

March 1897

Vol 1 No. 3.

50 Cents a Year.

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A VOICE FROM ZION

“Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures.”

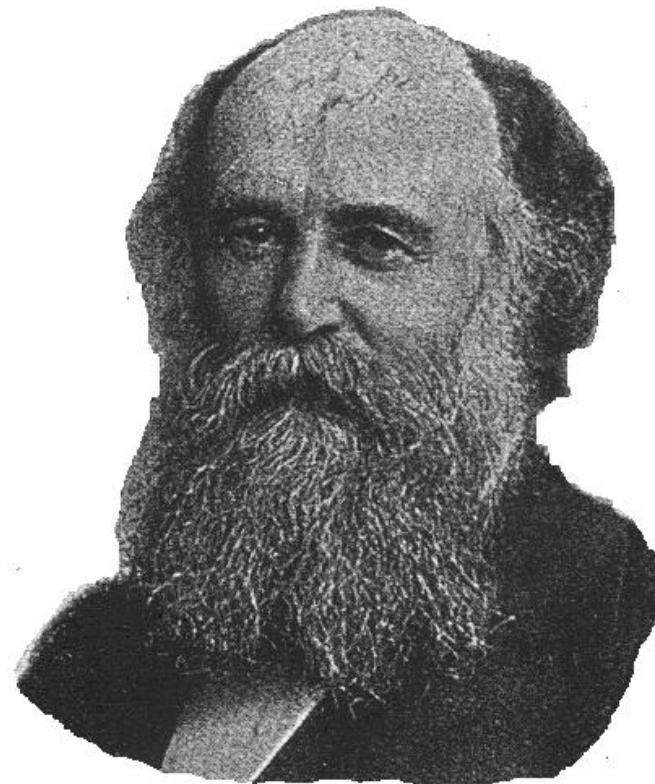
REPLY TO DR. HILLIS.

BY THE

REV. JOHN ALEX. DOWIE

General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church.

CHICAGO:
ZION PUBLISHING HOUSE,
1207 Michigan Avenue,
1897



John Alex Dowie



DR. DOWIE'S REPLY TO DR. HILLIS.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, be profitable unto those who hear, and to all in every land and time to whom these words shall come, for the sake of Jesus, our Lord, our Strength and our Redeemer.

Before any testimonies are called for this afternoon, I will do what I have promised.

I will reply to a certain portion of Dr. Hillis' sermon of last Sunday morning in the Central Music Hall, which was announced in the *Inter Ocean* of the previous day to be on this subject:

"The mind and the science cure *versus* the Dowie cure."

Did you ever hear of the Dowie cure? (Laughter.) I will ask you, if you ever heard a word about the Dowie cure in Zion Tabernacle?

Audience:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—Anybody that can say, Yes, say Yes. (Laughter.) (A child's shrill voice: "Yes.")

Dr. Dowie:—"That was a dear little baby that could say yes. (Laughter.) Where is she? How old is she? About two or three years old. (Laughter.) Well, now the man, woman, boy or girl that can say they have ever heard of the Dowie cure in this Zion Tabernacle, say Yes. [No answer.] There are none. I have heard of it, but it was only in this announcement:

"The mind and the science cure *versus* the Dowie cure: is there a middle or Christian ground."

But when this sermon was published it was differently described, and the word "Dowie" was left out. They had been thinking over it, and so when it was published it was headed:

"The various forms of science cure *versus* the forms of faith cure: with an outlook upon the nature and mission of suffering."

Upon that occasion Dr Hillis took as his text an alleged quotation from the 38th chapter of the book of Ecclesiasticus (Laughter.)

Not the book of Ecclesiastes; but there were quite a number present in the Central Music Hall,—especially reporters who do not know much about the Bible,—who imagined that Dr. Hillis had taken his text from the book of Ecclesiastes.

One of those present was one of my own reporters, whom I had sent there, who is well read in the Bible; but who knew nothing of the Apocrypha, and he was under the impression Dr. H.

was quoting from the Bible, until he was informed of the contrary. Of course, he never imagined that a Christian minister would take his text from a book that was not in the Bible: but

DR. HILLIS TOOK HIS TEXT FROM AN APOCRYPHAL BOOK WHICH IS NOT IN THE BIBLE

When he had to attack Divine Healing, he had to go outside the Bible for a text. (Laughter)

When he wanted to boom doctors and drugs, he had to go outside the Bible for a text, because he could not find one passage from Genesis to Revelation which said one good word for doctors and drugs; not one!

So he went to the book of Ecclesiasticus. (Laughter.) [Here Dr. Dowie addressed himself to his father, Judge Dowie, at the same time moving his desk to one side.]

You had better give me all the room you can. (Laughter.)

I say he went to the book of Ecclesiasticus, and he said he took his text from the 38th chapter and the 4th verse.

TEXT OF THE PRESENT DISCOURSE.

Before I go any further I will take my text for this reply, and you will find it, not in the Apocrypha, but in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, the 22d chapter and the 29th verse:

"Jesus answered and said unto them, Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the Power of God." (Amen.)

That is my text. Now, I did not get that from Jesus the son of Sirach, who was the alleged writer of the book of Ecclesiasticus (Laughter), nor did I get it from the grandson of Jesus, the son of Sirach, who brought forth the book of his grandfather in Egypt about 130 years before Christ, for the book of Ecclesiasticus does not even pretend to have been written earlier than the year 190 before Christ, while, as you will see by your own Bibles, the book of Malachi, which closed the Sacred Canon, was written about 397; in round numbers, the year 400 before Christ.

THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTICUS, FROM WHICH DR. HILLIS TAKES HIS TEXT, WAS NOT RECOGNIZED BY

THE JEWS AS INSPIRED.

It was rejected by them.

In fact they never considered that it had any more claim to be an inspired book than the books of Maccabees or the story of Susanna, or the story of Bell and the Dragon, or any of the Apocryphal books written by Jews at various times between Malachi and Jesus.

The Sacred Canon was closed absolutely about 400 years before Christ, and there is not one single quotation from any of the Apocryphal writings, either by the Lord or by apostles in the New Testament.

The book of Ecclesiasticus was never recognized by the Jews, nor is it recognized by the Protestant Churches of Christendom to-day.

Now, I complain, first of all, that a Christian minister should

TRICK THE PEOPLE

by quoting as if he had got a text from the Bible; and I complain, secondly, that when he did quote it, he did not quote it connectedly, and he did not quote it fairly.

I am going to deal with him *seriatim*.

Let me point out to you then, the importance of that point; that Dr. Hillis practically imposed upon his congregation, and the public generally, by

QUOTING FROM A BOOK THAT IS OF NO MORE
IMPORTANCE THAN IF DR. HILLIS HIMSELF HAD
WRITTEN IT. (LAUGHTER.)

I complain then that the quotation is not continuous, it is not entire, and it is not honest.

Now, I will give you the quotation from a translation I hold in my hand; a very excellent translation of the whole of the Apocrypha, and I will read to you Dr. Hillis' text.

