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INGERSOLL EXPOSED

A REPLY

TO

COL. ROBERT INGERSOLL'S LECTURE ON "THE,
FOUNDATION'S OF FAITH"

BY THE

REV. JOHN ALEX DOWIE.

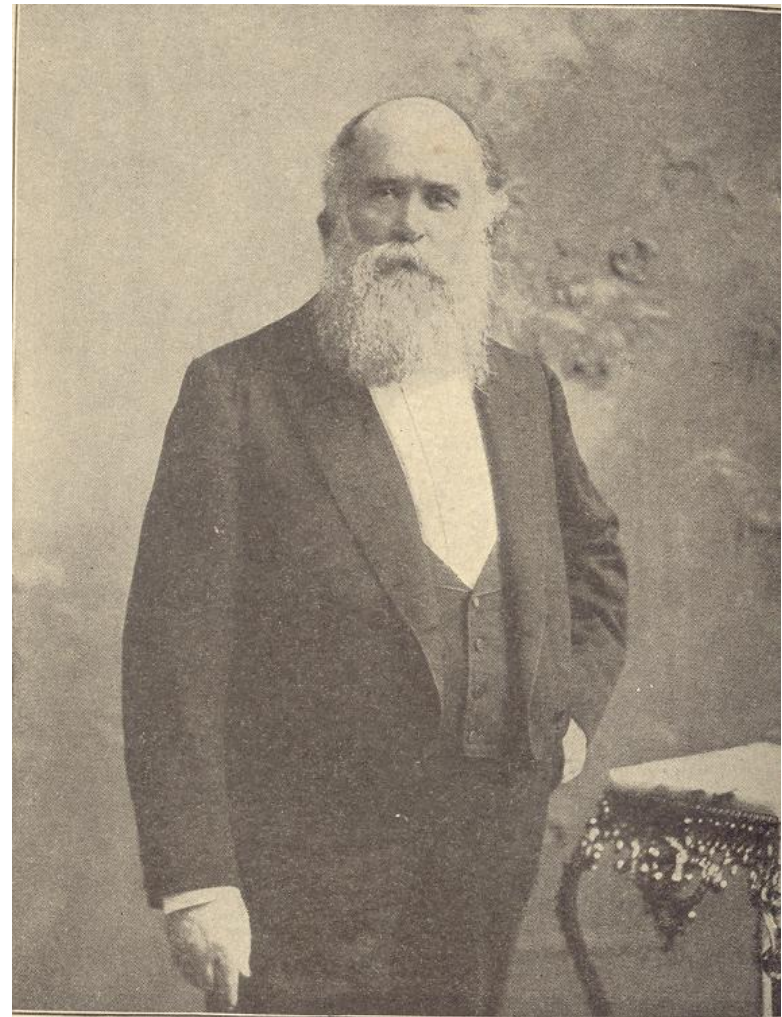
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John Alex Dowie

INGERSOLL EXPOSED.

BY THE REV. JOHN ALEX. DOWIE.

THE largest audience that has assembled in the spacious Auditorium during this Mission greeted Dr. Dowie on Sunday afternoon, November 10, 1895, and listened with rapt interest, broken, however, by frequent bursts of laughter or applause, as he proceeded in masterly fashion to tear asunder the thin fabric which formed the woof and web of the lecture of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll on the "Foundations of Faith."

Great crowds had been gathering for more than an hour outside the Congress Street entrance of the Auditorium, and when the doors were opened the splendid arrangements of the building were at once seen, for, without any crushing or hurt, the human flood spread out over the great halls and foyers, and poured into the various portions of the house without difficulty by means of the many staircases, etc.

Long before the hour arrived at which it had been announced that the speaker would begin his discourse, the immense building was packed from parquet to the topmost gallery with a vast multitude, numbering at least five thousand souls, while the stage was filled with about five hundred Witnesses to God's healing power.

The meeting was opened with one of the Doctor's favorite hymns, "Come Ye That Love the Lord," with its chorus, "We're Marching to Zion, the Beautiful City of God."

Then in a clear, well-modulated voice stirred by pathos, Mrs. Dowie read the twenty-fourth Psalm, to which the audience gave respectful attention.

Again the grand audience joined in singing:

Crown Him! Crown Him!
Angels crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of Kings:

Dr. Dowie then invited the vast audience to kneel and join in prayer. The prayer was followed by the singing of "I Will Sing the Wondrous Story," which was led by one of the ladies of the choir, and the chorus was joined in by the congregation. Then followed the usual announcement of the coming week's meetings.

The army of ushers then collected the offering with which to meet the great expenses always attendant upon these meetings in so expensive a place as the Auditorium, but, as the Doctor said, the three hundred dollars which they were compelled to pay for rent each Sunday had not as yet been collected from the Sunday audiences.

During the collection the congregation joined in singing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Whiter Than the Snow," after which the great audience settled itself into the comfortable seats and awaited with interest the expected lecture.

INGERSOLL EXPOSED

Dr. Dowie said: In advance of all I have to say today in reply to Col. Robert Ingersoll, on the "Foundations of Faith," I desire to place two passages before you, from the Word of God. The first of these is in the twenty-eighth chapter of the book of the Prophet Isaiah at the sixteenth verse:

Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone of sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste.

And in Matthew 16:16-18:

And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I also say unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build my Church; and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it.

Then in the nineteenth verse Jesus continues:

I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall he bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth shall be loosed in heaven.

Petros, a Stone -Petra, a Rock.

Petros, the Greek word for Peter, means a stone, not the rock. To refresh my memory this morning I looked at Liddell & Scott's Greek Dictionary and found these words:

There is no example in good authors of *Petra* in the sense of *Petros*, a stone.

Jesus clearly meant, thou art Peter, a stone; but I am Christ, the Rock. Peter, like every Christian, is a stone in the Temple of God. Upon this Rock the great confession of Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." It was as if Jesus had said, "The Church rests upon Me: for I am God; and, therefore, the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against Me."

The Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Jesus' words to Peter concerning the keys did not confer upon him any exclusive powers above or beyond those conferred upon other apostles. The same words are found in John 20:23. Speaking to all the apostles, when the disciples gathered together for fear of the Jews, speaking to the one hundred and twenty, Jesus said unto them:

Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose soever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven unto them; whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.

This power was not peculiar to Peter, but to all the apostles, and it continues throughout all the ages to all who are true ministers of Christ, endued with sufficient authority.

The words, then, that I place in front today are these:

Behold, I lay in Zion for a Foundation a Stone, a Tried Stone, a Precious Corner Stone of Sure Foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste.

Peter said:

Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God.

"Upon this Rock," said Jesus, "I will build My Church; and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it."

When our Lord Jesus Christ ended His greatest sermon, the sermon on the mount, He closed that wondrous teaching with a wonderful parable. He said that those who heard and did as He commanded would be like the man who dug deep and laid his foundation upon the Rock, and then built his house up from the Rock; and the rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house and it fell not: for it was founded upon the Rock. "But," said the

Lord, "you that hear My saying, and do not do what I tell you, you are like a man who, without a foundation, has built his house upon the shifting sand, and the rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall of it."

And so today I say that there must be some Foundation, somewhere, for the eternal spirit of a man to rest upon.

There must be some foundation on which God can build up in this world, out of the depths of sin and shame, and sorrow and degradation; there must be some place where we can find some solid rock and build up for God. Therefore, we must have for the unseen faith that we have in an unseen God, a consciousness of a Foundation that has been "tried," that is "sure," that will not give way, upon which a man and the home, and the city, and the nation, and the world may build for Time and for Eternity; and when the winds blow and the floods come that man, that home, that nation shall find that the Foundation will stand forever.

We want that; we must have it; we have got to find it, and God is giving it. But the purpose of Satan in every age has been to make man believe that the great God who made this earth, and who is redeeming it, has not given any Message to man, nor any Foundation on which the eternal spirit of a man can rest.

