALING.

QUICKLY HEALED OF BULLET WOUND THROUGH THE BODY. HEALED WHEN DYING OF HEART DISEASE.

THOU SHALT NOT BE AFRAID FOR THE ARROW THAT FLIETH BY DAY.

This Witness tells a remarkable story of the Power and Willingness of God to heal.

She was accidentally shot through the body.

The wound was a very severe one, and humanly speaking, probably fatal.

There was great excitement.

Many curious people crowded around.

Their first cry was for a doctor.

But the Witness trusted God, the Great Physician.

She prayed earnestly to Him as soon as she knew she had been wounded.

He stopped the flow of blood and gave her consciousness, so that she steadily refused a doctor.

Her husband also trusted God.

He would not call a doctor. The whole city was in an uproar.

There was talk of lawless violence, started by physicians and the press.

The press of other cities, and finally of Chicago, spread far and wide wickedly false stories about the Witness' condition.

The whole city waited with intense interest the outcome of what they termed "criminal neglect"

Meanwhile, the Witness and her husband were calmly, trustfully, joyfully resting upon the promises of

God. They believed that He was the Healer, because His Word proclaimed it.

They believed that He was the Healer, because He had previously healed her when she was dying.

In answer to the prayers of God's Messenger to Zion, God delivered her from all pain and fever.

She rapidly recovered from the effects of the wound.

In answer to the prayers of a faithful minister of His in Zion, Overseer Piper, she was instantly and perfectly delivered from a slight paralysis resulting from the accident.

She went about her duties praising God.

Her healing created a most profound impression.

Honest people could not deny its genuineness.

The wicked foes of God and of Zion were filled with desperate rage.

They were more angry at her healing than when she was wounded.

The physicians were especially



Jeanie Lake

LEAVES OF HEALING.

vindictive.

They had been deprived of their right (?) to probe and poison.

They had been, without doubt, defrauded (?) of a most interesting *post-mortem* examination. Their preposterous claims as the only healers of the ills of human flesh had been disproved.

God had proved Himself the Healer in the sight of all the people.

Some time before, this Witness had lain dying of heart disease.

No physician could help her.

No amount of poison could give health to a diseased heart.

Yet they gave her their drugs.

When hope was gone and the black shadow of death was hovering close, the Little White Dove, LEAVES OF HEALING brought her a Message from God.

It was a Message of Hope.

It told her of God the Healer,

It told her of Jesus Christ, His only Son, who, on the cross, "bore our sicknesses."

It told how He "went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the Devil: for God was with Him."

It told her that He had not changed.

It told her that He was true to His promise, "lo, I am with you always."

She believed

Although a member of the Methodist Church she found that she must repent of sin.

She repented.

She made things right with God and man.

Then, although death seemed very near, she requested the General Overseer to pray for her healing.

He prayed in Chicago.

In her far-away home in Sault

Ste. Marie, Michigan, God healed her instantly.

Thus this Witness has twice wonderfully experienced God's Healing Power.

Who are competent to discuss Divine Healing?

Are the physicians whose craft is endangered thereby, the majority of whom are vile enemies of God?

Are the newspaper reporters, who are paid to write lies; who know not the Scriptures, nor the power of God, and are, for the most part, drunken, tobacco-soaked and lecherous?

Are the apostate ministers who fear to attack sin and attempt to impugn God's Word with their so-called "higher criticism"?

Or are godly, pure, intelligent people, who have studied the Word of God, committed themselves, body, soul, and spirit, into His hands, and felt His healing touch in their bodies?

Let common sense answer.

The Witness tells simply and truthfully what God did for her.

Elder Daniel Bryant, who saw her shortly after she was wounded, and her husband, confirm her testimony.

May God bless their words to all the ends of the earth.

May He rake them a mighty power in revealing to His children everywhere His Eternal Covenant of Salvation, Healing, and Holy Living through Jesus Christ His Son. A. W. N.

SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN, May, 1901.

DEAR GENERAL OVERSEER:—Several months ago I wrote you, telling of my perfect healing, in answer to the united prayers of Zion and the General Overseer.

I was shot through the body, August 2, 1900.

Since then I have received many letters inquiring concerning my healing.

Many accounts of the accident appeared in the leading Michigan papers.

The press of our own city condemned my husband and family for not calling a physician when I was shot.

I thought that the best way to answer these people, and also to honor God, was to write my testimony in full.

My husband and I, with some friends, attended the special services held last July, at the time of the consecration of Zion Temple Site.

We spent one week at that time in Zion Home, Chicago.

We had been praying for this privilege a long time.

We also wanted to obey our Lord in Baptism, and to see our beloved General Overseer before he left for Europe.