I will tell you first of all, that instead of being the 38th chapter and the fourth verse, as it pretends to be, it is the 38th chapter, it is the 4th verse, but it is also a part of the 9th, 10th, 12th

and 13th verses, and omits the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 11th, and 15th verses.

I will read the passage to you as he quoted it:

"The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them."

THE OMISSIONS OF DR. HILLIS.

Then he skips without telling his audience anything at all about it. He skips three verses. Now, I will read these verses:

"Was not the water made sweet with wood?"

Why did he not read that?

I will tell you why?

Because Jesus the son of Sirach, the writer of this book, in that was referring to Exodus xv, 25, which was immediately followed by

THE COVENANT OF HEALING THAT GOD MADE WITH
HIS PEOPLE,

at the waters of Marah, 1497 years before Christ, where God said,
"I am Jehovah that healeth thee."

That is why Dr. Hillis kept that out.

He did not want his people to examine the passage, and to see how the water was made sweet with the wood.

THE STORY RETOLD.

Let me remind you that the people of Israel were dying with thirst in the desert.

They were three days from the crossing of the Red Sea.

When Moses led out the people of God, he led them into the wilderness of Shur and for three days they found no water.

At last they came to the waters of Marah, and the people cried out against Moses, for the waters were bitter; and, therefore, they cried Marah! Marah! which means Bitterness!

Then Moses cried to Jehovah, and Jehovah showed him a tree, and when he cut it down he was divinely directed to throw that into the waters of Marah, and the waters became sweet; and then it is written in Exodus xv, 26,

“There he made for them a statute and an ordinance, and there He proved them,

“And said, if thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of Jehovah thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes, I will put [or I will permit to be put] none of these diseases upon thee, which I have brought [or I have permitted to be brought] upon the Egyptians; for I am Jehovah thy Healer.” [Jehovah-Rophi.]

There the Covenant of Healing was made.

Dr. Hillis left that out, because it might have made some of the people search for the passage, and they would have found that the Lord had given a Covenant of Healing to His people.

Now he omits these words in Ecclesiasticus,

“Was not the water made sweet with wood that the fruit thereof might be known, and He hath given man skill that He might be honored in His marvelous works.”

Then poor Jesus the son of Sirach said,

“With such doth he heal men and taketh away their pains Of such doth the apothecary make a confection. Of all this works there is no end.”

We all know that there is no end to their mischief. And then he adds a word,

“And from him is peace over all the earth,”

and there is not an apothecary living that would say Amen, because they know very well that there is no peace from their drugs, unless it is in death.

However, he omitted this verse, and then he goes on.

“My son, in thy sickness be not negligent, but pray unto the Lord and He will make thee whole.”

Now, that is really the point that even Ecclesiasticus makes, that the prayer of faith will heal a man.

However, he goes on to quote the passage further:

“Leave off from sin and order thine hands right and cleanse thine heart from wickedness” [And then he says:] “Give place to the physician.”

Now why did he not quote the verse between here? Why did he skip again? I will tell you. It would not have sounded nice for the doctors there to have heard him. This is the passage that he skipped:

“Give a sweet savor and a memorial of fine flour and make a fat offering, as not being.”

You see, he says to come with a fat offering. That would not look right you know, because it would not have done there to remind his hearers of their doctors' bills.

Then he goes on with the quotation:

“Then give place to the physician, for the Lord hath created him. Let him not go from thee, for thou hast need of him. There is a time when in his hands there is good success. For they shall also pray unto the Lord that he would prosper that which they give for ease and to prolong life.”

There he stops.

Now, why did he close the passage?

Why did he not finish the section? Why? Because it would have upset his whole applegart. (Laughter.)

The last word of the section in Ecclesiasticus from which he was quoting, upsets everything that he was arguing; for here is the passage. I am quoting it correctly. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter:

“He that sinneth before his Maker, let him fall into the hands of the physician.” (Laughter and Applause.)

It is even stronger in the Roman Catholic (Douay) version

:

“He that sinneth in the sight of his Maker, shall fall into the hands of the physician.”

Now, I would recommend poor Dr. Hillis to preach next Sunday a sermon from that portion he did not quote—especially from the sum of the whole matter,

“HE THAT SINNETH BEFORE HIS MAKER, LET HIM FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE PHYSICIAN,”

showing clearly that even Jesus the son of Sirach the writer of Ecclesiasticus, connected sin with sickness, and that it was a very proper reward for man's wilful sin that he should fall, into the hands of the physician. Now we are done with his text.

We have shown you that he did not take it from the Bible and even when he quoted it from an apocryphal book, he did not quote it correctly but dishonestly, cutting out little sections here and there, and not giving his people the conclusion of the matter; so that

I BRAND HIM AS A DISHONEST TEACHER, IN NOT GIVING THE STRAIGHT-FORWARD TEXT OF THE BOOK THAT HE HAD IN HIS HAND.

Though his text was not from the Bible at all, he ought to have treated Ecclesiasticus very much better.

But Ecclesiasticus is no authority.

It does not belong to the Scriptures at all. It has no more divine authority than if the editor of the *Inter Ocean* had written it

A TRICKY ADVERTISEMENT.

Now I do not know why the *Inter Ocean* and Dr. Hillis should have conspired together to get a congregation in the Central Music Hall by another trick.

Why did they advertise that he was going to denounce the "Dowie cure," when in his sermon he never mentions the name of Dowie, and never discusses a single point of our teaching.

I can only say that it was a dishonest advertisement, or else when they came to see his sermon they had a lively remembrance of the castigation which we gave them last year, and they thought they had better mend the title and strike out something.

However, it is generally supposed: that the part of the sermon intended to describe me with the master hand of an artist is this section entitled

"THE DIVINE HEALER IN CHICAGO."

Friends, when I saw that title I said, How ignorant, it is, and how blasphemous, to speak of any man as a Divine Healer.

Have you ever heard me call myself a Divine Healer? Tell me.

Audience:— "No."

Dr. Dowie:—Have you ever read one line in which I have described myself as a Divine Healer? Tell me.

Audience:— "No."

Those who are on the contrary say Yes. [No answer.]

There are none. I will appeal to my writings, which are quite voluminous, to the files of my paper for several years, to every person who ever heard me, and will say, what you all know, that the phrase that I am a Divine Healer never came from my pen or from my lips.

THERE IS ONLY ONE DIVINE HEALER, AND THAT IS
GOD HIMSELF. (AMEN.)

Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever, God over all, blessed forever. (Amen.)

He is the Divine Healer. I have preached Him alone. But the paragraph which I now address myself to is headed "The Divine Healer in Chicago." (Laughter.)

Perhaps you would like to hear it. I think I will read it through. I will try to be eloquent. I will try to do justice to it. I will try to put

DR. HILLIS' PICTURE OF MYSELF AND OF YOU, MY FRIENDS,

as plainly before you as possible, and I promise you that I shall not omit one word.

"In our own city there is an Englishman—

Can I stop here for a minute? Well, I thought everybody knew I was a Scotchman. (Laughter.) But really I must not stop; it would not be putting Dr. Hillis before you fairly.