The statements of this kind which I shall consider today are made by a man whose conscience is seared as with a hot iron, who has departed from the faith of his father, and who with wonderful eloquence and captivating imagery goes about doing all he can to make evil appear good and to make good appear evil, and to make the bitter to taste sweet and the sweet to taste bitter; to put that which is light to appear darkness, to put darkness for light. God's Word has said to such, "Woe unto them."

In this country there is no more distinguished advocate of the Devil than Robert Ingersoll. I will make my quotations from what I presume is an official copy of the outline of his teaching. It only contains eight pages and it costs twenty-five cents. I never had so little for so much. (Laughter.)

I will briefly refer to certain parts of it, up to the point where I shall bend all my strength and efforts concerning the following attack, "The God of the Christians must perish from the universe. He is of no use. He has never answered a prayer."

I reserve that to the last, but shall first speak generally concerning this lecture.

The statement is made by Mr. Ingersoll that the "various kinds of Christians who are in the world today have accepted what they call the fundamental truths; that is to say, the falsehoods at the foundation" of the Christian religion.

Now, it is very easy for the sinner to say that, and to create the little cheap laughter which runs all through this pamphlet, and which is so much like that laughter of which Solomon spoke when he said, "The laughter of fools is like the crackling of thorns under a pot." I can imagine how many whisky-pots, and stink-pots, and devil's-pots generally have joined in that laughter. You tobacco-smokers are the stink-pots, whether you join in it or not. You are an offense and an abomination. You call yourselves Christians, but you smell like devils.

There is not much to be said for you. May Ingersoll flay you and skin you, and I will try to do my part, too. But I do not think Ingersoll is very likely to do it, for I am told he is a whisky-pot and a stink-pot himself. I know most of his followers are; you can smell them quite a distance away, the stink-pots! And you professed Christians who drink alcohol, and smoke and chew nicotine poison, defiling humanity and

blessing the Devil, spending two thousand million dollars annually, how can you get away from being fundamental liars, for you profess purity and practice uncleanness?

I am going to speak this afternoon as plainly as I can, too; and I say this, that there is no doubt but that many persons who claim to be resting on the Sure Foundations of the Christian religion are doing no such thing. They are a worse kind of infidel than Ingersoll.

Some Christians declare that the foundation of Christian faith is in the Bible. The Bible, in the Old Testament and in the New Testament. First of all, in his attack upon the Foundations of Faith, Ingersoll begins his attack upon the Old Testament.

Now let me say here at the outset: If I am not a Christian, I know not what I am. I was born in the great City of Edinburgh, Scotland, in a Christian home, and read my mother's Bible when I was four years old. I am forty-eight now, and that Bible is and has been to me most sweet. I have some acquaintance with literature of our own and other tongues, and for many long years I diligently read and studied. But oh! there is nothing to me like the Bible! (Amen. Praise the Lord.) God has made it to me sweeter than perfume, and the words of it are to my spirit more than food is to my body. I have rested my weary head upon it and it has been with me in conflict and in strife, in the dark hours when, tempest tossed and far-away at sea, with the vessel dismasted and with the vessel on fire, and the fire within twenty feet of a powder magazine, and at all times I found it was a joy to rest upon God and His Word. (Amens.) I have tested God's Word in ways I am going to tell you; and I feel hurt when a man takes the message of my Father in heaven and tears it up and throws it in my face. It is like a man taking a letter of my mother, who has gone to heaven, and tearing it up, and

trampling on it, and cursing my mother. But, hard as it would be to bear that, I would rather he would curse my mother, or my wife, or my children, or myself; but when he curses my Saviour, who has filled all my life with His own life, and light and love, it breaks my heart. (Sobs and broken Amens.) I cannot bear that and I feel sad, and I want to stand up and say something for the Bible, the letter of my God and Father! (Amens.)

Explanations About the Bible.

Now just let me say here, at this point, that as much as I value the Bible, I am not going to say—I never did say—I never will say that my faith for eternity rest upon time Bible; or that it rests upon the mere words of the truth of God at all. I want to shift this whole thing on to its natural basis. The Foundations of Faith are not to be found even in the revelation of God; not in the mere words of the truth of God.

I rest my hope for eternity upon the God of truth.

There is a great difference between resting your hope upon something that God has said or done, and upon God Himself. I love His Word, inspired by Spirit and written at His dictation; but I rest not upon what any man has written by inspiration of God, for I find that the Spirit of God leads me and has led every true Christian to find the foundation for his eternal confidence in God Himself. My foundations rest in Him who is the Living God, the Eternal God, and we build our hopes upon Him, and find our strength in Him, And "all our springs are in Him" today.

Now I want to say a second thing. I am not a minister of the Old Testament, and I want to define my position in this city, and in the whole matter, honestly. I am glad that I am not a minister of the Old Testament. I am glad that the Old

Testament does not bind me. I am glad it does not bind the Church of Christ. What is the Old Testament? I believe it to be what Jesus Himself declared it to be, "The Holy Writing." I believe it to be profitable for what the Apostle Paul declared, "Every Scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness: that the Iran of God may be complete, furnished completely unto every good work."

Let Me Define My Position.

The Old Testament does not bind me. Why? It binds no Christian today. "Ἡ παλαιά διαθήκη—the Old Will is the name given to it by the Greeks. The early Christians used to call it, and it is called rightfully, the Old Will. And the

New Testament is called "Ἡ κινή διαθήκη the New Will.

I want to have a little legal argument with you, and it will help me, for I have to fight a great legal battle in the Superior Court of Cook County on Wednesday next in this city.

Now you see there are two "Wills," the Old Will and the New Will, the Old Testament and the New. Now let every one think who listens, and I hope you are all thinkers. Ask this question of yourselves: Suppose you made a will twenty years ago, and that you made another will last Saturday; of how much value, or power, or binding character would the will which you had made twenty years ago be after you had made the new will last Saturday? You all know the answer. The answer is this: That the new will completely overrides, abrogates, and nullifies every provision of the old will, unless the new will reënacts the provisions of the old will.

Here comes in a great fact.

The Old Testament is divisible into history, prophecy, poetry and law. The history stands fast, it is true; the prophecies stand fast, they are true; the poetry stands fast, but there is some of it, I am thankful to say, I do not have to sing. I do not want to sing some of the Psalms of David, for they do not fit me; and I do not want to ask God to do some of the things he used to ask God to do to his enemies. But the Law is another thing. It is divisible into two portions, the Ceremonial and Temporal, and the Moral and Eternal.

How much of that law given in the Old Will remains?

The Ten Commandments, given by God, will cover every single particle of perpetual Divine legislation in the Old Will, and the Ten Commandments are reënacted in the New Will, by the express words of Christ Himself.

But with the whole of the Mosaic Ceremonial and Temporal Law we have nothing to do: for Jesus said, "Moses said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth : . . . but I say unto you, Love your enemies (Amen), and pray for them that persecute you.." Moses said unto you this and that concerning polygamy, but Jesus took them back to primitive law, "in the beginning," away beyond Moses to the Garden of Eden, showing the first law of marriage, and reëstablished monogamy. Moses and Solomon said unto you so and so; but Jesus said, "A greater than Solomon is here."

Therefore Christ takes the Old Will, and while He declares that its prophecies are fulfilled in Himself, that its history is true, etc., yet He simply gives you the Ten Commandments and says that "the law and the prophets " are summed tip in this, the Eleventh Commandment.

Then He adds an Eleventh Commandment, which is greater than all the rest, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another in the same way that I have

loved you.”

The Ten Commandments never rose higher than this, to love God supremely, and your neighbor as yourself. But the Eleventh Commandment elevated the whole plane of human life higher, and said we were to love one another as Christ loved us; that we must love our neighbor better than ourselves, and be willing to give our life for humanity as He did.