I received a wonderful blessing when I was baptized.

As I came out of the water, new life seemed to course through every part of my body.

This continued for several days.

My friends noticed the difference in me.

My cheeks grew red with the rosy color of health, and when I reached home, a week later, all agreed that the trip to Zion had done me good.

The week spent there was the happiest of my life.

But Satan was not pleased.

I had just been home one week when he tried to kill me.

I called at the home of a lady in our neighborhood who was sick and trusting in doctors, drugs, etc., for her healing.

She kept a loaded revolver on a dresser near her bed.

I had been seated but a moment

**WRITTEN TESTIMONY
OF MRS. JENNIE LAKE.**

when my little four-year-old son, who was with me and had never seen a real revolver, but had often played with toy guns, picked it up and shot me.

He afterwards said, "I pointed it at you, mamma, but I didn't know it would hurt you."

I think this should be a warning to mothers to keep the Devil's playthings from their children.

For a moment I was so stunned I hardly knew what had happened, till I noticed the smoking revolver on the floor.

I put my hand around to my back, and when I looked at it, it was covered with blood.

I arose to my feet and immediately a numbness settled through my right side.

Oh, how I thank God that in Zion I had been taught to pray.

I called upon God in the Name of the Lord Jesus, by the Power of the Holy Spirit, and in accordance with His Holy Will, to spare my life.

In a moment the Lord answered.

The blood stopped flowing, and a calmness I have not the power to describe took possession of me.

Yet I felt myself growing weaker every moment.

The house was filling with people, all asking about a physician.

I asked the Lord again to keep me from becoming unconscious in that house.

He gave me strength to tell the people I did not want a physician, but to go for my husband.

They did not seem to realize that I had the Great Physician with me, and that He was saying to me, "I am the Lord that healeth thee; I am the Lord, I change not."

About five minutes later my husband came to my bedside.

The bullet had entered my back near the waist line, about half an inch to the right of the spine, and passed almost through my body.

My husband passed his hand over the wound and prayed with me.

He also sent a telegram to the General Overseer, asking him and Zion in Chicago to pray.

I was then put upon a stretcher and carried to the home of my husband's parents.

As they carried me out, the street around the house was crowded, and I know the people thought it was simply murder not to call a doctor.

But the words of dear Elder Graves beautiful hymn came to my mind, "The power of God is just the same today, it doesn't matter what the people say."

Although every step they took jarred me and caused intense suffering, He gave me power to fully trust Him.

The only fear I had was that a doctor would get near me.

I know very little about "law," and thought probably the "Board of Death" might compel us to get a physician in a case of this kind.

At my husband's home none but Zion people were allowed to come in, and Oh, how glad I was to be away from every unbeliever.

After being in a little while, the pain started in my bowels and ran right through my body to my shoulders. The suffering was terrible.

Even those around me did not realize how terrible my suffering was, for the Holy Spirit seemed to go through me all the time giving me power to endure the pain.

At midnight the pain stopped and I had a low sinking spell.

For a time I seemed to be on the very threshold of the other shore.

My husband sat by, fanning me and whispering loving promises from God's Word, and soon I fell asleep and slept quietly until morning.

That was the last of my suffering, but I was unable to move from my left side.

We sent another request to Zion to pray that I might receive strength.

About the time for prayer I asked my husband to turn me over on my right side, and to pray that I might be able to rest in that position. He did so, and I fell asleep.

While sleeping, I had the most beautiful dream.

I appeared to be walking in some of the loveliest places, and came at last to

a high mountain.

It just seemed as if I were going to enter heaven when the thought came to me, "Oh, I would rather be healed now and stay with my children."

A Voice answered me saying, "This is God's Holy Hill of Zion, and you are healed."

I awakened with the feeling of an electric thrill going through my body, and found I could turn from side to side freely and without pain.

From that time I began to sit up a little each day, improving rapidly.

A week later Elder Bryant came.

As he examined the wound he said, "Well, the bullet was swift, but God's healing power was quicker than the bullet."

Just two weeks from the day I was shot I was taken home. I was perfectly well, but was lame.

There seemed to be a kind of paralysis in my right side.

I thought by resting I would soon grow stronger and be able to walk as well as ever; so I kept my bed or lay on the couch for nearly two weeks longer.

But I was getting no better.

My mother, who was with me, said, "You are only partially healed. Why don't you send another request for prayer?"

The General Overseer had left for Europe by this time, and I had not thought of writing to any one else.

But I sent a request for prayer to Overseer Piper, and at the time for prayer started out and walked two blocks to my husband's home.