In our own city there is an Englishman of powerful physique, enormous chest and neck (laughter) with the magnetism and virility that always accompany those who cast a spell over their followers. So skilfully has this man used his magnetic and mesmeric gifts as to gain a considerable following among the ignorant (laughter) and to give every possible proof of having accumulated a large property. (Laughter.) There is no richer field opened up for avarice than that opened by the fact that when men are stricken with disease, all that they have will they give for the chance of life. Trading upon this principle and upon man's credulous ignorance, and by insisting that the sick shall pay before the healer prays, a large fortune has been amassed: though death has not been averted.

"The sorrow and death of some of those who have been deceived by this man forms a tale of piteous woe. Yet in a city of 2,000,000 the number of desponding invalids and of credulous persons is so large as to make an endless chain for avarice. Just as at Lourdes the priests exhibited a room filled with crutches once used by cripples who were instantly cured by looking upon that relic called a piece of the cross upon which Peter was crucified, so this shrewd and crafty Englishman points to the crutches and braces cast off by men who have received the command to rise up and walk.

"Those who attend his meetings know how this man leads in a group of cured invalids. [This is a magnificent passage.] When this great, sleek, sturdy giant (Laughter.) [I will not comment now because I am going to take it together when I lay him across my knee and chastise him]—rises and fixes his piercing eyes upon the person at his right or left, whom he wishes to testify, the wan-faced, hollow-eyed—(laughter.)

DR. HILLIS' PICTURE COMPARED WITH THE REALITY.

[Here Dr. Dowie pointed his finger to a company of ladies and gentlemen who were sitting upon the platform, all of whom had been healed at some previous time and had voluntarily come up to give their testimony.]

"man will rise and assert that one touch from the Divine Healer restored him to robust health."

(To the company of witnesses referred to). [Now get up and let us see.] (Those on the platform rise.) (Laughter and applause.)

[Pointing to the company on the platform.]

There is the pale, wan-faced, hollow-eyed set. Thank you! I am helping Mr. Hillis out. You pale, wan-faced, hollow-eyed set! [The fine appearance of the large company of strong, sturdy, healthy looking men and women, as they rose up row after row and faced the people with happy, laughing faces, was in strong contrast with Dr. Hillis' characterization, and evoked applause.]

"just ready to fall to the floor through weakness."

Faded and broken women also will testify.

Women rise up. Let us see you. All the women in the audience that have been healed rise. (A large number rose in response.) Well, now, you are a lot of faded and broken women! You do not look faded Mrs. Paddock. How much do you weigh?

Mrs. Paddock:—"135."

(Addressing another sister) How much do you weigh? The Sister:—"185."

One hundred and eighty-five! You faded woman! (Applause and laughter.) I will not go any further for I might get up to 200 presently.

THEIR MOUTHS "FILLED WITH LAUGHTER."

You will pardon me will you not? I am helping him out. Oh, I have had lots of fun out of this. (Laughter.) I know you will pardon me. I ought to have gone on, but I really wanted to illustrate.

"Faded and broken women also will testify that when the healer laid his hands upon them they felt that the fountain of youth had been opened up to them in answer to his prayers."

Thank God that is true. They were once faded and broken. Dear Mrs. Long came into our Home paralyzed, blind, and came in with all kinds of infirmities, and she went away healed, praised be God. She found the fountain of youth, for the fountain of perpetual youth is found in God. (Amen.) He is perpetually young. This statement of Dr. Hillis tells the truth.

"These poor creatures,"

Now, then, look at these poor creatures. [Laughter]

"These poor creatures are as helpless to escape from this giant's clutches [laughter] as young birds to escape the net. Confessing that many whose diseases are imaginary and others who are weak of will and need the stimulant and shock of some powerful mind have either been helped or healed; we may also be permitted to assert that for the most part these divine healers are trading upon the sorrows of the poor and making soft and silken their own nest by taxing the children of ignorance and superstition."

Now I have read the attack.

DR. HILLIS PAREGORICAL STYLE OF PREACHING.

This attack is a part of one of the characteristic sermons which Dr. Hillis has, in succession to Professor Swing, induced the *Inter Ocean* to publish.

I do not want to be too hard upon a poor, ignorant, feeble man, whose conceptions of a public teacher are that he shall be perpetually studying to string his words together with metaphor, and trope, and figure, and allegory, and illustration, and imagination, until the whole thing is allegorical, and historical, and metaphorical, and paregorical. (Laughter.)

A voice:—"And diabolical."

The stuff becomes so sickening that it gets to be a kind of intellectual paregoric. I never read it without inward pain.

I very seldom read that intellectual or supposedly intellectual trash. I know something about it.

It is the kind of thing the world is sick of; but there are a few people who want to maintain some kind of scrap of religious sentiment and so hire a minister to preach it.

I have no concern with all his introductory stuff, with his alleged errors of the supernatural.

I will only tell you that this paragraph, which is supposed to describe myself and the work which God has given to me, is introduced for the purpose apparently of pillorying me before

America as a great rascal.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST WAS CRUCIFIED BETWEEN
TWO THIEVES, AND I AM CRUCIFIED HERE BETWEEN
FOUR.

The poor, miserable man named Schlatter, an insane, spiritualistic shoemaker, who spent much of his time, poor fellow, through his hallucinations, in prison, is selected as one. His story is one of the sad things of life. He declares himself to be Christ and thus tries to steal His glory.

Secondly a man named Schrader, who, Dr. Hillis asserts, is a horse thief and a bigamist. With these two on the one side and Theosophy with the filthy Mine. Blavatsky and Mme. Besant, and Christian Science with the shameful Mother Eddy on the other side, he has been pleased to endeavour to crucify me.

Friends, I have had a great deal of fun over this, but I am also aware of the fact that there are no doubt many in this city, in this state and country, and in other places where this sermon will reach who will suppose that this is a correct description of John Alexander Dowie, and for their sakes, not for yours or for mine; but for their sakes, I will take it a little seriously for a few minutes.

Now, first of all, Dr. Hillis is so crassly ignorant, even of my personality and of my history that he does not know that I am not an Englishman.

A SCOTCHMAN IS NO MORE AN ENGLISHMAN THAN A
GERMAN OR AN IRISHMAN.

We have maintained our national character, and we have imposed it to a large extent upon England.

The nation to which I belong has provided England with its Royal House, has provided England with many of its greatest statesmen, none standing greater than Mr. Gladstone, the son of a Scotch merchant, born in Leith. (Applause.)

I venture to say this that we have no reason to be ashamed of our native land, and when I want to be quoted as to my native country, let me tell you it is grand old Scotia, and that I was born

in Edinburgh, which in my humble conception is the grandest city in the world.

Chicago is not in it with Edinburgh, and has yet to win its historic place. But "Edina, Scotia's darling seat," is the Queen City of the Earth in every true Scotsman's heart. (Applause.)

It is not famous for stock yards and pork packing.

It did not eat five million pigs last year, and it is not famous for the most scurrilous and infamous and detestable press that ever cursed a country.

