

A Voice From Zion

SERMONS BY THE REV. JOHN ALEX. DOWIE (Elijah the Restorer)
General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion.

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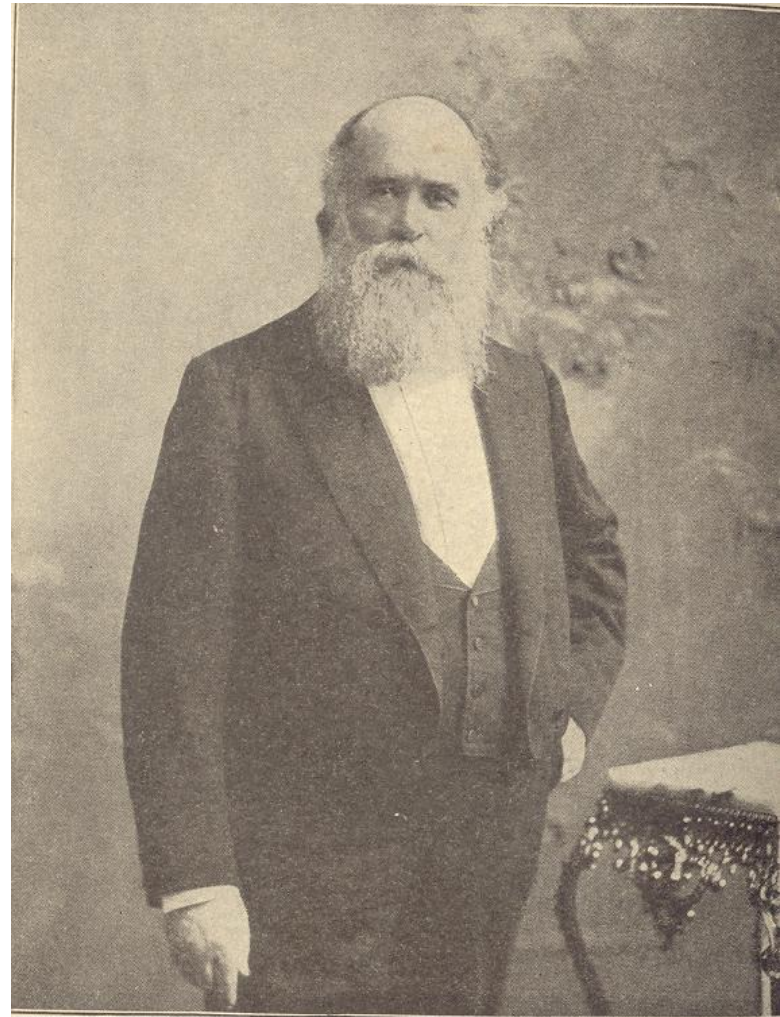
"You Dirty Boy!"

A REPLY TO THE REV. DR. HENSON, OF THE FIRST
BAPTIST CHURCH, CHICAGO, WITH SOME
REMARKS UPON

"DINING WITH THE DOCTORS."

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John Alex Dowie

"YOU DIRTY BOY."

—

A Reply to Dr. Henson, with some Remarks on Dining with the Doctors.

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When Dr. Dowie rose to address the "great assembly" in Zion Tabernacle, in defense of "the Faith once delivered to the saints," the tiers upon tiers of earnest and expectant faces turned upon the speaker must have been at once an inspiration and a conscious responsibility.

His extended comments upon the Scriptures he had read, amounted almost to a reply to Dr. Henson in themselves, and the interest of the thousands present had been kept up to a high pitch from the very beginning of the meeting.

But, so far from flagging, after nearly an hour and a half of what some people call "preliminaries," the expectation and eager attention of the people appeared only to have been increased, and there was no sign of any weariness anywhere.

The sharp and witty exposure of the Physicians' Club of Chicago, and their heathen motto, "*Mercurius Regent*," with their silly conduct in inviting the Doctor to speak on Divine Healing and to dine with them, and then, from manifest cowardly fear, withdrawing both invitations, gave great amusement, as well as instruction.

Then the keen analysis of Dr. Henson's false and malicious attack, and the exposures of its ignorance followed.

And still thousands sat on into the night, in the now brilliantly lighted Tabernacle, waiting to hear the very last words which set forth the "Everlasting Gospel," and called for its acceptance.

Then at the close of all, the vast throng sprang to their feet at Dr. Dowie's call, and made Confession of Repentance and Faith, and of entire Consecration to God.

After three and a half hours the people passed out apparently fully satisfied that God had vindicated their leader's right to lead in this great conflict, which more and more

manifestly is one of the most important battles now being fought between the armies of earth and hell and heaven.

Zion had once more found a Voice for her King in the General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church, and the enemies of Zion's Onward Movement were compelled to confess that they had by their attacks only led to its strength, as the report which follows manifestly shows.

—

The meeting was opened by singing,

"Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the 'Man of Sorrows' now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow."

Dr. Dowie said:

I desire to read to you from passages this afternoon bearing upon the whole subject of Divine Healing, and Doctors, Drugs, and Devils generally.

I read to you a covenant which God gave to His people away back 3,388 years ago.

AN ETERNAL COVENANT! GOD NEVER CHANGES. EXODUS 15:22.

"So Moses brought Israel from the Red Sea: and they went out into the wilderness of Shur; and they went three days in the wilderness, and found no water

"And when they came to Marah,—"

Marah! The very sound of the word indicates the bitterness they felt in their hearts.

"They could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter: therefore the name of it was called Marah." [Which means bitterness]

"And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink?"

"And he cried unto the Lord: and the Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet."

The waters were healed.

“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 the”—doctor, and do that which is right in the chemist’s sight, and pray to Me I will heal thee.

Is that right?

Audience:—“No.”

Dr. Dowie:—Now you who have not got Bibles, what do you know about it?

“And said, if thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God. and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commants, and keep all His statutes, I will put—”

THE VERB HERE IS PERMISSIVE.

A very much higher authority than I am, says:

“Active verbs frequently express a *permission* of it.”

Dr. Robert Young, of Edinburgh, states in his “Hints and Helps to Bible Interpretation” appended to his great work, the “Analytical Concordance to the Bible, containing every word in alphabetical order, arranged under its Hebrew or Greek original, with the literal meaning of each, and its pronunciation.” No greater scholar lives in our day. He holds what I have had the honor of teaching long before he wrote it, or at least before I saw his writings, that the active Hebrew verb must often be translated permissively, and not causatively. He gives a long list of Illustrations of Bible Idioms, and this passage is undoubtedly covered by his exposition. I have dealt with this subject, as is well known to you, at some length in the tract entitled “Permission and Commission.”

The following is the correct rendering of this passage:

“I will [permit to be] put none of these diseases upon thee, which I

have [permitted to be] brought upon the Egyptians: for I am [Jehovah-Rophi] the Lord that healeth thee.”

Does the Bible mean what it says?

Audience:—“Yes.”

Dr. Dowie:—Does “I am the Lord that mean I have been?

Audience:—“No.”

Dr. Dowie:—I shall be?

Audience:—“No.”

Dr. Dowie:—What does “I am” mean? Does it mean an eternal, self-existent, ever-present, and an entirely unchanging God?

Audience:—“Yes.”

Dr. Dowie:—That is what I say.

A FALSE INTERPRETATION.

So is it written in the Covenant, that God said “I am the Lord that maketh thee sick for thy good?”

Audience:—“No.”

Dr. Dowie:—That “Dirty boy” whom we have to scrub to-day, says that; he says that God makes people sick for their good.

Well, I hope to make him a little sick this afternoon for his good. (Laughter.) But it will not be in the way of giving him a blow which will communicate a disease. I hope, however, to make him sick of his mistake and his folly in attacking God’s Truth and work in Zion.

Now, I ask every one of you to look at the top of the page of your Bible, where we have been reading, and tell me what is the date there, please?

A voice:—“1491 before Christ.”

Dr. Dowie:—Before Christ 1491. Now this is Anno Domini 1897. Add the two together, and you have 3,388 years since this Covenant of Healing was given by God His people.

Divine Healing is not a very new thing is it?

Audience:—“No.”

Dr. Dowie:—It is a little older than the Baptist Church is it not? (Laughter.)

A voice:—“A good deal.”

CONTINUATION OF SCRIPTURE READING.
PSALM XLI.

Dr. Dowie:—Now, I shall read to you the 41st Psalm which Dr. Henson took his text from.

“Blessed is he that considereth the poor.”

If you will look in the margin, you will see a better reading.

“Blessed is he that considereth the weak or sick.”

The fact of the matter is that this Psalm is written entirely concerning physical sickness, and God’s deliverance of the sufferer, and Dr. Henson did not know any better than to quote this Psalm with reference to spiritual healing.

It is very apparent that he does not know the difference between the soul and spirit.

He is an exceedingly ignorant scriptural expositor, as well as a fool in attacking God’s work in Zion.

Let us read then as in the margin.

“Blessed is he that considereth the weak or sick: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.”

Well, I have been considering the poor and sick a good many years, and the Lord has delivered me in a good many times of trouble, praise His name!

“The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be

blessed upon the earth: and Thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies.

“The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.

“I said, Lord, be merciful unto me: heal my soul; for I have sinned against Thee.”

“Ah,” said Dr. Henson, “don’t you see the Psalmist never talks about his body there? It is his soul.”

Well, now, he manifestly does not know that the word translated “soul” there is the Hebrew word *nephesh*, and that it means *the animal life*, and has nothing to do with *ruach*, the Hebrew word for “spirit.”

But Dr. Henson only knows two parts of man’s nature, and all through his discourse, he talks of man as if he were only composed of soul and body.

WELL, WE TALK OF SPIRIT, SOUL AND BODY,
THREE PARTS, NOT TWO,

and Jesus and His apostles always preserved the distinction between these separate parts.

And just right here is the fatal blunder that he makes in his whole discourse, that the “soul” is the “spirit,” and it is no such thing.

Why, every beast has got a “soul;” every bird has got a “soul,” and every fish and every creeping thing upon the earth, or in the depth of the ocean has got a “soul.”

If you want to be sure that I am right, turn up the first chapter of Genesis, and when Dr. Henson, our “dirty boy,” reads these words, he will please to turn up these passages also: for it is time he was taught some theology.

I want to give you some instruction.

Dr. Henson only gives you a laugh.

I want to try and get some divine knowledge into your

heads, and if you have not been a “stink pot” smoking tobacco to-day or a “beer pot,” or one who has been eating disgusting swine’s flesh at dinner, we will get something in. (Laughter.) I think I would just as soon speak to a goat as a man or woman full of tobacco, and beer, and pork.

Now read in the first chapter of Genesis, 20th verse. I will get one of the Elders on the platform to read for you. If you please, Elder Piper.

Now, all read as the Elder reads this passage. I want you to see the essential difference between soul and spirit. It is of fundamental importance in the whole matter.

Elder Piper (reading).—“And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life.”

Dr. Dowie:—Read in the margin the word that is against the word “life.”

Elder Piper:—“Soul.”

Dr. Dowie:—Soul. “Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath a soul.”

