

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.

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GOD'S WITNESSES TO DEVINE HEALING. HEALED WHEN DYING!

How often has the wonderful story of God's Healing Grace and Love and Power been told in Zion by those who have been down into the very Valley of Death.

The young woman whose calm clear-cut, resolute face is pictured on this page was dying of an aortic aneurism on July 12, 1898, and on the morning of July 14, two days afterward, began her long journey of five hundred miles from Canada to Zion.

She was carried five miles, over rough roads, at the very beginning of her journey, and although, up to this time, a slight jar of the bed on which she lay would almost cause death, she reached Zion Home, into which she was carried on a stretcher, at ten o'clock in the evening, feeling stronger than when she started.



Miss Sara M. Leggett
 Malcolm, Ontario Canada

Even in her weakness she was one of the happiest guests who ever entered Zion Home, and on the following Monday morning, when Dr. Dowie laid hands upon her, she arose instantly from her couch in the presence of scores of guests in the Assembly

Room, healed by the Great Physician.

Two weeks later she stood in Zion Tabernacle and gave the straightforward, convincing testimony which we reproduce from the report of that meeting.

Four months later she wrote the beautiful, concise story which follows these words of introduction, telling of God's continued blessing to her in bringing her back to her youthful health and vigor. She still rejoices in God's keeping power, as we see in a letter received from her as these words go to press.

In her testimony is also most vividly set forth the wonderful way in which God's Spirit led her and her noble

and devoted sister to a full realization of the glorious truth that God is the Healer of His people.

For over four years this child of God was greatly afflicted and with a weakness of the heart and aorta, caused by an injury received during her girlhood. For thirteen months she was compelled to lie flat upon the bed, not being able to have so much as her shoulders raised upon a pillow. She grew weaker and weaker, and doctors said that the feeble heart must soon cease its pulsations.

Throughout many weary months she clung to God's Word and rested upon His precious promises. Though opposed and discouraged by her physicians and friends, and advised to use drugs by her pastor, who professed to believe that God healed those who trusted Him, through the "means," she and her courageous sister remained firm in the deepening conviction that God, and God only, could heal, and that, when all conditions were fulfilled, He would heal her.

But God used the Little White Dove and two of His witnesses to finish the work of preparing the spirit of this dying girl for the blessing which He was ready, willing, yea anxious, to send.

The LEAVES OF HEALING, though at first spurned, were at last the means of bringing this Witness into Zion. She who had been bound by Satan was set free from her sickness and weakness and brought into the glorious strength and freedom of the Gospel of Christ.

And now, Little White Dove, we entrust you with this beautiful mission. Carry this wonderful story to the ends of the earth and there, by beds of pain and weakness, let Sara M. Leggett tell her story that others may be encouraged to look to Him who "took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses."

More of our words are not needed. Miss Leggett's written testimony tells of facts which are beyond question; undisputed and indisputable. They cannot be explained away. They are confirmed by her sister, who was herself healed, in answer to her own prayer, of five years' eye disease which was at times a total blindness. They are confirmed by a neighbor, Mrs. Allan Cross. They can be confirmed by the Gathering of the Friends of Zion with which she is associated in Canada, who are bearing a glorious testimony amidst bitter persecution from professed Christians, many of whom had prophesied that her

journey of Zion would end in death. Besides these, there are many in Zion who saw these two sweet young Canadian women enter Zion Home, one of them on a stretcher, and saw them both walk out, praising God. And besides all these are the thousands of witnesses who heard her tell the story in Zion Tabernacle, where her stretcher now hangs on the wall, as part of God's Hand-writing in Zion. No power in earth or hell can shake this Miracle of Healing. Let all the earth know it, and let God alone be glorified.

A.W.N.

The following is the written testimony of Miss Sara M. Leggett:

Malcolm, Ont., Can., Dec 15, 1898

Rev. J.A. Dowie, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Dr. Dowie:—At your request, and in accordance with the words of the Psalmist, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so," I write to tell of the way the Lord has led me out of darkness and bondage into the glorious light and liberty of the children of God.

Words cannot express my gratitude to God for the healing of my body; but far more highly than even this do I value the blessing which has come to my spirit through the teaching of this full Gospel.

First, I wish to thank God for a naturally strong constitution. In my childhood I was very healthy and rugged; but when about sixteen, being fearless and fond of horses, I had volunteered to go into the stall and hold a wild colt while my father harnessed him. When the harness was placed upon him, he sprang and reared, and, as I thought, was coming down upon me. Instantly, and without knowing how I did it, I sprang into the manger, a distance of about four feet. Immediately after, I discovered that all my left side was numb. It remained sore for many months, and then gradually the numbness wore away. This side was always weaker than the other, easily tired, and at times threatened with partial paralysis. I also felt a soreness and tenderness in my back on either side of my spine. At any time the slightest pressure there would cause me to jump. Dr. Gimby, of Chesley, upon his first examination of my case, said that in making the spring I had hurt my spleen. Dr. Topp, of Toronto, has since stated that the aorta (the large artery of the heart) had been misplaced.