It is not famous for ministers who stand up in the pulpits and impose upon their people quotations from Ecclesiasticus, as if they were quoting from the Bible; but it is famous for large-brained, fair-minded men who when they do fight, fight in the light and fight for God, for truth and for humanity. (Applause.)

Dr. Hillis is imprudent, and he is impudent, and he is a nasty little boy who wants slapping (laughter) for his impudence

A BRIEF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I will give you a little of my autobiography, and I am not ashamed of what God has wrought.

I was born in Edinburgh nearly 50 years ago.

Next May 25 I will be 50 years of age.

I earned my own bread from my 14th year, and was brought up in the academies of Edinburgh.

I went with my father, who is on this platform, to Australia.

I plunged into business, and within a few years was the resident partner's confidential clerk in a firm doing \$2,000,000 in open goods, every invoice of all these imports passing through my hands.

Soon after that I became the financial manager with a partnership interest, small then but larger to come, in another firm; and though I say it, I do not boast of it, I had the confidence before I was 21 years of age of men in the largest lines of business, and was myself handling large concerns.

At that age I consecrated myself to the ministry, and my money, hardly earned, and my time. With my father's cooperation I studied privately and then returned to my native city, Edinburgh, in the University of which I studied for some time.

I have the honor, therefore, of being a Scotchman trained in academical, in business and in university life, and when I returned to Australia my brethren in the Congregational body within three short years gave me the honor of placing me at the head of possibly the most important charge in the entire denominational body—famous for its big heads, some people think, and, after all, there is something in those heads, too.

FORMERLY CONGREGATIONAL PASTOR.

I was the pastor of the Newtown, Sydney, Congregational Church, which gave me the opportunity of ministering to the professors and students of Camden College, the only Theological Seminary of the Congregational Churches in Australia, which brought me into close touch with many of the ablest men in the great University of Sydney, a city of more than half a million people. That was my third pastorate, and I held it when I laid down my denominational connection to give my life to a world-wide work for God and for humanity.

I had the honor of being at that time the leader—so Sir Alfred Stephens, the Lieutenant Governor and Chief Justice for 29 years, called me in a public meeting,—the leader of the Social Reform Party.

I was offered by Sir Henry Parks the portfolio of Minister of Education in his government, and I could have been, he said, Premier within a few years, if I had only given myself to politics.

SUCCESSFUL PUBLIC WORK.

I helped to mould public opinion, and helped to create legislation in my own land, and was frequently chosen to do important public work.

For instance, the Liberals of Sydney once appointed me in company with Sir Henry Parks and the Editor of a Sydney daily paper, to draw up an important document addressed to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. This document was one of great importance at a time when the foreign policy of the Tory party under Benjamin

Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, had strained the loyalty of Australia to the mother country.

On another occasion I was supported by the Protestant ministers of all denominations in Sydney in answering a famous address of Archbishop Roger Bede Vaughan, and when my address appeared in pamphlet form, it brought me kind commendation from the late Mark Pattison, Master of Lincoln College, Oxford, and from Mr. Gladstone himself. The largest hall in Sydney was filled to overflowing with the leading men of the land when this lecture was delivered, and it was the first gun fired in a battle against Roman Catholic supremacy in educational matters, the final result of which was the taking away of all grants to denominations from the public treasury and the establishment of a National, Compulsory, and Free Educational System for all the people.

No man would have had the impudence to produce this paragraph in Australia. He would have been laughed at from Gulf of Carpentaria to the Gulf of St. Vincent. He would have been laughed at as a fool who did not know what he was talking about, and would have been pitied for the results that would have happened when he fell into my hands. (Laughter.)

DR. HILLIS PARTIAL.

Dr. Hillis ought to be better informed.

It was his duty not only to find that Schlatter had been a shoemaker, and the spiritualistic Schraeder a horse thief and bigamist, but why did he not tell Chicago what I had been?

He did not dare. We wanted to paint me as some naughty little, ignorant boy does, with a bit of burnt cork and a piece of white paper, and having drawn the picture to his satisfaction, he says, This is Dr. Dowie. (Laughter.)

Now, I must be pardoned for these biographical details, but Dr. Hillis has made them necessary.

Let me tell you another thing.

For many years I was the President and the Founder of the

International Divine Healing Association, and it is a piece of impudence on Dr. Hillis' part to insult those who are my correspondents and colleagues and friends in this work all over the world, by calling them a pack of ignorant and credulous fools.

PRESENT RESPONSIBILITIES.

I am also the General Overseer of thousands of the Christian Catholic Church, which has tens of thousands of sympathizing friends in and around Chicago, and we have sat down at our Monthly Communion with nearly 2,000 communicants at one time in the Auditorium.

I am the editor, proprietor, printer and publisher of LEAVES OF HEALING, a weekly paper with thousands of subscribers in all parts of the world, and God is blessing our little White Dove, of which we have no reason to be ashamed.

My position entitles me to courtesy, and the recognition of my ministry.

And it is an insult to the intelligence of Chicago, for, while Dr. Hillis, last fall, last winter, last spring, was speaking in the Central Music Hall to less than a thousand people, he knows I was speaking every Lord's Day, for six consecutive months, to from three to five thousand in the Auditorium in Chicago. (Applause.)

He knows he lies when he endeavors to present me as an ignorant fool.

CHARACTER OF DR. DOWIE'S HEARERS.

I will tell him that in this immense audience in the Auditorium there were sometimes as many as 200 ministers, theological students and doctors present.

I will tell him that on one particular Sunday I preached—(Dr. Speicher knows)—we had to provide 60 tickets for the theological students of the McCormick Seminary Theological Seminary.

I will tell Dr. Hillis what he ought to know that the Rev. Dr. Adams, the Editor of the Chicago *Advance*, indorsed the mission, and spoke of it in the highest terms that any man could write, saying that the astounding facts we were producing upon that platform of God's mighty power in Chicago were a greater fact than Chicago itself. (Amen.)

I will tell him what he ought to know that the Rev. Dr. Severinghaus, the editor of the *Lutheran Church Friend*, in the teeth of his own denomination's attempting to censure me, came right out with a leading article, in his own editorial columns backing up the mission and declaring it was a mighty work of God. (Amen.)

I will tell you more, that there is not one week in which there are not from 20 to sometimes 40, 50 and 60 ministers in this audience, and I could find a number to-day.

I have as my guest a distinguished missionary from Fenchofu, China, who is sitting in this audience now, belonging to the American Board.

I have had editors, I have had Senators of the United States, I have had Congressmen, I have had doctors and their wives, I have had the closest relatives of Presidents of the United States as my guests in Zion Home, and it is a piece of downright, low, impudent cheek upon the part of Dr. Hillis to insult my guests and my friends (applause), the kind of thing you would spank a boy for. (Laughter.)

THE PEN PORTRAIT FALSE.

The next thing.

His very attempt to describe my personality is a lie, and he knows it; or, if he does not know it, then he is a fool, for a man that draws a description of another man who is in the same city as himself, should do so correctly. He can easily inform himself, for I speak publicly in this place several times a week, and at times when he is not speaking, for he is one of those gentlemen who confines himself to strictly one line; his prodigious labors make it

impossible for him to do more than what they say some hens do, they lay one egg (laughter), and this gentlemen takes a whole week to hatch one sermon.