Now, read the 30th verse.

Elder Piper: —“And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth on the earth, wherein there is life.”

Dr. Dowie:—Now, what is the marginal reading there?

Elder Piper:—“Soul.”

Dr. Dowie:—I think there is even another word added.

A voice—“A living soul.”

Dr. Dowie:—“A living soul.”

I therefore, call your attention to the fundamental fact set forth in God’s word that every bird of the air, every beast to and creeping thing of the land, every fish of the river, the lake, or the sea, everything in this God’s earth that lives, has a “soul,” and that the “soul” is a thing that dies.

THE SOUL IS NOT IMMORTAL AND NEVER WAS.

It is written in Scripture:

“The soul that sinneth it shall—,”

Audience:—“Die.”

Dr. Dowie:—Jesus said:

“My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto—.”

Audience:—“Death.”

Dr. Dowie:—And He “poured out His soul unto—.”

Audience:—“Death.”

Dr. Dowie:—The thing that dies is not immortal.

But the *ruach*, the *pneuma*, as the Greeks called it, the spirit, that is immortal; for

“God is the Father of—”

Audience:—“Spirits.”

Dr. Dowie:—Is God immortal?

Audience:—“Yes.”

Dr. Dowie:—Is He the Father of our spirits?

Audience:—“Yes.”

Dr. Dowie:—Then every spirit that is His offspring is like our God and Father, immortal ?

Audience:—“Yes.”

But the soul is not immortal for it is contained in the blood. The life that is in the blood is our “animal life.”

When David was writing that Psalm, he was crying out in

his mortal agony, because he was sick, and he confessed that his sickness was the consequence of his sin, and the whole Psalm is written from that point of view.

You “Gommerel,” Dr. Henson! (Laughter.)

But that strange word is a bit of my native Scotch, and he does not know that language. No man with Scotch blood in him would be guilty of his meanness, except he were the very worst of that nation.

Now, I have a stenographic report of his discourse; I did not trust the newspapers; one of my stenographers went to hear and to report that silly sermon, and I will presently quote his own words. I am not into his discourse yet. This is only a kind of “preliminary canter,” as they would call it in racing.

All the way through his discourse he says in express, and also implied, terms:

“The body is a matter of small account.”

I always knew from the first time I saw him, that his body, was of small account, and my own is not very large; but it is all we have, and it is of great account that this “small” body shall be healthy and strong.

But he says:

“And that is what is meant. There is something the matter with the soul. The soul is diseased, the whole nature is defiled, and the Psalmist is crying out for a clean heart,” and all that kind of stuff.

The Psalmist was crying out of course for forgiveness but he also cried out for the healing of his “soul,” his “animal life,” and his body, as well as for his spirit. Of course he knew he had to get a clean heart with a clean soul and body.

Continue now to read that psalm with attention.

“Mine enemies speak evil of me, When shall he die, and his name perish?

And if he come to see me, he speaketh vanity. his heart gathereth iniquity to itself; when he goeth abroad, he telleth it.

“All that hate me whisper together against me: against me do they devise my hurt.

“An evil disease, say they, cleaveth fast unto him: and now that he lieth he shall rise up no more.

“Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me.

“But thou, O Lord, be merciful unto me, and raise me up, that I may requite them.

“By this I know that thou favourest me, because mine enemy doth not triumph over me.”

That is one of the bad things about David. He always wanted to do his enemies mischief. I do not like that about David, that when he was lying on his death bed, he practically told his son Solomon to kill Shimei and Joab. Bad business was that.

However, David was acting according to his light, and there was a great deal of darkness in him, as well as light.

“And as for me, Thou upholdest me in mine integrity, and settest me before Thy face for ever.

“Blessed be Jehovah God of Israel from everlasting, and to everlasting. Amen, and Amen.”

Now, is that not a very good Psalm concerning his being raised up from a bed of sickness? And is not that its principal subject? What do you say?

Audience:—“Yes.”

Dr Dowie:—That is all it was. David was sick, and David was calling for healing, and yet Dr. Henson says that David did not care a pin about his body, and was only anxious about his soul, Dr. Henson blunderingly supposing the word “soul” to mean spirit, when it simply means animal life.

It is a word that has nothing to do with spirit at all.

He is simply crying out to God Almighty to save him from dying of the disease with which he was afflicted.

THIS TRUTH CONFIRMED BY ROBERT YOUNG, LL.

D.

For confirmation of what I have just said, from a scho-

lastic point of view, I appeal again to the same great authority from whom I quoted a few minutes ago.

Any one of you who have access to Dr. Young's Analytical Concordance of the Bible, will find this word in this very passage. Psalm 41:4 under the heading of "Animal soul, *Nephesh*."

You will find it under that heading, and I defy Dr. Henson, or any scholar in this city, to dispute the scholarship that puts that word *nephesh* in there as meaning an "animal soul," or "animal life."

There is no disputing that fact.

There is Dr. Henson's trouble, you see.

He does not differentiate between soul and, spirit nor do the mass of the people.

Of course, you can not expect ignorant surgeons and doctors who are sons of Mercury to do it when men who ought to be doctors of divinity utterly fail.

All they know is a smattering of Physiology and Psychology.

Of Pneumatology they know nothing.

The *pneuma* and the *psyche*, the *nephesh* and the *ruach* are the same to them, and alas, to the great mass of Christians, who have never been taught that

MAN HAS A TRIPARTITE NATURE,

not a dual nature. That man has a spirit, and a soul, and a body, is the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ; and it is the teaching of the Holy Spirit.

"For the Word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

I want you to keep the two distinct in your mind, the soul and the spirit.

The "soul" is the mortal and animal life, the blood, which a beast has, as well as a man; but the "spirit" is that which no beast has: it is as immortal as God Himself.

David was simply crying out because his "animal life" was dying; his blood was full of disease, and his body was full of disease, and he was crying to the great God, and pleading that he must be healed.

And he praised God at various times, too, in his Psalms, for having received Divine Healing.

Take for instance in the 103d Psalm:—

"Bless Jehovah, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

You see in that Psalm it is his spirit which is calling upon his soul, and calling upon his body, and calling upon everything that is within him to bless God.

"Bless Jehovah, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities: who healeth all thy diseases;

"Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.

"Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

CONTINUATION OF SCRIPTURE READING. THE 35TH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

"It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

“Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.”

“Oh,” says this “dirty boy” whom we must scrub, “it does not matter if your hands are weak and your body is sick. Do not bother about them.”

But God’s Word speaks otherwise. Listen to the Divine Command:

“Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold I, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; He will come and save you.

“Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

“Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

“And the parched ground shall become a pool. and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reed and rushes.

“And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness.”

The saved and healed shall walk in God’s Way of Holiness, praise His name. (Amen.)

“And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it.”

You stink-pots! You’ll not get there. (Laughter.)

You whiskey-pots, what business have you on God’s Highway of Holiness?

It is no place for you.

You who are full of digitalis, nux vomica, arsenic, strychnine, cocaine, Mother Siegel’s Soothing Syrup, Carter’s Little Liver Pills, Pink Pills for Pale People, and Pale Pills for Pink People. (Laughter.) It is no place for you.

What are you going to do on that road, ye who are full of deadly drugs, disease, and uncleanness? Get rid of your dirt and muck, of sin and of disease, and of the dirty, filthy drugs, and of the effect of the unclean hands of these unclean devils who get foolish legislators to pass laws which give them power over humanity from the cradle to the grave. We repudiate these illegal enactments.

“But it shall be for those—“

when they are cleansed; thank God, they can be made clean.

We want this “dirty boy” to be clean. The Lord scrub him to-day. (Laughter.) Thank God, He can make the filthiest clean. May the dirty doctors repent and be made clean. The Lord scrub them to-day. Let all the people say Amen!

Audience:—“Amen!” [This came as a “sound of many waters” from the thousands present.]

Dr. Dowie:—That is right.

A voice:—“Hallelujah, Dowie!”

Dr. Dowie:—I am on the road. (Laughter and applause.)

“The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

“No lion shall be there,—“

How often they have said to me: “Doctor, there is a lion in the way.”

I said: Who is it?”

“His name is Mayor Swift” they said all through 1895, our year of Persecution. I asked, “Do you mean to say that little cur is a lion?” (Laughter.)

I went on my way and let him howl over the whipping we gave him.

Where is he, by the way?

Does anybody know? Ah! where are all these persecutors, that wretched pack of hell hounds, who barked at our feet,

and tried to bite when they could, for a whole year, where are they now?

A voice:—"Whipped."

Dr. Dowie:—Yes, there is not one of them in power in Chicago to-day. But they have got some ministers to do their barking now. It is the turn of the Pulpit to get whipped too.

Come on, you half blind miserable little Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran and other lions!"

We shall give a good account of you, God being our helper.

"Nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there:

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads they shall and obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

CONTINUATION OF SCRIPTURE READING IN MALACHI 4th CHAPTER.

Now let us go right to the Book of Malachi, the last of the Old Testament preaching and prophecy. Here is the Word of God, by that prophet. For four hundred years there was no prophet succeeded him until John the Baptist came; because God's people had sinned in rejecting His commands.

But 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."

Now, wait a minute. You think of that.

"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, God of hosts."

Oh God, do it to-day! (Amen.)

Let the crunching of the ashes of these fools be heard from shore to shore, (Amen) and continent to continent.

My good Lord, let's have this fight out! (Amen.)

This is God's day.

I tell you Divine Healing has come to stay, (Amen!) [with a shout from thousands] and all the powers of hell cannot drive it back. You may depend upon it, you "dirty boy," that your day is over.

SCRIPTURE READING IN LUKE 4: 14-19.

It will very much interest you at this point if I read another extract, not from the newspaper report, but from the stenographic report by one of my own stenographers, of Dr. Henson's sermon. It certainly astounded me. He says:

Our Lord, when He was on the earth, healed many diseases; but I protest against laying the stress upon healing the blind, healing the leper, casting out devils. *These were not the things he came to do.* He *did not come* to cure the eyes of the blind, *He did not come* to unstop the ears of the deaf; *He did not come* to raise men out of their graves, that *was not the work* of our Lord and Master. These were *only done to authenticate* the reality of His claim to be the Son of God. The great work for which He came was to heal the soul of man."

You see again here that he does not know the difference between soul and spirit. But he continues:

"And I protest against the stress that is laid upon mere bodily healing, as if that were the great thing of the Gospel. It is the least thing of the Gospel."

That is Dr. Henson,

Now, we will take our Lord Jesus Christ.

Let us read in the Gospel according to St. Luke, 4th

chapter, 14th verse:

“And Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee: and there went out a fame of Him through all the region round about.”

“And He taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all.

And He came to Nazareth, where He had been brought up: and, as His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read.

“And there was delivered unto Him the book of the prophet Isaiah. And when He had opened the book, He found the place where it was written,

“The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.

“To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.”

Who are you going to believe, Jesus Christ or Dr. Henson?
(Applause.)

Audience:—“Jesus Christ.”

Dr. Dowie:—I guess He knew what He came to do, did He not?