From that time my lameness was gone and I was as well as ever.

Three months later, when Elder Bryant held another few days' mission at Sault Ste. Marie, I went about from house to house distributing the notices of the meetings.

I shall never forget some of the looks of astonishment that greeted me from people, who thought I was either dying or dead.

Praise God for His wonderful goodness to me. I thank God for Zion and the General Overseer. Had it not been for his teaching and prayers, I

LEAVES OF HEALING.

would not be here to write this letter.

It is just a little over three years since I accepted the glorious Gospel of Salvation, Healing, and Holy Living.

At that time I was dying of heart trouble, from which I had suffered more or less since childhood.

A severe attack of diphtheria had left my system full of poison (the doctor said because I had not taken enough medicine), and my heart and spine very weak.

As I grew older my spine became bent, also the breast bone.

I consulted several physicians, no two of whom agreed concerning my case.

Some of them told me I had very severe heart trouble. Another said it was my spine that caused the trouble.

I grew discouraged, lost faith in doctors, and more than once tore up their prescriptions, believing they did not know what was the matter with me.

After the birth of my third child I became a nervous and physical wreck.

I grew steadily worse, until I was healed eight months later.

Words fail to convey the intensity of my suffering during those months.

I often wondered if I were perfectly sane.

I was afraid to be a minute alone and afraid to sleep.

I would frequently waken from sleep with my hands and feet numb and as cold as death.

I kept the strongest stimulants near the bed, and those around me would apply hot applications, knowing if the circulation did not start soon I would not last long.

Finally I became so weak I could not leave my bed. The physician in charge said I was in a very critical condition, and had serious doubts of my living through the coming summer; but if I did live, I would never be able to work again.

But, praise God, the Little White Dove had found its way into our home.

I believed that God would heal me were I in a condition to be healed. But I knew I was not.

I was afraid to die and meet God, for

I knew I had been an unprofitable servant.

Although a member of the M. E. Church for several years, the way had grown darker instead of brighter.

I had not been taught the beginning of the Gospel-Repentance-and had not studied the Bible.

I longed for a teacher, and prayed that God would show me what I must do to be healed.

I could not bear the thought of leaving my little children or being a helpless invalid for life.

I tried to read the Bible and LEAVES OF HEALING, but could only read a few moments at a time.

The doctor said my brain was now the weakest part.

I kept on taking medicine and grew weaker every day.

I began to have night sweats, and the sinking spells occurred more frequently.

At last, one Friday night in April, 1898, I had a sinking spell from which I did not seem to revive, even after taking a double dose of stimulants.

I said to my sister-in-law, who was in the room, "Go telegraph to Dr. Dowie. Ask him to pray for me."

I resolved not to take another drop of medicine.

She sent the message, and in a short time I began to feel better.

I slept quietly that night for the first time in weeks, and awoke in the morning with great joy to find myself much better.

I had no more of those terrible spells, but was still very weak.

We asked Dr. Dowie to pray for me again the following Wednesday.

During that time the Lord showed me many things in my life that were wrong.

I made them right as far as I could, and then I received the assurance that my sins were forgiven, and the witness of the Holy Spirit that I would be healed.

Wednesday morning, at the appointed hour for prayer, my husband knelt by my bedside, and while we were praying I heard the Voice of Jesus say,

"Lo, I am with you always."

I knew at that moment I was perfectly healed.

Growing stronger every moment, with new life streaming through my body, I arose from my bed, dressed myself, walked out to the kitchen, and ate my breakfast.

My children were brought home again, having been away for weeks, as I could not stand the noise of their little feet.

Oh, what a time of rejoicing and praising God for His wonderful goodness to us!

Many friends, some of them professing Christians, called to see me when they heard of my healing.

They seemed pleased at my being better, but could not bear to have me mention Dr. Dowie's name.

One old lady tried to get me to say I was healed in answer to my own prayers; but I said, "No, I had prayed for healing many times but did not receive it until I was willing to obey God and ask His servant to pray for me."

The following October I was surprised to feel a slight return of the old disease.

I had been reading Zion Literature all summer, and knew I should come out of the dead Church, of which I was a member, but was waiting for my husband.

I knew his heart was in Zion, but he was still a member of a Secret Society, and was insured for \$2,000.

However, I made up my mind that I would have to obey God at once or I would be sick again.

How surprised I was to find my husband all ready to come with me.

He left the society, gave up his life insurance, and we immediately sent our resignation to the M. E. Church and forwarded applications for membership in the Christian Catholic Church in Zion.

Praise God, from that moment I have never felt the slightest return of the old trouble.

A year later I was instantly healed of pneumonia.

