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DOCTORS,
DRUGS AND DEVILS;

OR,

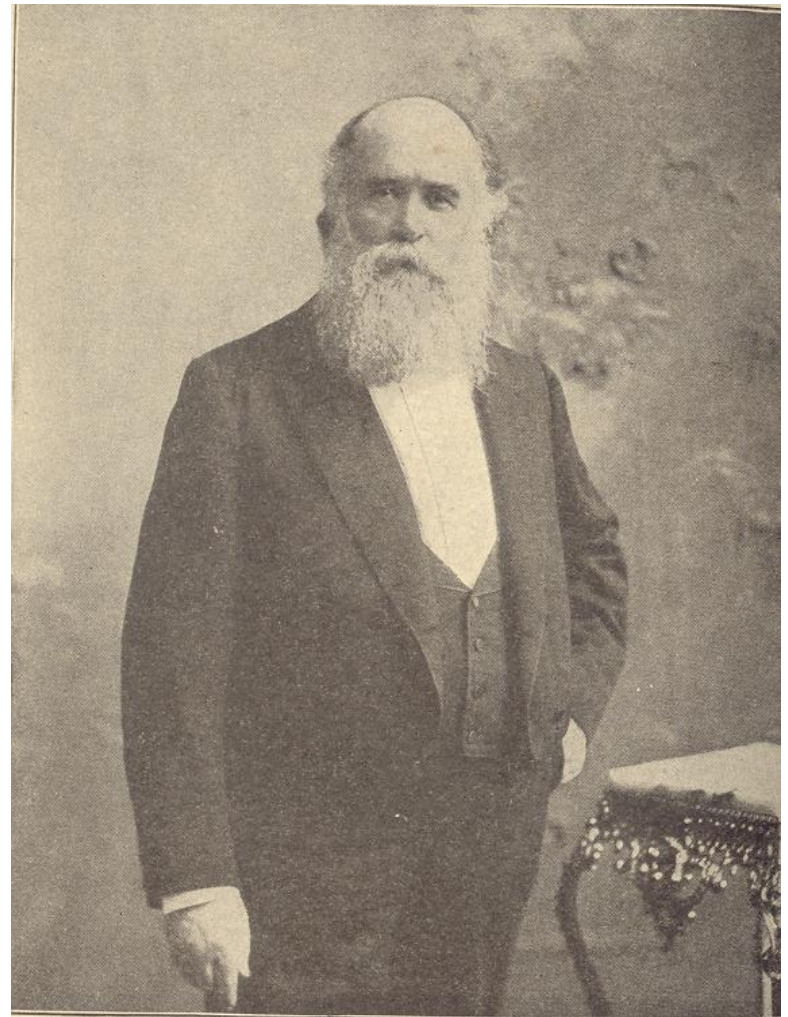
The Foes of Christ the Healer.

A SERMON
BY THE

REV. JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE,
General Overseer of the Christian Catholic
Church in Zion.

Delivered in the Auditorium, Chicago, Illinois, Lord's Day Afternoon
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John Alex Dowie

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DOCTORS, DRUGS AND DEVILS; OR,

The Foes of Christ the Healer

AN IMMENSE AUDIENCE, one of the largest of this great series of meetings, assembled to hear Dr. Dowie, in his most trenchant style, deal with some of the Enemies of Divine Healing.

Knowing, as all in Chicago do, of the infamous persecutions of Dr. Dowie, in which the doctors of Chicago have borne a leading part for an entire year, and in which they had him arrested scores and scores of times on false charges, it was expected that the speaker would be well informed upon his subject.

And so it proved.

No more keenly appreciative audience ever listened to a speaker than the closely packed thousands upon thousands who filled the great building.

Their enthusiastic approval was electric and flashed forth continually in applause which it was entirely vain to attempt to control.

Never in the history of any alleged science has there been a more complete unveiling of this pretentious falsity than in the Unveiling of the Molochs of Medicine and Surgery in this lecture.

There were no honeyed apologetic phrases used in dealing with the grim old idols to which so many millions of lives have been sacrificed.

Fathers, husbands, mothers and wives, sons and daughters have laid themselves down through countless generations at the feet of these false gods, and allowed their priests to torture and kill as they listed, these priest claiming to be scientific operators and dispensers of poison, under the protection of law.

Straight as an arrow, Dr. Dowie arraigned with terrific force all the alleged systems of healing science, and did so by witnesses whose capacity none can dispute; for he produced the Confessions of many of the High Priests of Medicine and Surgery, in which they denounced the whole lying and cruel procedure of themselves and all their fellows.

All fears of these false gods being banished from the minds of the listening thousands, it was evident that the way was now prepared for the affirmation of the Claims of the Gospel of Salvation, Healing and Holy Living, and, as the speaker closed with the parable of the mummy wheat, it was not difficult to believe his assertions that there were now great Waving Fields of Faith in Christ the Healer, for there was a great ripe field before him in that splendid audience in the Auditorium.

It was easy, therefore, for him to gather in great sheaves of converts on the spot, and the Appeal which closes every sermon was therefore responded to with an instant unanimity and earnestness never excelled in all these meetings, where so many tens of thousands have made open consecration to God from Sunday to Sunday for so many months.

“Whereunto will this grow?” was the question which seemed to possess the minds of those who had heard, as they turned toward from this meeting, which had lasted over three hours, and where the people had sat spellbound by the bold truths so earnestly uttered.

On all sides could be heard the earnest works of the multitude saying that they had forever parted from the twin Molochs who have so long held sway over them and theirs to their ruin and despair.

And now the Sun of Righteousness had risen upon them with Healing in His wings, and they went forth with the Light of His Life shining in their faces.

Dr. Dowie opened the services by leading in —

The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin,
The light of the world is Jesus.
Like sunshine at noonday His glory shine in,

The light of the world is Jesus.

The man of God then read in the Gospel according to St. Luke, a part of the eighth chapter, beginning at the forty-third verse:

And a woman, having an issue of blood twelve years, which had spent all her living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any,

Came behind Him, and touched the border of His garment; and immediately her issue of blood stanchèd.

And Jesus said, Who touched Me? When all denied, Peter and they that were with Him said, Master, the multitude throng thee and press thee, and sayest Thou, Who touched me?

And Jesus said somebody has touched me for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me.

That word “virtue” needs explanation. It is not used in the common sense in which we use the word now.

We use that word virtue in the sense of purity as opposed to vice. But the word that is used in the original tongue is the word representing “power,” and it is thus translated in the Revised Version “the power proceeding from Him.”

But even that translation does not give us the idea of the kind of power. The ordinary word in Greek for power is *dynamis* (δύναμις), and the dynamic forces, as we speak of them, are natural powers, the powers of various kinds used by men, but originating in God.

This expression “power,” translated here “virtue,” is a very significant one.

The Greek word is *arete* (ἀρετή), and it has its root in the word Ares, the God of War among the Greeks, called Mars by the Romans. He was at the head of the military power of the heavens who went forth to fight the battles and struck down the foes of the Olympian gods. He battled for Divine supremacy, and drove out and destroyed enemies and took possession of all their dominions in the name of High Heaven.