CONTINUANCE OF SCRIPTURE READING IN ACTS 10:33-38

Peter was in the house of Cornelius, the Centurion, a Roman Soldier. Cornelius had a vision, and sent for Peter. Peter had a vision telling him to go with the soldiers of Cornelius. When Peter got into the house, Cornelius said:

“Now therefore, are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God.

“Then Peter opened his mouth and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons:

“But in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him.

“The word which God sent unto the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ: (He is Lord of all)

“That word, I say, ye know, which was published throughout all Judea, and began from Galilee, after the baptism which John preached,

“How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth 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.”

Did Peter or the “dirty boy,” Dr. Henson, know best?

Audience:—“Peter.”

Dr. Dowie:—Ah! it sickens one to hear a minister talk such unutterable trash

Christ came to save the spirit, and the soul, and the body: He came to save every part of fallen humanity. (Amen!) And He says He did, and His apostles say He did. But Dr. Henson says He did not, and therein displays his ignorance or his untruthfulness.

Just one passage more from God’s Word.

CONTINUANCE OF SCRIPTURE READING IN HEBREWS 13:8.

“Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.”

If He is the same, is He not the same Saviour?

Audience:—“Yes.”

Dr. Dowie:—Is He not the same Healer?

Audience:—“Yes.”

Dr Dowie:—And if He is not the same Saviour and Healer, is He the same?

Audience:—“No.”

Dr Dowie:—And may God bless our reading and exposition of all these passages from His Word.

The congregation then all joined in singing most heartily,

“The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer.
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.”

Now, let us go to prayer.

There a great many sick folks writing and telegraphing from all over the earth, and we see very large numbers and have for many years.

For twenty-one years we have been seeing the sick.

I suppose the average for whom I have prayed is over 50,000 a year for twenty-one years. Some weeks I have prayed 3,000 times, three meetings a day, seven days a week. It has been a blessed toil.

We pray now about a thousand times in every week, and lay hands upon them, and sometimes more. And God is hearing and answering prayer.

We will pray now, and though I have spoken severely, and will speak more severely, I shall not say anything accepting as God's Minister destroying evil, and obeying the command that the Apostle Paul gave to Timothy."

"O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust. "

But it is still more emphatic in Greek:

"O Timothy, *guard the deposit.*"

Stand on guard over "*the deposit*" in full armor. Put on the whole armor of God and fight. *Guard the deposit!*

I tell you we will guard "the deposit" with our lives. There is no fooling about this business.

You in whom Mercury reigns, you ungodly fools in the Physicians' Club of Chicago, you who are fooling about this business, you who attack Zion, you will find there is a sharp sword here for you, and the good Lord help us to put it into you right up to the hilt; and if your blood is not all water, we will draw blood to-day. "The Sword of the Spirit is the Word of God." Metaphorically there will be a lot of blood drawn to-day.

I did not seek this fight. These doctors invited me to dine with them publicly, and then insulted me, so far as that was

possible to them, by withdrawing the invitation, and this man, Dr. Henson, who is an avowed enemy of Divine Healing, they invited to take my place, and then he insulted me further from his pulpit in the First Baptist Church of this city of Chicago. Is it not time for me to defend that which God has committed to me?

Audience:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—"And I will do it. Now pray about it. Let us worship and bow down.

Several earnest prayers were then offered by officers of the Church on the platform.

THE WORLD WIDE WORK.

Dr. Dowie, after referring to the LEAVES OF HEALING, spoke of the work in various parts of the world, and of the continuous progress reported on all sides, and said, "As nearly as I can get the figures, Zion has added one thousand, at least, within three months, and we have baptized 791 believers in this city alone within seven months, and more than 3,000 within four years.

God has been gracious to us.

We have been attending strictly to our work all through the summer, while many ministers have been fooling around the country lecturing on "Fools"—a very significant and proper subject for some of them. (Laughter.)

ANSWERING A FALSE ACCUSATION,

Help Zion with your prayers, with your sympathy, with your support.

It has been charged and insinuated that I make a merchandise of my ministry.

There has never been a charge made by me at any time in any place for one single service I ever rendered, and I will prove that in this meeting.

Let any man or woman whom I ever asked for one single cent of money for any service I ever rendered in prayer, or in

any other way, speak up. [No response.]

If you do, speak up, or else hereafter forever hold your peace, as they, say in the marriage service.

Zion needs resources though, and we all give gladly, and that is why we have been able to do so much. God's children here have given heartily, and they have been blessed richly.

A THOUSAND WITNESSES TO DIVINE HEALING.

I want to show something of what God has wrought here just at this point.

Some strangers might want to know how many people have been blessed in this large audience of thousands upon thousands of people. They, may be curious or sceptical.

Every one in this meeting who has been healed through faith in Jesus Christ, our Lord, stand to your feet!

[In response to this call, at least a thousand persons immediately rose.]

I think that any one looking at the numbers on their feet will say there are at least a thousand. I am glad to see it.

Dr. Henson pities you as poor deluded people. (Laughter.)

But the day for that sneering impudence has gone—it is too silly.

I thought it might help some of you strangers just to see that sight; you will not see it anywhere else in this city, perhaps not in the world, in the same proportion. in any congregation.

Now, let the free-will offerings be taken.

[The offering was then received, during which the large Choir sang two beautiful anthems, after which Dr. Dowie delivered the afternoon discourse.]

YOU DIRTY BOY.

With Some Remarks on Dining With the Doctors.

INVOCATION.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, profitable to this people. and to all to whom these words shall come, in this and other lands, in this and all the coming time, for the sake of Jesus. our Lord, our Strength. and our Redeemer.

I am to speak to you to-day concerning that "Dirty Boy," Dr. Henson; and to speak to you concerning this famous Dinner.

Perhaps I ought to have said this infamous Dinner of the Physicians' Club of Chicago in connection with which there has been so much written concerning myself in the public press.

It seems to me that there are two passages of Scripture that I ought to put in front of all I say.

The one is from the oldest book in the Bible, older even than the book of Genesis, because it is generally agreed that the book of Job was written, before Moses by inspiration of God wrote the book of Genesis, possibly about 1520 years before Christ. Job, who apparently had considerable experience with doctors then, said in the 13th chapter and fourth verse:

"But ye are forgers of lies, ye are all physicians of no value."

That will be my text for the doctors.

Now for Dr. Henson, I shall take the words of Jesus, whom Dr. Henson so shamefully misrepresents.

In the 23d chapter of Matthew, and the 13th verse:

"But woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in."

I will take the Doctors and their Dinner first, because they come first in point of time.

“Forgers of lies . . . physicians of no value.”

A marvellous thing is this—yet not marvellous; because it was out of the abundance of the heart that they gave the order to the printer—the Physicians’ Club of Chicago—to engrave upon its official letter paper the symbols of the god Mercury whom the Greeks called Hermes. And for a motto for the Club, they have engraved the two words: *Mercurius regnat*. Mercury reigns.

Any of you who are even in a slight degree learned, will know that Mercury the god of the Romans, and Hermes the god of the Greeks, the same god by two different names, from the hour of his birth was a thief. Mythology says that when he was one day old he stole the cattle of Apollo and the gods, and the little scamp was found after his exploit in his cradle telling lies and apparently perfectly peaceful. Apollo dragged him out and said, “You thief,” and declared that this newborn god was to be “the god of thieves and tricksters forever.” And so he is the chosen divinity of the Physicians’ Club of Chicago. (Laughter.)

I have come to see that their choice was a very appropriate one.

I did not know anything about this Physicians’ Club of Chicago.

I have had a great many battles with the doctors, and they fought me all through 1895; with their persecution, causing my arrest on about one hundred warrants, bribing the police, bribing the City Administration, bribing the lawyers, bribing the juries, and I know not what.

I suppose that they spent at least \$30,000 in persecuting me.

I know it cost me \$20,000 to defend myself, and it must have cost them a great deal more to persecute me.

That money was never paid by the city, although the law and police officers of the city were willing tools.

But the doctors combined, and vast sums of money were gathered by them and by Freemasons and we had a fight for a whole year.

I was arrested under a hundred warrants and fought scores of battles. God being our helper, we won, and certain cases were carried up to the upper courts, and we smashed them in four or five courts; smashed the infernal City Ordinance which was designed to make it a crime for us to pray with God’s sick children, so that the ordinance was killed forever, but not until the city was disgraced by the spectacle of a minister of Christ, against whom there was no other charge, excepting that he prayed to God Almighty for the healing of the sick, day after day, and night after night, and week after week, and month after month, being arrested upon that bonus charge, and sent to prison again, and again, and again.

There are stories about that to tell which, if I were to tell them fully, would be almost incredible. I will tell one:

A REMINISCENCE.

A certain constable, great villain—these constables are nearly all villains—had been bribed frequently to arrest me on some trumped-up charges of my violating the law by praying with the sick, and so practicing medicine without a license. (Laughter.) By having a home where the sick came to be prayed with, I was held to be maintaining a hospital without a license. Upon these trumped-up lying charges, I was sometimes arrested far on in the night. It has been frequently 2 o’clock in the morning when I have returned to my home after searching for hours to find a magistrate to take my bonds, so that I should not spend the night in the filthy police cells.

This constable came to our home between 10 and 11 o'clock on one Saturday night with some of these infernal warrants. He was partially intoxicated—seemed very excited, and somewhat afraid. Conscience and fear were working powerfully to keep him from the commission of an awful crime.

I had frequently gone with this constable to a Hyde Park justice, taken with me somebody to give bonds, and come away.

But this warrant was issued by a magistrate of infamous character, many miles distant, away far out on the north side of the city, and at that time I lived in Woodlawn, about eight miles south of the center of Chicago.

This constable said: "I have been paid to take you out to-night on to the prairie where a hired band of thieves and thugs was to attack us. I was to pretend to endeavor to arrest them, and in the fight you were to be shot and killed; but," he said, with an oath, "I will not do it for all the damned doctors in Chicago." (Applause.)

Oh, I know something of what Zion's foes will do, and

I TELL YOU THIS, THE MOST MURDEROUS
PROFESSION OUT OF HELL IS THE MEDICAL
PROFESSION.

Their hands are red with blood—the blood of the innocent.

They murder the unborn babes in the thousands, and they are easily bought.

Their testimony is received with contempt as "experts" in the courts; for they can be purchased for Luetgert or against Luetgert, for Cronin or against Cronin. They are ready to swear that Cronin was murdered, and they are ready to swear, as several of these scoundrels did, notwithstanding the fact that Dr. Cronin's body was dragged out of a sewer with the marks of the instrument that caused his death upon his head—they swore they believed he died of kidney disease. (Laughter.)

"FORGERS OF LIES."

Well may Mercury, the god of thieves and tricksters be honored in the Physicians' Club of Chicago.

Well may they write proudly above their door: *Mercurius regnat*. Mercury reigns.

THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS.

