



A VOICE FROM ZION



“Pilate saith unto Him, What is Truth?”

REPLY TO INGERSOLL’S LECTURE ON TRUTH

BY THE

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REPLY TO INGERSOLL’S LECTURE ON TRUTH.

This was the subject of Dr. Dowie’s address in Zion Tabernacle, on the afternoon of Lord’s Day, March 21, 1897. The meeting opened with singing:

“Come, we that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
join in a song with sweet accord
And thus surround the throne.”

THE SCRIPTURE LESSON

was read from the Gospel according to St. John, a part of the 14th and 18th chapters:

Jesus said:

“ Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me.

“In My Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

“And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

“And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

“Thomas said unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way ?

“Jesus said unto him, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the father, but by Me.

In the 18th chapter of the same Gospel at the 28th verse:

“Then led they Jesus from Caiaphas unto the hall of judgment: and it was early; and they themselves went not into the judgment hall, [These wretched priests] lest they should be defiled;”

Ceremonial defilement, because of the passover feast The day of atonement was at hand, and they were afraid of the ceremonial defilement. They were not afraid to defile

their hands with Jesus' blood, but they were afraid to defile themselves ceremonially.

Oh, how many are ready to do the same thing

They would be very sorry to outrage the propriety, to outrage the manners and customs, or what is called "good form," but they would not hesitate to steal, and to lie, and to commit adultery, and to hate, and perhaps to murder.

These priests did not want to defile themselves ceremonially, and yet they were not afraid to murder the innocent Christ.

"And they themselves went not into the judgment hall, lest they should be defiled; but that they might eat the passover.

"Pilate then went out unto them, and said, What accusation bring ye against this man ?

"They answered and said unto him, If He were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered Him up unto thee."

You see they had no accusation, and they begged the question. What was the accusation ? They simply said if He were not a malefactor they would not have brought Hint

But what was the accusation?

"Then said Pilate unto them. Take ye him, and judge Him according to your law. The Jews therefore said unto him, It is not lawful for us to put any man to death:

"That the saying of Jesus might be fulfilled, which He spake, signifying what death He should die.

"Then Pilate entered into the judgment hall again, and called Jesus, and said unto Him, Art thou the King of the Jews?

"Jesus answered him, Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of Me?

"Pilate answered, Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me: what hast thou done?

"Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world: if My kingdom were of this world, then would My servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is My kingdom not from hence.

"Pilate therefore said unto Him, Art thou a king then? Jesus

answered, Thou sayest that I am a king."

I think the rendering of the Revised Version is better here:

"Thou sayest it because I am a king."

"To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the Truth. Every one that is of the Truth heareth my voice.

"Pilate said unto him, What is Truth?"

He never waited for an answer. He had really got the answer before he asked the question, and he felt that he had got the answer; that Jesus Christ was truth personified, but he was greatly perplexed because he did not want to crucify Jesus, and what does he do?

"And when he had said this, he went out again unto the Jews, and saith unto them, I find in Him no fault at all.

"But ye have a custom, that I should release unto you one at the passover: will ye therefore that I release unto you the King of the Jews?

"Then cried they all again, saying, Not this man, but Barabbas, Now Barabbas was a robber."

And so the priests of God's Temple crucified the Saviour and desired the liberation of a murderer!

"Onward, Christian Soldiers," was then sung, and Dr. Dowie continued.

THANKSGIVING.

It is our invariable custom at this point of the service to give thanksgiving unto God for the mercies and blessings of the week that has passed away, especially with reference to answers to prayer.

Speaking of the work as a whole, I know you are interested in it enough for me to tell you from time to time things of outside interest beyond our walls and our city.

I want to thank God for the ever-widening influence of the work. Some of you know there is not a country in Europe, and very few in Asia or Africa, and not a province in Australasia, where this work has not got a footing.

You will find it in the homes of the peasant, and in the palaces of the kings. My correspondence sometimes comes from a prince, and from a pauper in the same city. I think there are few things which show more clearly the widespread effect of the work than this.

So-called Holy Russia is the only country in Europe where LEAVES OF HEALING are not permitted to enter; but if Washington Helsing had his way, they would not have been permitted to leave Chicago. (Laughter.) I am very glad that Mr. McKinley has washed Helsing. (Applause.) I am quite sure that Chicago will wash Helsing also. (Applause.)

By the way, I intend to do a little scrubbing on my own account next Wednesday night, and in case I should forget it, I want to tell you now that I am going to speak upon the Papal infallibility decree, with its bearing upon civil allegiance, and show how impossible it would be for this man Helsing to be a faithful Mayor of Chicago, since he is by that decree, which he intelligently accepts, the mere tool of the aged monk who sits upon the Papal throne. He is quite a distinguished Papalist, and has received rewards from Rome.

We do not want such tools of an Italian priest to sit in the Mayoral chair of Chicago. Do you ?

Audience:—“No.”

THE LEAVES OF HEALING

has been blessed in every land beneath the sun, and you all know that what I say is true, that if Mr. Washington Helsing and the Papalists at Washington had got their way, they would not have been permitted to leave Chicago; for every copy of our little white dove that leaves Chicago now has a heavy weight attached to it, having to bear fourteen times the amount of postage that other papers have in this city. But that, I have no doubt, will be righted, for the Gordons are coming.

Now, during the week there have been many answers to prayer. A distinguished lady in Cincinnati whose name is very well known in that city, whose brother was Ambassador to Germany a short time ago, Mrs. L. G. Pendleton of 422 East 4th Street, who is associated in deep sympathy with us in this work, writes telling me of a very remarkable healing in Bellevue, Ky., which is across the Ohio River from Cincinnati and says,

“Mrs. Wall, of Bellevue, Ky., I am delighted to say, is thoroughly healed, and has never had a particle of pain since you prayed for her healing. Her experience is marvellous and I have requested her to write to you all the particulars as soon as possible.”

Mrs. Pendleton was useful in another case in Newport, Ky., a short time ago, when a lady, bed-ridden for many years, Mrs. Jennie Brown, asked us to pray for her, Mrs. Pendleton having meanwhile interested her. Mrs. Pendleton had been our guest in Zion Home and an attendant of Zion Tabernacle meetings. The story of that healing, with the lady's picture, is given in LEAVES OF HEALING, Vol. 2. No. 44, page 689.

We prayed for Mrs. Brown, and after lying in bed for many years, completely crippled with rheumatism, she rose at the moment of prayer, walked about, and has been attending to her duties since.

Here is one very brief letter that might be given as

showing how the Lord is answering for people at a distance whose faces we have never seen. This little letter typewritten and signed by Mr. E. D. Bergman comes to me from Glenburg, Defiance Co., Ohio. It is dated March 9, but it did not get into my hand until much later. I got it yesterday, or the day before.

“Dr. DOWIE, Chicago.
Dear Brother in Christ:—Enclosed find 26 cents,”

Now, that was not a very large sum, but I tell you that 26 cents was as the widow’s mite, the few cents from the old man who was healed, and I think there came a great blessing with that 26 cents; for just at the time I got that 26 cents somebody knew the 26 cents would not do, and so God gave me through a friend of Zion \$200. (Laughter.)