Now the idea here, then, is that of the power proceeding from a mighty One, which destroys something, and replaces that which is destroyed by a good thing; which destroys an evil power, and puts a good power in its place.

The power proceeding from Him was destructive of sin and

disease, and of death and of hell.

It was and it is the power proceeding from One who has “all authority in heaven and on earth.”

It still is destructive of diabolical power and replaces it by Divine Power, destroying disease by means of healing power.

Jesus said, Somebody hath touched Me; for I perceive that the power proceeding from Me has gone forth.

And when the woman saw that she was not hid, she came trembling, and falling down before Him, she declared unto Him before all the people for what cause she had touched Him, and how she was healed immediately.

And He said unto her, Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace.

In the thirteenth chapter of the same Gospel, the Gospel according to St. Luke, and the eleventh verse:

And, behold, there was a woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years.

Not an infirmity, you will notice, but a “spirit of infirmity,”

All disease is the oppression of the Devil, but there are some which are possessions by the Devil, or by devils, and this was a “spirit of infirmity.”

And, behold, there was a woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, and was bowed together, and could in no wise lift up herself.

And when Jesus saw her, He called her to Him, and said unto her, Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity.

And He laid His hands on her; and immediately she was made straight, and glorified God.

And the ruler of the synagogue answered with indignation, because that Jesus had healed on the Sabbath Day, and said unto the people, There are six days in which men ought to work: in them therefore come and be healed, and not on the Sabbath Day.

The Lord then answered him, and said, Thou hypocrite, doth not each one of you on the Sabbath loose his ox or his ass from the stall, and lead him away to watering?

And ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath Day?

And when He had said these things, all His adversaries were ashamed: and all the people rejoiced for all the glorious things that were done by Him.

May God bless His Word.

The congregation then joined in singing “Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.”

After remarking upon the continuous progress of the work in all departments, Dr. Dowie spoke of the many conversions and healings of the week. In this connection he said:

THE LAST STRIKING CASE OF INSTANTANEOUS HEALING.

Last night in our Assembly Room in Home No. 1, where the guests from all the Homes assemble three times in each week for special ministrations, just before supper, when our session was about to close, I prayed with each of the guests. In doing so I came to one who had only come into the Home on Friday night, from Bowling Green, Ohio.

I had not even spoken to her myself. I had just seen her carried in from her room in the arms of our Home janitor, helpless and feeble.

I smiled as she passed and said a word of good cheer.

When I came to her I said, looking at her pale face and her suffering body, full of anguish, “Do you expect God to heal you?”

“I do.”

“Do you expect that healing now?”

“I do.”

“Will you do what I tell you?”

“I will.”

Then I prayed with her, just in the few words I always use: “In the Name of the Lord Jesus, in the Power of the Holy Spirit, and in accordance with the Will of God our Heavenly Father, arise!”

And she arose.

“Walk!”

And she walked up and down that room several times, and then, standing at the table, she told that

FOR SIX YEARS SHE HAD NEVER STOOD ON HER FEET
OR WALKED UNTIL THAT MOMENT.

She was then, so far as she knew, entirely free from pain. She could not feel the spinal injury which had caused her such agony.

She walked back to her own room at the close of that meeting, God having thus blessed her.

So the work goes on from hour to hour, one may say, as well as from day to day, and not only here, but in distant lands and all parts of these States.

One of the features of the work is the large number of telegraphic dispatches which I receive asking me to pray for the sick. One today is from a minister in Massachusetts, asking to pray for his brother, and I have promised to do so at a particular time this afternoon. We are nearing that time now, so I think we had best go to prayer with that and with all these requests that have been handed up to the platform.

THE WORK GOES ON IN ZION TABERNACLE.

Last Tuesday afternoon a Grand Army boy—they all call them boys—was carried in by four of his friends from Harvey, upon a stretcher, and set down right underneath the platform.

There were about a thousand persons present.

While I was speaking, I saw that this Grand Army boy, who turned out to be Captain Redmond, of Harvey, was very sick and in very great pain.

After the meeting was over I had him carried into the Healing Room, laid hands upon him, and prayed with him in the Name of the Lord.

We had the great joy of seeing that man arise in the presence of his comrades and walk. He walked out through the Tabernacle into which he had been carried, went downstairs to the conveyance in which he had been brought on a cot, and returned home to Harvey.

Hundreds saw this and praised the Lord. There are many who are carried into Zion Tabernacle, by their friends.

It is quite impossible for us to visit in all parts of this great city, I can only say to you that I work all I can all the day, and sometimes all the night; not metaphorically but actually, for last Friday morning I laid my pen down at 5 o'clock, having worked continually from 6 o'clock on Thursday morning.

I met my people as they arose early to go about the duties of the day. They wondered at the Doctor having risen so early, but I had not been to bed, and I think that the four and a half hours of sleep which I got after that twenty-four hours of steady work was sweeter than the ten hours sleep that some of you got. My work is an intense joy to me. It is joy to toil with my pen all the night through on that which will go to the hands which I have not seen.

Our Little White Dove, LEAVES OF HEALING, is going to every land beneath God's sun, or rather to every land on this earth. It has not reached, the other planets yet—I am not sure, though, I think it reaches heaven. I have been thinking about that very much.

Let us go to prayer now. I will ask my good wife to lead us. Come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

Mrs. Dowie led in prayer.

Before the free-will offerings are received, I just want to make a very brief statement.

The world is divided into two classes: those who serve God and those who serve the Devil;

Last Sunday it should have been presumed that you were God's: for you all arose and consecrated yourselves to God.

YOU GAVE \$150 AS YOUR OFFERING.

On the following evening, on this same platform, there came on the stage three persons: one personified the Devil in the form of Mephistopheles, the other personified the Doctor in the person of Dr.

Faust, and the other personified poor fallen womanhood, in the person of Marguerite. These three persons came here supported by a company of others.

THEY APPEALED TO CHICAGO ON BEHALF OF THE
DEVIL AND RECEIVED \$15,000

I want to point out to you that an audience of Christians, filling this Auditorium, gave to their God \$150, and an audience of people who shouted themselves hoarse in praise of Mephistopheles, that is the Devil, and the doctor and the poor fallen woman, gave to their unclean god \$15,000.

Marguerite in Goethe's play is a poor girl who is destroyed by an infamous doctor and the Devil. You see, the doctors and devils go together. I am going after them presently.

They sang about this doctor's devilry, until they sang \$15,000 into the treasurer's box.

One of the city lawyers said one day that Dr. Dowie was very clever, and I am told he said, "I believe that he is more clever than the Devil."

I thought that was a great compliment; but I tell you I cannot accept the compliment, for I preached here and I preached the Gospel of Christ, and you all said that you would give yourselves wholly to God, and you have \$150; and the Devil got them to come here the very next night and give \$15,000; that is to say,

ONE HUNDRED TIMES AS MUCH WAS GIVEN TO THE
DEVIL ON MONDAY NIGHT, AS WAS GIVEN TO GOD ON
SUNDAY NIGHT.