Now, inasmuch as I sometimes deliver 20 in a week, he might have come to see me before he attempted to describe me.

What a farce it is to describe me as "a man of powerful physique."

Well, I am not a babe, (laughter) and I do not think my physique is of the weakest; and it is quite equal to giving him a proper handling to-day. But there is nothing extra about my physique.

"An enormous chest." Well, I am willing to admit that my chest is about 42 inches wide, and that must seem very large to poor, little Dr. Hillis. (Laughter.)

"And virility." Well, I did not know it was a crime to be a man and to have virility. Thanks be to God I have got virility, and the man that has not got it has lost his manhood because of his secret sins. (Amen.)

I do not know whether Dr. Hillis has, but he is a fool to charge it as a crime that I have a good pair of lungs, and have got virility and a good physique. But he wants to make it more than that; I am a "Giant."

Well, I measure 5 feet 5 1/2 inches in height, and some folks say that I am nearly as broad as I am long. (Laughter) To make a giant out of an undersized man is a perfect piece of absurdity.

"When this great, sleek, sturdy giant rises—"

Now, if anybody has come here to-day expecting to see a giant, how disappointed they are. (Laughter.) My friend, Dr. Bell, of Boston, when I first met him in his own city, stood back and said, "Well, Dr. Dowie I am so glad."

He had been my correspondent for years. There was a look of amusement upon his face.

"I am so glad to see you doctor," I said. "What are you smiling at?"

"Well," he said, "I will tell you. I am smiling at the

difference between you and as I conceived you. I expected to see a great big six feet and a half red-headed Scotchman." (Laughter.)

"Well," I said, "what do you see? You see a little man something like Zaccheus."

AN ANECDOTE.

Once I overheard a person who was going to hear me preach say to one of my people, "Oh I am on my way to hear your great Dr. Dowie."

"Hush," said my friend, "that is him," pointing to me.

"Why, that little man Dr. Dowie; I have been looking at him and wondering who he was, but—well I did think he was bigger."

All this was said in what she supposed was a whisper.

Shortly afterward my friend introduced me to this lady and I said, "Madam, did you ever hear Dr. Watts' lines about himself when he overheard one speak of his small stature:—

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or mete the ocean with a span,
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the measure of the man."

"Ah," she said, "you overheard me."

I hope I do not do any damage to myself by letting my foreign readers know, but I am quite willing to let them understand that if they come to Chicago they will not see a man who is either a great, sleek or sturdy giant; but as far as his personality is concerned, they will see a small man.

"BODILY PRESENCE WEAK."

They will see a man considerably under the middle height who, has, by the grace of God, a healthy constitution, a bald head and bandy legs. (Laughter and applause.)

I may as well tell you, if you do not know it that this is the traditional description of a far greater man than I shall ever expect to be; it is the traditional description of the Apostle Paul himself.

He was only a small man, so the book of Paul and Thecla says, under sized, with a bald head and with bandy legs; but he had what I can not pretend to have. He had, said Onesiphorus, who writes of him in that doubtful book, "a countenance which sometimes was like the face of a man and sometimes like the face of an angel." Paul's power did not depend upon his being a giant; but I am sure that it lay in something more glorious—his union with God in Christ.

I want to say this, if Dr. Hillis' intention is to show that by my magnetism and mesmerism I am doing these works, then he is a very foolish person.

Why, if it was magnetism, or mesmerism, or what you will, I would soon be exhausted.

“ALL THINGS THROUGH CHRIST.”

I lay these hands sometimes 70,000 times in one year upon the sick.

I see, as you know, regularly, nearly a thousand persons, at the least, every week and sometimes 1,500, and sometimes 2,000.

I labor in my office and in my home, and in this place on an average 18 hours out of 24.

I edit the LEAVES OF HEALING and care for its business interests, and the whole business interests of Zion pass through my office.

I teach the sick in large numbers in Zion Home three times a week, and often take morning and evening prayers.

I speak here, and am often continuously engaged from three o'clock until ten o'clock at night several times a week.

In addition to this, I manage a correspondence with all parts of the world, and keep eight clerks, four of them expert stenographers, constantly engaged, and have a household of about

seventy persons all told, etc., etc., etc.!

I will tell you this, the magnetism, the mesmerism, that a man would exercise in doing all that would leave him a dead man in less than six months.

But the fact is this, that after prayer, after pouring out all my strength, and going through long nights of toil, I am stronger than ever.

I left this place last Tuesday night, having been laboring all Sabbath, all Monday, all Tuesday, right through Tuesday night, until 9 o'clock. I returned to Zion, took there a little evening repast, went into my office, and Mr. Dresser knows I laid down my pen at a quarter to five on Wednesday morning.

Mr. Dresser:—“I was with you until one o'clock, and you had then written no editorials. When I got up a little after five, Brother Stern gave me your editorials all completed, and said you had just gone to bed.”

Friends, magnetism and mesmerism will not account for it. Had I possessed magnetism merely, and not

THE POWER OF THE HOLY GHOST,

I would have been completely exhausted and dead years ago. Of the Spirit's power Dr. Hillis has no conception. From the beginning to the end of his discourse He is never recognized, nor have I read of Him in any of his discourses, and I do not know whether he believes that God the Holy Ghost has any existence. I have not read many of his sermons I will admit, for I have no affection for chasing soap-bubbles, (laughter) and these intellectual soap-bubbles have no charm for me. To mix up a lot of so-called intellectuality, and then produce a sermon like that where blind Horner, Ulysses, Longfellow, Bryan, Darwin, all appear, with a little bit of himself—is an absurd sort of business. (Laughter.)

That kind of thing has no attraction for me, but I will say this: I will tell Dr. Hillis that he might have learned something regarding the Holy Ghost in the Shorter Catechism of the church to

which he is a disgrace—the Presbyterian church.

A WORD FOR THE SHORTER CATECHISM.

However I may differ with the Presbyterians, there is one thing, in the shorter Catechism they have got a magnificent body of doctrine.

I remember when one of my Professors in Edinburgh was asked to sign the Confession of Faith, Prof. Blackie, my professor in Greek. He had come down from Aberdeen to be the great Professor of Greek, which he afterwards became in Edinburgh, and Mr. Kennedy, the Registrar of the University, came to him with the Confession of Faith to sign before he could come into the chair. So this Mr. Kennedy said to the Professor, "That is the Confession of Faith."

"The Confession of Faith; what have I got to do with that?"

"You have got to sign it."

"Ah ! I came to this University to teach Greek; I did not come to teach Presbyterian faith."

"But, Professor, you cannot take your chair until you sign that Confession of Faith."

And he said, "How can I sign that?" Everybody knew he was very loose upon some points. (Laughter.)

"Well, you cannot take your chair until you sign it."

"Well, now," he said, "Mr. Kennedy, what does it mean to sign it?"

"Well, it means this, that you are to sign that Confession of Faith, and say that it contains what you believe."