However, this had no serious effect upon my health until the fall of 1893, when the anxiety and care of a dear sister, who suffered long and died of a cancer in the throat, told heavily upon me.

(And Oh, how I think of this dear sister now.) When the doctor gave her to understand that his skill was exhausted, she turned in her agony to us and said, "Pray. All things are possible to him that believeth. I believe if we just had faith, I would be healed. Christ healed the sick when here in the flesh and I believe He is just as able and willing now." But we did not know that it was God's will, nor how to pray the prayer of faith. We always preceded our petition with "If it be Thy will." We know now that God's spirit was striving to show her His perfect redemption and seeking to glorify His name in her healing. But in our *ignorance* we applied to a city doctor, asking God to "use the means". That "means" only hastened her death.)

In September of 1894, as the result of a little extra worry and work, I became prostrated and my left side partially paralyzed. My heart, also, was very weak. Dr. Gimby first, and then Dr. Tyrrell, of Toronto, treated me. Both expressed the opinion that my weakness was caused by the strain which I have before mentioned; that it had come upon me now because I had gotten badly run down, and that if I lived to get built up I might be fairly strong again. It was only by the greatest care that I became able to go around the following Spring.

Dr. Tyrrell afterward told me he never expected me to live. For a time I gained rapidly, but never grew really strong. I was always struggling against a weakness I could not understand. Many times, after a little over-exertion, did I suddenly become prostrate. I would be compelled to lie flat, and scarcely dare move, suffering, if I did, from extreme heart weakness and palpitation. This sometimes lasted a few days, and sometimes a week or two. But at last, in June, 1897, an attack of this nature came to stay.

I was carried to bed one night so weak that if I wished my hand moved, someone had to do it for me. My heart palpitated wildly and my whole body felt heavy as lead.

After lying two days I tried to arise, but the effort cost me what little strength I had gained. I felt it was useless to take medicine, for it seemed to do me no good. I did not rally and in a few weeks Dr. Gimby, of Chesley, was called. He examined me and said he found no disease, but that my blood was so thin and weak that if I did not get built up at once I could not live. He thereupon order salt baths, port wine, etc., and sent me some medicine which he intended for my good, but it nearly killed me, being too strong for my heart. My friends were then compelled to rub me for hours to keep the life in me.

My digestion was extremely weak; though forced by pepsin and many other drugs, I could take very little nourishment except the whites of eggs and beef tea. One spoonful of milk in any form would injure my stomach so much as to almost cause heart failure.

Thus for weeks I remained in this condition, lying still and flat. Then, as I began to gain a little strength, I tried having a pillow put under my shoulders, but in a few hours after I became powerless and my heart very weak. It was a month before I regained what I had lost. It required more than one bitter lesson like this to teach me that I could not cultivate my strength in this way.

Weeks and months wore on, in which I was too weak to feed myself and part of the time too weak to see my friends who called. But I do thank God that He kept me from the torment of fear. I was *never* at any time *one particle afraid*, and was able to sleep fairly well.

I do thank God that He had given me a secret longing to be wholly and forever His. When I found myself bound to my bed, I had asked God that I might not be raised up until I was brought into perfect subjection to His will, and then that I might be raised up perfectly strong and well for His glory, a vessel sanctified for His use. I felt that God would in His own way answer my prayer.

In September one of our neighbors, Mrs. Turner, called and left some the LEAVES OF HEALING.

This lady had been with her husband to Chicago in 1896. They had been Methodist, as I was my self, and though we did not attend the same church

we had same minister, Rev R. Davey, in whom I had great confidence. He had preached vehemently against you. This, and the fact that you classed doctors, drugs and devils all together, was enough to settle the question with me that you were an extremist and in error. I did not care to read the LEAVES.

In December, 1897, my pastor, Rev. C. J. Dobson, Mr. Davey's successor, called and said to me, "Did you never think the Lord could heal you?" I answered that I had never felt led in that way. He then talked to me of healing and prayed earnestly for the same. I was deeply impressed and could not sleep that night for thinking about it.

My sister at this time was absent from home having her eyes treated. She had been forced, five years before, to give up teaching school through an attack of inflammation in the retina. From the results of this, and from the medicine used, her eyes had never recovered. She had repeated attacks, this being the fifth, and when in this way the optic nerve was too sensitive to bear a ray of light. She had to keep her eyes closed and wear a dark shade. Her physical strength had become completely shattered by the use of medicine and electricity administered by doctors. All this did her eyes no good. She had at last, however, found a treatment which relived acute attacks but did not cure.