Suppose that Ingersoll's attacks on the Old Will were all true, which they are not, that fact would not injure one iota of the Foundation of Christian Faith; for Christian Faith finds the Solid Rock, not in Moses and the prophets, but in Jesus Christ. (Amen. Amen.) The Son of the Living God, Lord over all.

(Praise His Name.) (Glory!) Now, mark you, there is our position. I want to be candid; Ingersoll has a right to criticise adversely every evil done by men who knew God.

I Do Not Admire Some of the Prominent Old Testament Characters.

If David had done in Chicago last week what he did in Jerusalem twenty-five centuries or more ago, it would have been a proper thing to have hanged David, supposing that hanging is a good thing, which I do not believe. (Applause.) David did that which has been a curse to every generation. But Ingersoll should be honest and say that God disapproved. Nathan, the prophet of God, went to David and told him the parable of the one ewe lamb which a poor man had, and he laid it in his bosom, and loved it, and his children played with it; and a rich man was his neighbor who had many flocks and herds, and when a stranger came, instead of taking one of his flock to give to the stranger, he went and took the ewe lamb

out of his neighbor's bosom and killed it and gave it to the stranger. The moment that David heard it he said, "As God lives that man shall die."

"Thou art the man," said Nathan. "You took the one ewe lamb of your poor brave soldier, Uriah. You took her with your diabolical lust when he was absent fighting for Israel, and then you tried to get Uriah to father your bastard, and because you could not succeed in that, you had him put in the front of the battle so that he might get killed, and he was. You murderer! You adulterer! You thief."

Did God approve of David's crime? Never! He hates it, as I do, to this day. (Amen.)

Let us be plain and honest about things. (Amen.) Nothing is gained by sophistry and concealment. David was good when he was young, and when led by the Spirit of God he sung sweet and inspired songs, and some of these, such as "The Lord is My Shepherd," fill and thrill our hearts with love and praise to God. But as he grew older he showed how unfit any man is to exercise monarchical power, a form of power against which God warned Israel. He became a tyrant, and a lustful man, so that on his deathbed he tells Solomon with one breath to serve the Lord, and with the other to murder Joab and Shimei whenever the breath is out of his body. Solomon improved upon that bad advice, and murdered Adonijah, his own brother, also.

I do not admire him. I do not want to imitate him, and if any one imitated him in Chicago, and if I believed hanging were a good thing- which, however, I do not believe I should say David or his imitator deserved to be hanged ten times more than that poor miserable boy called "Butch" Lyons, who was hanged in Chicago a few days ago.

I see that some of you do not like these plain truths, but they are the truths of God. (Applause.)

I will not cover up what God condemns, and David's conduct toward the end of his reign was wickedly vile.

Solomon, think of him, and how deeply he fell, when he closed his career, by having one thousand concubines? The beast! (Laughter. Applause.) I am not called upon to defend any one who does evil, and especially when they know better. God's Word does not defend it, and it is an infamous libel upon God to say that while His Word contains a true historic record of the facts, it also defends the wrong. It does not. Robert Ingersoll knows it does not. He is too clever a man not to know it, but he is too vile to tell the truth. (Applause and laughter.)

**When You Come to the New Will, Then You Stand
Upon the Solid Rock.**

But, even there, do not make any mistake. Your faith does not rest upon the infallibility of Peter, who lied and cursed his Master. Then another time he pursued a crooked course: for although he became so great and mighty an apostle, twenty-five years after Pentecost he had to be reproved by Paul at Antioch, for Paul said, "When Peter came to Antioch, I resisted him to the face, because he stood condemned," and, again, "He walked not uprightly according to the truth of the Gospel."

The trouble with Peter was that he tried to carry water on both shoulders, and to please two opposed parties in the Church. In order to curry favor with Judaizing Christians at Jerusalem, he separated himself from the uncircumcised Gentile Christians at Antioch and went with the circumcised Jewish Christians only. His cowardly policy led the other Jewish Christians into sin, and Paul boldly said that Peter and others "dissembled" a very strong word—"insomuch that

Barnabas also was carried away with their dissimulation."

Peter never claimed to be infallible, and Paul was not infallible. Paul himself used to say sometimes, "I say these things by permission, not by commandment," and with great humility he recognized that there might be another side, saying, "If any man think otherwise, the Lord reveal even this unto him."

What nonsense to talk of the infallibility of any of these apostles. It is not asserted anywhere in the Scriptures that they were infallibly good men in themselves, but that by the Holy Ghost they did great and good things. They knew themselves, and thought themselves to be, far from being infallible, and the Apostle James said, "For in many things we all stumble." Yes. Infallibility is not to be found anywhere except in God Himself. (Amen.)

Ingersoll attacks Christ for not defending Himself before Pilate. He attacks God for not delivering Christ.

I remember well in the dark days of this country, when I lived far away in Australia, under the Southern Cross, that I read of your conflict and your toil and your tears, and of the great throes of revolution through which this country was passing in the War of the Rebellion. And I read of the great man whom God raised up, who was sneered at by your clever newspaper men, rejected by nearly all your political master builders; but whom God had chosen for the leader of this nation. Many of your leading men called him rude, uncultured and incompetent. Oh! but God took that "stone that the builders had rejected and made it the head of the corner," so that his name shines out today in your history as not even the name of the Father of your country shines, the name of Abraham Lincoln! (Loud and continued applause.)

But I remember reading that when he was attacked so bitterly, so cruelly, so constantly, by the press, that a friend

said to him, "Why don't you answer, Mr. Lincoln?" That great, good man, who was holding the helm of the Ship of State when all the powers of hell were battling for the destruction of this nation, battling to found a nation With "slavery for a keystone," sat in the quietude of the White House in the dusk of the evening with his face full of sorrow, and replied in a voice choked with emotion, "I cannot answer; I will not answer; I have no time to answer. I have done right; I am doing right. I am willing to die for it, and leave God and future generations to set me right." (Applause.)

Why did not Abraham Lincoln answer? Why did he not answer? Because he was doing the work of God, and as far as he could was working out the redemption of his country. And they killed him.

"He saved others; himself he could not save."

Why did not Christ answer? His whole life answered Pilate, His sinless life, and He had no further need to answer. (Amen.) Pilate's wife said Christ was a "just man," and Pilate said, "I find no fault in Him." (Amen.)

Does any one ask now why Abraham Lincoln did not answer? No!

Every one, even the thousands that smote him and cruelly lied about him, admit he was right. Why did not Christ answer?

Mr. Ingersoll, I will tell you why; because in the infinite wisdom of God, the Eternal God, He, the Son of God, knew that "the hour of the power of darkness" had come, and there was no possibility of His ever being the Redeemer of humanity unless He would "pour out His life unto death." He saved others; Himself He would not save. He gave Himself for the redemption of humanity.

It is impossible for selfish infidelity to understand the

unselfish devotion of the Son of God in giving Himself up for men; but we who know something of His Spirit understand it in some small measure, Robert Ingersoll cannot have the joy of understanding it.

Let me ask you to notice Ingersoll's attack upon the doctrine of Christ's incarnation.

He says it is "beyond the reach of reason, defies observation, and is independent of experience."

Oh, how pitiful and weak such a statement is. Why, in ordinary human affairs, and in all natural science, there are things which we find are beyond the reach of reason, which defy observation and are utterly independent of human experience. Not even Edison or Tesla, or any one else, has fully understood the Divine laws that govern electricity. They are beyond reason and observation; defy the keenest powers in observation. We have well-known powers in nature concerning which, while we understand them in a measure—know that they have heights and depths, lengths and breadths that humble spirits bow before, and say, "I cannot fathom them" we do not fully understand. But we do not reject such evident facts as the existence of these powers, because they are beyond our weak human observation.