He replied, "I will do that quickly. Give me a pen." Then he sat down, and he wrote,

"John Stuart Blackie." But as he did so he said, "This contains all that I believe, and a great deal mair." (Laughter.)

Now, I have no trouble with the Confession of Faith, and it contains all I believe and a great deal mair: and the only thing about

it is the "great deal mair"—especially when it wants me to believe the eternal reprobation of unbaptized infants, and in the foreordination to damnation of people without any possibility of Salvation. I will not believe it. I will not-believe it, and I told my father that when I was a little fellow. (Laughter.)

Now, I want to say this,—discussing then this offensive attack upon my personality—that Dr. Hillis has greatly erred, and has dishonestly represented me to Chicago, and this country as far as he can, as some poor, ignorant, miserable, mesmerizing, magnetizing, avaricious and weak man.

That is not John Alexander Dowie, is it?

Audience:— "No !" with a thunderous unanimity.

Dr. Dowie:—Well, we will go on; we will take some other points.

HE SAYS THAT I TRADE UPON MEN'S CREDULOUS IGNORANCE.

If there is anything that distinguishes our ministry, it is the extraordinary length to which we are constantly teaching, with a view of removing ignorance.

Then he says,

"By insisting that the sick shall pay before the healer prays, a large fortune has been amassed, though death has not been averted."

Now I am going to brand that as an infamous, unfounded lie! I will ask you this question, friends: There are, as nearly as I can tell, about fifteen hundred persons in this building, as many as this building can contain, and in fact we are overcrowded now, even on this bitterly cold winter day.

HUNDREDS TESTIFY TO THE TRUTH.

Now, listen, I will ask you a question, and I will ask you to be honest, and to give the answer to Chicago and the world. All of

you with whom I have ever prayed, please to stand to your feet.
[Hundreds rose.]

A brother:—"I cannot stand, Doctor, but I will hold up both hands."

Dr. Dowie:—Now if the reporters will glance over this audience they will see that I have prayed with four-fifths of this audience.

Sit down. I will ask you with whom I have prayed—at least nine hundred persons present now—did I ever ask you to pay me one cent?

(Unanimous shout of "No!" from the audience.)

Did I ever ask you to pay me one cent before I prayed with you?

Audience:—"No, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—Did I ever ask you to pay me one cent after I prayed with you?

Audience:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—Have I ever asked for any payment for any of my services to you?

Audience:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—Do you know any one from asked payment?

Audience:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—Those that do know, say Yes.

[No one answers yes.]

I will ask you again: Do you know any one from whom I ever asked payment? Say Yes or No.

Audience:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—Now friends, I will go further, and I will tell Dr. Hillis this, that I will guarantee to place in his hands, on your behalf, one thousand dollars, if he will find one person whom I ever asked to pay me before I prayed with them, or after I prayed with there, or at any time. Are you willing to back me up in that offer?

Audience:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—You will find the thousand dollars. (Laughter.)

Audience:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—All right; you are quite safe.

I brand this as the most detestable lie of the whole thing.

AN INDIVIDUAL TESTIMONY.

[Addressing a gentleman who sat near the platform.] Miller, are you healed?

Mr. Miller, rising to his feet:—"Yes, Doctor."

Dr. Dowie:—Were you instantly healed?

Mr. Miller:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—Could you walk immediately after I prayed with you?

Mr. Miller:—"Immediately, without any pain."

Dr. Dowie:—What was the matter with your leg?

Mr. Miller:—"I had disease of the bone."

Dr. Dowie:—Did I ask you to pay me before I prayed? Mr.

Miller:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—Did I ask you since?

Mr. Miller:—"No; never asked me."

Dr. Dowie:—And you are now able to go to work?

Mr. Miller:—"I was working in three days after I got the healing."

Dr. Dowie:—And the surgeons told you that your diseased leg would have to be cut off?

Mr. Miller:—"That is what the doctors told me."

Dr. Dowie:—And if I had asked you for any money, had you any to pay me with?

Mr. Miller:—"No." (Laughter.)

Dr. Dowie:—But by the good hand of the Lord you have been able to earn some since?

Mr. Miller:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—Did I ask you for that?

Mr. Miller:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—I happened to notice our brother; he was healed just in a moment like that. [Snapping; his 'finger.] Thank you, Brother Miller. I can go around the whole room, but what is the use of going? I could ask every one the same question.

DR. HILLIS BROUGHT TO ACCOUNT.

Dr. Hillis knows he lies! or if he does not know, he ought to know, and therefore he is responsible.

He is like a madman that casts fire-brands, arrows and death, and says, "Am I not in sport?"

God will require that lie at his hands, for having thus defamed His servant.

When he stands before the great White Throne I will be there, and at that Throne of God, if he has not repented, I will be a witness that he lied. It is written,

"And all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death."

And I tell Dr. Hillis that if he does not repent of that lie, and confess it, he will go to hell for it.

And so will the responsible person in the *Inter Ocean* that publishes it. (Applause.) And that is not the first lie the *Inter Ocean* has told concerning myself and God's work in Zion.

A voice:—"Not by a hundred thousand."

Dr. Dowie:—"Last year I bowled the *Inter Ocean* out in all its lies. If it wants to have that fight again, I am willing to have it any time. I never shrink from a fight with the devil. I am always happy, but I am never happier than when I am fighting the good fight of faith.

Now that lie is nailed, Dr. Hillis, and you will go to hell for it, unless you repent.

THE NEXT STATEMENT IS

"The sorrow and death of some of those who have been deceived by this man forms a tale of piteous woe."

I want to brand that as another lie. I will ask you if you have ever been deceived by me? Say yes or no.

Audience:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—"I will ask you, Do you know of any one that has been deceived by me?"

Audience:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—"I will ask you if you know of anybody whose

relatives have died in the Divine Healing Home who have "a piteous tale of woe" to tell?

Audience:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—"Have you ever seen this "piteous tale of woe?"

Audience:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—"Have you ever heard of it?"

Audience:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—"Has it ever been published to your knowledge?"

Audience:—"No."

COMPARISON OF DEATH RATES.

Dr. Dowie:—"I will tell Mr. Hillis that from June, 1893, until this present time, nearly three and one-half years—that in all the Divine Healing Homes, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, and in the Zion Home now, within these three and one-half years we have received about eight thousand guests, as nearly as I can tell, and the entire death rate for the whole period is only eight. Is that right, Doctor? [turning to Dr. Speicher.]

Dr. Speicher:—"That's right."

Dr. Dowie:—"Eight out of eight thousand in three and one-half years. One in the thousand.

The death rate of the Mercy Hospital is, I suppose, the lowest of any hospital in this city, and that is 100 to the thousand. The death rate of Zion is one to the thousand.

And where are the "piteous tales of woe?"

I do not know, I never heard of them, and I will tell you this, that Dr. Hillis cannot produce, and that the *Inter Ocean* cannot produce; and I challenge both of them, and all the wide, wide world of men and women to produce, one single person who has a "piteous tale of woe" to tell of my having deceived them or their relatives who have died in our Homes.

I brand this as a lie made out of whole cloth.