For every dollar that the Christian gave to God, the world gave a hundred dollars to help men and women sing and personify devils, harlots and doctors.

I wonder who you imagine the Devil's kingdom is going to be put down.

It will never be put down in the way you have been giving to the Lord.

It will take money to put it down.

It will take more than empty talk to put it down.

It will take God-given talent to put it down.

It will take consecrated effort to put it down.

It will take all we have, and our very life's blood, to put the Devil's kingdom down.

I wonder, I marvel at Christian people doing as you have done. I cannot help telling you about it, because it is my duty.

There are many poor people who come here and cannot give anything, but they are welcome. We open these doors to the poorest; we do not charge \$30 for a box. We do not charge one, two, three, four and five dollars for a seat. We do not charge a cent.

Why do you not give freely to God?

Why don't you show that God's people can sacrifice for God more than the Devil's people can sacrifice for the Devil?

I like to hear you clap your hands, but put them in your pockets and find the dollars, (Applause.) I will keep everlastingly at you until you do it.

DOCTORS, DRUGS AND DEVILS;

OR,

THE FOES OF CHRIST THE HEALER

Dr. Dowie then delivered to an intensely appreciative audience the following lecture:

INVOCATION

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, be profitable unto this people and unto all to whom these words shall come, for the sake of Jesus, my Lord, my Strength and my redeemer. Amen.

I am to speak to you this afternoon concerning the foes of Jesus Christ our Lord as the Healer of Humanity, and especially to speak to you concerning Doctors, Drugs and Devils.

In the front of all that I have to say, I want to put certain passages of Scripture.

The first will relate to Doctors, the second will relate to Drugs, and the third will relate to Devils.

TEXTS FOR DOCTORS.

The oldest book of the Bible is the Book of Job.

Although the Book of Genesis deals with the most primitive facts, the Book of Job as a literary production is beyond all question the oldest book of the Bible.

It was written possibly by Moses, or more probably by some other, Jethro, or another, before Moses' time; and the sufferings of Job, who suffered severely from the hands of Satan, are recorded in that book.

In that, the oldest book of the Bible, then, is the first reference to

doctors. It is in the thirteenth chapter of the Book of Job, the third and fourth verses, that you will find that reference. Job is contending with his miserable comforters and says:

Surely I would speak to the Almighty,
And I desire to reason with God.
But ye are forgers of lies,
Ye are all physicians of no value.

Three thousand four hundred, and possibly 4000 years ago, but certainly 3400 years ago, these words were spoken by Job, and it set forth the true character of doctors then, describing their prescriptions and their treatments in these terse and true words:

YE ARE FORGERS OF LIES, YE ARE ALL PHYSICIANS
OF NO VALUE.

The other reference which I will take concerning doctors is in the fifth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Mark, at the twentieth-fifth verse:

And a woman, which had an issue of blood twelve years, and had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, having heard the things concerning Jesus, came in the crowd behind, and touched His garment.

What a pathetic story in a few words.

She had “suffered many things of many physicians”: that is, she had been scientifically tortured by every school of medicine and surgery. She had been reduced to poverty, for she had spent all that she had. She was disappointed, for “she was nothing bettered.” She was in despair, for she “grew worse.”

That is both the New Testament and the Old Testament estimate of doctors.

TEXTS CONCERNING DRUGS.

With regard to drugs, my first reference is in the Book of Proverbs.

There are few references in the whole Bible either to doctors or drugs, because the Bible has no use for either.

The seventeenth chapter of the Book of Proverbs is sometimes quoted as if there might be some little support to those who take medicine: there the twenty-second verse the Old Version reads:

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bones.

That is a mistranslation, for both the margin of the Old Version and the New Version, which I read, says:

A merry heart is a good medicine: but a broken spirit drieth up the bones.

A merry heart, a free heart, a glad heart, is a good medicine: so that disposes of that passage, which does not commend medicine, but a new heart.

In Jeremiah 30:13 you have the next reference, and there are only two others in the Old Testament; and there is no reference at all in the New Testament to medicine.

The thirtieth chapter and thirteenth verse in the Book of Jeremiah:

There is none to plead thy cause, that thou mayest be bound up: thou hast no healing medicine.

Then in the seventeenth verse;

For I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord; because they have called thee an outcast.

In the forty-sixth chapter of the same book, the only reference to medicines but one remaining in the Old Testament, the eleventh verse, you read these words:

Go up into Gilead, and take balm O virgin, the daughter of Egypt; in vain shalt thou use many medicines; for thou shalt not be cured.

The New Version has it;

There is no healing for thee. In vain dost thou use many medicines; there is no healing for thee

In the Book of Ezekiel the Prophet, in the forty-seventh chapter and twelfth verse, there is a reference to medicine, and there are some who think that they have got the place now where they can take medicine approved by God.

The words are in the last part of the verse:

And the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine.

That is a mistake, for the margin has it “for bruises and sores.”

The Revised Version puts it:

And the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaves thereof for healing.

The reference in every reference Bible is to the twenty-second chapter of Revelation:

And he showed me a pure River of Water of Life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the River, was there the Tree of Life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the Leaves of the Tree were for the Healing of the Nations.

The Leaves are the Words of God: for the healing of the nations.

TEXT CONCERNING DEVILS

Now, regarding devils and their connection with sickness, it is written in the fourth chapter of Matthew and the twenty-third verse, that Jesus healed “all manner of disease and all manner of sickness.” The Apostle Peter, in summing up Christ’s ministry in the tenth

chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, in the thirty-eighty verse, says:

How that God anointed Him with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the Devil: for God was with Him.

The passage which I have read this afternoon in Luke thirteen says that a woman whom Christ healed at the synagogue had a spirit of infirmity, and Satan had bound her for eighteen years.

All through the Scriptures the statement is made, over and over again, that Christ in destroying disease destroyed the work of the Devil.

Now with these general passages before us concerning Doctors, Drugs and Devils, I want to speak as I ought to speak, boldly.

I want to speak carefully; but I will say that I speak without an atom of fear of the whole fraternity of doctors, by which term I include not merely the profession of the physicians, but of the surgeons.

I want to say today that

DOCTORS, AS A PROFESSION, ARE DIRECTLY INSPIRED BY THE DEVIL

I want to say that there are a few doctors who are men of good Christian or manly character, but that, by the way in which it is prepared for its work, the medical profession is eminently calculated to undermine every particle of virtue in the human heart.

I will not, because of Christian friends who are dear to me in the medical profession, fear to declare the counsel of God; and I venture to say today that new fetters are being forged, and new lies invented, and new powers of a diabolical nature brought to bear upon man in order to enslave him in a worse bondage than he has ever escaped from, and the members of the medical profession are today the servants of the Devil in the degradation and enslavement and destruction of humanity.