There are doctors who are as clean and true, who are as honorable and as good as any class of citizens; and there are doctors who have stood upon this platform, and testified to the healing through faith in Jesus Christ of their patients whom they had abandoned to die, and that no longer than two or three weeks ago. But what Dr. Bellfield in the Sunset Club said some time ago is true. Sneering at his own profession he said:

"The doctors of Chicago are divisible into three classes the first are liars; the second, are damned liars; and the third are experts. and they are the biggest liars of all." (Applause.)

"This witness is true"

Well, now, to get to "Dining with the Doctors."

I received on September 14, from Dr. Wm. H. Wilder, 103 State St., Secretary of this Physicians' Club, a most courteously written invitation which you can find in full in the LEAVES OF HEALING, Vol. 3, No. 49, p. 781, of two weeks ago under the heading of "*Mercurius regnat*," Mercury reigns.

I have there told the whole story.

I only recall it now for the purpose of bringing in the published reports of the discussion at that dinner upon "Faith Healing."

I candidly tell you I was surprised to receive it. He said, in the most courteous terms: "The Physicians' Club of Chicago, composed"—I have his own word for it—"of the most

refined and highly educated medical gentlemen” of this city invited me to dine with them “on Sept. 27,” Monday week last at the Victoria Hotel, on Michigan Avenue.

He also said that if I would be kind enough to address the club after dinner upon “Divine Healing, its principles, methods and results, that they would be very much obliged to me; and that I should receive a most courteous and considerate hearing, etc., etc.

Well, after receiving that letter I really did think that there was some probability of the devil getting converted. It was very astounding; for I had just concluded a series of Lectures on Doctors, Drugs, and Devils from this platform.

I sent my colleague, Dr. Speicher, who is a graduate in theology, and a graduate in medicine, down to Dr. Wilder with instructions to see whether this was a forgery or a truth, and to make some inquiries. He came back and told me that Dr. Wilder pressed the invitation. It was all genuine, and it was hoped that I would accept.

I then wrote an acceptance, and I began to prepare for that dinner.

I intended, however, to eat my own dinner in Zion Home before I went. (Applause.)

I hoped to get a little time for digesting it too, because I was informed that these fellows drank champagne—of course, there is always real pain follows that—and that they smoked and chewed.

I did not doubt but what that was true, and I knew I should be in an atmosphere created by stink-pots, beer-pots, and whiskey-pots, and I am not accustomed to that atmosphere.

So I had in my own mind determined I would have my dinner early, and get it well digested before I went.

But I accepted the invitation to dinner, not to appear discourteous, and I accepted the invitation to speak, which was what I most cared about.

I had not asked for that invitation; no friend of mine had asked it. It was their own request, and a several times pressed request.

SOME FACTS FOR THE DOCTORS’ DINNER.

Now, I suppose an inkling of what I had in store for them had got out.

I intended to have a number of doctor friends of mine there, because the Club’s secretary had promised to give me cards for such visitors as I required for the after dinner.

I intended to have Dr. John R. Boynton there, Professor in the Hahnemannian College, demonstrator in surgery and cancer specialist in Cook County Hospital, visiting surgeon and physician in the Homeopathic Hospital, National Temperance Hospital, and the Baptist Hospital; quite a list of offices. And Dr. Boynton had promised to come and testify to Ethel Post’s healing.

A MIRACLE OF HEALING.

Turning to the gallery where Miss Ethel Post sat with her parents, Dr. Dowie said,

Come down Ethel. Mr. Post, bring up the picture, and the cancer in the bottle.

I intended having that child not very far away from the Victoria Hotel, so that the doctors might have seen her had they desired. They said they wanted to know about Divine Healing.

They talked afterwards at their dinner that such healing was merely “healing by suggestion;” and that important diseases, such as cancer, were never affected by faith in God.

But I was loading up for these fellows, and amongst other things I intended to show them this picture, [unveiling a life-size picture showing the terrible cancer filling her entire mouth] which is horrible enough to look at, and as you will see it shows the dear girl with that horrible cancer forcing its

way out of her mouth. That is a life-size enlargement of a photograph taken at the time when the cancer filled all her mouth. I did not intend to let these fellows off when I got them there. They had challenged God's servant to prove that God still healed in Jesus' Name, and I intended to win for God in that night.

Ethel Post stands here before you, and her case is on record. Seven photographs of this case are published. You can get the whole story in detail in the LEAVES OF HEALING for Sept. 25, Vol. 3, No. 48.

A CANCER IN A BOTTLE, ETC.

Here are portions of the cancer itself [holding up to the audience a bottle containing the portions of the cancer] preserved in alcohol. It is technically an osteo-sarcoma. There is the cancer, and here [holding up a little box] are portions of the bones. The osteo-sarcoma is a tumorous cancer on the jaw, coming out, filling up with flesh, and filth and bones; and this cancer had been in this child's mouth for years.

I prayed with her at the crisis, and was used of God to her healing.

Dr. Boynton who had given her up to die, stood on this platform and said that she, was perfectly healed, that there was not the slightest trace of cancer in her mouth. (Praise the Lord. Amen.) He would have stood by my side at the Physicians' Club, and given God the glory.

She is going to school, just as any other little girl is of her age.

Do you feel well, Ethel?

Ethel:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—Well, there she is, and it is a pity that the Sons of Mercury were afraid to see her. But child as she is, her testimony is a terror to them.

Now, that was a case of osteo-sarcoma. Thank you, dear.

[kissing the child.] I did not kiss her behind my wife's back. (Laughter.) For Mrs. Dowie is here on her accustomed seat on this platform, and I did that very openly. She is a sweet little girl, and I was the means in God's hands of her healing, and I am thankful.

ANOTHER MIRACULOUS HEALING OF CONSUMPTION FOR THE DOCTORS.

Now, I was going to have taken another case, the case of Albion Wyman, son of Col. Wyman, a lawyer in this city, I think associated with Mr. Deneen, State's Attorney, and whose residence is at 733 Walnut St., Chicago. The story is fully told in Vol. 1, No. 4, of LEAVES OF HEALING. He was a consumptive and was healed when dying.

Dr. W. M. W. Davison, examined him, Professor of physiology in the National Homeopathic Medical College and Examining Surgeon of the Union Casualty Company, of St. Louis, and also of the Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York. He has written a careful statement of the entire history of this case, and he declared "all such cases die." But he also testifies to Albion's recovery.

The boy is in perfect health. He was raised up when dying. His mother had died of consumption, and he was with her and took measles at the time when she died in Mexico. He is in perfect health and going to school. I saw him only a few days ago.

ANOTHER MIRACLE OF HEALING FOR THE DOCTORS' DINNER.

I was going to have taken Mrs. Jennie Paddock, and show how God heals, without our human touch, those who are dying at a distance from where we are praying.

Where are you Mrs. Paddock? Are you here?
Mrs. Paddock (from the gallery):—"Yes, Sir."

IS THIS "MENTAL SUGGESTION."

Dr. Dowie:—The doctors say that the healings in Zion are by "mental suggestion."

Mrs. Paddock, in August, 1890, when first I came to this city, was dying of a large fibroid tumor. Drs. Martin, Byford, Mulfinger and a dozen others saw her, and from time to time treated her case, and crowds of students were there when she lay upon the operating table when surgeons discussed and examined her case.

She was dying; she had never seen my face, or heard my voice, but she heard of the Gospel that I preached.

Up to the time I prayed I had not been in Chicago except for one hour and a half, and did not know of Mrs. Paddock's existence.

I was speaking at Western Springs and closing a Convention, and I was about to strike some heavy blows at the accursed errors of that so-called Christian Alliance. Just as I stood up to speak a lady who came from her dying bed brought me a written request saying that she was dying, and asked me to pray for her deliverance.

I prayed for her.

At the moment of my prayer she fell asleep.

When I had finished my talk in that tent that night she was conscious that the fibroid tumor was dead.

Within four days she made a carpet, and helped to move into a new house.

She has been healed for seven years, has been all the time in perfect health, and is so now.

Is that true?

Mrs. Paddock:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—And these doctors had given her up to die, and Dr. Mulfinger had left her, saying that the certificate of death could be found at his house; for there was no use his visiting her any more, she was dying.

A LITTLE DITTY.

Now I had this and a whole lot of other rods in pickle for these fellows of the Physicians' Club who had asked me to dine with them at the Victoria Hotel, and you can understand my disappointment when they told me they did not want me to "play in their yard." (Applause and laughter.)

I believe there is a political campaign ditty which says:

"We don't want you to play in our yard:
You shan't slide down our cellar door."

So they sent me a letter that they had changed the program. (Laughter.) They hoped it would not inconvenience me not to come. I was a dangerous playmate.

Their conduct is so ridiculous, and so ungentlemanly, that it has made the Physicians' Club of Chicago the laughing-stock and contempt of the country.

THEY DISCOVERED A MINISTERIAL CLOWN.

But when they were at their wits' end, and thought whom they could get to take my place, they looked around the city and their eyes fell upon a clerical clown, (laughter) who goes about with cap and bells, who hawks a lecture around all the country, at Chautauquas, and yarns of various kinds, entitled "Fools," a very appropriate title.

And sometimes he talks about "Backbone," and it is very proper for a man to talk about backbone who has not got any,

and who is an open enemy of Divine Healing.

And they sent for that producer of ecclesiastical pantomimes, that open enemy of Divine Healing, to expound Divine Healing to them.

And they also sent for a Roman Catholic priest who could tell about the "holy water of Lourdes." (Laughter.)

Well now I am not much, but as one of themselves said, "It was like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out."

I have no doubt there are men amongst that 250, albeit they are children of Mercury, who are very much mortified and ashamed, like Dr. Lewis and others, who publicly protested against the shameful conduct of which the Club had been guilty.

Had I sought the invitation, had I in any decree catered for it, the situation would be different, but when men will act like that, I ask are they worthy of being called gentlemen?

Audience:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—Is there a common working-man of this community who would be guilty of such a thing?

Audience:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—I believe not. I believe there is more gentlemanly feeling in the commonest working-man of the city than in this whole Club.

But it was there that Dr. Henson appeared.

As for what these—I will not call them gentlemen, they are unworthy of it—as for what these Sons of "Mercury the god of thieves and tricksters," said, it is not worth heeding.

THE WATER OF LOURDES.

As for what Father Dorsey said, we want Father Dorsey to find some healing closer at home than in France. We want a case of healing that is a little closer to us, if you please, Father Dorsey, than 1884; that is thirteen years old, and if the water of Lourdes was so wonderfully effective in the healing of your sister, why do you not import a few buckets full to

Chicago? (Laughter.)

And, how is it, if the Lourdes' holy water has such virtue, that we have not got one person in Chicago whom you can put upon the platform, and tell the story?

Now, I am not saying anything about the water of Lourdes. I do not know. But I will tell you this, that I who have probably seen more Divine Healing than any man on this planet in twenty-one years, and who have seen many healings of cancer, have never seen a case like this reported by Father Dorsey, that a woman who had cancer that extended from her lip almost to her waist, was cured instantly without having so much as a scar.

I want the facts, Father Dorsey, concerning that case. I ask for them publicly. I ask for the name of the woman: I ask for where she lives, and the names of the doctors who had her case in hand and her present condition. We give these facts; and we have a right to ask them from Rome, whom we so profoundly distrust.