Dr. Hillis, listen to God's Voice, saying,

“ALL LIARS SHALL HAVE THEIR PART IN THE LAKE THAT BURNETH WITH FIRE AND BRIMSTONE: WHICH IS THE SECOND DEATH.”

and I again warn you that you will go to hell unless you repent of that lie, and so will the responsible person in the *Inter Ocean* unless he repents.

Now this man says that I have been guilty of thus deceiving the people, and

“MAKING AN ENDLESS CHAIN FOR AVARICE,”

and that all the people who thus fall into my hands are powerless to escape from my clutches.

Now, friends, perhaps this attack was made in part to draw out from me what my financial position is, but “in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird.”

I will only tell you this that by the goodness of God I have been enabled in three years and a half to build up Zion to what it is to-day.

I found at the end of the World's Fair that the branch of the Association of which I was president had come to financial grief; that it was unable to fulfill its engagements.

I took up personally engagements to the extent of \$8,000, and I paid every cent of them, thank God. (Amen.)

I undertook to build Zion Tabernacle No. 1, and I built it, and I paid for it.

I undertook to alter this place into Zion Tabernacle No. 2, at the cost of thousands of dollars and by the grace of God, I did it, and I paid for it.

I undertook to get together a printing plant for God's work, and by the grace of God I have a very pretty and complete printing office and electrotyping plant, and by the grace of God, I paid for Zion Publishing House and established it at a cost of many thousands of dollars.

I have undertaken to print a paper, and print tracts, and have spent, within two years and a half, more than forty thousand dollars in printing, and by the grace of God, I paid for it.

I have undertaken Zion Home, in the center of Chicago, made improvements costing many thousands of dollars, agreed to pay \$25,000 a year rent, etc., and by the grace of God, I have paid my rent up to date and every cent of the improvements, etc.

I have undertaken to remove the interior of a building, and have paid for it, and I have undertaken now in the name of the Lord, and of this people, to reconstruct that interior at a cost of twenty thousand dollars, and by the grace of God we shall pay for it and it will become Zion Tabernacle No. 3 in the heart of Chicago, a blessing to the people and a terror to Dr. Hillis. (Applause and Amen.)

I can tell you this. John Alexander Dowie and Jennie Dowie have taken money that was theirs alone, in thousands, and thousands, and thousands of dollars, and put them into this Mission.

WHERE DR. DOWIE INVESTS HIS FUNDS.

We have been the biggest givers to this Mission of any, and we thank God for the privilege.

My own colleagues around me have been givers—one on this platform giving a thousand dollars, and others giving according to their ability and the poorest among us rejoicing in giving what they can; and without telling what Zion's financial condition is,—which is not the business of impudent Dr. Hillis, nor the business of the impudent *Inter Ocean*, but which is our own personal business,—I rejoice to tell you that so far Zion's financial position is good, and that it stands, according to many business-men, A1 in the city of Chicago. (Amen and applause.)

Thank God for it; we ought to thank God for it, and we praise Him.

But if Dr. Hillis wants to say that I have acquired a large, personal fortune, he is simply a liar—an absolute liar! What I have

I hold for God, and for this work, and what has been given, and what I have given has gone into, and is continuing to go into the various forms of this work in this, and in many other lauds.

That is all the *Inter Ocean* will be favored with just now. (Laughter.)

FACT VERSUS FICTION.

As to the closing charge, why so far from my endeavoring to exercise any personal magnetic influence, I am sorry to say that I am about the hardest man to get an interview with in Chicago.

Personally I have so little time, that I am compelled to limit my services to public occasions, and to the healing room where seventy persons can be seen at a time, and I am absolutely unable to give any minute personal attention, except in the extreme cases that come into Zion Home. I constantly minister to the poor in far greater numbers than to the rich.

AN INDIVIDUAL EXAMPLE.

For instance, on Saturday night, a poor, sick woman was carried by one of our people into Zion Home, a most hopeless looking case. They telephoned to me during the day, and although I was overwhelmed with work, when I ascertained the nature of the case, sitting in my room, I answered back, "Bring her down."

She was brought down through the cold, bitter day yesterday, eager to come, but dying if she did not get the healing—in great agony. God healed her. She was immediately able to eat, and we gave her a room and took care of her, without receiving one cent of money. I cannot do as much of that as I wish; but I do all I can. She is getting her strength again in Zion, and that is the way I feather my nest.

Now there are many rich that send for me. I do not go to them; they have got to come as the poor do. I can tell you this and everybody knows it, that I am constantly refusing offers, attached

to which there are often as large considerations in money as I choose to name.

I have at this moment from Royal Courts in Europe, and from dignitaries of great nations, letters, inviting me, and even entreating me, if it is possible, to come to their help at once.

I HAVE SAID YOU CAN COME TO CHICAGO, BUT I CANNOT COME TO EUROPE.

I have vowed to God to fight this battle out in the midst of this great, big, dirty, filthy, stinking, tobacco-reeking, disease-breeding, pork-eating people.

And I am going to do it; because God requires it, because my conscience demands it, and because there is a company of people here who want to do right.

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK.

And by the grace of God we are going to make it a cleaner city, (Amen) and through it to reach every part of Europe.

I have refused, and I am steadily refusing, requests from Africa and Asia, as well as from Europe, and everybody that knows me knows that money cuts no figure, and that when money is offered to me for prayer, I refuse both the money and the prayer, telling people that they must not insult me by imagining that I do so much praying for so much pay.

I pray for money for God's kingdom to be extended, and as I daily bow my knees I say, "My God and Father, Thou knowest what Chicago needs, and Thou hast put me here."

And I am asking from God a million dollars, and I am going to get it too, (Amen) because the work needs it.

I might tell you something more, but I do not intend to enlighten the *Inter Ocean*. (Laughter.) That is our business, but we will electrify them one of these days. We have electrified them quite considerably, and the next onward move of Zion after this

New Tabernacle has been in operation for some time will electrify the whole country. (Amen.)

Now, we are not boasting anything. We have very little desire to talk about what we are going to do. We would rather *do* than talk. In regard to the whole matter of the suggestion that I am piling up a personal fortune—I will tell you what I am doing, I am pouring it into the great vortex of Chicago, and I do not doubt but what God will give it all back to Zion, and will enable us to carry out the plans that we have had for years.

A POSSIBLE REASON FOR THE ATTACK.

Perhaps it is here that you can see the real root of the whole of this attack,—*envy of our success*.

When Jesus stood before Pilate, the shrewd Roman Procurator saw beneath all the pretenses of His priestly enemies. When they cried out, “We have no king but Caesar,” he knew they lied.

He knew that they were rebels against Caesar in their hearts when they cried out, “If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar’s friend.”

He knew they were writhing under the Roman power, and did not have an atom of loyalty to the Roman Emperor in their deceitful and envious hearts. He saw why they wanted him to crucify Jesus. They were too great cowards to stone Him themselves; but they called upon the secular arm to do it. You will remember, he put a test to the people, and he thought that test would enable him to get rid of the responsibility of the death of Christ.

He set before them a murderer, and he set before them Christ.