There are men in that profession of high character, who are

endeavoring as best they can to handle their deadly drugs and their sharp instruments; these endeavor to pray over their infernal profession. But I never knew the wife of a surgeon or a doctor who did not mingle her prayers with her tears when she thought of her husband's profession. I do not say that all men are liars, but if I said that most men are liars, that would be true; and I do not say that all doctors are bad, but if I said that most doctors are bad, that would be true.

Now, first of all, I want to say that the medical profession of Chicago, of the State of Illinois, of the United States of America, and of the world, are perfectly conscious that when they are speaking of medicines as being a science, they are telling a lie, and know it.

THERE IS NO SCIENCE IN MEDICINE.

There is not an atom of foundation for science in medicine.

These poisoner-general, and surgical butchers, appeal to the Legislature to endow them with certain powers and to place the people in their hands by cruel laws, that they may inoculate them with the various poisons, with the virus of the filthy pox, and by so doing hand them over as slaves to professional destroyers. They are wanting to go farther. They are wanting to have the Legislature, and they have done it in part, put the children into their hands to inoculate them with the antitoxin for diphtheria.

And they want to go further. They want the Legislature to hand the people over to them to inoculate them with the lymph that shall be a preventive for tuberculosis.

They want the people to be handed over to them by law to be inoculated against rabies so that they may not have lock-jaw; and by the time these gentlemen have got through they will have the Legislature hand the children over to them at their birth and keep the whole population in their hands from the cradle to the grave.

Then you will find that you are in the hands of monsters who hold in their hands, deadly poisons, and deadly surgical knives, and in the

name of the law demand that you shall lie down upon the altar of their operating tables, that they may deprive you of your consciousness, and make you a living sacrifice.

The Druidical altars where one or two maidens were now and the sacrificed were as nothing compared to the surgical altars that are erected today in every city, town and village.

THE POSSESSION OF A FORMULA OF A WELL-ESTABLISHED SCIENCE IS A LIE.

Now my first point is, that the allegation that doctors and surgeons are in the possession of a formula of a well-established science, is an absolute lie, and I will prove it by the doctors themselves.

But, first, let me give my own experience.

I was educated in my native city, Edinburgh, Scotland, and for several years I was a visitor and kind of honorary chaplain in the Edinburgh Infirmary. I attended the clinics of such men as Sir James Simpson, of blessed memory, a mighty man of God. No greater man in Gynecology has ever stood in Edinburgh University, and yet Professor Alexander Simpson, his own nephew and successor, said the other day that so completely had the whole practice of obstetrics been transformed that the best thing that could happen to the University would be to have every book on the subject that was more than ten years old burned, including, therefore, his uncle's.

I was in a position early to know, to see, to hear, and in a perfectly impartial position: for I was the spiritual adviser and helper of large numbers of patients in the Infirmary. I stood entirely apart; I listened to diagnoses and I listened to prognoses, and I listened to the lecture when the subject lay there under chloroform, and I was at liberty to attend the operations and hear suggestions, and I saw the deadly results.

I saw death in surgery and in medicine, and I heard from the lips of every professor, in varying forms, these words: "We are guessing in the dark."

EMINENT AUTHORITY DECLARES MEDICINE IS NOT A
SCIENCE.

One day I attended a great and remarkable meeting, a celebration, the introduction of the medical session, when the able professor, who, if I remember correctly, held the chair of the Medical Jurisprudence, Prof. Douglas MacClagan, delivered the Inaugural. I remember it as if it were yesterday. I remember how he was cheered by an assemblage of over a thousand students and doctors and the whole of the medical faculty, with Sir Alexander Grant, the Principal of the University, and all the great, mighty men of this medical and surgical profession on the platform, all behind the speaker, who had refused to deliver the opening address of the medical school for twenty years.

He had warned them not to ask him, and when he stepped forward, and with an impatient gesture threw off his professional gown, and they cheered him, he said, "It is no use; you will hiss me in a minute."

They cheered him again, and with a smile he began his address.

As far as I can remember, these were his opening words:

"Gentlemen, I am asked to speak on 'Medicine as a Science,' and I want to tell you, and tell the members of this University, and tell the faculty, that I am an honest man, and an honest man is the noblest work of God," and again they cheered him. "You won't cheer in a minute," he said. "My first words to you are these:

MEDICINE IS NOT A SCIENCE.

"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 that we can lay as the foundation for medicine as a science. Gentlemen, there is no such thing as the science of medicine."

They did not applaud him then. There was an ominous stillness and a suspicion of a sybilant hiss.

I once heard Prof. John Stuart Blackie, when a faint hiss was heard in his class-room (Greek), say, "You hiss, do you? There are two creatures only that hiss: one is a serpent, and the other is a goose; take your choice as to which you belong."

But Professor MacClagan went on to say: "I tell you what I say it the truth of God. I am an old physician. I am an old professor, but I want to tell the truth. We are guessing in the dark, and there is no such thing as medical science."

You hear men scoffing and talking like a miserable Prosecutor Tatge, or like the mere ward politician, Mr. Kerr, whom the Mayor appointed Commissioner of Health, and whom Dr. Hamilton has rightly said is "innocent of all knowledge on the subject." These political creations of the hour talk and write about "the great advances in the science of medicine," and want Dr. Dowie to be put in prison because he is destroying faith in medical science. Yes, I am, and medical science is upon its miserable last legs. (Great applause.)

WHAT PHYSICIAN AND SURGEONS SAY CONCERNING
SO-CALLED MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Some little time ago I published an article in my paper, LEAVES OF HEALING, continuing the statement of scores of the most eminent physicians and surgeons, and editors of surgical and medical reviews, as to whether medicine is or is not a science. I will read you some of their declarations.

Professor Champman, of the University of Pennsylvania, President of the Philadelphia Medical Society, in his "Materia Medica," Volume I, page 3, says:

We cheat ourselves with a thousand illusions.

And again on page 33:

To trace the multiplied relations of medicine to disease, we at once introduce the spirit of speculation. We are plunged into a labyrinth almost without a clue. Dark and perplexed, our devious career resembles the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops around this cave.

This is a confession that they had no light, no science; nothing but the utmost terror and perplexity, where they are honest.

Again, he says, on page 32:

This indeed is emphatically true, that we can hardly ever pronounce with certainty what will be the exact effect from any dose of medicine which we have administered. It might gratify our vanity were it not more than counterbalanced by the humiliating view of so much absurdity, contradiction and falsehood.

Then follows the passage already quoted, that medical practice is principally "speculation."

Speculating in human lives!

And that is "medical science," according to one of its great professors!

Sir Ashley Cooper, for a long time the physician to Queen Victoria, in summing up his experience as a physician, says:

"THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE IS FOUNDED UPON
CONJECTURE AND IMPROVED BY MURDER."

What he meant by that was this, that the "conjecture" led doctors to play with their patients' lives, by giving them medicines which could not heal them, but, on pretense of healing, would keep them in their hands for long, miserable, weary years; and Sir Ashley Cooper meant to say that to murder them outright was an improvement upon lifelong torments by "conjectures."