But, with all his faults, let me say, poor Father Dorsey was the nearest to God of the whole Mercurial crew.

I have said it before, and I say it again, that though Rome is an apostate church, she has preserved much of divine truth, and I thank God that of the 800 save nine that I baptized in the last seven months in Zion Tabernacle, over 150 of them had been Roman Catholics; (Amen) and of the 3,300 that I have baptized in four years, I believe that nearly five hundred have been Roman Catholics.

A DECLARATION.

I have more hope for the salvation of Roman Catholics, and of the healing of Roman Catholics, than I have of Dr. Henson, or most of the ministers and members of the Baptist Churches.

I would rather take my chances before the Throne of God with an earnest Roman Catholic priest like Father Dorsey, than with a hypocrite and a liar like Dr. Henson.

THE DOCTORS TALK.

After Father Dorsey spoke, Dr. Lackersteen,—who lacks everything, (laughter)—excepting unbounded impudence, talked, and what he said is not worth mentioning.

Dr. Burr followed, and he talked very suggestively to the assembled doctors. Listen!

“If any physician thinks it is not time for the profession to wake up on this subject, let him look at these great institutions of Divine Healing and Christian Science,”—[he does not know the difference between the two] “on the prominent Boulevards of our city; let him see his patients, and his neighbor’s patients flocking to these Divine Healing institutions, and consider if it is not worth while to employ intelligent neglected means of therapeutics which these laymen employ ignorantly and often harmfully.” (Laughter.)

WHERE THE DOCTORS’ PATIENTS ARE
FLOCKING.

Poor Dr. Burr !

He knows that every week more than a thousand persons gather here seeking God for healing.

He knows that in Zion Home they come from all parts, as last week, when there were seventeen States and four Foreign Countries represented; and to-day in Zion Home, with help and officers, there are nearly, 200 guests gathered from the east, and west, and north, and south, and there are thousands before me now in this Tabernacle.

Friends, they know that this has been my continuous ministry for more than twenty-one years, and so the cry of “Our craft is in danger” is raised by Dr. Burr, as it was by Demetrius of Ephesus.

Dr. Burr, you are right, but it is too late.

Doctors of the Physicians’ Club of Chicago, farewell.

Your “craft” is doomed.

Mercury, your god, is dead forever.

A DIRTY JOKE BY THE DIRTY BOY.

Now, I come to Dr. Henson’s part in that dinner. I call attention, first of all, to a Hensonian joke of which he has never disputed the fatherhood.

The *Times-Herald* report of the dinner says:

“Dr. Quine worked in a great deal of fun in introducing Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson.

In the course of his remarks he said that once *when he was leaving the house in which one of Dr. Henson’s flock lay dying*, he met the pastor going in. “What is his condition, doctor?” asked Dr. Henson. “He will be dead in a few hours,” replied the physician. “Well.” said Dr. Henson. “you ought to know, you know what you have been giving him.” (Laughter and applause)

Friends, I regret that you laugh. I think you will in a moment be ashamed that you did it.

My brothers and sisters, the story is laughable and absurd in one sense, but it is also so shameful I can only weep over it.

It is one of those things also which make me to be full of indignation.

Let me put the position.

Dr. Henson is a professed Minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

He was going, it is to be supposed, in deep sympathy with the sufferer, into that home with reverent steps, or ought to have been. He was entering the house of mourning where the shadow of death was stealing up the happy household walls.

Possibly a father, a husband, was dying; a widowed heart was breaking; weeping children were there; one of the lights of their life was going out; the strength of the family was going away. Husband and father was dying, and oh, the broken and bleeding hearts that were there!

And did Dr. Henson upon the very step of that sad home of “one of his flock “ crack that infernal joke?

Did he make fun about death with the doctor at the steps of that house?

If he did, my good Lord, whom did he belong to?

Was it a minister of Christ that went into that house?

Voices:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—Was that clerical clown fit to kneel beside the dying man, and pray with the afflicted one, and comfort the sorrowing children, who went into it with a joke, and a heartless laugh, and a sneer and fun?

Could he pray "the prayer of faith that saves the sick," or be in a fit condition to reach the Throne of God for any blessing?

Either he did utter this "joke," and, thereby, showed that he was a hypocrite, a humbug and a sham; or he did not do it, and the whole thing is an infernal lie, for the unchallenged publication of which he is responsible.

He can take either alternative.

But minister of Christ, he was none.

Do you believe I am right?

Audience:—"Yes."

BIRDS OF A FEATHER IN COMPANY.

Dr. Dowie:—After this "joke" I had been told, Dr. Henson began his speech, and he said that he had "never been in such good company before," and that he was like an old nigger brother whom he had given a splendid collection to from his church, and then called on him to pray, and the brother said: "Oh Lord, teach a poor nigger how to behave himself here; for he never was in such good company before." (Laughter.)

And Dr. Henson said that that was his condition, and "he felt like Daniel in the lion's den, *excepting he had not got Daniel's courage*," and I believe him. (Laughter.)

He hadn't any courage.

Where was the man of God?

Standing amidst a crowd of men, who, as Dr. Wilder told my colleague, did not believe in the supernatural; this minister was with men who very largely, are avowed infidels, and there amongst them he said he had "never been in such good company before."

I wonder what kind of company he has been keeping this last summer?

I wonder what kind of company he has got in his own church?

Are the godly people of his own Church—and there are some there—not as "good company" as the doctors who reject the Lord Jesus Christ? Or was this another joke?

Here was a minister of Christ "joking" like a clown, and saying that he was like Daniel in the lion's den without Daniel's courage, and he was like an old and foolish nigger.

Is that a spectacle which God approves, for a minister of His Gospel to stand ringing his bells and pulling his cap and grinning like a fool amidst a lot of doctors?

Then all the rest of his speech that is reported is this, that he said he knew "if he lived long enough some of the company would get away with him at last." (Laughter.)

What ghastly joking this is?

So he expects to die in the hands of the doctor.

Let me commend to him the text of Dr. Hillis, who tried to find a text in the Bible to fight me with, and could not find one, but quoted a part of a passage in Ecclesiasticus, an apocryphal book. Let me quote the passage that Dr. Hillis did not fully quote from Joshua, the son of Sirach, who writes Ecclesiasticus, and says:

"He that sinneth against his Maker, let him fall into the hands of the physician."

So that is what Dr. Henson thinks is going to come to him at last, and I believe it, and more too, unless he repents: for the Devil is very close to the doctor, and Hell is the home of all sons of Mercury.

Ah! but these doctors were wise "in their generation," although that generation was evil.

They invited that clown with cap and bells, Dr. Henson. They invited that Roman Catholic priest. They invited Dr. Lackersteen, who lacks everything. They invited Dr. Moyer, who knows nothing. They invited Dr. Burr, who says that he

is a hypnotist and sends people to sleep.

They invited these people because none of them knew anything about Divine Healing, and because they knew that none of them would damage their trade one bit.

But they knew that if I was there, I should be right upon the wickets, and they were afraid.

I brand the Physicians' Club of Chicago as composed of 250 men, who are not gentlemen, and who are curs and cowards! And you agree with me I know. (Applause.)

ALLEGED HEALING BY MENTAL SUGGESTION.

Now comes a more important point.

After this dinner, the reporters went amongst the doctors of the city, and they had a number of very ingenious interviews.

They were not ingenuous, but they were ingenious, and to summarize the whole of them, this was the thought, that "mental suggestion," whether you called it hypnotism, or Christian Science, or Faith Healing, would account for all the healings there had ever been, apart from medicine and surgery, and that there was "nothing in Faith Healing."

Well now, friends, I do not defend faith healing.

I do not preach faith healing.

I do not believe in faith healing.

I do not believe that you are healed by faith.

I believe that people are healed, first, *through* repentance toward God and man, and second, *through* faith in our Lord Christ.

But they are not healed by Faith: they are healed *through* Faith, by God Almighty Himself. (Amen.)

"MENTAL SUGGESTION" IN THE CASE OF MRS. JENNIE PADDOCK.

And as for mental suggestion—now I am going to give you facts. I am going to answer you people seriously, you doctors and Dr. Henson who takes up this "mental suggestion" theory in his sermon—come, I will just take a few facts.

Mrs. Paddock, please, rise again. [Mrs. Paddock rises in the gallery.]

On what date were you healed?

Mrs. Paddock:—"August 7, 1891."

Dr. Dowie:—Had you ever seen my face?

Mrs. Paddock:—"No, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—Had you ever heard my voice?

Mrs. Paddock:—"No, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—Is it not a fact that you were under the influence of morphine ?

Mrs. Paddock:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—And that you were only conscious for short periods at a time?

Mrs. Paddock:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—And that in one of these intervals of consciousness you suddenly cried to the Lord, and asked that I should pray for you?

Mrs. Paddock:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—That you had no intercourse with me of any kind?

Mrs. Paddock:—"Not at all."

Dr. Dowie:—I had never seen you?

Mrs. Paddock:—"No, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—Nor written to you?

Mrs. Paddock:—"No, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—And you knew nothing about me ?

Mrs. Paddock:—"No, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—Did you know, as a matter of fact that your

petition for prayer came to me?

Mrs. Paddock:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—How many miles was I away?

Mrs. Paddock:—"You were at Western Springs, just outside of Chicago, about sixteen miles away."

Dr. Dowie:—Well, did you fall asleep as far as could be ascertained almost at the very moment that I prayed?

Mrs. Paddock:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—Did you awake when I finished that discourse?

Mrs. Paddock:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—Was the tumor killed?

Mrs. Paddock:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—And you made a carpet in four days?

Mrs. Paddock:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—And the tumor disappeared within a week?

Mrs. Paddock:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—And you have never seen it since?

Mrs. Paddock:—"Never."

Dr. Dowie:—And you have been working ever since?

Mrs. Paddock:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—And where are you living?

Mrs. Paddock:—"47 Spruce Street."

Dr. Dowie:—And you are not a myth but you are a fact.
(Laughter.)

Do you believe that "mental suggestion" dissolved that tumor?

Audience:—"No."

"MENTAL SUGGESTION" IN THE CASE OF MR. WILLIAM ADAMS.

Dr. Dowie:—Now, wait a minute. I am going to call hundreds of you to witness.

On the afternoon of March 21, in this building, I replied to Robert Ingersoll. Do you remember that?

Voices:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—I knelt down there and I prayed for a man named William Adams, living in Allendale, Ontario, Canada.

Where is Mr. Harkness? There you are. Rise up. What is your name?

"George Harkness."

Dr. Dowie:—Did you send me in that request, Mr. Harkness?

Mr. Harkness:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—Did I pray that afternoon?

Mr. Harkness:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—Where did I pray?

Mr. Harkness:—"Right there." [Pointing to the platform.]

Dr. Dowie:—Where was that man?

Mr. Harkness:—"Allendale, Canada."

Dr. Dowie:—How many hundred miles?

Mr. Harkness:—"Nearly seven hundred."

Dr. Dowie:—Had he ever seen me?

Mr. Harkness:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—Did he not know I was going to pray?