“Enclosed find 26 cents as a thank-offering for brother Isaac Warfield who sends you his heartiest thanks for your prayer, and praises God for healing him, but he is very, very poor.

“It has cost him also more than \$500 for doctors’ bills. He had been in bed for two years with a broken hip, and he suffered much. Many times it was thought he would die. He had not been able to walk with crutches even, or to sit in a chair any length of time.

“I sent a prayer request to you, and although this old brother is nearly eighty-five years old, at the hour you prayed for him, he got up and walked across the room in the name of Jesus. He is still walking, has a better appetite, has increased in flesh, and feels like a new man. He praises God for it, and says he has a brighter hope of heaven than he had ever had before.

“Your friend in Jesus,
“E D. BERGMAN.”

A QUESTION.

Now, Mr. Ingersoll, when did your infidelity ever raise an old man of eighty-five from his bed? (Laughter.) I want to know. Come, you want facts. You miserable prince of liars, there is a fact. When did your infidelity, or that of any of you, who are his children here, ever help anybody out of bed who is eighty-five years old with a broken hip?

You miserables, answer! (Laughter.)

Speak out now! Let us hear you tell us! When was anybody raised out of their bed in the name of Bob Ingersoll? (Laughter.)

When did Bob Ingersoll ever offer a prayer that ever raised anybody?

Oh, you miserables, won’t I pound you to-day. (Laughter and applause.)

I am a man of peace; everybody knows that, but I do love a fight with the devil. (Laughter.)

Well, that is all right now. I have not any more time to tell you of the good things that are in this mail. There are a large number of requests here for prayer, and I brought them to the platform without any hope that I could read them, but just that I might present them all, as it were, in one envelope to God.

Now, we must hasten along, for we have much to do, and we will just tell God about these things. He knows about them. When we get time we take them and present them individually to God. Sometimes it takes us far into the night to get to them.

Now, I want you to pray, to pray that God will bless His Word to-day; to pray that I shall have strength to speak out, and to analyze this miserable prince of liars, and knock the stuffing out of him. (Laughter.) Because it is all stuffing; most of it infidel sawdust and foul smelling wind.

Mr. M.:—“East wind at that.”

Dr. Dowie:—Yes, I think so.

Mr. M.:—“That is the coldest, meanest wind we have here.”

Dr. Dowie:—Well, then, that must be it.

Well, now I want you to pray that I may be able to do some little thing in this way.

We are here not only to extend the truth, but to defend you, but that these words are recorded, and whatever good there is in them goes to 100,000 readers, and is reprinted again and again and is reaching millions.

I am so thankful that the words are being translated, and

this last week brought me among many letters, such a kind letter from a Danish Nobleman who says He has been converted through THE LEAVES OF HEALING, and he tells me in his modest, simple way, that he is going around his estate, and he goes into the cottages of the poor, and there and then he sits down with the English LEAVES OF HEALING in his hand, and that distinguished man translates our words into Danish, and tells me how many of them are seeking and finding God as their Healer. One reason why we are printing a number of things in Danish in our LEAVES OF HEALING, is because God is using them in many parts of Denmark and Norway.

We wish we could print a polyglot edition in all the tongues represented in Chicago.

Let us now go to God, and I hope you will pray in the heart.

“Come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before Jehovah our Maker.”

Prayer was offered by Dr. Dowie.¹ He then delivered the afternoon address as follows:—

REPLY TO INGERSOLL’S LECTURE ON TRUTH.

¹Amongst the prayers offered was one for a dying young man named Adams, living in Allendale, Ontario, Canada. He was instantaneously healed, and rose from his bed, throwing a surgical support away; went about the town the next day; left for Chicago the following day. Tuesday, March 23rd; gave testimony in Zion Tabernacle on Friday, 26th; walked about ten miles in Chicago, sight-seeing on Saturday, 27th; and gave public testimony before thousands in Zion Tabernacle on Lord’s Day. March 28th —just a week from the time he was prayed for. And so, before the Reply to Ingersoll was delivered, God was hearing and answering prayer.

In replying to Col. Robert Ingersoll’s Lecture, entitled “In the light of truth,” delivered in the Columbia Theatre, in this city, on Sunday, March 7th, I call your attention to these words which I read in the Gospel according to St John in the 18th chapter, and the 37th verse where Jesus said:

“To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the Truth. Every one that is of the Truth heareth My voice.

“Pilate saith unto Him, What is Truth? “

In the 14th chapter, and at the 6th verse Jesus said:

“I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father. but by Me.”

Jesus said:

“Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice.”

Christianity is essentially dogmatic. Truth is essentially dogmatic. Truth is absolute. Truth admits of no degrees of comparison. It is not true, truer, truest. It is not definable by adjectives. Truth is absolute—it is Truth, and admits of no qualification, as subtraction, and as addition. It is Perfection in itself.

Jesus said:

“Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice.”

I say that Christianity is absolutely dogmatic; because there can be no appeal from God, and His definitions of Truth, and Christ is God and the personification of Truth.

TRUTH ITSELF ADMITS OF NO COMPARISON.

It is neither increasable nor diminishable; it is simply truth.

It is impossible to see all truth as impersonal. Truth

must find a personification; for truth is not merely a matter of fact. That is not truth. A matter of fact may be as dead as matter itself. That railing is a matter of fact; it is not truth.

Matters of facts are evidences of truth, but they are not truth.

Things that result from truth, are the offspring of truth. The evidences of faith are not faith. There are the evidences. [Pointing to God's Handwriting on the Wall.] These things are not faith. Crutches, braces, boots, diplomas of doctors, and cancer in a bottle; there are the cots on which the dying were carried to this city, and from which they were removed and healed, and they are now going about the world: These things are? only the outward and visible signs of an inward and invisible faith; they are facts, but they are not truth.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO CONCEIVE OF TRUTH WITHOUT PERSONIFICATION.

Robert Ingersoll must be a personification of truth when he lectures upon truth, or he must be the personification of a diabolical lie, which he certainly is; but he claims to be a personification, a prophet, and an expounder of truth.

In his own person he denies his own assumptions that truth is something absolutely impersonal; for he himself is proclaiming, Great is truth, and Robert Ingersoll is its prophet

I therefore say that the position that the Lord Jesus Christ took, is the only position that He could take, when He said:

“To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the Truth. Every one that is of the Truth heareth My Voice.”

[At this point, whilst Dr. Dowie was repeating these words with intense earnestness, and deep conviction, a

flashlight photograph of the speaker, and the listening thousands was taken. A light, brighter than the sun one would suppose, suddenly flashed forth in all parts of the building, accompanied with a slight report. In that moment the scene was imprinted on the sensitive plate, and we shall, God willing, soon present our readers with the marvelous results. The flash-light powder had been distributed in small quantities in all parts of the Tabernacle, and an electric spark did the rest. It was a striking illustration of the power of Truth to reveal thousands of beings in an imperishably truthful form in a moment.]

Friends, before I touch Robt. Ingersoll's lecture further, I want to point out that the Lord Jesus Christ, if He were, as He declares Himself to be, the Way, the Truth, the Life, without whom none could come to the Father, had a right to take that position, and to say:

“Every one that is of the Truth heareth my voice.”