I was suffering terribly and

requested the General Overseer to pray for me at half-past nine in the morning.

The friends here united in prayer with me at the appointed time and I fell asleep, I awoke in a short time suffering as much as ever.

I thought it was a temptation of Satan, and determined to trust God.

All at once the pain left me. I began to breathe easily, and was soon sitting up.

Two days later we received a letter from the General Overseer, saying he had prayed for me at half-past ten instead of half-past nine.

It was just at that time I was delivered from pain.

I could tell of many other times in which we have been healed in direct answer to the General Overseer's prayers.

Your Sister in Christ,
(MRS.) JENNIE LAKE.

**CONFIRMATION OF MRS.
JENNIE LAKE'S TESTIMONY
BY ELDER DANIEL BRYANT.**

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, June 5, 1901.

DEAR GENERAL OVERSEER:—During my ministry at Marinette, Wisconsin, I received orders from Overseer Piper to go to Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, and conduct a week's meeting.

Upon arriving, I found the whole city stirred over the serious accident which had befallen Deacon John Lake's wife.

At the earnest request of Mrs. Lake, I went, as soon as possible, to her bedside. The accident occurred about a week previous to my coming. I found Mrs. Lake lying in bed, without fever, comfortable, and filled with the joy of the Lord,

As I looked at her and listened to her wonderful story, it seemed to me her beautiful trust in God shone in her face with a Divine radiance.

I made a personal examination of the wound. The bullet entered the back,

passing between the right kidney and the spine close beneath the renal vein, and, taking an apparently straight course through her body, it lodged in front just below the umbilicus, where it could be felt beneath the skin.

In a few days, however, it was gone.

Indeed it could not be located when I was there.

I simply give their testimony that they felt it plainly for some time beneath the skin,

All the functions of her body were in a normal condition.

To me, her life seemed to be beautifully and calmly resting in God. Yet I learned how delicately poised faith is at such a time.

This was evidenced by her attendants inadvertently admitting an unspiritual person to the bedside.

Serious symptoms at once manifested themselves. A nervous chill and bad night followed.

I was called to see her in the morning.

The Word of God and the prayer of faith at once restored her rest and peace in God.

When the accident first occurred, strong indignation prevailed against Deacon Lake because he "was doing nothing for her."

This meant, in substance, that no doctor was there to administer drugs and stimulants, or run a probe into the wound and gouge around in her body for the bullet, all of which was so persistently and fatally followed in Garfield's case.

In the post-mortem examination following the martyred President's death, the bullet was found encysted and harmless. The history of the case proves that he was killed by persistent surgery.

His death is attributable to constant probing and not to the bullet wound.

Little did the public know that the surgeons were experimenting upon their beloved President with the newly-invented and accursed porcelain probe. It is conceded that the testing of this probe destroyed his life.

The assassin, Guiteau, in his trial, caustically remarked, "I didn't kill him,

anyhow. The surgeons killed him."

Had murderous surgery been unknown, doubtless this country would have been blessed with eight years of his wise and beneficent administration.

People met Deacon Lake, after his wife was shot, and demanded, "Where is the bullet?" They held up their hands in horror at the insult offered to surgical science in not hunting the bullet down.

The Deacon added to their indignation by saying, "I don't know where the bullet is, and I don't care. God will look after it and attend to it." During my mission there, an incensed doctor organized a gang of men who, under his leadership, were to mob us the last night, and smash up the furniture and destroy the Literature in Zion's little hall.

But when the night came, the doctor's forces split up over the case of Mrs. Lake, part of them refusing to engage in the work because of the incontestable evidence of her healing.

Your Brother in Christ,
DANIEL BRYANT.

**CONFIRMATION OF HIS
WIFE'S TESTIMONY BY
DEACON JOHN G. LAKE.**

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, June 3, 1901.

DEAR GENERAL OVERSEER:—It is with much gratitude to God that I write this confirmation of my wife's testimony.

I can truly say that the half has not been told.

I also wish to say, for the benefit of some one who is, perhaps, passing through the fire, that we won the victory by keeping our trust in God, and keeping unbelievers away from us.

At the time of my wife's accident, I learned the valuable lesson, to keep the world on the outside.

In my wife's critical condition I found that when persons came near the sufferer who in their hearts even entertained a doubt of God's power or willingness to heal, she was immediately injured.

I found God's power lay in the unity of the Spirit.

The presence of an unbeliever

checked the healing.

I now look back upon this accident as one of the most joyous periods of my life.

As I sat at my wife's bedside, it seemed as if our Saviour's hallowed presence filled the room, and she could not but be healed.

Your Brother in Christ,

JOHN G. LAKE.