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Fifty Cents a Year.

A VOICE FROM ZION.

The Baptism of Fire

—AND—

The Cup of Suffering

TWO SERMONS

BY THE

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

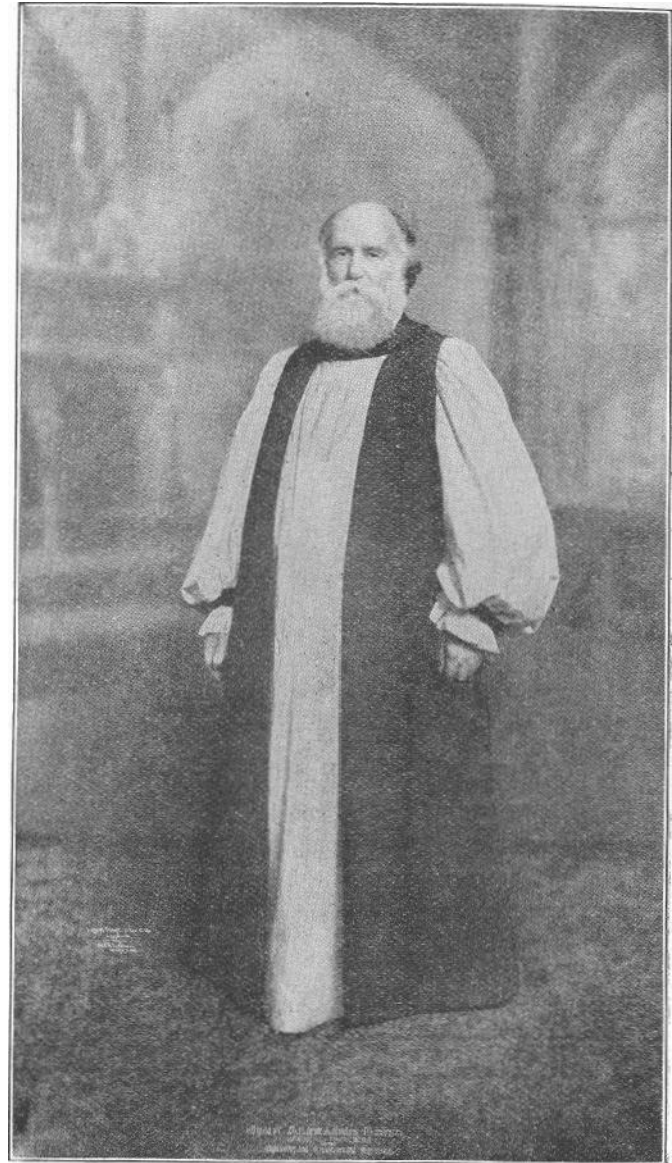
Delivered in Central Zion Tabernacle, 1621-1633 Michigan Avenue,
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John Alex. Dowie

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

IT was a plain, simple address.

It was but a few direct words.

There were no oratorical flights of eloquence. There were no stately rhetorical periods. But in its simplicity and unpretentiousness it was one of the mightiest and most momentous Proclamations of the Christian Dispensation.

It was Potent because it came with Divine Authority.

It was a Message from God.

It was delivered by His Chosen Messenger in these latter days.

It was a part of the great Eleventh Hour Call for laborers, which this Messenger was sent to deliver.

It called into the Vineyard that hitherto idle but mighty force in Christ's Church, the Laity.

The Baptism of Fire was set forth as a preparation for the Eleventh Hour Mission.

The Cup of Persecution, and the giving up of life itself, perhaps, in the fulfilment of that Mission, were seen between the undertaking and the accomplishment.

The sure reward of the Eleventh Hour Laborers was seen at the close of the Day: the end of the Dispensation.

Nearly 3000 people sat listening, silently, hushed by the power of the Message which they heard.

Then came the call to those who were ready for that Baptism of Fire; for the enduement from above with power for service in the Vineyard in the Eleventh Hour. To the thousands who heard the Call, it was a Call to enter upon a work of glorious privilege. It was a Call to persecution and perhaps death; but Zion's officers and laity looked beyond to the End, when Christ shall reign upon the Throne of Universal Empire.

With a holy joy in every face, they arose and simply and trustfully consecrated themselves to the work.

This Message was delivered in Central Zion Tabernacle on Lord's Day afternoon, April 14, 1901. As usual, on Lord's

Day afternoon, this great auditorium was filled.

God, by His Spirit, was present in the solemn and impressive exercise with which the service was opened, the Processional of Zion White-robed Choir of boys and girls and men and women, and the resident officers of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion. All hearts were lifted to God in praise and worship in the words which the white-robed singers joyously sang as they marched

Love Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, oh breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
Come, Almighty to deliver!

Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation.
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly secured by Thee,
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place;

Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Central Zion Tabernacle, Lord's Day Afternoon, April 14, 1901.

The services were opened by the congregation singing Hymn Number 164:

Behold, what love, what boundless love,
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners lost, that we should be
Now called the sons of God!

The Apostles' Creed was then repeated by the General Overseer and congregation. The General Overseer then read in the Inspired Word of God, the nineteenth Psalm and the twentieth chapter of Matthew.

Prayer was offered by Overseer Piper, followed by the General Overseer, at the close of which all joined in chanting the Lord's Prayer.

The announcements were then made by Overseer Speicher.

The General Overseer then said:

I would add a few words to what the Overseer has said

CONCERNING THE ZION BANNER.

I have placed orders for a large quantity of new machinery to be added to our present plant. The purchase of large new presses, with automatic feeders, folders, new type, and an increased cost in many directions, will necessitate our finding thirty thousand dollars (\$30,000) for these alterations and additions, so that THE ZION BANNER may be properly floated.

This can easily be gotten in Zion with our tens of thousands of people, if each of you will only make a conscience of giving a Special Offering to the Lord for this Special Purpose.

I have received about fifteen hundred dollars toward that thirty thousand.

I have been a little remiss, perhaps, in not pushing this matter, because I wanted to deal with some other things and let it rest. Now that the order has been placed, however, for large, beautiful and effective machinery, and our staff has been increased, and will be increased, and now that the whole building at 1300 Michigan Avenue will be given up to Zion Printing and Publishing House, a large expenditure will be required to be made at once.

THE REAL SOURCES OF ZION ARE IN GOD, AND IN GOD'S PEOPLE.

Sir Samuel Baker, many years ago, was endeavoring to find the sources of the Nile. Suddenly, while he was traveling up the bed of a tributary of the Nile, he lost it completely. The river disappeared. There was no water.

He kept on traveling day after day, day after day, but there was no water. It was simply a dry water-bed—a water-course where the water once had been.

Where were the sources of the Nile?

He was talking with Lady Baker about it one night, camping in the bed of the dry river, when suddenly in the middle of the night they heard a cry, "*El Atbara! El Atbara!*" and some one pulling at the tent poles. "Get out quick! The river! The river!"

They all rushed up the banks, and scarcely had they gotten on high ground before they heard the thundering noise of the river coming down.

In a moment there was a mighty river filling the dry watercourse, giving in a moment the answer to the question: Where are the sources of the Nile?

Away in the distant mountains where snow had melted and come down in floods.

Oh, if I could only reach the frozen resources of God's people; if they would only melt at the Word of God, they

would send down into the presence of God, and for the salvation of men, not only thirty thousand dollars, but thirty million dollars!

All our sources are in God, and only the warm rays of the Sun of Righteousness can melt the hearts of God's people, and cause the ice-bound rivers of hoarded wealth to flow.

But these icy rivers shall be reached: for God is Our Strength.

THE SECRET OF ALL ZION'S POWER.

One Senator at Springfield said, after we had won our little fight—it was not a very hard one with these poor “where-asses”—“You are not going about it the right way to fight Dr. Dowie. You must find out the secret of his power, and destroy that.”

Ah, Mr. Senator, you were right. You must find God and destroy Him; for He is the secret of the power of Zion. All our Springs are in God.

While I know this is the case, yet God must melt the snowcapped mountains and the glaciers, and make them pour down over the dry water-courses.

I speak not only to you; I speak to the multitudes of Zion everywhere today. Let us have this money quickly.

If we could only tell you a tittle of what LEAVES OF HEALING, A VOICE FROM ZION, BLÄTTER DER HEILUNG, in German,

THE BANNER OF ZION, in Arabic, and Zion Literature are doing, it would make your hearts leap with joy.

But we cannot tell the story; it would take too long.

It would take every issue of LEAVES OF HEALING to print the Notes of Thanksgiving which come in from all lands every week.

I am pleading for those who are athirst for the Water of Life.

THE ZION BANNER IS A NEW DEPARTURE IN

ZION'S LITERARY WORK.

We have confined ourselves to LEAVES OF HEALING for six and a half years without a single advertisement in it.

Never have we permitted it to contain any outside business advertisement. It has always been kept for God and for Zion. We did not want it to be an ordinary secular and business paper

We wanted it to be “Zion on Wings,” and we wanted the wings to be always white and clean.

But Zion has gone down into the world to win bread and homes for her children; and we need a semi-secular weekly paper: for Zion must be up-to-date in her business, as well as in education and religion.

Zion is engaging in business, as God said she would, in the latter days.

Thy Gates (the Gates of Zion) shall be open continually;
They shall not be closed day or night;
But men may bring unto Thee
The wealth of the Nations.