That is the reasonable demand of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Before I discuss Robt. Ingersoll's lecture, I want to put myself right as a teacher, and a defender of the faith of God, of the Gospel of the Kingdom of God, of the authenticity of the records, and of the perpetuity of the powers which were bestowed upon the church of God through the Atonement, the Resurrection, the Reascension and the Intercession of our Lord Jesus Christ, and which are still in the Church in the person of the Holy Ghost, and still are powers in and through those who are faithful to God, and are qualified for the use of such powers.

I want to say this afternoon that

I DO NOT STAND HERE AS A DEFENDER OF
THE CHURCHES.

I am going to speak very plainly now, as at all times, and I shall keep nothing back which I think is proper. I do not wish to be put on record as a defender of the churches.

I am strongly of the opinion that if every ecclesiastical organization of this day were absolutely destroyed, that it would be infinitely for the benefit, of Christianity.

I am convinced that the organizations which are called churches to-day, are, for the most part, as organizations, hindering the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ, and are not organizations such as He left and commanded to be established.

I see not the signs. I was born in the midst of ecclesiastical Christianity. There is no country in the world where there is more churchianity, more ecclesiasticism, more denominational theology than in my native country, Scotland; and it was my curse that I had to wade through continents of mud to get upon solid land.

Continents of mud! I hesitate not to say it.

THE WESTMINSTER CONFESSION OF FAITH,

and the shorter catechism embody a magnificent set of truths, and it is not against the truth I am fighting; but oh, my good Lord! they do embody the most infernal lies that were ever put in type-lies such as my young spirit instinctively fought.

To tell me that God had, by a predestined plan, so constructed man that he was born, and from all Eternity designed to be, wicked, and a vessel of wrath, that God Almighty might show His power by sending him to hell, that was the most infernal lie to me, and is to-day, that a man's tongue could utter, or type could print.

That my God, the infinitely good and holy God, was the

predestinator and the creator of multitudes of harlots, whoremongers, thieves, murderers, liars, to let them grow up, and to live, and lust and die, and then glorify Himself by putting them in hell! Horrible !

I tell you all the Westminster Divines that ever hatched that cockatrice egg could never make me swallow it.

I hated, it then; I hate it now; and I shall hate it forever.

AN ANECDOTE.

If I were called upon to-day to summarize my position regarding that confession of faith, I should be inclined to do as my preceptor in Greek in Edinburgh University did, Prof. John Stuart Blackie. He came from Aberdeen to teach Greek in our University in Edinburgh, and when he got there he was told he would have to sign the Confession of Faith before he took his chair. Blackie looked at Mr. Kennedy, the Registrar, and said, "What has the Confession of Faith got to do with my teaching Greek?"

"It has nothing to do with that," said the Registrar, but in this University every man who takes a chair as Professor must sign a Confession of Faith. Here it is, sir, for your signature."

Well, everybody knew that Prof. John Stuart Blackie was an excellent good man, but he was awfully heterodox according to the ministry, and what was he to do? He did not want to lose his chair, and he did not want to sign the Confession of Faith; for in signing the Confession of Faith, he would be signing what he did not believe; and if he lost the chair, he would lose salary and position, and the work he loved, so as we say in Scotland he "swithered" a minute or two, and at last he said to Mr. Kennedy: "Well, what am I to sign it for?"

You are to sign it, Professor, as being a profession of

your faith, and as containing what you believe.” “Give me a pen, and I will sign it.”

“John Stuart Blackie,” he wrote, and then, With his hand upon the pen, he said, “This contains all that I believe, and a great deal mair.” (Laughter and applause.)

Friends, there is not an honest Presbyterian to-day who has signed that Confession of Faith, and has got a spark of humanity about him, let alone good reason, who is not practically dishonest in signing it, and I challenge the Presbyterian Church to-day to find the one man who will defend every line of that Confession of Faith. Produce him. I would like to knock the stuffing out him.

Produce him. Produce the one professor in this city—Johnston or any one else, who will take that Profession of Faith and say I believe every line in that Confession of Faith, and believe it is the eternal truth of God, and am prepared to defend it against all comers.

I do not believe, friends, there is one man amongst them that would dare to be so dishonest as to do it. I would like to fight on that line with him for about an hour or two, and show what a lie it is, and if he does believe it, then I would simply say it would not be difficult to demonstrate the fact that he is a believer in a most diabolical lie. For it contains, amongst other things, the Eternal Reprobation of unbaptized infants; that infants that were not baptized are doomed to hell.

Holy Willie said, according to Burns in his poem:

“O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thysel’,
Sends ane to heaven, and ten to hell.”

That was the way that Holy Willie started his prayer;
that ideal incarnation of hypocrisy,

Now, friends, I want to say this, I will defend no

churches. I am not here to dispute anything that Mr. Ingersoll has said about them. Let the churches defend themselves.

My own opinion in this, that Col. Ingersoll has got them in a great many points very clearly by the ears, and I wish him more power in destroying all that is evil in them, even if he himself is a bad man.

I wish him more power in the destruction of all that is false in Roman Catholicism, and in its priests and popes, and their lies, as to the incarnation of God in a piece of bread by some hocus-pocus of the priest and similar abominations. I could give him some points, and help him considerably upon that line. He does not know half that I know, and I will not tell him. (Laughter.) Because with all their faults within these churches, are my brethren, and my sisters in the Lord, who are striving for more light. God send it soon (Amen) by smashing down the ecclesiastical houses in which they dwell, and sending them out to build better on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets; Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone.

I wish there was some great ecclesiastical fire that would burn down the whole thing, and let the cockroaches shift for themselves. I am not here to defend churchianity, but I am here to defend the attacks that he has made upon the very basis of Christianity, and of the Truth in God.

Now, pardon me still further for some more preliminaries. Ingersoll took a long time in his preliminaries.

Let me point out to you this, that the trouble to-day on every side, is that men who are professing Christians are fighting, not for truth, not for Christ, not for the four Gospels, but they are

FIGHTING, FOR HUMAN INTERPRETATIONS

OF THESE RECORDS WHICH WE CALL
THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Friends, human interpretations of divine truths are of necessity most imperfect, and it is ludicrous to me to see men who declare that truth is infinite attempting to define the infinite.

I would like to know how it comes to pass that any man or company of men have the illogical audacity to sit down and define,—that is, to put a limit around, four squares, or a circle, or anything you like, an octagon, or any other form you please,—and declare that only between certain lines Truth is contained.

It is the most ludicrous thing to me in the world to see finite men attempting to define infinite truth.

Why, it is just as if I were about to attempt to put my arms around the world. It is just as if I were to try to scoop out, with my little pail, the ocean, or any other ludicrous thing that you like to give me.

God never gave us His Truth for us to define. He gave us His Truth for us to receive it, to believe it, to assimilate it, and to work it out in our lives as best we know; but to define it God forbid that we should be such fools.