Mr. Harkness:—"No, he did not."

Dr. Dowie:—I was asked to pray for him, and about the time he knew I was going to be asked, but that was about all?

Mr. Harkness:—"Yes, that was all."

Dr. Dowie:—I prayed?

Mr. Harkness:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—What happened?

Mr. Harkness:—"He was healed."

Dr. Dowie:—When?

Mr. Harkness:—"Healed that night."

Dr. Dowie:—At the very time of prayer?

Mr. Harkness:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—Did he rise up?

Mr. Harkness:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—Did he go down to church that night?

Mr. Harkness:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—Did he see his mother the next day?

Mr. Harkness:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—Did he come down to this place the same

week?

Mr. Harkness:—"Yes, in three days' time."

Dr. Dowie:—That same week. Was he not also present here in this place exactly a week from the day I prayed, and stood there (pointing to a seat in the Witnesses' Gallery) and told us he was healed, and had not the doctors in Allendale said that he was dying?

Mr. Harkness:—"Yes, sir."

All who heard Mr. Adams give that testimony in Zion Tabernacle stand to, their feet. [Several hundred rose.] Was that man healed by "mental suggestion," or by God Almighty?

Audience:—"God Almighty."

Dr. Dowie:—Now, you doctors, you miserable sons of Mercury, where is your "mental suggestion?"

"MENTAL SUGGESTION" IN THE CASE OF MR. AZRO B. RODGERS.

Here is another case:

Azro B. Rodgers is dying of cancer. He lives farther away still. He lives in Newbury, Vermont. He is an old man. His story is here. It is in No. 1 of this present volume. Oct 30, 1895 he is lying in his home dying. He is using sixty towels a day to staunch the horrible cancer flow. I pray for him; and he is perfectly healed.

He came down to see us, and gave testimony before thousands in the Chicago Auditorium.

All who heard him give testimony that he was perfectly healed of cancer, stand. [At least 100 rose.]

Was that man healed by "mental suggestion," or by God Almighty?

Audience:—"God Almighty."

Dr. Dowie:—Friends, it is too ridiculous.

Was Ethel Post, whose wonderful healing of osteo-sarcoma has been already referred to, healed by "mental suggestion" of that cancer, or by God Almighty?

Audience:—"God Almighty."

A LITTLE TALK WITH PROFESSOR NICHOLAS SENN.

Dr. Dowie:—Come, Prof. Nicholas Senn, come along I want to talk to you.

I would have talked to you if I had been at the dinner of the Club, but you would not let me play in your yard." (Laughter.)

Come, you are one of the biggest of the big men of medicine and surgery in Chicago; you are a leading Professor at the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, and head of the whole business there.

Come, Nicholas Senn, let us have a talk with you.

"MENTAL SUGGESTION" IN THE CASE OF CLARENCE CORBALEY.

Do you remember, Prof. Senn, a young man named Clarence Corbaley, of Plymouth, Indiana?

Do you remember May 26, 1894, when in that Hospital you told his mother that he was dying, and asked her to take him home to Plymouth, Indiana?

Do you remember, Prof. Senn, that you, and your colleagues had made a hole in him so big that I could put my fist in it, right up into his bowels?

Do you remember that he was suffering with tuberculosis of the bowels, and that you could not close the hole, and that you could not heal the bowels, and that the young man of just approaching twenty-one was dying?

Come, Prof. Senn, why did you not exercise a little "mental suggestion?"

Why did not you, and all these doctors put forth some "mental suggestion"?

He was the only son of his mother, and she was breaking her heart. He was just twenty-one. Dr. Senn, you told his mother to take him home. You know it, but she did not. She came across the city to me, and she begged me to receive him

in Christ's name. She said she grieved she had ever taken him to your infamous Hospital; that it was a horrible place; that the people were dying there under the knife every day, and that her dear boy had been cruelly butchered, and abandoned, and was starving to death. He could not eat. She besought me to receive him, saying that she believed God would heal him in Zion.

Prof. Senn, do you remember that May 26, 1894, was a very hot day, and that you and your colleagues said it was murder to put that boy in an ambulance, and bring him to me across the city?

He came to us a distance of ten or twelve miles, and when he reached our Home, he was carried out of the ambulance by strong men up into Divine Healing Home No. 1, at 6020 Edgerton Avenue, Chicago. I was in Home No. 3, not far away, at the time.

Do you know, Prof. Senn, that I went up into the room and I found a dying boy who had not eaten for weeks as much as you would feed to a chicken, who had a great hole in him that I could put my fist in, who looked into my eyes with the hope that glistens in the eyes of those who look into the face of the Christ of God. He said: "Doctor, you are Christ's servant, pray for me, and I won't die," and I prayed for him, and he rose, and he walked, and the supper bell rang, and I gave him my arm, and said: "Clarence, walk down, my son," and he walked down, and he sat at the table, and he ate a dish of strawberries, and he ate everything in sight. The next morning his bowels worked in perfect order, and he is living to-day. (Praise God.) He has been working in a store, and working on a farm, and he took his holiday this year by paying us a long visit to Zion Home.

Do you remember Prof. Senn why did you not get up some of your "mental suggestion?" (Laughter and applause.)

You may call it "mental suggestion," but we call it Divine Healing. (Amen.) We will give God the glory, and not our own minds.

"MENTAL SUGGESTION" IN THE CASE OF
ALBION WYMAN.

Mr. Wyman, will you rise? [Mr. Wyman, of 733 street, Chicago rose in the gallery.]

Will you give us a little story about that "mental suggestion" business?

Come down, you are big enough. I will ask you a question or two:

Do you remember my being asked by you to go and see your dear son, Albion, when dying?

Mr. Wyman:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—"Had the Rush medical men given him up?"

Mr. Wyman:—"Yes, sir; he was given up by three or four doctors."

Dr. Dowie:—"Name some of them."

Mr. Wyman:—"Dr. Davison, Dr. Tagget and Dr. Tucker."

Dr. Dowie:—"Had he been sick with consumption for six years, or something like it?"

Mr. Wyman:—"He inherited it from his mother."

Dr. Dowie:—"Were not his kidneys running blood?"

Mr. Wyman:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—"Was he not in the very last stage?"

Mr. Wyman:—"The doctor said he could not live more than two or three days at the farthest."

Dr. Dowie:—"Tell me, when I prayed, did God hear me?"

Mr. Wyman:—"I believe He did; yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—"Was he up the next day?"

Mr. Wyman:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—"Was he out with you driving in three days?"

Mr. Wyman:—"The second day he met me at the door; the third day he was riding with me; the tenth day he spent fishing with his brother."

Dr. Dowie:—"Has he been to school ever since?"

Mr. Wyman:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—"Is he going to school now?"

Mr. Wyman:—"He is one of the head scholars of John Marshall High School to-day."

Dr. Dowie:—Praise God for the “mental suggestion.”
(Applause.)

Is it “mental suggestion” or God Almighty?

Audience:—“God Almighty.”

Dr. Dowie:—All right. Now, I am done with you doctors and your miserable Mercury-like trick of “mental suggestion;” but I just want to wind up a little with my so-called brother minister the “dirty boy,” Dr. Henson.

I have got to do a little spanking of him yet. (Laughter.)

REPLY TO DR. HENSON.

Come Dr. Henson, we have dealt with your text in Psalm 41:4 and shown that you do not know the difference between soul and body, or soul and spirit.

Perhaps you will learn it now.

But I will deal with one or two of your statements. I will not take them from the published report in the papers which might not be perfectly accurate. I will take them from the stenographic report of my own stenographer.

Dr. Henson, you said it was a greater work of God to establish a Home for the incurable than for God to heal the sick.

Friends, I want to know, is it a better thing to sweep all the poor, sick people, like a flock of diseased cattle, into a place by themselves, or is it best for God to heal them, and let them go back to life?

Audience:—“To heal them.”

Dr. Dowie:—Well, he says a Home for Incurables is better than a Divine Healing Institution. Perhaps he feels the need of such a Home as a personal refuge: for I am tempted to think that he is an incurable fool!

He says also that there was a distinct decline in the number of miracles that were wrought towards the end of Christ’s day.

I wonder where he has been? I almost think he has been lecturing upon “Fools” so much that he has forgotten the New Testament.

Let me ask him, Is it not a fact on record that in the

closing days of Christ’s life, not only did they come to Him, but the sick flocked to Him “in the Temple,” did they not?

Audience:—“Yes.”

Dr. Dowie:—And did He not heal multitudes there?

Voices:—“Yes.”

Dr. Dowie:—Wait a minute, Dr. Henson, you say that miracles declined because enough had been worked at the beginning.

Do you not know that His greatest miracle, the raising of Lazarus from the grave, was wrought just previous to His crucifixion?

Do you not know that there were more people healed in Palestine after Christ died than before?

Let me remind you of how that lame man who had never walked was healed at the Beautiful gate of the Temple.

Tell me, as a result of that miracle, how many were there saved ?

Zion ought to know how many.

Voices:—“Five thousand men.”

Dr. Dowie:—How many were saved on the Day of Pentecost?

Voices:—“Three thousand.”

Again, let me remind you of how they prayed after that healing in the upper room!

What did they pray when the Holy Ghost came and shook the place where they were gathered together ? Did they not pray?—

“And now, Lord, behold their threatenings: and grant unto Thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak Thy Word,

“By stretching forth Thine hand to heal; and that signs and wonders may be done by the name of Thy holy child Jesus.”

And was not the place shaken, and were not great signs and miracles wrought ?

Voices:—“Yes.”

Dr. Dowie:—And it is written in the Acts of the Apostles, chapter 5:15-16.

“Insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them.

“There came also a multitude out of the cities round about Jerusalem, bringing sick folks, and them which were vexed with unclean spirits: and then healed every one.”

Was that not a mighty work of healing?

Audience:—“Yes.”

Dr. Dowie:—It was greater in extent than anything recorded in Christ’s own time and later.

Come, Dr. Henson, you “dirty, dirty boy,” you will have to read the New Testament, and give up lecturing on Fools.

Listen!

When Paul preached at Ephesus, and multitudes were saved, did they not take handkerchiefs and aprons from his body, and lay them on the sick, and were not multitudes healed?

Audience:—“Yes.”

Dr. Dowie:—Yes, and poor Dr. Henson, in his blind faculty, says that when the apostle Paul was shipwrecked on the island of Melita (Malta) there was nothing done there in the way of healing.

Why, he has forgotten that the father of Publius, the chief man of the island, was lying sick with a fever and bloody flux, and that Paul went in to him, prayed with him, laid his hands upon him, and that God healed him.

Moreover, it is written:

“So when this was done, others also, which had diseases in the island, came, and were healed:

“Who also honoured us with many honours; and when we departed, they laded us with such things as were necessary.

Where is your history, Dr. Henson ?

Are you as ignorant of the New Testament as you are of all common sense and good sound reason?

Have you been joking so much that you do not know the

historical facts set forth in your Bible?

When you stand, Dr. Henson, before the judgment seat of Christ, you will find these jokes stand you in mighty poor stead. At the great White Throne, unless you have repented, they will damn you.