We are basking today under arches of electricity, generated by coal and steam, by the sunbeams of thousands of years ago, which have been dug from the mine. These electric rays are the product of unseen powers even in this room today; they are very mysterious, but I know they are a reality. If I am only going to believe what my past experience and present powers of observation and reason will qualify me to understand fully, then I must believe almost nothing, for all my knowledge is "in part."

Ingersoll says that we are not to believe in the Incarnation of God in Christ, because we do not understand

it. What folly. We believe in this not because we understand it, but because we *know* it! We do not need to understand it to know that it is true.

I do not need to understand the nature of electricity to know that half a dozen cables crossing the bottom of the Atlantic from America to Europe carry news back and forth past each other at the same time. It is true, though I may not understand much about the force that does the work.

But here is Christ, a Divine fact, which even a John Stewart Mills bows before and says reverently, "A Man, if indeed I dare call Him a Man, who stands at the summit of humanity." The Incarnation depends not upon our capacity to understand it, but upon the fact that it is demonstrable. to be a fact; and Christ proved His Divinity nineteen centuries ago, and proves it daily in Chicago "by many infallible proofs," as we shall show this afternoon.

Ingersoll Attacks the Conception of the Trinity.

There is nothing more reasonable than the doctrine of the Trinity of God, since our reason, observation and experience all affirm that man is himself a trinity, composed of a spirit, a soul and a body, and that these three compose but one man. This confirms the Scriptural statement that God said, "Let us make man in Our own image," and so the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, one God, made one man with a three-fold nature. Each of man's three parts is manifestly separable. The body can sleep while the soul is without consciousness, and the spirit can soar to heights and sink to depths, can read, can talk, can see clearly and can dwell with God.

"When I awake I am still with Him," and I know, and every man who is spiritually quickened knows, the trinity of himself, There is no difficulty, therefore, in understanding

how a man can be one man, with three parts (spirit, soul and body), and how God can be one God and yet a Trinity Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. (Amen.)

But now, passing over all other Ingersollian attacks, I come to that portion which I propose to consider last, and I will put every moment that I can into it.

Ingersoll Says God Must Perish, Because He is Useless, and Never Answers Prayers.

This is the chief attack, and I shall be glad to meet Robert Ingersoll on this issue anywhere in this city, on any platform, at any time, and have this out with him. (Applause.)

He says, "The God of the Christians must perish from the universe. He is of no use; He has never answered a prayer; He has never heard the chains of the prisoner clank."

"A God who will not protect His friends ought to get away and some other potentate ought to take His place."

I desire to say to Robert Ingersoll, and to every man who agrees with him in that blasphemous statement, that unless you can refute the facts which I will now bring forth, you will stand a liar, knowing that you are a liar in repeating it! (Applause.)

The challenge is that God our Father has never answered a prayer.

Ingersoll himself has said, "Faith without facts is not religion."

That is true.

Now I propose to give you this afternoon a few solid facts, a few tangible proofs of direct answer to prayer. I shall divide these facts into two classes. They shall not be facts covering mere spiritual changes, although these in my opinion are the grandest, greatest answers to prayer, but they

shall be facts connected with spiritual changes that have brought changed physical conditions. Ingersoll wants facts, solid facts.

Here they are—hundreds of them!

(The speaker turned and waved his hand towards the hundreds of persons who sat upon the stage who had been healed by God, through the prayers of Dr. Dowie and his wife, from terrible physical illnesses.)

A Call for Witnesses.

Every one behind me, every one on either side of me, and in front of me, who have been directly and consciously answered in their prayers, stand upon their feet. (Thousands arose all over the room and all on the platform and in the boxes.)

Now those healed of physical ailments alone, retain your standing position. (Alan, hundreds remained standing.) I cannot tell how many are now standing, but all can see, it is a vast number. Sit down now. I will pick out a few.

Robert Ingersoll practically says, "Give us facts and we will believe in your facts." All right, here are your facts.

He also said that if Kentucky went Republican he would believe in Christian religion. (Laughter.) Well, it has gone Republican, but I have not heard of his conversion. (Laughter and applause.) I do not say, "Republican, thank God!" you will notice. I do not tell you what side I am on politically, for I am not yet an American citizen.

As a matter of fact, I want to talk to men here today without any reference to politics. I am not yet a voter in this country, although I may be ere long, and when I do vote, I will tell you what I vote if I think it right. There is one thing certain, I am not a Republican. (Applause and dissent.) I am

not a Democrat. (Laughter. Applause.) I am not a Prohibitionist (laughter), although I would extinguish the accursed liquor traffic in a moment and forever. I am not a Greenbacker, nor will I vote the Populist ticket, and you can name every one of your political parties and I do not want at present to belong to any of them. But if I ever vote I want to stand as Senator David B. Hill did, not, however, to say, "I am a Democrat," but to stand up and say, "I am a Theocrat." I believe in the rule of God. (Applause.) And I say, Hail to the Theocratic party! It is coming. The day is coming when you will get tired of all your political parties and you will rally around the Banner of the Cross and say, "This Man must be God, and we shall follow Him everywhere." (Amens. Continued applause.)

When I come to get on the stump, I will stump some of you political tricksters. (Laughter.) I am not there yet, however, and I am not asking for any suffrages.

Producing the Facts.

Now, I said I would produce facts.

You say, Robert Ingersoll, that God never answered a prayer?

I will not go into historic past, it is full of facts; but I will take you now on to this platform and deal with present facts of Divine Healing, some of which have come to my knowledge this very day, for I hold in my hand, as you see, a bottle, and in it, very well preserved in alcohol, a cancer. (And that is about all alcohol is good for, to preserve things from dissolution. And, you miserable fool of a drinker, you drink alcohol in various forms to produce digestion, but it only destroys it, for the same reason that this cancer is preserved by being kept in here. The alcohol prevents

dissolution, and you miserables are suffering from indigestion because you have poured alcohol into your stomach, hardened and preserved your food, and preventing your stomach from doing its work and from getting the stuff through. (Applause.) I like to give you whisky-pots a rub, by the way.)

Well now, Robert Ingersoll, we are keeping you waiting. (Laughter.) You will have to wait a little for the story of this cancer, whilst I tell you some facts in connection with direct answers to prayer without my personal touch, in connection with the work of God in which we are engaged. The stories of these things are here in cold clear type in our paper, LEAVES OF HEALING.

I will take, first, instances of prayers answered at a distance, for the healing of those whom I have never seen, yet for whom God has answered our prayers. I will take, first, this one. In Sauk City, Wis., there lives an aged German lady, about eighty years old. Her name is Mrs. Clavadatscher, and her minister is Rev. John Dietrich, of the German Evangelical Union Church, I think. This lady was dying a few months ago with cancer in the stomach. The physicians gave her up. She was confined to her bed, suffering terribly. She asked her son Mr. Tobias Clavadatscher, living in Baraboo, Wis., to go and see a man living in Chicago whose prayers raised the sick. Her request was made to him by letter, when he was in this city buying goods for his store in Baraboo. She said, "I want you to ask the *Wunder Doktor* to pray for me, and to tell me how to pray. I believe God will heal me."

An Interlude for Lutherans.

Tobias was a "Lutheran," I think; at any rate he was like one hundred and twenty-five Lutheran ministers who recently

met in this city and denounced me. I want to pay my attention to Lutherans today, to the one hundred and twenty-five ministers who this last week met in Conference in Chicago, and called me a fraud and impostor, and said I was doing the Devil's work by proclaiming Christ as the Healer. They decided that Divine healing was evil in its results; that it did not emanate from God, but was contrary to His wishes, and concluded with these words, "God not only acquiesces in sickness and all evil, but is Himself the cause of it." (Low murmurs of "shame" from different parts of the house.) If that were true, I would stand with Ingersoll and hate God. (Applause.) If God is the author of evil and the cause of it, how can He punish me for being evil? If it is the work of God, then Jesus Christ was the enemy of God; for it is written that He "went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the Devil: for God was with Him."