Friends the troubles of the churches have come from their attempting to define the infinite, and God forbid that the Christian Catholic Church should fall into that blunder. The early Christians never attempted to define. When Paul spoke of the Love of God, he said, it “passeth knowledge.” It was deeper than the deepest depths, and higher than the highest heights, and when the Hebrew prophet sang of the mercy of God he said it was from everlasting to everlasting, and it endureth forever. But finite men will presume to tell you exactly where it stops.

Friends, I do not define Truth. I would just as soon

think of defining an apple before I ate it, or defining the chemical constitution of my dinner before I digested it. It is not necessary, and it would be absolutely useless, and if I were to analyze my dinner chemically before I ate it, a nice mess would be left.

Friends, Eternal truth must come to me, a finite being, in such a form, that I can take it as lovingly, as trustingly, as my child can eat the dinner I have provided, or as I took the fruit from the tree as God has grown it, without any fear of finding poison there. I eat it because I know it came from the infinitely good God, and experiment has taught me that the orange, when it is ripe, is a very good thing. I do not stop to analyze it.

It has been given to me by kind hands, by loving hands. I simply engage my time in eating it, and pass on with the strength which that food supplies, to work out God's purposes in my daily life.

And so it is that truth must come to us from God, not as Robt. Ingersoll says in these words:

“Truth can only come to you in this way; it can only come to you by investigation, by experiment, and by the exercise of reason.”

Friends, Col. Robert Ingersoll lies, and he knows he lies. He knows that truth has got to come to little children without experiment, without investigation, and without the exercise of reason. You have to tell the little child that a certain thing is so, and that yonder fire burns, and that if it puts its hands in that fire it will be burned, and if the child is fool enough, when it can begin to talk, to say, “Well, I believe in Col. Robt. Ingersoll that I must investigate, and I must experiment, and then I must reason, so stand aside. I am going to investigate that fire; I am going to

experiment as to whether it burns.” Well, if you should permit the child for a moment to investigate, it would learn not to investigate a second time. (Laughter.) It would begin to suppose that it had better profit by the experiences of father or mother, and respect their directions in other things.

You would be a good deal wiser, though, if you did not permit the child to investigate, and to experiment, but give it a reproof, and, if necessary, a spanking, and make it understand that when you told it a thing was right, it must do it, because you said it.

Col. Robt. Ingersoll knows that he never learned A. B. C. at school by investigation and experiment, but he was told that A was A, and if he disputed it he got the cane. (Laughter.)

Col. Robt. Ingersoll attacks what is the very foundation of common sense in this matter, and that is this: that all truth reaches us by revelation rather than by investigation; that nineteen twentieths of the truths we receive to-day were revealed; that we never investigated or reasoned them out, but they have been handed down to us by our fathers, and we are thankful for them. And although they have handed down some things that they said were truths, and were not, yet we thank them that they handed down to us the truth, even when they handed down to us their poor, weak fallible interpretations of the truth.

Now, let me again, still in preface, say a word or two by way of caution here.

Friends, I can see on all sides in this great republic a very grave impending danger which I want to speak about. I see it all over the world in some things; but, in this country there are certain dangers that are accentuated and intensified by the very fact that you have such broad liberty.

I see this common falsehood everywhere: “I have a right to think as I like.

“I have a right to do as I please, and I do not care what the law is, or what any man says.

“As an American citizen I have a right to think what I like upon every subject, and do as I please in any way.”

There is no greater fallacy than is contained in that think as-you-like, and do-as-you-please theory.

Friends, you and I, if we are Christians—I am not speaking about American citizens just now; I am speaking of you as Christians—I say to you as Christians, for that condition is greater than your citizenship here; for as Christians you are citizens of heaven—I want to tell you that

AS CHRISTIANS YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO
THINK AS YOU LIKE, AND YOU HAVE NO RIGHT
TO DO AS YOU PLEASE.

You are in God’s world, and you have to think as God thinks, and do what God pleases.

Do you believe that?

Voices:—“Yes.”

Dr. Dowie:—Well, then, lay down at once the self-sufficient lie that you have a right to think as you like, and to do as you please; for we are in the midst of the Universe-not to say a world-where there are laws that God has made, and

“The law of the Lord is perfect.”

AND FRIENDS, WE HAVE GOT TO THINK AS
GOD THINKS REGARDING EVEN NATURAL
LAWS.

If any man thinks otherwise than God has thought about electricity, electricity will soon knock him out.

A man tells another there is a 400-lb. weight impending over his head, and that the man there is going to cut the rope, and that if he does not get from under it, he will be killed. He says, "Why?"

"Because the law of gravitation says that this weight will fall exactly where you are standing. Get out."

"Well, I don't think that. I do not believe in the law of gravitation."

The man up yonder says, "Get out from under, because if you do not get out from under, you won't be able to think on any question soon."

"Well, I do not care what you think. I do not think the law of gravitation has any existence."

The man does not think any more; the 400-lb. weight has fallen, and all his thinking machinery is forever smashed. (Laughter.)

FRIENDS, THE LAWS OF GOD WILL VINDICATE THEMSELVES.

You have got to find out what the law is, and if you put yourself in accordance with it, you get blessing. If you resist it, it will grind you to powder naturally as well as spiritually.

Jesus Christ is a foundation stone upon which you build, but oh! if He falls upon you, you will be crushed beneath the Eternal foundation. Take care!

TAKE CARE HOW YOU RESIST THE LAW OF SPIRITUAL GRAVITATION.

I want to say further that this principle applies to everything; that no man has a right to think, excepting on the line of Truth, and no man has a right to act as he pleases; for that would destroy all liberty, perhaps your life, and all property; because, unfortunately, the great mass of humanity are bad, and if they were to be permitted to live as they think, and act as they please, they would steal your

property, and if you resisted, destroy your life, and but for the reign of law we should have universal anarchy. That condition is what Mr. Ingersoll's principles would create.

Again, I want to point out another danger, and it is accentuated in this country. Unfortunately in this country you are very young, very young. As a nation, you are very little more than a hundred years old, and you are a very peculiar nation. You had a very excellent birthright. You came of good stock; but, oh! you have been wonderfully muddled tip ever since.

It is hard to say now what it is to be a true-born American.

I hear people talk about a true-born Englishman, and I do not forget Defoe's skit upon that in his poem entitled, "A True-born Englishmen," when he pointed out what a singular compound an Englishman was; that he was a Dane, and Celt, and Saxon, and German, and French, and I know not what. But in this country you are still more a compound, and you have the dangers of your youth as a nation.

You have only entered as a young people upon a great inheritance and if you will permit me to say it, you do not know how to handle it yet, and your best men know that is true.

YOU HAVE NOT KNOWN HOW TO HANDLE YOUR INHERITANCE AS WELL AS WE HAVE IN AUSTRALIA.

In Australia we have never permitted any trusts, or any combinations of capital to establish railways, telegraphs, water-supplies, or any public service. From the very beginning of the Constitutions of the colonies the people have asserted their right to the land, have been permitted to exercise that right without any challenge by the British Government, and they have never parted with one inch of their soil to any railway syndicate—and there is a lot of sin—in these syndicates—I say they have never parted

with an inch of the soil, or a single franchise to any syndicate in existence. But the Australian people have railways purchased, and made at the public cost, water-supplies at the public cost, and every inch of telegraph wire, and all great public services at the public cost, and there is not a monopolist allowed to touch them. (Applause.)