Thank God, the business is very successful, so far.

The land which we purchased is worth already at least ten times what we paid for it. There is no question about that, for already 6000 lots have been applied for.

When these 6000 lots are sold, and the value of Zion City land is established by that fact, the real estate value of Zion City will be at least \$20,000,000.

Zion has been blessed. God is blessing us in our business undertakings, and from every State in this country, and from almost every land and continent, those who have Zion in their hearts are on their way to Zion City.

As General Overseer I am at the head, of course, of all this, and while I love the Business undertaking, the Church undertaking and the Educational undertaking are the first things.

The spiritual, moral, mental and manual training of our

children comes first, and then the business.

THE ZION BANNER WILL ADVERTISE YOUR
BUSINESS.

THE ZION BANNER will give you information concerning Zion City.

I hear that the people are coming from all parts of this land; that the prairie schooners are sailing over the prairies as in olden times.

Whole families with their children and their furniture, a whole train of wagons in some cases, are on the way to Zion.

Some of them got there last week. There they stay, and they say, "We intend to remain here until we get our lot." (Laughter.) One good old brother, of some means, too, came down at the beginning of last winter with his teams and belongings, and squatted there in a shanty and "dug out," and there he is waiting for the gates to open.

There is no doubt that God will bless Zion in a business way.

We wish to help our people to understand Zion's principles of business.

We wish our people to understand what is going on in the world, and to look at the events of the world in ecclesiastical, social, political, and commercial affairs through the eyes of one who sees them as in God's sight.

THE ZION BANNER WILL BE A VERY LIVELY
PAPER.

We shall not hesitate to call a spade an old shovel, if it is an old shovel. We shall not hesitate to call things by their right names.

I tell the politicians of Chicago and of the United States that there is a lively time in store for them when Zion unfurls her BANNER. (Applause.) We fear none but God; and that fear is filial love—we only fear to offend an Infinitely Loving

Father.

We think we have been studying the affairs of this world to some purpose: for we are diligent and constant in study, with every help we can get.

All of you go to Zion Publishing House and place your subscriptions right away. It is very important, before we pass the paper through the postoffice at second class rates, that we should show a large subscription list.

We are making every preparation for the publication of the first number of THE ZION BANNER on the 22d of May. That will be just about the day Overseer Jane Dowie gets here. It will be a part of her Wonderful Week of Work that she will be here when the first issue of THE ZION BANNER appears.

We will make that paper as good as we can. If you wish us to make it good, you must help us.

YOU SHOULD ALL SUBSCRIBE TO THE ZION
BANNER.

That is your matter.

We have toiled for six and a half years constantly to produce LEAVES OF HEALING, amidst all the other toils of our work for God and for His people, and for suffering humanity, and shall toil night and day to establish THE ZION BANNER. Can you not come along with your dollar and a half for a year's subscription?

Voices—"Yes."

General Overseer—Then come along quickly. (Laughter.) Let me hear of thousands of subscriptions in before next Wednesday.

Besides that, can you not find eighty-five cents for half a year's subscription to THE ZION BANNER for some distant friend?

Voices—"Yes."

General Overseer—Then do it quickly!

Can you not take ten extra copies of the first issue? (Laughter.)

Voices—"Yes."

General Overseer—Thank you for these hearty responses from thousands of hearts and lips.

We have seen a number of papers that have attacked Zion, dead and buried.

The *Dispatch* is gone, and cannot have any resurrection. The *Record* died by absorption. (Laughter.)

ZION BANNER IS UNFURLED; IT WILL NEVER
BE FURLED UNTIL THE KING COMES.

I rejoice in the Song written long ago—probably over 2900 years ago—called a "Michtam of David." The word "Michtam" means a Golden Psalm. It was written after a great Victory for Israel. At that time the Anointed King unfurled a Banner—a new Flag—and sang of it in these words:

Thou hast given a Banner to them that fear Thee,
That it may be displayed because of the Truth.
That Thy Beloved may be delivered,
Save with Thy Right Hand, and answer us.

I am very thankful for the privilege of unfurling this Banner in this hour of Victory.

We have the toil of unfurling it. If you knew only half the toil I have, you would wonder that I am not in my grave; but I am not. I am very much alive today.

I feel very happy. I feel delighted in the prospect that we shall have a semi-secular paper which will be published every Wednesday in the City of Chicago, God willing.

As soon as we can, we shall give you reliable news from all the world, and if we blunder, it will be because these miserable foreign telegraphic dispatches led us into it. However, we will try to keep out of that and give you reliable news.

We will try, as quickly as possible, what our own telegraphic means of communication will do; for we have our people now in all parts of the world.

We have correspondence by letter even now with all the continents: for Zion is established on them all.