I do not wonder at Ingersollian infidelity; it gets its sustenance in Lutheran doctrines.

But these men have no right to cover their shame with Luther's name. Martin Luther was a believer in the answer to prayer for Divine Healing of the sick. He knelt at the bedside—"There they go, they cannot stand it," referring to three clerical-looking persons in the parquet, who evidently could not stand these shoulder-hitting truths and who arose and left the hall.) (Laughter and applause.) When Martin Luther knelt at the bedside of Philip Melancton and prayed to God for the life of that mighty plan of God, he cried, "Oh, God, this sickness is of the Devil; heal Philip; spare Philip; I need him." And when Philip tried to stop him and accused him of blasphemy, he said, "No, this sickness is the work of the Devil, not of God. I will pray the prayer of faith that saves the sick."

And he did pray, and Philip was spared, and Martin

Luther ordered some broth for Philip.

And so Martin Luther might truly say, "We have triumphed over the Devil, Philip." (Laughter and applause.) When Luther went home he told his wife, "God gave my brother Mclanchton back in direct answer to my prayer."

These miserable Lutheran ministers of today, therefore, are in direct conflict with the great reformer whose name they most unworthily bear.

Returning to the Story.

Now this good woman's son did not have any faith in the *Wunder Doktor*, and did not want to call on me. He says in the whole story, which appears in full in Volume 1, pages 202-4, of this new series of LEAVES OF HEALING, both in English and German:

When I received the letter I figured for awhile, thinking what kind of a lie to tell her, thinking it was a humbug. I never heard of such a thing. Thinking it over, I asked a man whom I am well acquainted with, older than I am, what he would do, whether he had ever heard of such a thing. I never had. He said he had, but he didn't believe in it. I asked him for advice. He said, "It might be your mother's last request, and you had better go and see what you can find yourself."

On the way down here on the train I asked a gentleman where to get off, and he told me it was a great thing. Well, I came in here and had a talk with Mr. Carpenter. He said I could not see the Rev. Dowie. He asked me what I wanted. After I told him all about it the best I could, he said: "Why, your mother need not come here, if that's the case. She can get healed right at home." After he explained it, I went home and told my mother, and I went home a different man from what I came. My mother was very much pleased. She could hardly wait for the day to come.

Dr. Dowie had appointed a time of prayer with her. The day came, She experienced religion, got her good health again, and she cannot stop telling what she experienced. She had cancer of the stomach. She had

several vomiting spells, and telegraphed to me or to my sister several times, expecting to die. She was in bad shape. And at the time of prayer by Dr. Dowie, in one hour she was better. At ten o'clock she got right up and commenced moving around. From that time on she gained. I went down a week after to see her, I thought it might partly be imagination,

She came right out and helped me unhitch my team. I went several times, and my brother went to see her. No sign of cancer or any trouble since.

This lady is living now and praising God, and that happened over a year ago. (Praise the Lord.)

(For the sake of both English and German readers we add to this narrative the following detailed account of this remarkable healing, written by the Rev. John Deitrich, the pastor of this lady, to whom all the facts were most intimately known.— Ed. LEAVES OF HEALING.)

During one of my family visits among my parishioners at Sauk City, Wis., July last (1894), Sisters K. and C. directed my attention to something very novel, viz, that there was in Chicago a doctor who, through prayer and laying on of hands, wrought most marvelous cures. They further informed me that some visitors from this vicinity to the World's Fair, the past summer, calling upon some of their acquaintances in Chicago, found there in the family of a Mrs. Specht (formerly a Miss Walzer, from Sauk County, Wisconsin) a very sick child, suffering with hydrocephalous (water on the brain).

Lately this Mrs. Specht, on a visit to some of her Sauk City friends, had with her this child, now robust, healthy and hale; this so miraculous cure having been wrought through the earnest prayers of the above intentioned faithful servant of God.

To this, after a few moments of cool reflection, I calmly and deliberately responded: "As far as the matter in question is concerned, according to 1 Corinthians 12:9, and Mark 16:18, it is strictly biblical, and consequently must be regarded as truly and genuinely apostolic. The only question to my mind is this: is it all genuine as represented, or is it a sham, pretension and fraud, like so many other things nowadays?"

Shortly after this I met Brother H. Schurmann, pastor of the West Sauk parish, who told me that a certain young lady (daughter of a Mr.

Kellar, one of his parishioners) was at the Divine Healing Institute of Dr. Dowie, in Chicago, there to seek cure for lameness, due to a former hip injury which had caused one of her lower limbs to remain about three inches shorter than the other. Her condition, according to reports, had remarkably improved, and she was in expectation of a complete cure.

On August 4th, accompanied by Rev. H. Ninnemann (who was on a collecting tour for a new church at Rice Lake, Wis.), I called, among others, upon the Clavadatscher family at Sauk City. The aged father, whose silvery crown bears the impress of eighty-three summers, received us with the remark that his wife was again sick in bed, as I had found her repeatedly on former occasions. Upon request to see her I indeed found her very sick. I prayed with her and sought to comfort her, as best I could, in her suffering. She told me that I would probably not need to call upon her much oftener, as she believed her end was drawing nigh.

Father Clavadatscher then also informed in that her doctor had attributed the sickness to cancer of the stomach, and consequently the doctor had no hope whatever for her recovery. All that he, as a practitioner of medicine, could do for her was to prescribe a remedy for deadening the pain.

The next I heard about Mother Clavadatscher was that she, through her son Tobias, a well-known merchant of Baraboo, Wis., had communicated with Mr. Dowie in order to seek healing from her trouble, through his prayers on her behalf.

Shortly after this I found Mother Clavadatscher apparently sound and healthy, attending Divine services, about one-half mile distant from her home, in the church of the Evangelical Association of Sauk City, whither she, although at the advanced age of seventy-three, had come all the way afoot.

Soon after, I called at her home and found her perfectly well and exceedingly happy, overflowing with praises to the Most High, who had so marvelously restored her health. She then related to me how her son Tobias, upon her persevering entreaty, much against his wishes, had finally consented to set out, while in Chicago, to look up Mr. Dowie. Upon his arrival there he had, however, not been able to see Mr. Dowie in person, since, due to the late hour, the latter had already retired. He, however, found one of Mr. Dowie's secretaries, who took him through the chapel and other buildings, where, among other things, he saw many crutches, etc. From what he beheld he became convinced that his mother might be cured through prayers springing from true faith.

He then arranged for a mutual hour of prayer from 9 to 10 A. M. on August 23rd, when Rev. John Alex. Dowie at Chicago, and Mother Clavadatscher at her home, would mutually pray for her recovery. When the appointed hour came Mother Clavadatscher went into her bed-chamber and in Jesus' Name prayed fervently to God for her restoration. And as she was thus engaged in fervent prayer it seemed to her as though her whole sickness was streaming out of her stomach through her mouth, and from that hour on, even ere the clock had struck ten, she arose and was healed.

I have since visited her, in company with other ministers, and found her well, giving thanks to God for His help, to whom all honor and praise is due. As often as I have since seen her, up to the present day (November 22, 1894), I have found her happy, in good health, and praising God's Holy Name.

She told me several days ago that she never had better health than she now has. It seems to her as though she had become twenty years younger again.

On the evening of the first of November, 1891, I unexpectedly met Mr. Tobias Clavadatscher at the Divine Healing Home, 6020 Edgerton Avenue, Chicago, where the Lord Jesus Christ is sole possessor, and Rev. John Alex. Dowie and his wife are the Lord's faithful servants.

Mr. T. Clavadatscher had come to bring Dr. Dowie and his guests—among the latter were also my wife and I—the most cheering news about the marvelous and complete restoration of his mother's health. To the truth of this, also, I could vouch with all my heart.