And the sooner you get to that in America the better.

Now, we can teach you something from Australia. Do you believe that now?

Voices:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—You did not say Yes very heartily.

Audience:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—Well, we can, whether you like it or not. We brought you the Australian ballot, and we brought a system of land registration which, if you were to have it in use, would do away with four-fifths of your scheming scoundrel lawyers, and every man could transfer his property for a few dollars, if it were a million's worth.

Now, I want to say this, if you will permit me, you have not learned by the experience of older nations as you ought to have learned, and you have been too downright pig-headed and proud to do it, and

YOU ARE WONDERFULLY PIG-HEADED HERE

because you eat five million pigs every year in Chicago, and you eat pig everywhere, and you have got scrofula in your blood, because you eat pig, the dirtiest, stinkiest, rottenest, disease-breeding food you can touch. No Christian should touch it.

The Lord Jesus Christ sent all the devils at Gadara into the pigs, and I tell you they have never left the pigs since. There are lots of devil in pig. Trichinosis, and all kinds of diseases.

Now, listen.

I want to point out another danger that makes it difficult to test Truth. That you are the subject, and the willing sub-

ject of countless lies, and this is the reason why Mr. Ingersoll has got such power in this country.

YOU ARE NOT PRIEST-RIDDEN, BUT YOU ARE PRESS-RIDDEN.

Did you hear what I said ?

You are not priest-ridden, but you are press-ridden. And you are ridden to your destruction by a mass of men who turn day into night, and night into day, whom you can smell yards off any time; for they mostly stink in equal proportions of tobacco, beer and whiskey.

"These are thy gods, oh, Israel," which sit down in reporters' rooms, and in editorial chairs, and furnish all your opinions, and you, like a lot of geese, swallow them, and say that is truth. I say that this is the most press-cursed, and press-ridden country in the world; that you swallow lies by millions every day, and think that because a thing is printed in the newspaper it is true.

I have scarcely seen in this country a single fair or true article upon English or European politics. Acquainted as I am with the British Empire throughout its whole extent, and knowing something about its government, knowing something of the wealth and power, and intelligence, and honesty, and integrity of that government, I am ashamed to see the countless lies that are continually given to you in the public press. You imagine that every country on earth is behind you, when, as the present Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington said, you are in danger of getting behind very nearly every country.

There is another thing.

I want to say to you that

YOU ARE CREATING A HEATHEN OLYMPIAD OF YOUR NATIONAL HEROES.

Your newspapers have nothing about Jesus Christ the Son of God, and the Law and Gospel of God as He gave it,

but you hear a great deal about the founders of the constitution. You hear a great deal about George Washington, and Ulysses Grant, William T. Sherman, Sheridan and Abraham Lincoln.

The other day when Washington's Birthday was celebrated, I saw in a score of papers these words: "The nation worships at the shrine of Washington." A little earlier the papers were full of ghostly imitations of Abraham Lincoln crowned with angels' crowns, and the words in scores of papers: "The nation worships at the shrine of Lincoln."

A little before that, it was Gen. Grant's Birthday, and the Marquette Club and some others drank lots of champagne at night and they found, no doubt, real pain in the morning, and they said that the nation was "worshiping at the shrine of Grant."

Friends, I ask you to think of what these words mean, and I want to tell you they were true, that the nation was bowing its knee and worshiping the shadows of the unseen of these men.

Friends, do you not know that that was the way heathenism was established, that Hercules, and the gods of the Olympiad were all originally heroes, and at last the Roman Empire filled up the cup of its iniquity by deifying every one of the Cæsars? No matter how vile he had been, he was placed amongst the gods and worshiped in the Pantheon.

Do you know what followed when that happened? Virtue and purity in private and public life was utterly undermined and the nations perished which made heroes and gods of their national warriors and rulers.

When Mr. Ingersoll tells you that you are to "think for yourself and enjoy the freedom of a god," he is saying exactly what the devil said to Eve in Paradise; that if she and Adam ate that forbidden fruit, they should "be as gods."

We protest against worshiping at the shrine of any man, for if that worship is established the nation will become heathen to the heart's core.

If I were here to dissect character to-day I should praise

George Washington for many things, but I should not forget to tell you that he loved wine; that he was petulant when the wine was not good, and that he bought and sold human beings as slaves.

If I were to dissect character to-day I should tell you that Ulysses Grant was an able general, but that he was an unmitigated stinkpot, and died with a cancer because he would perpetually smoke, and that he might have been living to-day, but for the dirty, filthy and unmanly vice of the use of tobacco. I do not care who takes the other side; there is not one of you here who professes to be a Christian that will dare to bring your pouch of tobacco, your cigarette, your cigar, your chewing plug, and kneel down here and say, "God help me to chew to Thy Glory, and help my wife and children to smoke, and chew to Thy Glory." (Laughter and applause.) You hypocrites. There is not one of you will do it.

If I were to dissect character, I should tell you that Abraham Lincoln was a great and a good man, the liberator of the slaves, the undaunted friend of freedom, but I should deplore to you that in his early manhood he sold whiskey with his partner in this state of Illinois and I have seen a *fac simile* of the license. You can see it in McClure's Magazine. I should also tell you that the saddest thing about Abraham Lincoln was that he died in the filthy and disgusting theatre. Surely the Chief Magistrate of this great land at that time, when the nation should have been pouring out its heart in thanksgiving to God, should have been found with his fellow Christian's on praying ground, and if he had been on praying ground, and not on the devil's, he would not have been murdered by an actor.

But he was on the devil's ground, and the devil could get a shot at him.

Grant would have been murdered that night but for the fact, that instead of going to the theatre with Lincoln, he obeyed the dictates of conscience, and of God, and went to the bedside of a sick child; and surely if Grant could go to pray to God for his sick child, it would have been a right

thing for Abraham Lincoln to have been with God's people that night pouring out his heart for the sick nation, which was bleeding at every pore.

I never forget that he died amidst these scenes of iniquity which are the desecration of humanity; for

NO MAN OR WOMAN CAN BUY A THEATRE
TICKET TO-NIGHT OR TO-MORROW, AND ASK
GOD ALMIGHTY TO BLESS THEIR GOING TO
THE THEATRE.

They have got to leave God outside, for that is the way to the pit.

I want to say further that one reason why the voice of Truth is not heard—that is the voice of Jesus—is that in the churches you do not hear of Jesus. You do not hear His voice. They take a text and they juggle it. They take a text and they give you philosophy, theosophy, or some infernal lie they are discussing, but they do not give the words of Jesus. They will discuss some dogma, some doctrine, but they will not preach repentance, and they will not preach faith in Jesus.

These are mere accessories, and the principal thing is the squalling of the quartette that has been singing for the devil on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. You hear music by professional singers, and a speech by a professional orator, in which there is only a mere mention of Christ, and that is the reason why the voice of truth is not heard.

It greatly amused me to read the opening sentence of Ingersoll's Lecture as it is reported in full in the *Inter Ocean* of Monday, March 8. The first sentence is this:

“Primeval man changed two of his feet into hands, and in the darkness of his brain there came a few glimmerings of reason.”