Upon her return I told her of the impression received through Mr. Dobson. I found her a ready listener, having been deeply impressed in her absence by hearing of the healing of Mary Reed in India. We both became deeply convinced that it must be for God's glory to restore us both perfectly, if only we were entirely conformed to His will. We then agreed to pray that if it were God's will to heal us, He would deepen the impression and if not, that He would take it away.

It was deepened. At my request Rev. Mr. Dobson came again and prayed for my healing, but the answer was delayed. He impressed upon me the thought that the healing of my body would bring grave responsibility. My heart cried out, "O God, lay upon me great responsibility that I may have the accompanying grace." At another time he sent me a very kind letter, saying he was much in prayer for

me.

At Christmas I was beginning to feel a little stronger, because I had not exhausted my strength for some time by being even slightly raised. On New Year's Day, longing for one breath of outdoor air, I joyfully assented to the proposal of my brother to take me for a drive. A sleigh was brought and I was carried out and fixed very comfortably, lying in a bed. Before we had gone three-quarters of a mile my heart became very weak. It was with barely my life I reached home. I was not as strong again for a month.

The 24th of January my sister's eyes again became affected. She had been deeply convicted to make an entire surrender of herself to God and trust him for healing. She now felt the crisis had come. She retired to the parlor and locked the door, determined that God should have His way with her, *no matter what it cost*. She asked God to teach her by His Holy Spirit how to pray and how to get right with Him. She was enabled to repent of sin, and exercise faith in Christ for cleansing, and for power to do right.

Then, in answer to the question, "Lord, shall I go back to Listowel for treatment?" the Spirit brought to her mind the words, "*Woe* to them that go down into Egypt for help." At once she repented that she had not permitted God to make known His will to her before, and promised never to use another drop of medicine in her eyes. Then she asked God to show her plainly if He was *willing* to heal her. She was then enabled to measure His willingness now by His willingness when in the flesh; by what He had borne and suffered that He might save. Then, knowing that God was no respecter of persons, and believing the words, "Christ *is* manifest to destroy the works of the devil," she repeated, "Jesus, my Redeemer, my Sanctifier, my Healer," opened her eyes into Christ's strength, and they were healed.

She then came to me saying, "Praise the Lord, He is healing my eyes." After telling me all about it she fell on her knees beside my bed, asking God to reveal Himself to me as He had done to her. But I could not rest in Christ for healing then. I felt I was not ready. But O, what a stimulus it was to my faith to see my sister healed. This was always something to look back on when assailed by doubts. I could not

doubt her healing, for she had not for five years been able to read ten minutes without suffering for it, and now she read as much as she desired. Trusting Christ for strength, she would search His Word for light and knowledge by the hour, without tiring her eyes. O! what blessed things we found as we studied the Word together. In studying Isaiah, thirtieth and thirty-first chapters; also II Chronicles xvi 12-13; I John iii 8; Matthew viii, 17 and many other passages, we became fully convinced that medicine was not of God.

The *Christian and Missionary Alliance* had been sent to our house some time before. Now we began to read it, and on February 4 sent a request for prayer to Rev. A.B. Simpson.

February 7 Dr. Gimby called at the request of my mother, who had previously told him there was some enlargement in the upper and left region of my abdomen. He stated that he had noticed it before, but was awaiting development before mentioning it. Now it was decidedly larger.

February 14, he called again bringing with him a brother physician, Dr. J. Gimby, of Warton, Ont. They examined me and held a consultation. They told my friends that I had a blood tumor of a malignant form, and they did not expect I would live through the Spring. This only made me rejoice, for I thought "it will be all the greater glory to God when He heals me."

The examination injured me very much. It seemed as though it had aroused the disease until it seemed to sap my very life. One day I called my sister and told her to be in prayer, for I felt that at any time my heart might cease to beat. The prayer of my heart was, "O Lord, *keep* my body until Thou hast healed it for Thy glory." Until this time I kept taking medicine to aid digestion, but now I gave it up, trusting God to keep my stomach. I was very much encouraged when I found it was kept very much better than when taking medicine.

February 17 I received a letter from Rev. A.B. Simpson appointing 3 P.M., February 18, a time for united prayer. When the time came, we prayed; but when I tried to arise no strength came.

I was disappointed and Satan came with a

flood of doubts, telling me that I was just fooling away my time until medicine would do nothing for me.

Just before this the LEAVES OF HEALING containing Mrs. Whittemore's testimony had been sent me, and upon reading it I was much impressed. One day when Rev. Mr. Dobson called I asked him if he knew anything of "Dr. Dowie." He replied that he did, had attended his meeting in Toronto, and gave me to understand that his mission there had been a failure. He then warned me, as he had once before, against being influenced by the Turner family.

Nevertheless, I felt led to read the LEAVES, and did so, asking God to keep me from any "error," for I was so prejudiced against them, chiefly because I thought Dr. Dowie was uncharitable.