HOW DR. HENSON WOULD PRAY FOR THE SICK

He says:

“I feel it is not a vain thing for me to pray for the recovery of the sick man. I would begin by praying for the doctor; that the Lord would guide him in his prescription, and save him from murdering the patient. It is a very serious thing the doctor does when he touches the very cords of life. Nay, I pray God not only to guide the doctor while he prescribes, but to bless the medicine he gives.”

And this is how he “would pray.”

He does not say this is the way he *does* pray; but he gives us to understand that, if he could only find time to spare from his “jokes” when he visits a dying member of his flock, this is the way he “would pray.”

Oh, how amazing is this instructor in prayer for the sick!

Where does he get this wisdom?

Of course, it is not in the Bible.

But what does a little thing like that matter to this Baptist clown who now teaches us how to pray?

Come—let me play the fool a little in “answering *this* fool according to his folly.”

You will please to consider, kind friends, that I am a very sick man, and that I am now going to pray after the manner Dr. Henson suggests.

“Oh, I have got a pain! Oh, I have got a pain! Jeanie, [turning to Mrs. Dowie] get a poultice, will you.” (Laughter.)

Well, I get a poultice; but, alas, it is useless,

“Oh, I have got a pain!”

Well, the hours of the day pass on, and the night, and I have got a pain, and all the simple remedies are taken, and

they are no good.

I must now pray for wisdom to select the right doctor.

Now, will you just look at the mess I am in? I must do what Dr. Henson says.

This is how I must pray.

“Oh, God, I have got a pain. I don’t know what it is; it is right near my heart, and oh now I want grace to pray for a doctor. Oh! God Almighty, what kind of a doctor shall I pray for? Lord, here is a Homeopath who says *similia similibus curantur*; and here is an Allopath who says *contraria contrariis curantur*. Oh God, they cannot both be right, show me which of the twain I shall have to heal me of this pain? The one says that “like cures like,” and the other says “the contrary cures the contrary.” Oh God, tell me which of the two schools I shall choose.”

That is the first thing.

Well, after I have been praying for a while I do not hear any voice, but I try to persuade myself that God says “Go to the *contraria contrariis curantur* man,” meaning I must get an Allopath.

But that is only one step gained, and I must go on praying.

“Now, God Almighty, which of the Allopaths is it to be? Shall it be Dr. Black, or Dr. Brown, or Dr. Gray, or Dr. Green, or Dr. White, or Dr. Jones, or Dr. Smith? Oh, God Almighty, is it to be an old man or a young man, a new school or an old school man, or an old school man, please tell me?”

Now, I have got to pray over that.

Well, then, after I have prayed a while I persuade myself that I have got an answer that it is a new school man who believes that the only thing to do is to give you a vermicide and kill the parasitical microbe which causes the pain.

“Oh, God Almighty, I hope he will be sure to find out the the real nature of the microbe, but how on earth is he to find

it out? It is down here, God, and he can’t find it. Oh, then, if I spit up perhaps he will find it.

So Dr. Green Allopath takes “a culture,” and he goes off to the bacteriologist with it to decide upon the exact nature of the vermin that have conspired to give me a pain, and I must continue to pray.

“Oh, God Almighty, may he make no mistake about the genealogy and character of the microbe, and give me a wrong medicine. (Laughter.) And now, God Almighty, help him: for there are some microbes of a good character in me, too.”

Well, then, Dr. Green Allopath comes and says: “I think I have found out what it is,” and he writes out a learned prescription containing a number of deadly poisons. They have all got to be combined by a clever pharmacist, a sorcerer, as the Bible calls him, and I have to drink the decoction.

But now I have got to pray over the medicine.

I have got to say: “Oh God Almighty, don’t let that doctor make any mistake about the quantities, or else he will kill me; then direct his brain, O Lord, and *save him from murdering me.*”

These are Dr. Henson’s directions as to how to pray.

Then after that is done I have got to say: “Oh, God Almighty, do take care of the messenger on the way to the pharmacist.”

When the messenger gets to the pharmacist, that young dude is deeply enraged in most important business. Behold him there at the Ice Cream Fountain fooling with the girls! (Laughter.)

“Oh, God Almighty, do grant that he may not be in a hurry, and give me the wrong medicine, because that would kill me.”

My messenger goes there, and he says to the young man: “Young man, will you fill up this? My father is sick.”

Your father's sick? Don't you see I am busy with these young ladies? very rude of you. What do you want, Miss? Is it ice cream or what?

"Oh, Mr. Druggist," pleads my messenger, "my father is very ill; please to make it up."

"Oh, bother you. I will have to do it, I suppose. Please excuse me for a few moments, young ladies!"

Just at this point I ought to pray again—

"Oh Lord, if they haven't got the medicine in stock, don't let him put in something else instead. That substitute poison might kill me." (Laughter.)

Then, at last, back my messenger comes with the precious decoction.

I look at it and read, "To be shaken before taken."

I am shaking anyhow before it is shaken. But I must continue to pray.

"Oh, God Almighty, I do not know what it is going to do; but, Lord, here it is. Now, what am I going to do?"

Then I open my mouth and shut my eyes and pour it down my throat.

"Now, God Almighty, may it go to the pain."

It does go to the pain, and the pain is ten times worse than before. (Laughter.)

"Oh, oh, oh," I cry, "I have ten times more pain."

Therefore, again I send off for the doctor, and he comes and he says: "Oh, my dear Dr. Dowie, I see now I have made a mistake about that medicine. It must be a different kind of bacteria to what I imagined. I must find the real nature of the microbe. I will have to begin over again."

Just here I pray—

"Oh, God Almighty, don't let him make a mistake this time, because I cannot stand so many mistakes."

Well, he tries it again, and he makes a mistake again, and at last, I say, "You go."

Now, I am through with Dr. Green Allopath, and, after prayer, I send for the *similia similibus curantur* man, Dr. White Globule Homeopath.

He comes with a triumphant smile, and he says: "I won't hurt you; I won't hurt you, Dr. Dowie."

"Well, what will you give me?"

"Oh, Dr. Dowie, I believe that the potentiality of medicine is just in the exact proportion to its reduction, and we have come to the conclusion that the thing to fit your case is the *infinitesimal potentiality of sodium*."

A voice:—"Common salt."

Dr. Dowie:—"Common salt! (Laughter.) How dare you be so vulgar! Dr. White Globule Homeopath is too fine a gentleman to trick me by giving me a pinch of common salt under that name!

And so I go to Dr. W.G.H.'s little white pills, and continue to pray.

"God Almighty, reach the pain."

I open my mouth again and swallow, and lo, the pain is not a bit less.

Now, who shall I send for to heal?

I continue to pray and to pay, for one after another of a dozen or more Doctors "asking God to bless the medicine" each one gives; but all my praying and paying is vain, and "oh, oh, oh, I have still got the pain," I cry.

And this is the result of following the Baptist clown's teaching the sick to pray!

I want to know whether the most direct way is not for me to kneel and say:

"My God and Father, I repent of my sin. For Jesus' sake forgive me, and give me Thy Holy Spirit. I give Thee my body. Take it and heal it and give me grace to live out my life for Thee.

It is thus I go to God, and He answers me.

Which is the best, the direct prayer to God, or going around through the doctor and the pharmacist?

Voices:—"Direct prayer to God."

Dr. Dowie:—And listen to me, Dr. Henson.

Find me one passage in the Bible which you know so little about, or, if you are too busy talking about "Fools" and "Backbone," get some of the good old ladies in your church to find a passage, in which it is written: "Is any among you sick? Let him call for a doctor and pray over the medicine."

Is it in the Bible?

Audience:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—Now wait a minute. I will quote you what is in the Bible—

Is any among you sick? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save him that is sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, it shall be forgiven him.

That is the teaching of God's word.

A CHALLENGE.

And now, Dr. Henson you have called me "a pious pretender;" you have called me "a fake;" you have called me a "charlatan;" you have said that Zion Tabernacle is "a Faker's Bethesda," and that I have induced the people to give me their crutches, and hang them up there, and it is all a sham.

Dr. Henson, I challenge you to the proof of one of your diabolically false assertions.

I will ask this audience: Do you know of any person whose crutches or braces I "took" from them? Tell me yes or no.

Audience:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—Are these things which hang on the walls of

Zion put there by the free-will of those to whom they once belonged?

Audience:—"They are."

Dr. Dowie:—Do you know the persons in hundreds of cases that once used them?

Audience:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—There is Miss Hick's cot on which she was carried up from Clinton, Kentucky. Miss Amanda Hicks is a cousin of the late President Lincoln. She was dying of cancer when she was carried to the train on that cot from the Baptist College of which she was Principal. She was healed perfectly in Zion, and her testimony appears in LEAVES OF HEALING.

Do you dare to call that story a lie?

Ask her friend, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, if Amanda Hicks is a liar?

Ask Professor Miller, of the University of Chicago, who taught Latin in her College, if Amanda Hicks is a liar?

Ask Arnott Stubblefield, attorney-at-law of this city, who was educated in her College, if Amanda Hicks is a liar?

Shame on you, "you dirty boy," to brand hundreds and thousands of honest Christian people who have been healed in Zion as liars!

Yonder is Miss Fannie Law's brace. Write to Cincinnati, and ask if she was not healed. There are the crutches and braces of scores who are here to-day, and hundreds who are not.

How dare you tell such shameless lies about me "you dirty boy?"

May God have mercy upon you, and lead you to repentance.

NAILING DOWN A LIE ABOUT MONEY MATTERS.

You say, Dr. Henson, that I am

"A hypocritical faker, a hypnotical faker that trafficks in faith cures, and by working on the imagination of hysterical patients, makes more

money than he would in the Klondike.”

Come, Dr. Henson, I am going to have a little further talk with you.

I say that I have not made one single cent of money, and that every cent I have received, from every source, my own private monies included, has been put into the work of God in Zion.

Now, deny that if you can.

You are a Liar!

You know that you had not the slightest foundation for making that statement.

I have not one single dollar to my private credit as a private man.

I have for Zion a printing plant; I have for Zion this Tabernacle; I have for Zion properties that are being used in the work: but for myself, I neither have nor care to have anything that I do not use in God's work.

Do you believe that, friends?

Audience:—“Yes.”

Dr. Dowie:—Does any one challenge it? I will meet that challenge now, and prove what I say in a flash. I will prove it by my colleague.

Is that true, Doctor?

Dr. Speicher:—“Entirely true.”

Dr. Dowie:—I will prove it by my wife.

Is that true?

Mrs. Dowie:—“It is.”

Dr. Dowie:—I will prove it by my father, Judge Dowie.

Is it true ?

Judge :—“It is true.”

Dr. Dowie:—[Addressing the Manager.] You know my affairs in Zion Publishing House.

Is that true ?

Mr. Dresser:—“It is true.”

Dr. Dowie:—I will ask my financial secretary.

Is that true?

Mr. Johnson:—“Yes.”

Dr. Dowie:—I challenge the liars to successfully deny the fact that I have used every cent I ever got for God's work.