AN ILLUSTRATIVE STORY.

I remember in the old country hearing this story told a friend of mine.

He said: "I have a friend whose father was a very popular

practitioner, and he had many people of title who were his patients. His home and practice were in the City of Edinburgh; as he grew older he left his practice largely to his son. But he was not sure of the young fellow, for he was an honest man, who had but little faith in medicine, and who would not give any unless he was obliged to.

"One day his father had gone out and there drove up to the door a lady of title. She entered the consulting room and asked for the old doctor. He was out, but the young gentleman presented himself and said, 'My lady, will I do?'"

"'You are his son?' she asked.

"'I am, madam,'

"'I have one of my "turns" coming on, and I wish you would give me something and prescribe for me. Your father knows just what to do.'

"He looked at her and asked about her symptoms, etc. At last he said that the case was one he thought he would not undertake; he would rather she would kindly excuse him, but the moment his father came in he would ask him as once to drive to her ladyship's house. So she went away with the promise that the old doctor was to come as soon as he returned.

"He came in a few minutes, and the young man said, 'Father, Lady So-and-so has just called.'

"'Yes.'

"'Why, father,' he said, 'I examined her, and I declare to you there is nothing in the world the matter with her.'

"'Nothing the matter, you young fool; you did not tell her that, did you?'"

"'No,' he said, 'I did not.'

"Well, I am glad you did not.

"'Order the carriage; I am going to see her; she is one of my best paying patients.''" (Great Laughter)

You know about that kind of thing, Doctor Speicher. (Doctor Speicher smiled and assented.)

But let us continue to put doctors on the Witness Stand.

Professor Armor, of the Long Island College Hospital, in the New York *Medical Journal* for January, 1883 says:

Drugs are administered, patients sometimes recover, and we suppose we have cured them, whereas our remedies have had little or nothing to do with their recovery. Very likely it took place in spite of our drugs.

Now, then, you doctors, and there are many of you in the Auditorium today, you have a hot pill coming.

Sir James Johnson, formerly editor of the *Medical Chirurgical Review*, of London, will not give testimony; and any one who knows anything of medical reviews will know that the *Medical Chirurgical Review*, of London, stands at the head of the journals in the profession.

The editor of that journal, Sir James Johnson, wrote these words:

I declare as my conscientious conviction, founded upon long observation and experiment, that

IF THERE WERE NOT A SINGLE PHYSICIAN, SURGEON,
CHEMIST, DRUG OR DRUGGIST ON THE FACE OF THE
EARTH, THERE WOULD BE LESS SICKNESS AND LESS
MORTALITY THAN NOW PREVAIL.”

After a declaration from so highly competent and disinterested authority, it is simply a piece of shameless effrontery for doctors to demand the sole right to be given them by law to control the health of the people.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, your late great writer in Boston, the “Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,” who was, as you know, a very distinguished physician and a professor, in one of his addresses before the Massachusetts Medical Society, said:

I fairly believe that if the whole *Materia Medica* could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind, and all the worse for the fishes.

Professor Magendie, one of the greatest of French writers and

physicians, said, in addressing the students at the Paris Medical College:

Gentlemen, medicine is a great humbug. It is nothing like science. Doctors are mere empirics when they are not charlatans. We are as ignorant as men can be. I must tell you frankly that I know nothing about medicines. I repeat to you, there is no such thing as medical science, I grant you people are cured, but how?

Think of the brutal frankness of these admissions. I think they do a “devilish” great deal of mischief, instead of a little; and I will show you that before I am through.

Dr. James Mascon Good, a noted author, says:

The so-called science of medicine is a barbarous jargon, and the effects of our medicines in the highest degree unsatisfactory, except, indeed, that they have destroyed more lives than war, pestilence and famine combined.

Now what could be more condemnatory than this confession of a great medical authority, that the medicines of physicians have destroyed more lives than wars, famines and pestilence combined?

Is anything further needed?

I have scores of similar statements before me, but I do not think there is any need to read them. They are all of the same kind, more or less strongly denouncing medicine openly.

In LEAVES OF HEALING Volume, I, Number 4, pages 61 to 63, you will find the article from which I have selected these quotations. I intended to give Zion Publishing House orders to reprint these in tract form, but the number of the LEAVES to which I have referred can be had at any time: for we have them always on hand.

I will only quote from one more witness, and that is from the testimony of Sir Benjamin W. Richardson, one of the most noted physicians and writers on hygiene in Europe. He says:

“I MUST CONFESS THAT THE WORLD WOULD BE
HAPPIER IF DRUGS WERE UNKNOWN.”

Ah, what a filthy, poisonous muck these drugs are.

Prof. Dr. Ross, of Toronto, Canada, writing of medical crazes, was thus quoted by my friend, The Rev. Dr. Joseph Wild, in his pulpit in Toronto:

One hundred and forty years ago, the eminent Dr. Sydenham, of England, called the English Hippocrates, prescribed the following dainties, in which he was followed by the entire medical profession of England: Hog's lice, viper's flesh, dried human flesh, the heart of a mole, crane's eyes, powder of burned owls and swallows, the blood of black cats and white puppy dogs, the spittle of a reigning king, and the excrement of sheep and dogs."

This, Prof Alexander Ross says, is an exact copy of Dr. Sydenham's prescription; and I may say to you that in this country I have myself seen dried lizards and snails being pounded up in a mortar and used in the manufacture of certain Chinese powders of great repute in lying advertisements.

Now I want, with this statement, to say again that there are Christian doctors, many of whom are believers in Divine Healing, even although they still attempt, as I think, inconsistently, to continue their profession.

CHRISTIAN DOCTORS LOATHE THEIR PROFESSION.

One of these doctors a little while ago said: "Doctor, you have made me the happiest and the most miserable man in the world."

I said, "Explain it."

Putting his arms around me he said, "I love you, Doctor; you have made me very happy. My wife is perfectly well from that disease of the healing of which you prayed, and I am very happy, for she is a dear little woman. But I am miserable in the practice of my profession, and when I go down to my office in the city I feel that I would rather be flogged than see patients and prescribe medicine.

I said. "Why do you do it?"

"I have got to live."

"Well," I said, "look here, Doctor; rather than continue in your

profession you had better live by breaking stones in the street; you had better live by doing anything that is honest.

I know that large numbers of physicians have abandoned practice and gone into commercial life.

Many of them have said to me: "Doctor, I left my profession and went into business in order to be an honest man," and many of them, I am thankful to say, are becoming earnest believers in Divine Healing, and some of them are most excellent ministers of the Gospel and know how to pray the prayer of faith.

My good colleague here (Dr. Speicher) is one. God bless him.

I tell you this, there are large number of doctors, both in America and Europe, today who will no longer practice medicine, and some of these are of highest standing. The Lord increase their number.

I said at the beginning that Surgery as well as Medicine was distrusting.

DO I NEED TO RECALL TO YOUR MIND THE DEGRADATION OF THE DISSECTING ROOM?