One morning in March I wakened with a severe pain in my back. We prayed, but our prayers were mingled with fear. We resorted to remedies, but I only grew worse. At last I consented to have my brother go for the doctor. After he had gone, I suddenly realize what I had done in turning from God to the world for help. My agony of mind, for a time, was terrible, I sent for Mr. Dobson. When the doctor came I told him of my convictions, and that now, although he had come five miles to prescribe, I would not take the medicine until Mr. Dobson came.

When he came he advised the use of medicine, saying it would be presumption not to use the "means". He added that my mind was just a little disturbed by my suffering, etc., and tried to reason away all that the Holy Spirit had been teaching me.

I took the medicine (which only did me harm), but afterward deeply repented, and was more than ever convinced that it was wrong. Then the question of medicine was settled forever.

My pastor and the doctor both had tried to reconcile me to the thought of dying, but I knew it was God's will for me to live. Many a time would I fain have given up the struggle and allowed my life to be cut off, but I dared not. God alone knows the struggle against the doubts of the "world, the flesh and the devil" through which He led me so gloriously. Whenever I opened my Bible, my eyes rested on some precious promise of healing, and how often was I guided to Psalm xxxvii 4,5,6,7:

"Delight thyself also in the Lord'
And He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.
Commit thy way unto the Lord;
Trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass
And He shall make thy righteousness to go forth as the light,
And thy judgement as the noonday.
Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him
Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way.
Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass."

Also Hebrews x,35-39.

Now I became so deeply impressed by the testimonies in the LEAVES. Soon the question was presented, "Would you be willing to write to Dr. Dowie for prayer, even if God wanted you to do so?" I tried to evade the question by assuring myself that it was not necessary; that God was the same here as in Chicago, and that He would hear and heal me when I was ready. However, I felt that I was not willing to apply to your agency. I prayed that God would *make* me willing to do anything or go anywhere; that He would reveal to me all that there was in Christ for me; and heal me in the way that would bring most glory to His name.

In April, a friend of ours, a member of the Mennonites, who believed in Divine Healing, sent a message by my sister that she thought I ought to get up and trust God for strength, adding that I was not glorifying God by lying there. I reasoned that perhaps she was right.

From past experience, I had every reason to believe that an attempt to rise would kill me, for I had so many times nearly died from having my shoulders raised. But we prayed in Jesus' name for strength, and risking my life in God's hands I arose with my sister's help and stood for a moment. Then I sank back again. I felt that no healing touch had come; but we prayed that God would not let it harm me. However, I had not waited patiently on the Lord and, being ignorant of His purposes, had run before Him to obey what some one else had said. Now I had to learn my lesson.

That night I wakened almost in the clutches of death, with my heart just faintly fluttering; but I

trusted God to keep my life, and still work out His will in me. For three days I was very weak and could scarcely move. Then I quickly got as strong as before.

Soon after this Mr. Turner sent me Volume I, LEAVES OF HEALING, which I had placed upright by my bed, so that I could read. Though lying flat, God enabled me to read a great deal without injury to my eyes. The many wonderful testimonies, together with the teaching, and especially "If it be Thy Will," were a royal feast to my hungry soul.

One day my sister asked me if I would send a request for you to pray for me. I said, "No, I am going to have Mr. Dobson anoint me." (I had requested him to do so some time before and he had promised that he would.) My sister urged that it would be wrong to have him anoint me, for he would not pray the prayer of faith. But I was obstinate. She therefore determined to see him, praying that he might be convinced. She told him every step of the way God had led us. She told him that, in answer to our prayers for guidance, God had deepened the impression that it was His will to heal me without means, and that we had so often proved that to doubt His leading in this was to forfeit our peace of soul. But this and the references made to the Word did not convince him that it was God's will to heal me. Yet he came and anointed me, previously telling me that the faith must be on my part.

I felt that my pastor had no faith; was doing it, for the most part, to please me, and that, therefore, it was an empty ordinance. It is needless to add that I was "nothing bettered."

The following week, about the first week in May, after all my unwillingness to seek healing through your agency, a request for prayer was sent you. I sent it because I felt I must if I wanted to obey God, not because I really rejoiced to do so, for I thought, "Dr. Dowie is being exalted too much." I think I had a little of the spirit of Korah, Dathan and Abriam (Numbers xvi)

The appointed time arrived. We prayed here, but I was not healed. "Now then," whispered Satan, "You may as well give up. Your last resort has failed. You now know that this impression has not been from God." But when I remembered the covenant prayers of my sister and myself, how we had continually prayed

and trusted that God would lead us and not suffer us to make any mistake, I felt that I dare not doubt His guidance now. So I quietly rested in the Lord.

Now as I read "How I came to Speak for Jesus," it seemed as though I were carried back to the days of the apostles, and I began to be very penitent that I had ever been prejudiced until I knew something more about you. I saw plainly that your teaching was *living gospel*, and that if God were not pleased with it He would not answer your prayers. I saw that the Word was being preached with "all boldness," and God was "confirming the Word with might signs following." I sent another request appointing May 13 for united prayer, but was again disappointed.

