

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.

Volume XV. No. 6

ZION CITY, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1904

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

GOD'S WITNESSES TO DIVINE HEALING.

HEALED OF CHRONIC INTERNAL DISEASES

ETHIOPIA SHALL SOON STRETCH OUT HER HANDS UNTO GOD.

FOR THEY SHALL HEAR OF THY GREAT NAME, AND OF THY MIGHTY HAND, AND OF THY STRETCHED OUT ARM, WHEN HE SHALL COME AND PRAY TOWARD THIS HOUSE;

HEAR THOU IN HEAVEN, THY DWELLINGPLACE, AND DO ACCORDING TO ALL THAT THE STRANGER CALLETH TO THEE FOR; THAT ALL THE PEOPLES OF THE EARTH MAY KNOW THY NAME, TO FEAR THEE.

There are at this time in the United States more than eight million Ethiopians.

It is estimated that there are in the world only eight to ten million Jews.

We have, then, at our very doors, more of the sons of Ham than there are children of Judah in all the world.

From about four million colored people in America in 1860, they have grown to more than eight millions, or double, in a little over forty years.

A mighty empire has arisen within our own borders. God is wonderfully blessing many of the so-called lesser peoples. Japan with a population of thirty millions in 1870 has today within her boundary more than forty-five million people; and this without any immigration to speak of. When we consider the fact that during the past year nearly one million of people have



MRS. SWEADIE TILLMAN.

come into America from foreign countries, and that during the last twenty years there have come probably more than five million people from other lands, so that today it is safe to say that we have a population of which at least fifteen per cent. are either foreign-born or children of foreign-born parents, the growth of the colored population is phenomenal, for theirs is almost entirely an increase of native-born population.

No one who makes a study of the colored race can doubt for a moment that it has a great future and a mighty destiny before it.

Ethiopia will be heard, for God is with her.

She cannot be trampled under foot continuously with impunity.

The colored people will have to be recognized as human beings, by North and South alike.

It is no longer a question as to which section treats the colored race the better, but the question comes as to who will treat it fairly. We rejoice that in Zion there is a refuge for all the races, without distinction, and that as Ethiopia stretches out her hands to God she finds the same loving Father that all other nations and races are finding.

The once poor, miserable, sick, helpless, dying woman who tells the story of her wonderful deliverance is only one of hundreds of her race who have found the same deliverance in Zion.

The story of the healing power of God is one that is readily accepted by the mind of the colored people, who as a rule are intensely religious, but who have been heart-sore and hungry for many centuries, having turned away from the face of God, because of their sins, and finding no resting-place and no refuge in all the earth.

Being outcast and helpless they rejoice to find in God not a monster with a stern and hideous face, but a loving Father and Savior.

It is not enough that we should receive the light of a full salvation in this land. We must take it to the dying millions in heathen lands.

Let the word go forth, that God has promised the heathen for an inheritance for the Christ, and as His inheritance He has given His life for them, not only that they may be saved in spirit, and freed from their superstition and darkness, but that they may be healed of all their sickness.

Over the ocean's wave, far, far away,
There the poor heathen live, waiting for day;
Groping in ignorance, dark as the night;
No blessed Zion to give them the light.

Here in this happy land, we have the light,
Shining from God's own Word, free, pure and bright.

Shall we not send to them messengers true,
Teachers and preachers and all who will go?

Then while the mission ships tidings bring,
List as they, heaven bound, joyfully sing:
"Over the ocean wave, oh, see them come!
Bringing the Bread of Life, guiding us Home."

J. G. S.

WRITTEN TESTIMONY OF MRS. SWEADIE
TILLMAN.

2503 GILBOA AVENUE, ZION CITY, ILLINOIS, }
April 24, 1904.

DEAR GENERAL OVERSEER:—I know that I have neglected writing my testimony too long.

I suffered for eight years with female weakness of the worst kind.

At times I would swell so large that I could not get my clothes on.

I could not let the doctors touch me at times because I was so sore.

There were days that I could not bear to have any one walk across the floor because it would cause severe pain.

I was in so much misery at times that I would walk the floor all night.

Like many others, I tried every doctor who came along and said that he could heal.

I took medicine and treatment from so many that I cannot remember their names,

I thought but little about God, because I thought he was a poor God to let His children suffer as I did.

I would only ask Him to let me die to be out of my misery.

I was like the woman spoken of in Mark 5:25, who had the issue of blood, and had suffered many things of many physicians.

My diseases were bleeding piles, indigestion, stomach trouble, eczema and female trouble.

The last severe spell I had was in September, 1900, in Chicago, Illinois.

I had made friends with my neighbor, whose two daughters had been healed of consumption through your prayers in Zion; but this dear old mother did not tell me of Zion at first.

I told her how sickly I was, and all she said to me was, "If you get sick, I will help you all I can."

So, sure enough, the Devil gave me one of those terrible spells, and, according to her promise, she came over.

She told me of you, dear General Overseer, and how

you prayed for her daughter when she was dying of consumption, and how she was healed.

So I asked to see her daughter, Carrie Coleman, and she sent Carrie over to see me.

She told me that I must repent, turn to God, confess to my fellow men, and trust God, and He would heal me.

She told me how she had been healed.

She taught me for three days, and I made things right with God during that time.

On the third day I grew worse, and thought that I would die.

I sent for Miss Coleman, and when she came in I was covered with perspiration.

I told her that I would accept God as my Healer at that moment.

So she prayed the Prayer of Faith, and God heard and healed me in the selfsame hour.

All pain ceased, and about a cupfull of corruption passed from my body.

When my husband came in I was up cooking dinner.

He asked me if I was crazy, but I simply said that I had accepted God as my Healer and I was well.

I thank God that He healed me of that terrible sickness.

I have never been troubled with it from that day to this.

My weight then was about one hundred forty pounds, and now I weigh one hundred eighty-one.

I have been strong ever since.

I thank God that He raised you up, dear General Overseer, to lead us out of darkness into the light.

May God bless you and your family.

Trusting that my testimony may be a blessing to many who suffer, I am, Your sister in the Christ,

(MRS.) SWEADIE TILLMAN.