I might ask Mr. Ingersoll at the beginning, where did he

get that astounding fact that the monkey became a man?

I am very much of the opinion that a great many men are becoming monkeys. (Laughter.) But I want to know where the four-footed animal became a man?

Now, this man who tells you that everything must be proved, makes an assertion here for which I venture to say there is not one single atom of scientific proof anywhere—the evolution from the oyster through all its gradations to a monkey, became in time a man! The most common sense thing for any reasoner—and he appeals to reason—is this, that all the chains of the links in that process of evolution that went on to make an oyster, and a monkey a man, that every one of these links would be going on still. Where are they? Where are they? Can you alter species? You try it with the horse and a donkey, and you can have a mule. Can you perpetuate the mule? You know you cannot. That mule would die out unless you were to continue the same abominable cross-breeding. You cannot make one species pass into another, and there is not one atom of proof for the assertion that man changed two of his feet into hands, and got some few glimmerings of reason in his head. When did he change them, Mr. Ingersoll? How did he change them, and why is not the same thing continued to be done to-day?

You ask us to be sensible and sane. We ask you to start with a sensible and sane proposition. This is neither scientific, nor sensible, nor sane.

Passing into his prelude he said:

“Truth is the foundation, the superstructure and the glittering force of progress.”

I wonder where God comes in. Nowhere. What then is behind matter? What then is behind anything that exists? Whence does anything come? It is a simple matter of logic that out of nothing nothing can come.

Listen!

“How is truth to be found? By investigation, experiment and reason.”

Arguing upon that basis, he says:

“Each person should be allowed to reach his own conclusions, and to speak his honest thought.”

Friends, I want to ask you how that would apply in ordinary life? Everybody is at liberty to reach his own conclusions, to speak his honest thought, and to do as he likes.

Suppose that the employees in a house of business tomorrow reached the conclusion—very possibly true—that they are underpaid, and they are to speak their honest thought, and do as they please. Very well. They all speak their honest thought to each other, and they say: “We are underpaid; let us loot the treasury.” Is that law?

Suppose that 500,000 or 1,000,000 persons in Chicago are of that opinion, and if they are to reach their own conclusion, to speak their honest thought, and act as they like, where will liberty or property be to-night?

Again he says:

“Man should care nothing for authority, nothing for names, customs or creeds, nothing for anything that his reason does not say to be true.”

Friends, are you prepared to accept that principle? I want to ask of you, I want to ask the young men here to-day, to ask them where all liberty in this land will be if this principle is established, that you are to care nothing for authority?

Have you not placed by your own ballot Wm. McKinley in the place of the highest authority in the United States, and placed there,—whether you put him there or not—I ask you, do you not want him to exercise all the rightful authority that the constitution gives him, and act as a strong executive in that seat of power? Do you?

Audience:—“Yes.”

Dr. Dowie:—But if this principle obtains that you are to care nothing for authority, why should you obey President, Congress, Judge, or care a snap for the decision of any jury.

He tells us amongst other things that the physicians, the surgeons rely on observation, experiments and reason. They become acquainted with the human body, with muscles, bones and nerves, and with the wonders of the brain. They want nothing but the truth.

Have you not found they want dollars? (Laughter.)

Tell me.

Audience:—“Yes.”

Dr. Dowie:—“They want nothing but the truth.” The last thing a doctor wants is the truth. The last thing a doctor knows is the truth. He is groping in the dark, and stumbling from diagnosis to diagnosis, and from treatment to treatment, and any doctor worth his salt will tell you that there is not one atom of science in the whole range of either medicine or surgery. For science is absolute knowledge, and regarding the healing of diseases the most eminent physicians will say what Sir Astley Cooper, the Queen’s physician, said,

“The science of medicine is founded upon conjecture and improved by murder.”

His meaning is this, that the quicker the doctor kills his patient, the more merciful is it for the patient.

If you want to get the opinion of great doctors, in issue NO. 4 of Volume I of our LEAVES OF HEALING, you will find the opinion of seventy or more of the greatest doctors of this time who spoke as that great man, Douglas MacClagan, professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Edinburgh spoke, when he said, in my hearing, these words:

“Medicine is not a science. It is purely empirical. From the days of Hippocrates and Galen until now we have been stumbling in the dark from diagnosis to diagnosis, and treatment to treatment, and we

have not found the first stone to lay as a foundation for medicine as a science.”

I want to say this, that if Col. Robert Ingersoll’s knowledge of science is to be taken by his knowledge of medicine, then, as the editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* said, “his knowledge is worth a little less than nothing at all.”

Passing over a great deal, I come to what he says upon the science of theology, and here I ask your close attention. He says:

“All the sciences, except theology, are eager for facts, hungry for the truth, There is not a theologian in the whole world who can produce the slightest, the least particle of evidence, tending to show that the bible is the inspired Word of God. Where is the evidence that Christ was and is God? Where is the evidence that a miracle was ever wrought? There is none. Theology is entirely independent of evidence. How do they prove that Christ rose from the dead? Miracles are not to be believed. Not one of these miracles can be established except by impudent and ignorant assertion.”

I will here mention a little incident, which I hope you will carefully notice, concerning Col. Ingersoll and myself.

In the Auditorium on the afternoon of Sunday, Nov. 10, 1895, I delivered a lecture to about 5,000 persons in reply to Ingersoll.

The point that I then dealt with in his lecture upon the “Foundations of Faith” was his assertion that “the God of the Christians must perish from the universe. He is of no use. He has never answered a prayer.”

I produced upon the platform, and I produced in the audience many hundreds of persons who had been healed. I produced actual facts. I had in my hand that afternoon a little bottle which [pointing to “God’s Handwriting upon the wall”] you can see about that “heart” which contains that mass of bottles. That bottle contains a cancer, a fully formed cancer which fell out of the body of Mrs. Arbeiter when she was in the Auditorium at the second address that we delivered there.

I had prayed with her some time before for the healing of this cancer; it was an enormous one, and filled her up, and swelled her out to a terrible extent. Gradually that cancer diminished, and upon that afternoon when I delivered that lecture upon “Satan the Defiler,” she very earnestly prayed away up in the gallery that the Lord would take the last scrap of the cancer out of her.

It is not very pleasant to tell it, but I will tell it as a fact, the cancer fell out into a cloth she had around her. She felt something had fallen out, and when she went home she examined it, and it was found to be a perfectly formed cancer. That cancer was put into a bottle, and brought to me. I gave the whole details of that cancer with Mrs. Arbeiter present in the Auditorium. All of you who heard this statement put up your hands. [Several hundred hands were raised.]

I produced the cancer; Mr. Ingersoll had delivered his lecture the week before, and I invited him to come on the following week, and hear the testimony of hundreds who had been miraculously healed. I said they were the proof that God answered prayer; there were the people themselves; there were the facts. [See LEAVES OF HEALING, Vol. 2, No. 6, page 88.]

I now want to say I sent to him a copy of this lecture; that I asked him to fight it out as a question of fact as he said God “never answered a prayer,” but, friends, he is a coward to the very backbone, and spinal marrow, and he would not answer that challenge. He was afraid to put it to the test that he is himself calling out for, the test of facts.