I turned to my Bible, and my eyes and my heart rested upon the words, "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him." I waited, looking continually to God to destroy every root of bitterness in my heart; praying that He would prove me and make me so obedient that He could trust me to keep His commandments. Many times did the way seem dark, and I wondered why the blessing was delayed. Then some precious promise would bring me back to the point of just resting in God.

Very soon Volume III, LEAVES OF HEALING, was sent me by my former benefactors, the Turners, and as I read of the sick being healed and of devils being cast out by the power of God, I was seized with an intense *longing* to be there in Chicago. I made known my desire to my mother, who said she believed I would be healed if I were there, but that I could not get there." I answered, "If God wants me to go, He will get me there."

About the middle of June, Mr. J.H. Turner, at my request, wrote you, asking you to pray that we might be guided as to whether to come to Zion. He received answer that you had prayed that we might be "guided by God alone in the matter." Very soon I asked my friends to prepare me to go.

From the 24th of May I had been growing weaker, and about the 1st of July became very weak. It seemed as though the enlargement which the doctors had called a "tumor" was getting larger. There was a strong pulsation in it which corresponded

with every heart-beat. There was at times an intense burning and aching sensation, and it seemed to be sapping all my vitality.

I felt that soon the crisis must come, and that soon God would manifest His power.

The first week in July my sister sent another request, this time for prayer that I might receive strength to go to Chicago. I received answer dated July 8, stating that you had "laid our request before the Throne."

To attempt such a trip in my own strength would be to rush into the jaws of death, for a slight jar in moving me or arranging my bed had often brought me near to death. But now I felt that God's command was to go forward, and I dare not consider the consequences.

On the morning of July 12 I wakened scarcely able to speak, and that not above a whisper. I told my sister to asked the rest of the family to be in prayer. As the day wore on I became stronger. This was only two days before the time set to start, and the thought of traveling five hundred miles seemed a mockery.

That evening Rev. Mr. Dobson held a prayer-meeting in our home and came an hour early. I asked for and received strength to tell him what I then thought of you.

That night I felt extremely exhausted and my sister, knowing my condition and remembering that no prayer had as yet been answered, felt that her faith was being tried to the utmost. Falling upon her knees by my bed, she asked that we might be given "some little assurance now" that God was really leading us and going with us to Chicago; if He were, that He would strengthen me just then, that I might have a good night's rest, and that I might be stronger in the morning.

Before she had risen, though I knew nothing of her prayer, a quiet, rested feeling stole over me. My heart began to beat naturally and I was strengthened. When I told my sister of this she rejoiced, knowing that God had heard and answered.

I slept well, and next morning felt very much stronger.

July 14 found me again weaker, and as this was the morning set to start, Satan tried to make me afraid.

But God was my strength. When I was dressed and laid on my stretcher, one word of prayer for needed strength was offered and I was carried out.

The road was rough and I was jolted and knocked about in a way that struck terror to the hearts of my friends, who well knew my weakness, and that stillness had been my only safety. My New Years drive had been much smoother, and at a time when I was considerably stronger, yet it had nearly killed me. But *now* nothing hurt me. When nearing the station, five miles distant, I was able to sing "We're Marching to Zion" My sister accompanied me. The journey was unmarred by the slightest discomfort except for the heat.

We had thought that it would be necessary to have a cool day for the journey, for from the results of a sunstroke I had suffered for years with sick headache when exposed to heat. I had had several attacks shortly before this, but though the weather was oppressive, the thermometer registering ninety-five degrees, I was kept and I believe perfectly healed of this trouble for it has never returned, notwithstanding all the heat which followed.

Words fail to describe the unspeakable peace which accompanied the healing touch that day; that touch which I had sought in so many ways and for so long, without results. Now we could see why the blessing had been withheld. It was in order that God might lead us to Zion. How sweet it was to *know* that we were obeying God, and to have the visible token of His presence.

Upon our safe arrival in Zion Home, at ten o'clock P.M., we felt that truly "God is here." Everything was quiet, but the Presence of God seemed to fill the place.

The following Monday morning I was carried down to the Assembly Room where you were teaching. When you laid hands on me and told me to arise in Christ's name, I arose and walked. I believe I was perfectly healed, though it was some time before the effects of disease wore away. I felt the growth in my body as the weight of a stone for a few days. Then that feeling gradually went away, and today I am perfectly healthy and strong. My flesh came to me "as the flesh of a little child," so pure and firm. I now

weight 145 pounds, having gained at least sixty-five pounds in four months.

The tenderness in my back and every other trace of disease is completely gone. "Whom the Son maketh free, is free indeed." Praise be to His name.