These, our testimonies, which so cheered the hearts of Dr. Dowie and his guests, will be published on another page in LEAVES OF HEALING.

It was this occasion that induced me to contribute the above lines. The only motive I have in doing so is to pay due tribute to God, and to contribute my mite in promoting the well-being of my fellowmen.

Prairie Du Sac, Wis.

JOHN DEITRICH.

Eines Tages letzten Juli (1894) bei meinen Familien-Besuchen in Sauk City, Wis. lenste Schwester K. und auch Schwester C. meine Aufmerksamkeit auf etwas Neues. Das nämlich in Chicago ein Wunderdoktor sei, der gesund mache durchs Gebet und Auflegung der

Hände. Sie erzählten mir von Leuten, welche im Sommer 1893 an der Weltausstellung in Chicago waren, und dort in der Familie Schecht (Frau Schecht ist eine geborene Walzer von Sauk Co., Wis.) ein Kind sahen, mit einem sogenannten Wasserkopf und überhaupt sehr krank. Nun sie Frau Schecht kürzlich heir auf Besuch gewesen mit diesem Kinde, gesund und wohl. Das selbe sei durchs gläubige Gebet durch diesen Gottesmann geheilt worden. Das freilich sessste mich für einige Momente zum Denken. Ich sagte dann ganz föhl und nüchtern: was den Gegenstand oder die Sache selbst angeht muss sie nach 1. Cor. 12:9 und Marc. 16:18 als biblisch und bei Gott möglich, und somit als richtig und echt apostolisch betrachtet werden. Die Frage wird nur dei sein, ob der Mann richtig ist, oder ob er Betrug ist, wie es heutzutage so Fieles gibt in dieser Welt. Nach diesen traf ich Br. H. Schürmann, Brediger von West Sauk Bezirt, der erzählte mir, dass ein Mädchen von einer Familie Keller von Spring Green auf sei nem Arbeitsfelde, mit einem lahmen Bein, an welchem die Hüfte verletzt und das Bein etwa drei Zoll zu kurz sei, in Chicago sei bei dem Dr. Dowie und dass sei bereits viel besser sei und volle Heilung erwarte. Am 4ten August war ich in Sauk City mit Br. Rev. H. Kinnemann (welcher für eine neue Kirche in Rice Lake, Wis., collectierte) und besuchte bei dieser Gelegenheit auch dei Familie Klavadetscher. Der 83 jährige Vater emfing uns und sagte uns, die Mutter sei wieder krank im Bett, wie ich sie schon öfters getroffen. Ich erbat mir die Gelegenheit sie zu sehen, und ging allein zu ihr ins Krankenzimmer, und fand sie sehr krank, Ich sprach ein furzes Gebet mit ihr und suchte sie zu trösten in ihrem Glend. Sie sagte, ich würde sie wohl nicht mehr oft besuchen brauchen, sie glaube ihr Ende sei nahe. Bei dieser Gelegenheit sagte mir der Vater Klavadeticher, dass ihm der Doctor gesagt habe, sie habe den Magenrebs und es sei keine hoffung für sie, wieder gesund zu werden; er könne ihr nur Medizin geben, um ihre Schmerzen zu lindern.

Das nächste was ich hörte von Mutter K. War, dass sie sich

durch ihren Sohn Tobias einen bekannten Kaufmann in Baraboo, Wis., mit Rev. Dowie in Verbindung geseßst habe, um durch ihn, durchs gläubige Gebet geheilt zu werden von ihrer Krankheit. Das nächste in dieser Geschichte war, ich fand Mutter Klavadeticher im Gottesdienst in der Kirche der Evang. Gemeinschaft bei Sauk City, wohin sei etwa eine halbe Meile von ihrer Wohnung zu Fuss gekommen war, in ihrem alter von 73 Jahren anscheinend gesund und wohl. Bald nach diesen besuchte ich sie in ihrer Heimath und fand sie gesund und überaus glücklich und Gott preisend, durch den sie, wie sie bekannte, von ihrer Krankhiet geheilt worden sei. Sie erzählte mir dann, wie ihr Sohn Tobias mit Widerwillen, auf ihr dringendes Ansuchen jenen Mann (Dowie) ausgesucht habe, ihn aber persönlich selbst nicht zu sehen bekam, weil er an jenem Abend schon zu Bett gegangen war. Aber einer seiner Angestellten, Schreiber, habe ihn seine Anstalt und Predigtsaal gezeigt, in welchen er viele Kranken und Underes mehr gesehen, und er habe die Urberzeugung gewonnen, sine Mutter könne geheilt werden durchs gläubige Gebet. Es wurde dann die Ferkehrung getroffen und die Stunde bestimmt nämlich den 23ten August Morgens 9 bis 10 Uhr für gemeinschaftliches Gebet. Dass zu dieser Stunde Rev. John Alex. Dowie in Chicago und sie heir in ihrer Heimath zu Gott flehen wollten für ihre Heilung. Als die bestimmte Stunde kam, ging sie, wie sie sagte, in ihr Bettimmer und flechte ernslich und gläubig zu Gott, in Jesu Namen, für ihre Heilung. Und als sie so im Glauben inbrünstig zu Gott flechte, föhlte sie, wie sie sagt, als ob ihre gaze Krankheit aus ihrem Magen dirch den Mund ausstiesse, und von Stunde an noch ehe es zehn Uhr war, stand sie auf. Und föhlte, und war gesund. Ich habe sie seither in Gesellschaft mit andern Predigern besucht und wir fanden sie gesund und Gott die Ehre gebend. So oft ich sie sah und besuchte bis zum heutigen Datum (Nov. 22, 1893), sand ich sie gesund und wohl und froh Gott die Ehre gebend. Sie sagte mir von etlichen Tagen, sie habe nie gesünder geföhlt, sie föhle als ob sie zwanzig Jahre jünger geworden sei. Am

Abend des 1sten Nov. 1894, traf ich in unerwarteter Weise mit Mr. Tobias Klavadetscher in dem Divine Healing Home 6020 Edgerton Ave., Chicago, allwo der Herr Jesus Christus Besitzer und Rev John Alex. Dowie und seine Gattin des Herrn getreue Diener und Diererin sind zusammen. Mr. T Klavadetscher war gekommen um dem Dr. Dowie und seinen Gästen—zu letzteren gehörten auch meine Gattin und ich— die frohe Kunde von der wunderbaren und völligen Heilung seiner Mutter zu überbringen. Er legte ein sehr klares freiwilliges Zeugnis ab in Bezug auf der Heilung seiner Mutter., welches Zeugnis ich von ganzen Herzen bestätigen konnte. Diese unsere Zeugnisse, welche auf Dr. Dowie und seine Gäste einen sehr ermunternden Eindruck machten, werden an anderer Stelle in Leaves of Healing veröffentlicht werden. Bei dieser Gelegenheit wurde ich bewogen und veranlasst, die obigen Zeilen zu schreiben. Es liegt mir jeder andere Beweggrund ferne, als nur die Ehre Gottes und das Wohl meiner Mitmenschen,

Prairie du Sa, Wis

John Dietrich.

The Story of the Cancer in the Bottle.

Dr. Dowie then held up a bottle before the audience and said: Here are the remains of a cancer in this bottle, and the healing was perfected in this Auditorium last Sabbath Day.

Stand up, Mrs. Arbeiter. Is your daughter with you? "Yes, sir." All right; then you will both please to stand up. (Both ladies arose on the platform.)

The lady who stands nearest me is Mrs. Catherine Arbeiter, of Plainfield, Ill. She came to the Divine Healing Home in June last, when we were in the midst of the persecution. She had a large tumor which stood out from her body; her stomach was swelled up terribly with it.