Now, this afternoon, before I proceed further, I want to ask all of you who know in your own hearts, and by your own actual bodily experience that God has for Jesus’ sake healed you, to stand to your feet. [Many hundreds rose.]

Now, I call your attention to this array. There are close upon a thousand persons now standing.

Now, friends, I want to say that you are all liars or Robt. Ingersoll is. If I were to go around this company here upon my right I should find those who were deaf for forty years,

and got their hearing in a moment. [A voice: "I did."]

I should find those who were carried down two weeks ago like the boy from St. Paul, dying from the operating table, and he is sitting there in the gallery beside my father to-day. He was carried in helpless, and he now sits at every meal in the dining room at Zion Home.

I should show you here those who have been healed of cancer, blindness, lameness.

Yonder is a youth who only last week stood up who had double joints. He was suffering with the infirmity which he had suffered from all his life, double ankle joints, and they are gone. Is that true?

"Yes, sir."

Amongst those who are here to-day are those who have been healed of well-nigh every disease. Upon these walls are hanging hundreds of objects which remind me of those who have been healed of the deadliest disease

Yonder, seen by most of you, on the south-east corner is a stretcher, upon which the full cousin of President Abraham Lincoln, Miss Amanda Hicks, was carried from her college hall, where she was principal, in Clinton, Ky., dying with cancer. Mr. John D. Rockefeller knows this for he wanted her to come up here to be operated upon by Prof. Senn, and offered any money for her restoration. She was brought to Divine Healing Home No. 3; she was carried in dying. She rose that night, and walked about; within one week the cancer was out of her body, and it had filled all the alimentary region, and she went about telling this story in all parts of Chicago. She told it to the professors of the Chicago university, such as Prof. Miller, and she told it in the First Baptist Church of Englewood, in the First Congregational Church, South Chicago. She told it on Zion Tabernacle platform; she told it in her own college hall; she has told it in Oxford, England. She has traveled upon her tricycle, taking a holiday in Europe, 600 miles. She has come back again to this country, and she is teaching school in Creal Springs in this state, and she is easily reachable, and Robt. Ingersoll would not dare to

dispute one single statement that Miss Amanda Hicks might make, because the lie could be rammed down his throat by a hundred people who would contend for her veracity; yet he boldly denies all these facts, and says that there is no proof that a miracle was ever wrought.

He avers that miracles can only be established "by impudent and ignorant assertion."

Why does he not attempt to show that all this mass of facts are only "impudent and ignorant assertions?"

He is afraid to try it: for he would be forever silenced.

Dr. Dowie:—Is it not a miracle when the blind see?

Audience:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—Is it not a miracle when the deaf hear? Tell me.

Audience:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—Is it not a miracle when a thousand miles away some one rises who is dying? Tell me.

Audience:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—Is it not a miracle when a man spoke to me the other day through the telephone in Hartford, Conn., and asked me to pray for his wife, who was bleeding to death with cancer, and I prayed, and the prayer was answered as we breathed it over the telephone, and he went home, and found that the bleeding had stopped. Is that not a miracle?

Audience:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—Have not miracles been wrought in your presence, when the dying have been carried in on cots, and have risen up and walked out?

Audience:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—What is a miracle? What is a miracle if these are not miracles? These are the miracles which the Gospels contain, and these are the miracles that to-day are repeated. On the day that Robert Ingersoll delivered this last lecture, Sunday, March 4, I sent one of my own stenographers to him, and placed my reply of Nov. 10th, 1895, in his hands which contains my challenge and a statement of many "facts:" for which he says he hungers. When he

spoke that night at the Columbia theatre, he would not dare to take my assertions, but he simply repeated to these people what he knew was a lie; that there were no miracles extant to-day.

I WILL HIDE MY LIFE IN CHRIST MY GOD.
(AMEN)

and will pray that His life shall dwell in me, and if there were no miracles nineteen centuries ago, I know that Jesus works miracles to-day. (Amen.)

But, friends, I know that the record is true, because I have obeyed the record and command, and followed the apostolic, and Christ's own, practice, and I have laid these hands upon the sick, and they have received health, and the blind have received sight, and many of the same works have been wrought to-day as nineteen hundred years ago.

Now, these things are either true or a lie. If they are a lie, why does not Robert Ingersoll, with his great legal acumen, with his undoubted powers of oratory, accept my challenge? I will give him this platform for an hour, if he will give me another hour to answer him after he is through.

I will listen to him, and I will have you listen to him in this way hour after hour, and I will reply hour after hour. I will debate the question as a matter of fact whether God answers prayer, and risk everything upon that conclusion. Why does he not accept it?

Now, friends, a few words in closing. He has a knack of telling you that all scientific men were infidels. There never was a bigger lie, and he knows it. He quotes Darwin; he quotes one or two others who were infidels, but why does he not quote Faraday? Why does he not quote Owen? Why does he not quote Sir William Thompson? Why does he not quote the names of men who are at the head of sciences to-day in their various branches, all of whom are Christians, with scarce an exception? Because he wants to lie, and make you think that science and religion are in

opposition, and they are not.

Let me say a word or two further.

He tells you here—passing over much that I would like to speak of—that all persons should be taught that there is no evidence of the existence of the supernatural; that all should be taught that the forces which exist in nature alone are the powers that we have to respect, and that man should be taught that intellect alone is his guide, and that to develop the brain is to civilize the world.

Friends, let me give you some facts.

“To develop the brain is to civilize the world.”

Have you observed by whom the foulest murders have been committed lately in this country? Have you observed that nearly all these crimes that have shocked humanity by their outrageous horrors have been committed by men who have been educated in school and in universities? The two young men who were hanged yesterday in Kentucky—Jackson and Walling—had been educated in schools, in universities, and were qualifying as doctors, and they committed that horrible murder. They were so permeated with falsehood that Jackson lied within an hour or so of his hanging, and made a confession freeing Walling in order that the execution might be stayed in order to investigate his confession. The governor telegraphed that he would be hanged anyhow, and his confession might be investigated afterwards. He then broke down and again said his alleged confession was a lie, and that Walling was guilty.

I want to point out to you that these young men's brains were educated, but their hearts were depraved, and you can have a developed brain in a first-class devil.

I tremble more for the safety of this republic, for the safety of every city and home in it, when it is in the hands of those who have educated brains and depraved hearts.

Look at the shocking crime in San Francisco of the murder of two girls in a Church by Durrant, a medical student.

Look at the horrible crime in Missouri the other day by a man that murdered his wife and killed his baby; it was a Dr. Duestrow, a sane, and educated, and wealthy man.

Look at the crimes of chemists. Dr. Holmes of this city, recently hanged in Philadelphia, had unnumbered victims, and confessed his guilt in the murder of several. He murdered probably scores right here in Chicago, and elsewhere. His was an educated brain, and a depraved heart.

Do you want the catalogue extended?

I want to tell you this that it is not the poor and the uneducated amongst whom the largest proportion of crime exists, but it is amongst those who have educated brains, and depraved hearts, and Ingersoll knows it for he has got an educated brain, and a depraved heart; and his lectures are incentives to crime of every kind.