I do thank you dear, Dr. Dowie, for your great kindness and hospitality. I thank God that He has raised you up and inspired you with such love for the sinner that selfish motives do not hinder you from smiting the sin and being a blessing to God's afflicted ones. May God abundantly bless you and Mrs. Dowie, and increase Zion in all the earth.

I am, faithfully yours in Jesus,

SARA M. LEGGETT
Malcolm P.O., Ontario Canada

**Testimony Confirmed by Miss Lydia Leggett,
Malcolm Ontario Canada.**

Rev. J.A. Dowie, Zion, Chicago.

Dear Dr. Dowie: — I rejoice to be able to confirm my sister's testimony, both of her own healing and that of my eyes. I thank God every day for the perfect redemption there is in Jesus. I praise Him that He took us "two of a family" and led us to Zion, where He gave us pastors after His own heart and teachers which truly did "feed" us with knowledge [Jeremiah iii. 14]

May God richly bless you and yours, and still more mightily manifest His power in the extension of the Christian Catholic Church throughout the land, that His starving ones may be fed.

Gratefully, your Sister in the Lord,

LYDIA LEGGETT
Malcolm, Ontario, Canada.

**Further Confirmation by Mrs. Allan Cross,
Malcolm Ontario Canada.**

Dr. Dowie, — I am a neighbor of Miss Sara Leggett and have visited her many times during her sickness. I do not remember ever having seen her so low as she was two nights before she went to Chicago. I was shocked the next night to hear she intended going to Chicago. Next morning, as she passed on a

cot going to the station and other neighbors and I met her to say good-bye. I thought she looked very happy, but greatly feared she might die before reaching her journey's end. When I heard, the following Saturday, that she arrived safely in Chicago, I thought surely this is the work of God. Then in a short time I got word of her being healed, and now I can see for myself, and know that it is *true*, and that Christ *is* the same yesterday, today and forever.

MRS. ALLAN CROSS
Malcolm, Ontario Canada

Testimony of Miss Sara Leggett, Malcolm Ontario, Canada. Healed of Tumor.

(Extracted from Report of meeting held in Zion Tabernacle, Lord's Day Afternoon, July 31, 1898. Leaves of Healing Vol IV, No 41 page 802.)

Miss Leggett said: "I praise the Lord I am able to stand this afternoon and thank God for His wonderful salvation. He has saved me in Spirit, Soul and Body. I lay for thirteen months on my bed, and two weeks ago last Thursday morning I left home for Zion. The doctors had given me up. They said they could do nothing for me. At first they said it was nervous prostration that I would soon be all right, but it took them six months to find out I had a growth.

Dr. Speicher: — Had a tumor.

Miss Leggett: — "And when they found it they said I would never walk again, but praise the Lord He taught me His way of healing, and though I have been looking for healing for five months, yet I could never find it until I came to Zion.

"I wrote to the Christian Alliance. They set an hour to pray with me, and they prayed, but I got no healing.

"I sent for my minister. He came and anointed me, but he told me I should not claim anything on his behalf, that it must be all my own faith. I got no healing.

Then I wrote to Dr. Dowie. I had been prejudiced against Dr. Dowie in the first place. Our ministers had preached against him. My minister warned me not to have anything to do with him, but I wanted to be led in the truth, and I wanted God to

show me the truth. If Dr. Dowie preached the truth, I wanted to know it, and I wanted the benefit of it.

"God led me to read the LEAVES OF HEALING, and I was convinced on reading them that Dr. Dowie was a man of God.

"A friend of ours, Mr. Turner, wrote Dr. Dowie to pray that we might be guided whether to come to Chicago; and I wish to thank that family for the help they afforded us. They sent us the LEAVES OF HEALING in the first place, and they supplied us with two of the volumes. It was through their influence and their prayers, by the grace of God, we came here.

"I was so very weak I knew it was not possible for me to get to Chicago in my own strength, and of course our faith was not strong enough to start out. In God's strength we prayed and waited for God to lead us, and He led us wonderfully. He impressed it on my mind I should get ready to go to Chicago, and I told my people to begin to prepare me for Chicago; and we wrote to Dr. Dowie that we might have strength for the journey, and we prayed at a certain hour, but I got no strength. I was very weak. My heart was weak. I could simply speak above a whisper. Sometimes I could not talk at all, lying flat, could not have pillow under my shoulders. If I rose at all I would be perfectly prostrate.

In January, last winter, my people took me out for a drive. They thought at first it would do me good to have a drive. They put me in a bed. I could not sit up at all. Before I had gone three-fourths of a mile I nearly died, and I was perfectly prostrate, and had to be fed like an infant for three or four days.

"When we started out for Chicago, I started in weakness and when they lifted me on to the cot I said, "Well, now, I have no strength to go to Chicago. Pray that God will give me strength," and the friends that stood around the cot lifted their hearts in prayer and asked for strength. Before I had gone the three-quarters of a mile which I had gone last winter, I was much stronger than when I left home. We had to drive five miles to the depot, and when we got to the Home I was very much stronger, and as happy as I could be. I knew God was with me.