He said, “Now here is Barabbas, the robber and the murderer, and here is Jesus the blameless Son of God, who will ye that I shall release unto you? I will release one or the other.” Why did he say that? Because, it is written, very suggestively,

“He knew that for envy they had delivered Him.”

It was for envy, and they cried out, “Barabbas.”

AND DR. HILLIS WANTS ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING BUT JESUS AS THE HEALER.

He will talk respectfully of Christian Science, which is essentially immoral in its principles, or rather its want of all moral principle, being permeated with deceit and falsehood; which denies the divinity of Christ, and the trinity of God; which denies the Atoning Sacrifice, and the inspiration of Scripture and is wholly heterodox.

He passes lightly by the poor deluded Schlatter, or Schraeder, or Mme. Blavatsky, or that filthy woman Mrs. Besant, whose dirty, filthy books caused her with Charles Bradlaugh to be imprisoned in England; books that she now confesses did more damage than tongue can tell, and she has retracted them.

But, oh what horrible seas of crime she is responsible for. She taught women to destroy their own offspring, and made a science of murder.

Yes, he has soft words for Mrs. Besant, the murderess; he has kind words for the filthy, immoral, and anti-Christian Christian Science; he has soft words for the thief and the bigamist, Schraeder, but he has no word for me, excepting one of envy, and of lying.

I take it as an honor that I am permitted to be crucified for my Lord between these thieves but I say this: Oh, you poor, ignorant, miserable wretch, know this, that

FOR THIS GOD WILL CALL YOU INTO JUDGMENT.

The days are fast speeding on, and time is telling; God’s work goes forward, and will not stop.

But ere I close, one word more.

They are only the “ignorant and the credulous,” he said who testify to their healing.

I said a while ago that was an insult to our audience in the

Auditorium, and the people there; but as I look around these walls, I see the outward and visible signs of an inward and invisible faith exercised through the grace of God, not only by the humble and the poor, but by the educated and rich. Thank God that the humble and the poor are blessed; thank God that these doors have ever been open to them; thank God that the common people heard Christ gladly.

But I want to say this, that

THIS MINISTRY IS COMMANDING THE ATTENTION OF
THE MOST CULTIVATED MEN AND WOMEN IN
AMERICA, AND IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

See? Do you see yon dark piece of canvass hanging on the west wall of this Tabernacle. You can see it is a cot, a stretcher. I will tell you the story of that.

Is there any name in your political history that shines brighter than that of Abraham Lincoln?

Audience—"No."

MISS AMANDA HICKS, COUSIN OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Dr. Dowie:—Abraham Lincoln's full cousin, Miss Amanda Hicks, a bright, intellectual lady, Principal of Clinton College, Kentucky, was carried up dying upon that stretcher four hundred miles when she had a cancer that Dr. Owen of this city could not even touch with his knife.

One of the richest men in America said he would pay Prof. Senn anything that he chose if he would take the cancerous mass out of her, and save her life.

She was carried on that stretcher from her College into a Pullman car at Clinton; brought out again on that stretcher, at the I. C. R. Central Depot, carried into an ambulance, went to a certain house in Ellis Avenue; from thence she was carried to Divine Healing Home No. 3, and there the woman that was full of cancer

and suffering untold agony was instantly healed; rose up the same night, and in a short time every particle of the cancerous tumor passed out of her. Within a week she went back to her college: she went from thence to Europe; did six hundred miles of tricycling in Italy and France and England, and she is back to this country teaching in the college at Creal Springs in this State. Is Miss Amanda Hicks an ignorant woman?

Audience:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—Do I want to go on? I do not need to. There is a doctor's diploma that hangs yonder.

MISS FANNIE LAW, DAUGHTER OF ONE OF
CINCINNATI'S MERCHANT PRINCES.

There is the brace of Miss Fannie Law, one of the brightest young ladies in the best society in Cincinnati. Are you going to call her father, one of Cincinnati's merchant princes an ignorant and credulous man?

There are bankers sitting in front of me; there are merchants; there are lawyers; there are men that are just, as sound and clear-headed as you will find anywhere.

MR. O. F. LONG, ENGINEER OF THE NORTHWESTERN
"LIMITED"

Here is a man who has run an engine [Referring to Mr. O. F. Long] on the Northwestern Line as a locomotive engineer for thirty-one years. How many years have you been a locomotive engineer?

Mr. O. F. Long:—"Forty-three years."

Dr. Dowie:—He has been a locomotive engineer for forty-three years, and he runs the "Special," and when he gets upon that, and opens the valve they have confidence that Long can see them through to Clinton.

Mr. O. F. Long:—"Every time." (Applause.)

Dr. Dowie:—And he is no fool. (Applause.) I am sure his wife is not. You ought to hear her talk. (Laughter.)

Mr. Marsh:—“Bring her out.”

Dr. Dowie:—Oh, she would talk too long. You have all heard her, but her story is wonderful.

Now friends, I am almost sorry I have dealt with this seriously. I did have lots of fun over it, and now I will have lots more; but it is pitiful that a man shall have to stand up in this city, and answer such a mass of infernal lies coming from the Central Music Hall pulpit, which is supposed to be representative of the highest intellectual expression of Christianity.

I think he has left out both the Christianity and the intellect.

He could not find anything in the New Testament, and he could not find anything in the old, so he had to go away to the Apocrypha.

The fact of the matter is, I sometimes think the fellow himself is apocryphal; (laughter) that the whole nature that he has is an anachorism, and I can tell him, and I can tell his backers in the press, “though hand join in hand,” though Wm. Penn Nixon, and the Christian Scientists of the *Inter Ocean*, and the Theosophists, and Joseph Dunlop, that prince of liars,

“Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished.”

I have lived to see Joseph Dunlop, the liar who attacked us so persistently in the *Chicago Dispatch*, under sentence to prison by the Federal Court for two years.

I have lived to see a number of things, and I believe that I shall see my desire upon mine enemies; for God has said,

“Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall.”

“And ye shall tread down the wicked, for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet in the day that I shall do this, saith Jehovah of hosts.”

I hear the ashes crunching of the Central Music Hall pulpit.

I hear the ashes crunching of the accursed *Dispatch*, *Inter Ocean* and *Tribune*.

I hear the ashes crunching, and they are being heard from shore to shore.

We seem to be a feeble band, but we are God's own, and Zion will plant its flag, not only where it is planted in victory over the City Hall, and that miserable little Mayor Swift; (laughter) not only over the County Courts, but

ZION WILL PLANT ITS FLAG ON THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

(APPLAUSE.)

For the flag that we carry is the flag of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and one day His flag shall float over the Capitol of every Republic, and of every country, and God hasten that day. (Amen.)

Until then we will fight on! and *fight on!!* AND FIGHT ON!

And if every tile on every roof in Chicago were a devil, we will fight on, (Amen) and there are not devils enough in hell to keep us from fighting. (Applause.)

You pitiful simulacrum coming up out of the night, the Lord God have mercy on you.

I am only sorry that I have spent so much strength in killing a blow-fly. (Applause and laughter.)

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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.