Near the close of his lecture he says:

“All should be taught that the forces, the facts in nature, can not be controlled or changed by prayer.”

Friends, I want to close with this: If I believed to-night that I was under the control of what he calls nature, and that I had to look, as the heathen had into the face of that personification of nature which they gave us in the sphynx, which had the beautiful face and breast of a woman, and the whole body of a beast—if I thought that was my God, then, friends, I would have to live as the heathen did. I should have to live with the cry: “Let me eat and drink, for to-morrow I die, and there is no hope beyond.” I should have to live as an animal does, and I say with the apostle Paul to-night,

“If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable,”

for I know that God has made me with thoughts and desires, stretching out into infinity, and surely He who made me with these desires must be able to satisfy them.

Friends, I go back to where I began, and I say this: Nearly fifty years have passed away since my infant frame was horn into this world. On the 25th day of next May I shall be fifty years old. I think I know what I am talking about. I think I know something of the service of the Master whom I have loved and served for forty-three conscious years. I think I know something of Him whom I have obeyed and followed, and in this ministry have prayed to often times as many as 70,000 times for the sick and suffering in the year. I think I know what I am talking about when I tell you of what He has done for my spirit, for my soul, for my body, and for the spirits, and souls, and bodies of many. We think we have some right to be heard also, and I want to say to you to-day that much as I loved Jesus in my childhood, in my youth, yet in my manhood with the snows of winter gathering on my brow, I love Him with a fervor that I never had before. (Amen.) I love Him. His Empire of Love is in my heart, and that Empire is filling this world with light, and life, and love, and liberty, and oh! it pains me to my heart to hear a man wanting to blot Him out of existence, to give me in exchange what?

Oh! Ingersoll, tell me, if I part with Jesus, whom will you give me in exchange?

If I part with Salvation, what will you give me ?

If I part with His Healing Power, what will you give me?

If I part with His guidance, and the hopes of heaven He has implanted in my breast, what will you give me ? These have made my life so happy in the midst of all its toils and trials. I have seen my dear ones lay down their heads, and smile as they passed away, saying, “Jesus, *Jesus*, JESUS.” He filled their lives; He comforted their hearts; He made them pure and holy, and took them to Himself.

Oh! Robert Ingersoll, what will you give me, if I part with it all? Have you anything to give me?

Nothing, nothing, nothing, but what? The darkness and no Christ, the darkness and no God. Oh! God, it were

better I had never been born than that I should find darkness only awaiting me when this earthly life is over. I cannot part with Jesus; I cannot part with His faith, with His love, with His life, with His light, with His conscious presence. He fills all my life. I should die of a broken heart, if you took away Jesus. Whom have I in heaven but thee? There is none on earth that I desire before Thee. My flesh may fail, but I know that He never lied who stooped from highest heaven to win my heart, and I have never heard, have you, of any who ever trusted Him, when they came to their end saying, "I Oh, I am sorry I trusted Jesus." Have you? (No.)

Tell me now, infidel, have you?

Voices:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—Oh! then what are you going to get, if you part with Jesus?

Friends, he offers you nothing but shame, and sorrow, and pain, and the blackness and darkness of night. God forgive him; God pity him, and oh! God, if it be possible yet in this life, break his heart and save him. (Amen.)

CALL.

And every one of us that wants to have Jesus and Him only fill our lives, let us stand and ask Him to do it. [Apparently the whole audience rose.]

Friends, you want Jesus, listen!

Are you determined by the grace of God to do right? Can you say I am?

Audience:—"I am."

Dr. Dowie:—Are you willing to make things right with your fellowman? Can you say I am?

Audience:—"I am."

Dr. Dowie:—Are you willing by the grace of God to trust in Jesus as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world? Can you say I am?

Audience:—"I am."

Dr. Dowie:—Pray with me.

CONSECRATION PRAYER.

My God and Father, in Jesus' name I come to Thee. Take me as I am. Make me what I ought to be in spirit, in soul, in body. Deliver me from doubt. Deliver me from fear. Deliver me from sin. Give me power to do right to any whom I have wronged; to restore to confess, to do right in Thy sight. Give me Thy Spirit. Cleanse my heart; cleanse my blood; cleanse my body. Make me Thine. and keep me for Jesus' sake. [*All repeat the prayer, clause by clause, after Dr. Dowie.*]

Friends, did you mean it?

Audience:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—Then God has heard, and I have a right to tell you He has answered, and He says, Go thy way, sin no more lest a worse thing come unto thee.

The Consecration Hymn was then sung,

"And, now, O Lord! give all with us to-day

The grace to join our song:

And from the heart to gladly with us say

I WILL to Christ belong."

CHO.—I will! I will! I will, God helping me, I will be Thine!

Thy precious blood was shed to purchase me—I will be wholly Thine

The service closed with the

BENEDICTION.

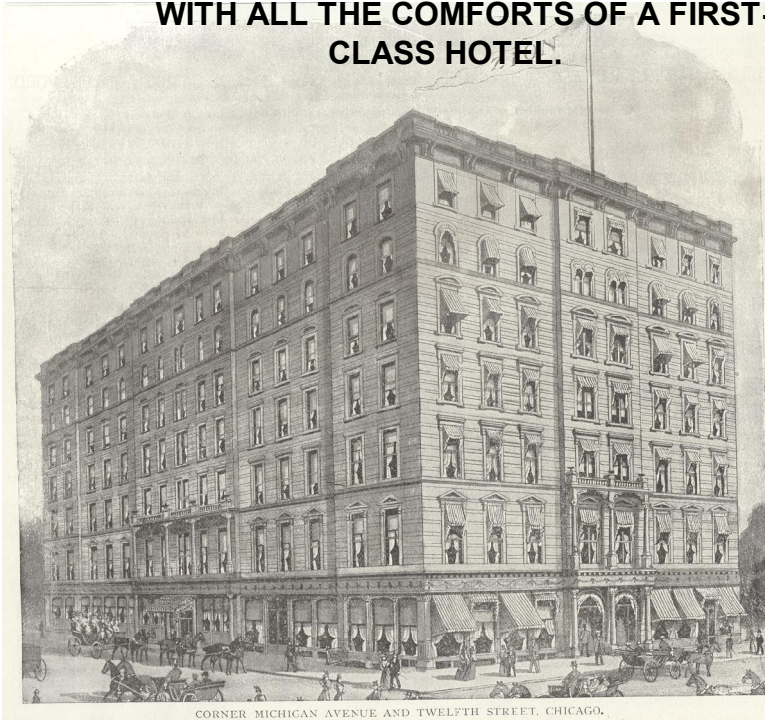
Beloved, abstain from all appearance of evil, and the very God of Peace Himself sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole Spirit, Soul and Body be preserved entire without blame unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ; faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it; the grace of our Lord Jesus, the love of God our Father, the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, our Comforter and Guide: one Eternal God, abide in you, bless you and keep you and all the Israel of God everywhere, forever. Amen.

ZION

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Guests coming from the West and Northwest are advised to take a Parmelee Transfer Coach to Zion at any of the depots where they arrive.

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