"When we got to Zion, it seemed as though the peace of God settled down upon us, and I never

enjoyed a trip so much in my life, and that verse, "Nothing shall by any means hurt you," kept ringing in my ears.

"When I got to Zion that night, after coming five hundred miles, I was better than when I left home and God wonderfully healed me. I think my healing began on the way, and on the Monday following Dr. Dowie laid hands on me, commanded me to rise in the name of the Lord and I rose and walked and went out and sat down to the table and had dinner. My stomach had been very weak. I had never been able to take milk, though I was very fond of it. The first thing I did when I sat down to the table was to drink a glass of milk. Then I ate a very hearty dinner of meat and vegetables. My stomach, which had been so very weak, was perfectly healed, and I eat everything now, just the same as other people;

Dr. Speicher: — How long have you been sick?

Miss Leggett: — "I had been thirteen months in bed. I had been poorly for four or five years."

Dr. Speicher: — What doctors treated you?

Miss Leggett: — "Dr. Gimby, of Chesley, and his brother — an M.D. of Warton, Ont — examined me and pronounced my case a growth or tumor connected with my vital organs, and that, they said was the cause of my weakness. My friends then wished me to resume treatment with Dr. Tyrrell, of Toronto, whom they claimed to be an expert in such cases, and who had treated me in the beginning of my sickness, which was three years ago, but who had never stated what was my trouble. Such was not his custom. He treated according to symptoms only. However, God would not allow me to do this. He had shown me that He alone was the Healer, and that He would heal me perfectly if I trusted Him. I felt that God would not bless me if I went to Dr. Tyrrell."

Dr. Speicher: — The Lord has healed you?

Miss Leggett: — "The Lord has healed me. I am not strong yet, but I know the Lord is going to make me perfectly strong and well."

Dr. Speicher: — You are growing stronger daily, are you not?

Miss Leggett: — "Yes, sir."

Dr. Speicher: — How about this cot? That is the cot you came on to Zion, is it?

Miss Leggett: — "Yes, sir."

Dr. Speicher: — Are you going to take it along back?

Miss Leggett: — "No, sir."

Dr. Speicher: — You may need it again.

Miss Leggett: — "Well, I am trusting the Lord that this healing shall last as long as I live, and I expect to live a long life." (Amen. Applause.)

Dr. Speicher: — Did you sit up at all coming to Zion?

Miss Leggett: — "I did not."

Dr. Speicher: — I would like to have her sister say a few words.

Testimony of Miss L. Leggett, Malcolm, Ontario, Canada, Confirming What Her Sister Said, and Telling How Her Own Eyes Were Healed.

Miss Leggett said "I rejoice to be able to say that every word my sister has said is true. No one but God knows the awful suffering she had while the devil was afflicting her.

"Last winter, about January, our minister called and asked her, did she never think the Lord could heal her. Well, she had not thought about it before.

"I was away at the time having my eyes treated. They troubled me for about five years. When I came home, my sister told me she believed it was the Lord's will to heal both of us, if we but trusted Him fully. I did not fully agree with her at first. I knew the Lord was able, but I did not know He was willing. But we talked about it, and we prayed together, and we prayed that the Lord would show us His will, and we asked the Lord together according to Matthew in the eighteenth chapter:

'If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven.'

"We agreed to pray that God would guide us in the matter, and, if it were His will that we should be healed, that He would deepen the impression; if not, that He would take away that impression. So the more we trusted God and prayed about it, the deeper the impression became.

“Not very long after this my eyes grew very bad, and I wondered if I would have to go back to this place where I had been having them treated. I was using the medicine, but it was doing me no good. I asked God to show me what to do. I went to my room and I found that they were blind, and I was groping my way. Once more I asked God to just show me His will. I laid myself at His feet. I promised to follow and obey Him, and to be just what He would have me to be, and asked Him to show me by His Holy Spirit what to do. So the Lord revealed Himself to me there as the Healer. He made me see that I had done wrong to go for help to the world. These words sounded in my ears so distinctly:

“Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help.”

“It struck me as very inconsistent that, having given myself to my heavenly Father to have Him heal me that He should have to depend on those who did not believe in Him for help to cure me. So I asked God to forgive me for ever having taken any medicine. I promised Him I would never again take another drop, and I felt now quite certain it was the Lord’s will to heal me, and I prayed the prayer of faith, and there that afternoon the Lord wondrously opened my eyes. I came out praising God, and my sister asked me if my eyes were better, and I said, “Yes the Lord has healed me.” She said ‘I believe He has, and now I know He will heal me.’ And so we prayed together for her healing but she did not get it.