Her disease was diagnosed by Dr. Spencer, of Plainfield, Ill., and he said there was only one hope for her, and that was a surgical operation, and the result of that was problematical.

She refused to undergo the operation, although her husband at first wanted her to do so; and finally she said to him that he was only standing in the way of her healing by the Lord and that she was fully determined to come up to Chicago to see me as the Lord's servant. Her husband did not want her to come, and said she was in too dreadful a state, as she had to wear certain supports, etc., around her body, on account of the frightful discharges of blood and matter and water from the cancer. But finally he let her come.

Her married daughter, who now stands by her side, and her grand-daughter had already been headed. She came into Divine Healing Home No. 2, and after I prayed and laid hands upon her the tumor began to go down. But she was called home by sickness in her family, and only came back to this city last Saturday night, desiring that the Lord would perfect His work, and take away the last remnants of the cancer. She came to this Auditorium last Sabbath. I did not even know that she was in the city, or that she was here. While I was speaking about Satan the Defiler she listened and prayed and believed that God would heal her. She remained to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and felt greatly blessed.

When I pronounced the Benediction she felt the power of the Lord come upon her, and she had a strange feeling in her side, as if something that had been growing there had been detached.

And so it was: for about that time the last remnants of the cancer discharged, and when she got home she found the cancer had completely passed from her body, and was on her cloth. Here it is just as she found it, preserved in this bottle in alcohol. And so the infernal cancer placed in her side by the

hand of Satan the Defiler was taken from her by the tender hand of Jesus the Great Healer, and today there she stands, perfectly healed and sound front head to foot.

There is a solid fact for you, Robert Ingersoll! (Applause.)

Is that true, Mrs. Arbeiter?

“Yes, sir. I know surely that I suffered with that cancer for twenty years.”

That is your daughter, Mrs. Larson?

“Yes, sir.”

Is what your mother says true? “Yes, sir.”

If these are not facts, Robert Ingersoll, set about their exposure with your keen legal talents. But they are facts, and they do prove that God does answer prayers in the Name of Jesus. (Applause.)

Another Case of Prayer Answered at a Distance.

In Winneconne, Wis., there lives a doctor whose name is Dr. D. T. Riddle, and there lives a lady whose name is Louisa Olrich, who was suffering in August from leuchæmia. She was near to death, and five physicians said she must die. Dr. Riddle is a Christian, and helped her to place her case before us for prayer.

I here hold her letter declaring she is perfectly healed. I never touched her, and the following statement of the facts was made by Dr. Riddle himself on the platform of Zion Tabernacle No. 2 on October 6th, just about a month ago. It was taken down by one of my stenographers as he spoke. He said

I am glad to meet you this afternoon. In August we made a request to Dr. Dowie here in Chicago, for a lady who came under my care on the first day of May, this year.

Talking to the physicians that are here, I may say that the disease,

was leuehæmia, according to my diagnosis, and that diagnosis was confirmed by five or six different physicians.

The doctor who saw this case with me is well known in Oshkosh, Dr. Gordon. Dr. Daniels, of Rhinelander; Dr. Brown, of Oshkosh; Dr. Addie Riddle, a sister of mine in Oshkosh, and a doctor in Appleton, whose name I do not recall, all saw this case; and all these physicians agreed that this case was incurable.

She came under my care on the first of May, as I say. Before I gave a final diagnosis of her case, telling her I could do nothing for her, I was very careful in my decision. In July I saw that she was fast failing, and I made it known to her in this way:

She being a member of the Presbyterian Church, I requested a lady in Winneconne and the pastor of the church in Winneconne to call on her, and quietly talk with her, and tell her that her physicians, myself and others, had fully decided that she could not live more than just a few days. So the time came, and this lady and the pastor called on her and told her my decision: that it was only just a few days that she had to live. They called on her, and when they made known the decision to her, she said, “No, I will not die; but I AM GOING TO LIVE.”

A few days after that, I think it was Saturday evening, the 17th of August, her brother, Mr. Olrich, of Rhinelander, came to me and said,

“Now, Doctor, do you believe in Dr. Dowie of Chicago, in this faith cure?”

“Well,” I said, “I do not know anything about Dr. Dowie, but I am a believer in the Bible, and in Christ, and I believe that Jesus performed miracles when on earth, and I know of no place where miracles stopped.”

I said, “Surely I believe in it; but whether or not your sister can be cured, I cannot tell. But you have my hearty sympathy. So far as I can help you I will do all I can. But, for my part, medicine has no power with her. I think she will only live a few days.”

He said, “Do you think she will live until Wednesday?” I said, “I do not.”

Her temperature was 101, her respiration forty, and her pulse 100; which, all physicians will know, was a condition very unfavorable. She had not taken a bit of food, by the mouth, for ten days.

Her brother had a printed application for prayer that Dr. Dowie sent her, and he said to me, “Will you make this out?” I sat down at my desk and made it out. He took it down to the mail that night, and mailed it to

Dr. Dowie. He stated the time for prayer as being Wednesday morning, the 20th of August, at nine o'clock.

The next day I called and saw her. She was unable to take a particle of nourishment. She was unable to keep the least amount of brandy or water, or whatever might be given her, on her stomach. I said Sunday evening, when I called at five o'clock, "I will give you no more medicine. you are trusting this case now to God; and I, as your conscientious physician will give you nothing at all."

I had been giving anodynes and opiates, which is contrary to the law of homeopathy altogether; but nevertheless I did it. I was unable to produce any sleep up to that time. She would only rest about an hour at a time, and would be jumping in her sleep, seeing visions, and troubled. I said, "I will give you nothing tonight. You be quiet, and trust God for sleep."

That night she had a very good night, the first she had had in ten days. The next morning I went there, and found her resting a little easier than on former days. She rested thoroughly well; but the pain in the top of her head was still there, and the pain in the spleen. On Tuesday we could see no change. The respiration still remained about forty.

On Wednesday morning I called there, and took a record of the pulse, the temperature, and the respiration. At eight o'clock on Wednesday morning her temperature was 100, her respiration thirty-seven, and the pulse ninety-eight. I left her then. They had the season of prayer at nine o'clock. At four o'clock I called again.

At four o'clock her temperature was ninety-nine, her respiration twenty-six, her pulse seventy-two; normal pulse. She said to me, her eyes sparkling when I went into the room, "Doctor, I am better." I took hold of her hand, and she said, "I am going to get well; I want something to eat." She called to the nurse and the nurse brought her some milk toast. She said, "It tastes good."

This was the first nourishment that she had taken in ten days. I stayed there a few minutes to watch her, to see if the food would remain on the stomach. It agreed with her well. She slept well that night. I called the next morning to see her, and she wanted a baked potato.

In three days she sat up in bed. In a week she was out on the street. In ten days she was at my office, and was talking about how she felt.

I kept a record of this case for the people coming to my office. It created a great commotion in our village. The people said to me, "You are a great doctor to do a thing like this. Many doctors would give us a

horse-laugh it we said that Faith Cure would do anything for her. I said, "I do not know anything about it. I simply watched this case for my own sake." and when they came into my office and asked about it, I took up the record book, and gave them the record.

I came here today to see Dr. Dowie, and hear his words, and to see those that were healed, and to get my own heart touched with the Divine Fulness of God.

Now, Robert Ingersoll, here is another solid fact proving that the God of the Christians is of some use in the Universe, and that He does answer prayer.

What are you going to do about it?

To deny it is folly; to sneer is silly. You must either disprove it or admit it. (Applause.)

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

But perhaps sonic friend of Ingersoll wants another case right here on this platform. Here they are, hundreds of them.

Let us take this little boy. He lives not ten thousand miles away. It is not a story of nineteen centuries ago at which an Ingersollian may sneer, but his mother and sister are standing at his side, and they live in Chicago at 5205 Armour Avenue. For six and a half years he wore, first, a plaster-of-paris cast, and then he wore a heavy brace in which he had to sleep; he used crutches, and a boot two and a half inches high. There is his mother, an honest, hardworking woman belonging to the humbler class; an honest, industrious Christian widow.