Do you know of any demoralization greater than taking the young man, fresh from school, fresh from his mother's side, pure and virtuous, and putting him into a dissecting room?

Do you know what that means?

He is horrified the first time he sees these naked bodies of men and women, who are scarcely dead in some cases, and in some cases they have not been dead when they began their dissection.

I could tell the story of a dissecting room where the first touch of the lancet made the supposed corpse rise from her long trance; and then, as the sight burst upon her of these butchering students, with their garments stained with blood, standing around her, all aghast with fear, holding their knives in their hands, she realized the horrible fact that she had been carried in there for dissection, and she instantly died from the shock and from the wound inflicted by their knives.

There is no need for either vivisection or post-mortem dissection.

The very best men in the profession will tell you that nineteenth-twenthieths of the dissections are unnecessary. But they please the devils who are preparing the doctors, and accustom the youth to the atmosphere of profanity, as they hear the filthy and unclean remarks which are made as they stand over the dead bodies and handle the sacred secrecies of humanity, and laugh with diabolical glee over the consequences of a poor woman's fall, or of a degraded youth's syphilitic body.

I tell you this, that pollution, damnation, and hell are all holding high carnival there, and a young man who escapes from that without lifelong injury is only one in a large number.

It is in the dissecting room that many form drinking habits, taking whisky to keep their nerves up.

There they acquire power to take large quantities of deadly drugs, so that a young doctor, often concealing it from his wife, mother and friends, is a secret victim to the use of chloral, cocaine, morphine, or to other narcotic drugs, until at last their degradation bursts out into the most terrible crimes.

In this city, a young, bright fellow, only a year or two in practice was a doctor, coming from a splendid family of godly men and women, had his moral nature undermined by the dissecting room, indulgences in vice, by the infernal thing called "local treatment" to which test doctors submit women.

At last he became a mean, dishonest, filthy fiend, and murder his own mother-in-law, gave the certificate for her burial, and she was buried.

One day the grave gave up its dead and his guilt was clear, and he went into the Cook County prison under indictment for murder. Somebody smuggled in enough of a drug to let the poor wretched fellow commit suicide in his cell.

At the time he went into the prison *there were ten doctors under indictment in this State for murder.*

NEARLY EVERY ONE OF THE GREAT CRIMES WHICH

HAVE RECENTLY SHOCKED THIS COUNTRY FROM END TO END HAVE BEEN THE WORK OF MEDICAL STUDENTS OR MEDICAL MEN.

Take the Durrant case in San Francisco; a young medical student murdering two girls and storing away their bodies in a Church steeple.

Take the two medical students in Cincinnati, who, luring a girl from her home in Indiana, taking her across the Ohio River at Covington, and the murdering her, cut her head off, and left her bleeding, naked body by the roadside.

Take the case of Duestrow, who shot his wife and then took his child and dashed out its brains. He was educated for the medical profession.

Take Holmes, whose crimes have rung through this land. A druggist here at Englewood, Chicago; an adulterer, a liar, a thief, and perhaps the murder of five or six or ten. (According to his own confession, just published, *twenty-seven.*)

Take the worst of the crimes that have been ringing through this land, and in very year that you take them you will find the medical man is at the head of the list of the professional murders.

I know what I am talking about; and I will tell you more, that this is but little compared to what he does. I am going to charge it, if I die for it.

The murderous Herod, who massacred innocent babes in the little village of Bethlehem, was virtuous compared with the hundreds of doctors; for their infernal advice, and their infernal operations, murder in America tens of thousands of unborn babes every year, and their crimes are reducing the population of the American-born to such a low average that if it was not for the introduction of the strong, virile and procreative parents and willing mothers of Europe coming into this country, for the American physician has taught American women who to be murderers of the unborn, this Nation would die out for want of population, I know what I am talking

about.

MEDICAL SCIENCE IN CHICAGO—WHAT A SPECTACLE!

Have we not had the victims from the Cook County Hospital? Have we not had them from Mercy Hospital? Have we not had them from the Presbyterian Hospital? Given up by the doctors to die, God healed them, and they have stood upon this platform and testified in large numbers.

SCIENCE IN THE PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL

There was Clarence Corbaly, of Plymouth, Indiana, who came to us with a great hole which the surgeons had cut in his body, where they had operated upon him for tuberculosis of the bowels; a hole you could put your fist into. He was brought by his mother to the Divine Healing Home from the Presbyterian Hospital, dying, and the Lord healed him. He was healed instantly, walked downstairs in a few minutes, ate a hearty supper, and slept well all night.

Remember, they had carried him over in an ambulance, all the long, weary miles, on a hot summer's day last year, his mother having been told by the Chief Surgeon that his recovery was impossible, and that she must at once remove him to Indiana, or he would die in the hospital.

And yet God healed him through our agency in a moment, so that he sat down at the supper table and ate a good meal. And for the next three months he ate on an average of from four to six meals a day. He is living, and yet the medical scientific men of the Presbyterian Hospital said he would die. But he lives to prove Divine Healing is true, and that their Science is false.

SCIENCE IN COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL.

Annie Schafer, from ward 24, cot 2, when dying, was carried by those wicked doctors of Cook County Hospital in a carriage down to the Masonic Temple, and displayed in her nakedness there for fifty or sixty of them to look at, as a curiosity in disease, a case of idiopathic muscular atopy. She was going to die, and they were going to have a nice "scientific" dissection! But some of our dear people here brought her down in a carriage to Zion Tabernacle, and Annie Schafer was healed, and has been healed for a year, and has stood upon this platform and testified that Christ is the Healer; but Medical Science is a failure.

SCIENCE IN MERCY HOSPITAL

From Mercy Hospital we had Mrs. Van Skike, of Webster City, Iowa, whom doctors had cut and carved at for fourteen years. She was carried in, unable to walk, and she stood and walked, testified on this platform, returned home, and today is perfectly healed. There was no mercy in Surgery at Mercy Hospital; but Christ healed.

In the name of medical science, you scoundrels of doctors want to destroy a minister of Christ who proclaims Divine Healing and put him behind prison bars.

Truly you show that you feel "your craft is in danger."

And you are right. You know in your hearts that there is not an atom of "science" in the whole of your profession.

You liars, you murderers, and you thieves, take your bloodstained hands from the throats of the people. I tell you here, I will never rest contented until I have done what I can to influence the public mind by setting forth the truth. I say I will never rest contented until I help the people to take away the power which you now possess to cut and carve and kill humanity as you do. (Tremendous applause.)

If there was no such thing as Divine Healing, the world, as Sir James Johnson has declared, would be better without a single doctor or surgeon; or, as Dr. Richardson says, it would be "happier if drugs

were unknown.”

There are a good many other things I could say regarding doctors in this city. But I want to close what I say today by saying this, that

THE DOCTORS TREMBLE WITH FEAR AND RAGE AS
THEY SEE THE HANDWRITING OF GOD ON THE WALLS
OF ZION TABERNACLE.