“We kept constantly looking, praying and waiting for the Lord to heal her, and many times we just set a time and prayed together, expecting He would heal her then, but something seemed to say to us ‘No’. If we tried to have present faith for healing, it seemed as if we constantly grew cold, and felt it was not God’s will to heal her then.

“Now we know the reason. At that time we had read some of the LEAVES OF HEALING, but we were not fully convinced, we were not willing to ask Dr. Dowie to pray for her, we were not willing to go to Chicago. Now we were fully convinced of Divine Healing and the Lord had healed my eyes. So I again started reading the LEAVES OF HEALING, and I saw that they were just God’s truth. We read them

together, and we studied, and the more we studied them the more the prejudice died away. At last we became willing to write to Dr. Dowie to pray, and we sent a little confession, too.

“I think he freely forgave us, and prayed for our healing, but no healing came.

“You have heard her tell the rest, but she has not told you just how weak she was; how many times we have had to work with her just to keep the life in her. But we trusted Him when she was in this weak state, and I just cast myself at the feet of the Lord and asked Him to lead us; many times distinctly came the words “Fear not, only believe.”

“The Lord never disappoints anybody. When we started, the devil so many times said to me, “It is plain to be seen this healing is not for her, yet when we just launched out by faith, God most wonderfully sustained her, and He has blessed us so abundantly in Zion. I have never been in any place in my life where I felt God was so precious and so much!”

Dr. Speicher: — Did you not get the teaching somewhere that it was not God’s will to heal every time or all the time? Did you get any true teaching on the subject before you read the LEAVES OF HEALING?

Miss Leggett: — “Well I had always known that God had healed in some special cases. But I thought these were very special cases.”

Dr. Speicher: — But you were not sure that He was willing to heal everybody?

Miss Leggett: — “I was not sure that He was willing to heal everybody at all times. He showed me myself and healed my eyes. After that I began to feel very sure it was His will to heal everybody, because I knew He was no respecter of persons.”

Dr. Speicher: — He will hear you and all the world, if we come to Him?

Miss Leggett: — “Yes, sir.”

GOD’S WAY OF HEALING.

BY THE REV. JOHN ALEX DOWIE.

God’s Way of Healing is a Person, Not a Thing

Jesus said, “*I Am* the Way, and the Truth, and the Life,” and He has ever been revealed to His people in all the ages by the Covenant Name, Jehovah-ropi, or “*I am* the Lord that Healeth thee.” (John 14:6; Exodus 15:26.)

The Lord Jesus Christ is Still the Healer.

He cannot change, for “Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today, yea and forever”; and He is still with us, for He said, “Lo, *I am* with you alway, even unto the end of the world.” (Hebrews 13:8; Matthew 28:20). Because He is Unchangeable, and because He is present, in spirit, just as when in the flesh, He is the Healer of His people.

Divine Healing Rests on Christ’s Atonement.

It was prophesied of Him, “Surely He hath borne our griefs (Hebrew sicknesses), and carried our sorrows:... and with His stripes we are healed”; and it is expressly declared that this was fulfilled in His ministry of Healing, which still continues. (Isaiah 54:4, 5; Matthew 8:17.)

Disease Can Never be God’s Will.

It is the Devils’ work, consequent upon Sin, and it is impossible for the work of the Devil ever to be the Will of God. Christ came to “destroy the works of the Devil,” and when He was here on earth He healed “all manner of disease and all manner of

sickness,” and all these diseases are expressly declared to have been “oppressed of the Devil.” (I John 3:8; Matthew 4:34; Acts 10:38.)

The Gifts of Healing are Permanent.

It is expressly declared that the “Gifts and the calling of God are without repentance,” and the Gifts of Healing are amongst the Nine Gifts of the Spirit to the Church. (Romans 11:29; I Cor. 12: 8-11.)

There are Four Modes of Devine Healing.

The first is the direct prayer of faith; the second, intercessory prayer of two or more; the third, the anointing of the elders with the prayer of faith; and the fourth, the laying on of hands of those who believe, and whom God has prepared and called to that ministry. (Matthew 8:5-13; Matthew 18:19; James 5:14, 15; Mark 16:18.)

Divine Healing is Opposed by Diabolical Counterfeits.

Amongst these are Christian Science (falsely so-called), Mind Healing, Spiritualism, Trance Evangelism, etc. (I Timothy 6:20, 21; I Timothy 4:1,2; Isaiah 51:22,23.)

Multitudes Have been Healed Through Faith in Jesus.

The writer knows of thousands of cases and has personally laid hands on scores of thousands of persons. Full information can be obtained at the meetings held in Zion Tabernacle, 1621-1633 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, and in many pamphlets which give the experience, in their own words, of many who have been healed in this and other countries, published at Zion Publishing House, 1207 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

“Belief Cometh of Hearing, and Hearing by the Word of God.”

You are heartily invited to attend and hear for yourself.