I summon you, Dr. Henson, to repent and confess your sin now; or to answer to God for that at the Day of Judgment.

I am ready to stand there and say that you have lied.

Let me refer to another false charge.

ARE WE INJURING OUR CHILDREN ?

Dr. Henson says that we “injure our children by denying them medical comforts when they are sick.”

Esther, stand! [Miss Dowie, a young lady of sixteen, rose in the choir gallery.]

There is my daughter. Does she look injured ? (Laughter.)

You all know my son, A. J. Gladstone, he is chief usher of Zion Tabernacle, and the secretary of Zion Choir.

Let me tell Dr. Henson this, that my children have never tasted medicine since they were born, and that they are in perfect health to-day, thank God. (Amen.)

I want to ask my people, Has God in Christ, by the Spirit, been your Healer ?

Voices:—“Yes.”

Dr. Dowie:—Is He the Healer of your children ?

Voices:—“Yes.”

Dr. Dowie:—Are your children less or more healthy since you trusted God?

Voices:—“More healthy.”

Dr. Dowie:—Let me tell you this, that I can recall but a single member of this Church who has lost a child since its formation, and that child died almost at birth. Zion's children take no medicine and they are living and well and strong.

A CONTROVERSY ABOUT THE VALUE OF THE BODY.

Dr. Henson says in his sermon:

“No matter about your body. It does not make any difference if in

lifetime there is rheumatism, gout, cancer, eating away the very vitals of your body. What matters? You will soon shuffle off this body, and if a Christian, your spirit will soar away beyond the stars, and you will be free. The Great Physician is here, to heal your soul. Never mind about your body. It is pitiful to see the crowds that gather around the fakir to be healed of their diseases."

Now, I suppose that was intended for a slap at me; for there are great crowds gather here, and there is one before me now.

Now, I will ask you, Does it not matter

Wives who are the wives of working-men, and who have got five or six little children depending upon these good hard-working men for their bread, for their little boots, for their clothes, for the power to go to school—tell me, wives, does it matter whether your husbands have rheumatism, or have gout, or cancer? Is it a matter of entire indifferent, of entire inconsequent? Say yes or no to this question. Is it best for them to be sick or well, which ?

Hundreds of women's voices:—"To be well."

Dr. Dowie:—Dr. Henson thinks it is best for them to be sick. (Laughter.)

Tell me, my brothers, is it best for you to have rheumatism, gout or cancer, or to be well and serve God?

Many hundreds of men's voices:—"To be well and serve God."

Dr. Dowie:—I want to know whether this man is entirely bereft of all his sense when he writes such idiotic stuff as this?

Did God give us a body to be a prey to disease, or a body to be a habitation of His spirit?

Voices:—"Habitation of His spirit."

Dr. Dowie:—Does He want us to be happy or miserable?

Audience:—"Happy."

Dr. Dowie:—If we have got cancer, and rheumatism, and gout, are we happy or miserable?

Audience:—"Miserable."

Dr. Dowie:—Can we serve God as well with these diseases, or without them?

Audience:—"Without them."

Dr. Dowie:—Is it sensible to say it is a good thing to be sick, and to suffer like this?

Audience:—"No."

Dr. Dowie:—Where is this man's common sense?

Voices:—"Lost it. Hasn't got any."

Dr. Dowie:—Has he ever had any?

A Voice:—"I guess not."

Dr. Dowie:—I do not know, but I will only simply say this, that the paragraph, which I have quoted exactly as he spoke it, contains a prodigious folly.

Why should the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom were hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, spend so much time in alleviating the sufferings of humanity, if these sufferings were of no account?

Did He not know that if He healed their sicknesses He would set them free?

Did He not say to a woman whom He once delivered from a spirit of infirmity that Satan had bound her for eighteen years?

Tell me?

Audience:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—Does His Word not say:

"For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil." Tell me.

Audience:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—Did He not go about "doing good"?

Tell me.

Audience:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—"And healing all that were oppressed of the devil?"

Tell me.

Audience:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—And do you believe that nineteen centuries ago what He said was true?

Audience:—"Yes."

Dr. Dowie:—That all those who were sick “were oppressed of the devil?”

Audience:—“Yes.”

Dr. Dowie:—Who oppresses them to-day?

Audience:—“The devil.”

Dr. Dowie:—Well; is this man who pleads for rheumatism, cancer, or gout pleading in the devil’s interest, or in God’s ?

Audience:—“The devil’s.”

Dr. Dowie:—Then the Lord have mercy upon him. (Amen.) I think that settles him.

A VERDICT.

Now, friends, let me ask you if my indictment is not proved, and if Dr. Henson is not a very “dirty boy?”

Audience:—“Yes.”

From this time henceforward Dr. P. S. Henson, of the First Baptist Church of Chicago stands before all the world as a grinning clown, a fool, who is neither a theologian, a Christian, nor a gentleman, but is an infernal liar! (Amen.)

And until he repents I say this, that his conduct proves that he has neither, part nor lot with Christ.

I will stand at the great White Throne and plead against him before my God, unless he repents.

I will stand, and I will say: “My God, this man is one of many who kept back millions of Thy suffering children from the healing streams.”

Let me tell you a story.

A REMINISCENCE.

One day a weeping mother came into Zion Tabernacle NO. 2 with a paper in her hand, and some of you were there that afternoon.

She said to me at the platform. I took the paper.

She was crying: she was almost the oldest living member and an original charter member of the First Baptist Church,

the church of which Dr. Henson is minister.

She said to me: “My son, Stanley, is dying.”

I said: “What is he dying of?”

“Appendicitis. Oh!,” she said, “pray for him.”

I said is he saved?

“No,” she said, “he is not saved.”

He was like the sons of many under Dr. Henson’s ministry. While Dr. Henson is cracking his jokes, they are going to hell.

“My son has been going to hell with the rest. Oh! pray for Stanley. Pray for Stanley’s spirit and soul and body. Oh, pray for him! He is a good-hearted boy, and they say he is dying.

I said, “I will pray.”

I knelt and prayed, and I then sent my colleague the Rev. Dr. Speicher.

I could not leave the meeting, and I arranged with the doctor that he should lay his hands upon Stanley at a particular time, and that I would be in prayer then asking God to save Stanley’s spirit, and heal his body. The doctor went; led him to Christ, and I prayed as arranged with him the prayer of faith.

And though these doctors had given him up, God healed him, and he lives.

And to-day he is the chief electrician on board the United States Warship New York.

Thank God he did not go to hell under the godless jokes of Dr. Henson. (Amen) Thank God there was somebody else that could go to a dying bed and not crack a joke upon the steps as to how many hours he had to live.

Was it Stanley Stevens where Dr. Quine met Dr. Henson—was it there at the foot of these steps where a brokenhearted, widowed mother was crying over her lost and dying boy?

Oh, thank God there was somebody else to go, Dr. Henson, to help a dying young man to find his Saviour and His Healer.

Let me tell you, that there are sitting in this place members of the First Baptist Church who have been healed, and whose

wives have been healed, through my agency.

WITNESSES FROM FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Mrs. Congdon rise. [Mrs. Congdon rose in the gallery.]
Were you a member of the First Baptist Church?

Mrs. Congdon:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—"Are you a member of the Christian Catholic Church now?"

Mrs. Congdon:—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Dowie:—"And did God heal your body?"

Mrs. Congdon:—"Yes: I had cancer and tumor. I had been an invalid all my life, and suffered just what women can suffer."

A WARNING.

Dr. Dowie:—"Now, let me tell you this, Dr. Henson; you have lost Mrs. Congdon; you have lost Mrs. Stevens, almost the first member in your Church: and you have lost a number of others.

But, I will tell you more. You are now going to lose a great many, and those that are left will principally be formalists and hypocrites, stinking goats and dirty wolves. (Applause.)

And, Dr. Henson, you are mightily welcome to them.

If any man or woman sits under your ministry after hearing or reading this exposure, and supports it, I am going to say that man or woman is as bad as you.

RESULTS ALREADY SEEN, ANOTHER WITHDRAWAL.

A lady (from the audience):—"Dr. Dowie, here is another member of Dr. Henson's."

Dr. Dowie:—"And are you out?"

The Sister:—"Yes, sir; I wrote a letter this week demanding

Dr. Henson to take my name off the roll." (Amen. Praise the Lord. Applause.)

Dr. Dowie:—"When did you write?"

The Sister:—"I sent the letter off Friday night. At this point another lady rose.

ANOTHER GOING.

The Sister:—"And here is another member of the First Baptist Church."

Dr. Dowie:—"And when did you write, sister?"

The Sister:—"I have not written yet."

Dr. Dowie:—"When are you going to?"

The Sister:—"Pretty soon." (Applause.)

Dr. Dowie:—"What is your name?"

The Sister:—"Mrs. Niels; I was healed here."

Dr. Dowie:—"Then what are you doing in the First Baptist Church, where Christ as Healer is rejected? It is no longer a place for you.

Mrs. Niels:—"I believe that, and I shall get out."

A CALL TO AN EXODUS.

Listen!

I call upon God's children to come out of these churches. Men and women who are going to stand up for God and do something in this city, Come into Zion.—Warm hearts and hands will bid you, Welcome!

May God sweep this "joker" away: for, if he will not repent, I can only pray, God take him quickly out of the way.

A Voice:—"He preaches for \$6,000 a year."

Dr. Dowie:—"Why, if he was a good man, he is worth \$60,000. I get the largest income, probably, of any minister in this country and I do not keep a dime of it, and I am hoping it will be larger, and my people are hoping the same,

(A hearty Amen from thousands interrupted the speaker) because we have learned the joy of spending money in extending the Kingdom of God and in building up Zion.

Now, friends, I am almost through.
I wanted to finish this matter once for all.
Every word I have said will be published in LEAVES OF
HEALING, and I appeal to God if it is not true.
He knows, and I know, it is true.
Dr. Henson is a very "dirty boy."
I do not know that I have made him much cleaner; for that
will depend upon how he benefits by my labours,
But I have at least shown you what is true, and in doing
God has given me an opportunity of preaching the
Everlasting Gospel of a Perfect Redemption for Spirit, Soul,
and Body.

CALL.

Every man and woman in this room who hates sin, rise to
their feet.
[Apparently the entire audience rose.]
Now hear me, and answer me, in the Name of the Lord.
Do you hate sin?
Can you say I do?
Audience:—"I do."
Dr. Dowie:—Are you willing to give yourself wholly to
God?
Audience:—"I am."
Dr. Dowie:—Pray.

PRAYER OF CONSECRATION.

My God and Father, in Jesus' name I give myself to thee. Take me as
I am, make me what I ought to be in spirit, soul and body. Give me
power to enable me to confess and restore; to do right do right; if I have
wronged any, to all men and women; to do right in Thy sight Give me
faith to trust in Thee for pardon, for peace, for purity, for power. Give
me Thy Holy Spirit. Cleanse my spirit, my soul, and my body for Jesus'
sake. Amen. [All repeat the prayer, clause by clause, after, Dr. Dowie]

God bless you; He hears you, and He answers you.

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