It surrounds our motto, “Christ is All,” above the platform, and it is creeping down the walls until it almost reaches the door. Crutches, braces, steel boots, medical diplomas, and all kinds of things which we have “captured from the enemy,” hang there.

The medical profession knows that the most lucrative part of their profession is in the treatment of cripples, and it is going from them; it is going, it is going, and there will come a day when it will be said, “It is gone.”

But what did they do last year? The infamous State Board of Health, entirely composed of Doctors, and the infamous City Board of Health, at the time entirely composed of Doctors, arrested me on bogus charges which they eventually entirely abandoned, but devised a vile City Ordinance to persecute me with, an Ordinance which they knew was a violation of law. But they thought they could keep the serpent alive long enough to ruin me in reputation, to ruin me in pocket, and to ruin me in health.

Unless the Most High God had stood by me, I should have died.

But we fought them last year, and we conquered; and we are fighting them, and we shall conquer this year.

I know that while I speak, the infamous City Board of Health has got another Ordinance on the road. Let them get it through the Council if they can; let that infamous Ordinance escape into the daylight and we shall, by the Grace of God, give a good account of the viper. We killed that last one, and, by the power of God, and the help of the people, we will kill the next one. (Tremendous applause.)

The doctors had to feed upon cold snake at Christmas time last

year, and it looks as if they were determined to feed upon it again.

Poor Mayor Swift nearly choked to death with it. (Laughter and applause.)

WHAT HAVE I TO SAY ABOUT DRUGS?

Why, all I have to say about doctors will apply to drugs.

There are no men in existence who know better what an infamous humbug the whole business is that the druggist and chemist themselves. No one knows better than these, that patent medicines are only patent devices for the destruction of humanity.

No one knows better than they that they create the very disease they are said to cure.

No one knows better than these men themselves that the chloride of gold cure, and things of that kind, while they will for a time being check the appetite for intoxicating drink, create a condition that is absolutely fatal to life; some acting as digitalis, giving a man what is commonly called the “dead heart,” so that presently the man who has overcome the liquor habit does so at the expense of his life: for the dearly chloride destroys his heart.

Witness a man who wrote a famous article in the *North American Review* about his emancipation from alcoholism by the Keeley Cure. The article had scarcely been written, and was not in existence ten days, when the poor fellow was picked up drunk in a gutter in New York, and he died, I think, before they got him to the hospital.

The alleged cures are not cures, and the patent poisonous drugs are shams and lies.

Where is Koch’s tuberculosis lymph which was to cure that disease?

Dr. Talmage, got hocused over it, and preached a sermon about the salvation of humanity from tuberculosis by Professor Koch. The Emperor of Germany ennobled him, and they gave him a large sum of money for his wonderful discovery.

But Professor Virchow, the greatest pathologist in Germany,

dissected more than a score of bodies of persons who had died after taking Koch's lymph, and found that the effect of the lymph was that when it was injected into the human body it really drove the parasites out of the tuberculosis which they had been formed.

But what else did it do?

It increased their number and drove them in to the healthy tissues, and quickly destroy life.

PROFESSOR VIRCHOW DEMONSTRATED THAT DR.
KOCH'S LYMPH WAS A CREATOR OF TUBERCULOSIS,
AND NOT A DESTROYER.

You would not find a doctor in Chicago today who would give a drop of it, an yet they nearly all praised it at first as a wonderful discovery.

The last I read of Professor Koch was that he had gone to Egypt and was himself dying of Tuberculosis.

Prof. Sir Morell Mackenzie, one of the greatest authorities in Europe upon throat disease, and a physician to the Queen, died a few months ago from a simple attack of bronchitis. He had many remedies of this disease, but one of them could cure his own case.

He stood over the Crown Prince of Germany with Bergmann and Virchow, and examined that cancer, which afterward killed the Crown Prince after he became Emperor of Germany.

At the same time they did that, I prayed with Delia King, of 1265 Center Street, Oakland, California, who had a cancer in her throat and tongue that had eaten away one tonsil and almost eaten away the root of the tongue, and *she is living now and healed.*

Divine Healing kills the cancer.

Medical Science kills the patient.

THE CONTENDING SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE ARE TOO
RIDICULOUS FOR ANYTHING BUT CONTEMPT.

Where is the virtue in medicine?

"Here," says the Allopath. "If we have a disease to treat, our formula is *contrari, contariis, curantur*, the contrary cures the contrary, and we put in a strong poison to knock the poison of the disease out—that is the correct thing in medicine."

"Well, Dr. Allopath, after you have knocked the poison out with this strong poison, does not the poison you put in remain?"

"Yes."

"Will it not do mischief after a while?"

"Yes."

"What do you do then?"

"Why, then the patient comes back to us with another disease, caused, perhaps by our medicine, and we knock that fellow out with a stronger poison."

"Yes, but, Dr. Allopath, after a while this stronger poison that you put in makes another trouble, and then what do you do?"

"We just do the same thing; put in a stronger, and knock that out."

"Well, what do you do in the end?"

"Oh, well, in the end the patient is knocked out, of course."

(Great laughter and applause.)

And this is Allopathic Science—a farce and a crime from first to last.

But here is another fellow who says, "*Similia, similibus, curantur.*"

Here is Dr. Homeopath, and he thinks he has the way to cure, and he thinks the way is if you have a thief, the way to get him out is to do it by putting another of the same kind.

"Well, Dr. Homeopath, that is a very peculiar proposition."

"Oh, but that is the thing."

"Now, Dr. Homeopath, how do you defend your formula, 'Like cures like!' If you have a cancer to cure, do you give another cancer? If you have to cure boils, do you give boils?"

"Oh, well, we reduce all poisons to the infinitesimal potentiality and give that.

“What is the issue to which you get?”

“We get to such a fine thing that you cannot see it.”

I do not want to needlessly give anybody, and there are some homeopaths near me; but I think homeopathy is a great humbug. (Amen from Dr. Speicher.) He says Amen, and that shows how well he agrees with me. It is only limited by its infinitesimal potentialities—then it is harmless.

Now, beloved friends, it is not the homeopath, nor the allopath, nor the psychopath, nor the hydropath, nor any of these medical paths that are short cuts to death, which are going to help you.

Listen, doctors and druggists; you have had a fine inning, the Devil has made fine use of you; but the Lord’s Day is coming, and then you will be gone.

Why?

Because the Christ of God has come to His people.

He is still the same today in Chicago as He was nineteen centuries ago in Jerusalem, in Capernaum, and in those little towns by the beautiful Sea of Galilee.

THE OLD-TIME GOSPEL IS COMING BACK

We are digging out the old wells of Divine Healing, and we are finding that the living water is just as sweet in them, when we get out all the medicine bottles and trash, as on the day when Christ said, “Give Me to drink” the Fountain of Life in Him is flowing still, and I want to point out to you this, that doctors and drugs are necessarily the foe of Christ the Healer.

SATAN THE AUTHOR OF ALL DISEASE.