He came with his mother into Zion Tabernacle No 1, repented of his sins, found peace in his heart through faith in Jesus, and Sought God for healing. I told his mother to take off his boot and steel brace, which was fastened around his waist as well as down at the ankle, and in which he had to lie for years crying and worrying in pain.

He had been under many doctors.

In a moment God took all his miseries away. The many abscesses with which the little fellow was afflicted ceased to pain him and were rapidly healed, his leg was instantaneously lengthened, the paralysis immediately departed, and he walked up and down the room on equal feet, without pain, freely.

That was in March, last year, and he has been healed for eighteen months, and now stands before you perfectly healed. (Applause.)

Willie, let us see you jump. (Laughingly the hearty-looking little fellow "jumped," seemingly well and strong as any boy in the city.)

Colonel Robert Ingersoll, where are you?

Our God, the God of the Christians, answered a child's prayer. (Glory! Amen. Applause.)

A Mother Healed of Cancer in Breast.

Mrs. Ida W. Lowrie, where are you? In the box. All right. You ought to be down here. Did you have a cancer; "Yes, Sir,"

Did you come into the Tabernacle? "Yes, sir."

Did the doctors say you must die with your baby unborn, "Yes, Sir."

We have the whole details from your lips. The cancer was eating away your life and you are now healed? Did I tell you how to find God? "Yes, Sir."

And did you pray to Him? "Yes, Sir."

And did you get healing? "Yes, sir; and my baby was born."

Then your baby was born and you nursed it at the breast that had been full of cancer? "Yes, Sir."

And it is now more than a year old? "Yes, sir."

Are you well, healed now? "Yes, Sir." (Applause)

Thanks be to God for the cure of that awful cancer.

Robert Ingersoll, here is another fact concerning the Christians' God.

What are you going to do about it?

He does answer prayer: for He answered this mother's. (Praise the Lord.)

(The details of this case are published in Volume I of LEAVES OF HEALING, pages 33 and 34.)

Instantaneous Healing of a Woman When Dying from Fibroid Tumor.

Next Sabbath we are going to have a big praise and Testimony Meeting here, when we shall have a Cloud of Witnesses to testify, and I want you all to come and fill every seat here, and bring Robert Ingersoll with you. (Laughter.) (A man in the audience, "It would cost two hundred dollars to get him here, Doctor.")

Well, then, let him stay away. We do not propose to give it to him; but he who speaks about Christian ministers always wanting money ought to come and hear a man who for twenty years has never delivered a single address for money.

Is there any one in the audience who can say that I have ever prayed for money? ("Never," from someone in the audience.) The one that can say I did, stand up and tell it out.

No one stood, and after a pause some one called out, "They can't do it." (Applause.) There is not such a man living. This work has been without money and without price, and whatever has been given has been given freely. But many, many a time it has been God's poor, who could give nothing, who have been cured of their sickness and sorrow without money.

Mrs. Paddock, you were dying in your home in Chicago?
“Yes, sir.”

You had four doctors; who were they? “Doctors Martin, Mulfinger, Watkins, Lyons.”

These all attended you in 1890: “Yes, sir.”

They said you were dying? “Yes, sir.”

The tumor on the side of the body had begun to mortify and you, sent a request for prayer to me at Western Springs, fifteen miles distant, and you got an answer to prayer? “Yes sir.”

At identically the time of the prayer you fell asleep and when you awakened you were healed; is that so? “Yes, sir.”

In four days afterwards you helped to make a new carpet to go into your new house. “Yes, sir.”

I never touched her. God answered prayer when I offered it at Western Springs, and there are thousands who know the facts, Is that true? “Yes, sir.”

There is another prayer answered, Robert Ingersoll.

What do you think of the God of the Christians now?

Hopelessly Incurable Young Woman Carried Out of Cook County Hospital and Healed.

Miss Schafer. (The young lady arose in one of the boxes. You were in Cook County Hospital in this City of Chicago?
“Yes, sir.”

On Cot Number 2? “Yes, sir.”

Ward Number 24? “Yes sir.”

Doctors Sanger Brown, McGrew, Bryan and others said you had “idiopathic muscular atrophy? “Yes, sir.”

That is the big name they gave it, because they did not know what to call it. (Laughter.) And they took you from your bed at night in a carriage to the Masonic Temple, where

about sixty doctors examined your helpless body as a great curiosity before your death? “Yes, sir.”

Some Christian women connected with Zion Tabernacle determined to give you a Christian burial and save your body from the dissecting table, and arranged to remove your body from the hospital? “Yes, sir.”

Then these friends brought you to Zion Tabernacle from your bed in the hospital, and you were healed. Is that so? “Yes, sir.”

Healed of the horrible disease which so affected you that you could not lift a hand or foot without throwing them out of joint. “Yes, sir.”

You were instantly healed. “Yes, sir.”

Your waist went down, how much, Annie? “Twenty-five inches.”

I wish some of these aldermanic persons would come down like that. (Laughter.) I guess some of them have got idiopathic muscular atrophy.” (Laughter.) Others are like Pharaoh’s lean kine, and they are the worst, they gobble up the fat ones. (Laughter.)

The Lord healed you after the doctors had given you up to die, and you have remained healed for nearly a year? “Yes, sir.”

Here is another wonderful answer to prayer, Robert Ingersoll.

The God of the Christians is of some use in the universe. What are you going to do about it? (Applause.)

Now, I could go on without end; but my case is proved, is it not? (“Yes!” from thousands of voices.) Now I must draw this meeting to a close, although there are still hundreds of wonderful healings on my list.

But I am not going to stop here, for I now again invite you all here next Lord’s Day to attend a Praise and

Testimony Meeting. I am sorry that I cannot bring down the large mass of evidence we have of God's answers to prayers in the shape of crutches, medicine, braces, plaster casts, etc., that are now on the walls of Zion Tabernacle No. 2. But I shall bring hundreds of living witnesses, and shall ask them in this great building to tell their stories in their own words.

Closing Appeals.

Now let me close. I want every man and woman in this meeting who believes that Christ is the foundation for their Eternal Faith, and wants to find deliverance through faith in Him for spirit, soul and body, to stand.

(In a moment, without any hesitation, the vast audience arose, with a strange sound produced by rustling garments, and then the thousands upon thousands stood perfectly still, waiting for Dr. Dowie's next words. It was a most impressive sight.)

Nearly every one is standing; there are hardly a dozen remaining seated, so far as I can see. Bless the Lord. Now let us stand here and pray our prayer of Repentance, of Faith, and of Consecration.

First, do you hate sin? "I do."

Are you prepared to do right? "I am."

Will you confess your wrongs to him or her whom have wronged? "Yes."

Will you restore whatever you have stolen? "Yes."

Will you rest in Christ alone for the mercy of God as you pray?

"Yes."

Then pray.

The Doctor then repeated the Prayer of Consecration and the vast audience repeated his words and joined in them with

him.

My God and Father, in Jesus' Name I come to Thee. I hate sin. Take it away for Jesus' sake, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. I come to Thee. My Father, take me as I am. Make me what I ought to be. Cleanse me in spirit and in soul and in body. Give me thy Holy Spirit, and deliver me from the evil one for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Brothers, sisters, did you mean that prayer? "Yes."

Do you mean to keep your vows, God helping you? "I do."

Then God means what He says. Jesus said, "Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained." In His Name, therefore, and in the power of the Holy Spirit, I declare to you as His minister, that if you have confessed and forsaken your sins God has this moment remitted them. In Christ's Name, I say to you, Go thy way and sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.

After the Consecration Hymn, "I Will," had been sung, the Service was closed with the Benediction.

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