The whole Bible, not merely the New Testament, but the whole of Divine Revelation, from Genesis to the Revelation of St. John, or the Revelation of Jesus Christ which He gave to John, has only one voice concerning sickness, and that is that sickness is the result of sin, and,

therefore, the work of the Devil.

God our Father has sent His Son as our Redeemer, and from all eternity He is revealed as the Fountain opened for sin and for all uncleanness. That Redeemer has come to heal a poor, sin-stricken, disease-smitten, blinded-by-ignorance and degraded-by-vice humanity, groveling in its misery. He has come and He is here today with the same power, and with the same love, and with the same mercy.

He said thirty-four centuries ago, “I AM THE LORD THAT HEALETH THEE.”

He said it by the waters of Marah, when the tree was cast into the bitter spring and the people drank. He said it all the way through the Old Testament, and He said it when the Christ appeared and said:

The Spirit of Jehovah is upon Me! Because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set a liberty them that are bruised, to preach the Acceptable Year of the Lord.

He said that He came to take our infirmities and bear our sicknesses, and He has clothed His church by the Holy Spirit with these Gifts of Healing, which are amongst its most precious possessions, and down through the ages they have been preserved, and they are an active power in Chicago today.

A PARABLE—THE MUMMY WHEAT.

Listen!

“You are a fool,” said one. “Do you mean to say that some few grains that we have just taken from that mummy case can grow?”

“Yes, they have been in the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, it is true, hidden with the corpse for 3000 years, wrapped upon this mummy case; but I believe that wheat will grow, for God has put life into it.”

So he took the large, beautiful grains which had been buried with the dead king or priest 3000 years ago, and prepared a little bit of soil and put the grain carefully in. He waited and the little green blades

came, and he watched, and they grew and grew into ears of noble wheat. Then he gathered them at harvest time, and sowed them again with a large patch, and they grew again.

And the people said, "Where did you get that wheat?"

"Oh," replied, "it is mummy wheat."

"Give me some of it."

"No," he said, "I want it for seed,"

The next year the little crop was again preserved, and he sowed more and more, until he had sown thousands of bushels.

I will tell you what has been the result.

Forty years ago that mummy seed was taken out of the mummy case in Egypt, and now in Australia and Canada, and wide, waving fields of mummy wheat that came out of the mummy case forty years ago.

ITS APPLICATION.

Forty years ago a President of the Social Science Congress sneered at Miracles of healing and said, "Where is your God? Where is your God?"

A little woman at Mannedorf, Lake Zurich, Switzerland, about that time saw with pain the sick dying around her in an epidemic. She took out the Book of God these precious words. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." and little Dorothea Trudell prayed with the sick and they were healed. And that was the revival of Divine Healing in Europe in this century.

And thirty-two years ago in far distant Australia, God spoke to a dying youth, quivering in ever limb, and not wanting to die because he wanted to serve God by living. The great God spoke to him in the midnight hour and said, "I am the Lord that healeth thee," and that boy knelt before his God and was healed.

That boy stands here today, and through his agency, and that of many others, all over God's earth, in Asia, Africa, Australia, America, in Europe, a great wide fields are waving to a glorious

harvest.

Divine Healing has been taken out of the Book of God, although the Church has buried it amongst the dear, and it is growing, and it's going to grow, until the whole earth is one vast harvest Field for Christ our Lord. (Great applause.)

You cannot turn it back. You may say to the advancing tide, "go back." but the tide rises, and unless you go back, you miserable doctors of the Board of Health, and all you helpers, it will sweep you all away and wipe out your name forever.

APPEAL TO AND CONSECRATION OF THOUSANDS.

Brothers and sisters, let every man and woman in this place who desires to give themselves to their God, in spirit, soul and body, stand to their feet. (Thousands upon thousands arose, until all seemed to be standing, with but a few exceptions.)

Brothers and Sisters, I ask you, Do you desire God to deliver you from sin? Can you say, I do?

Audience—"I do."

Dr. Dowie—Do you hate sin?

Audience—"I do."

Dr. Dowie—By the Grace of God, let me ask you, Will you right to these whom you have wronged? Will you confess and forsake sin, and restore to those whom you have wronged? Can you say, By the Grace of God, I will."

Audience—"By the Grace of God, I will."

Dr. Dowie—Will you trust Christ? Will you put your spirit, soul and body into His keeping? Can you say, God helping me, I will?

Audience—"God helping me, I will."

Dr. Dowie—Then pray.

PRAYER OF CONSECRATION.

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. I give myself to Thee. Give me power to do right

to any whom I may have wronged and to restore. Give me power to confess and to trust in Jesus, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Give me Thy Holy Spirit and keep me from evil, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

It is written, Go thy way, sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee, and if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the Righteous. God help you in spirit, soul and body. Let us sing one verse of our Consecration Hymn;

To all who came, when Thou wast here below,
And said, O Lord! Wilt Thou?
To them "I will!" was ever Thy reply:
We rest upon it now.

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!

BENEDICTION

Beloved, abstain from all appearance of evil. And may the very God of Peace Himself sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole Spirit and Soul and Body be preserved entire, without blame unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He that calleth you, who will also 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.

LEAVES OF HEALING

EDITED BY REV. JOHN ALEX. DOWIE

Elifah the Restorer

General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion

§ § §

*A Paper Full of Wide-awake Truths for Lukewarm Churches and an Unbelieving World,
as well as for True-Hearted Christians and All Who Love
Our Lord's Appearing*

§ § §

WOULD YOU KNOW OF

God's Word of Power?—Heb. 4:12.	Read Leaves of Healing
God's Full Salvation?—2 Thes. 2:13-16.	Read Leaves of Healing
God's Way of Healing?—Mark 6:12, 13.	Read Leaves of Healing
God's Spirit of Prophecy?—Rev. 19:10.	Read Leaves of Healing
God's Latter Day Zion?—Jer. 3:14, 15.	Read Leaves of Healing
God's People of Promise?—Mal. 3:10, 11.	Read Leaves of Healing
God's Triumphs of Grace?—2 Cor. 1:9, 10.	Read Leaves of Healing
God's Highway of Holiness?—Is. 35:8, 9.	Read Leaves of Healing
God's Messenger of Repentance?—Luke 3:7, 9.	Read Leaves of Healing
God's Call to True Christians?—2 Cor. 6:14-16.	Read Leaves of Healing
God's Rebuke to the Churches?—Rev. 3:3, 4.	Read Leaves of Healing
God's Contention with Preachers?—Ezek. 34:2-6.	Read Leaves of Healing
God's Estimate of Christendom?—Rev. 18:2-4.	Read Leaves of Healing
God's Victory Over the Devil?—Rom. 16:19, 20.	Read Leaves of Healing
God's Persecuted Saints?—Luke 6:22, 23.	Read Leaves of Healing
God's Miracles of Healing?—Heb. 2:14.	Read Leaves of Healing
God's Church in Victory Over Hell?—Matt. 16:16-19.	Read Leaves of Healing
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