Pray for this and, if you pray, you will pay your subscription.

You who advertise and say "We will pay afterwards," cannot do that in THE ZION BANNER. You must pay before you get in. That is a fact.

You can pay without going in, but you cannot go in without paying. We intend to have Zion's advertising business upon a strictly cash basis. We have no use for credit business.

If any one is too poor to get THE ZION BANNER, somebody will be kind enough, I know, to buy it for him.

If any one is too poor to buy in Zion City General Stores, and is hungry, Zion will help its poor and hungry members; and, so far as we know, none in Zion suffer hunger. We are ready to relieve at all times God's poor in Zion, and esteem it a privilege.

But we intend to carry on Zion upon a cash basis. That is the best basis, is it not?

Voices—"Yes."

General Overseer—I am glad you think so. This credit business is a great folly.

May God help us and provide for us the resources from good, honest, hard labor.

I thank you for your great love and confidence. I know you will take the matter up. I know, also, that you need reminding, and, therefore, I have spoken these plain, honest words of appeal.

But I go further.

AN APPEAL TO ZION THROUGHOUT THE
WORLD.

I speak to those outside of Chicago. Let my voice reach them in all parts of Zion: Help us here.

Every one in all parts of the United States, help us.

Let those in Canada help us.

Let those in England help us.
 Let those in Scotland and Ireland help us.
 Let those in Australia help us.
 Let those in Asia and Africa help Christ's Banner.
 Let those in the little places of the world help us.
 We are doing a work for all the world.

May God help those to whom we are appealing from this platform.

I am going to keep at it until I get that thirty thousand dollars. Mind you, this subscribing for THE ZION BANNER, taking ten extra copies, and sending a half year's subscription to your friends is all quite independent of what you are going to give me to start it.

I expect you to give me quite a large sum of money as a Free—Will Offering: for this is Zion's Capital—the Gifts of God's children for God's work.

I know you will get blessing from your Offerings for this purpose.

Has God ever made any of you poor in paying your tithe?
 Voices—"No."

General Overseer—Have you been increased and blessed?
 Voices—"Yes."

General Overseer—Has He ever made you poor on account of giving Special Offerings?

Voices—"No."

GREAT PROSPERITY OF ZION PEOPLE.

General Overseer—The very look of this people, and the facts which we know through our Financial Institutions, prove that this people are more blessed than any other in this land, taking their educational and social positions and their business advantages or disadvantages into consideration. We ought to be profoundly grateful. You do not have any doctor bills to pay, and you do not spend your money for beer and skittles.

You do not pay for goats and Secret Society badges.

You do not pay for a great many things that the world

pays for, and pays quite heavily for. I think you ought to give your help to us who are needing your help to carry on this work. I know you will, only you need stirring up, and keeping up to it.

I will beg for God as I have begged all the way along. I will not beg from the world outside. Zion has never sent her collectors to those who are in the world to ask for money for God's work.

Under God, all that has been done, we have done through our own endeavors. We will never ask the World, the Flesh or the Devil to help us extend the Kingdom of God.

We are quite able to go out and take possession of what God has given us in this Earth, which is His by right of Creation, by right of Redemption, and by right of Preservation.

Only let us be very strong, and very courageous. Do not let us go back at all. Let us Go Forward.

“THE ZION BANNER” WILL HAVE A VERY BEAUTIFUL FRONT PAGE.

It will be printed in three colors and black and gold, and the Banner will hang over Zion Flag and the Stars and Stripes.

We desire, when the prospectus comes out, to send that far and wide.

We are going in for work more and more. We cannot do too much for Zion and for God.

During this transition period, between this and Zion City, our Headquarters Offices will have to be in Chicago. For years to come, perhaps, we shall have to keep places for business purposes in Chicago. For that purpose I purchased the present Zion Building for Zion. God blessed me very much in that purchase. I would not sell it for three times the money I paid for it.

We are renovating Zion Building for Headquarters purposes, and the Administration Offices of the Ecclesiastical, Educational and Commercial divisions of the united work of Zion will all be there until we build a great Administration

Building in Zion City.

We found it necessary to open a new Divine Healing Home and a place for Zion College and its students. We have taken a new place with 150 rooms at the northwest corner of Thirteenth Street and Michigan Avenue.

May God bless these new undertakings. (Amen.)

Pray for them earnestly.

Pray for me, and for my good wife.

You will see in last Saturday's LEAVES OF HEALING a notice which we have just received from London, concerning Overseer Jane Dowie's meetings in that city. She speaks in Zion Tabernacle in Euston Road, in London, on May 5th.

After arriving in America, she speaks in Zion Tabernacle in Boston on May 19th.

Then we intend to receive her here, God willing, upon the evening of May 23d. She will have her first public meeting in the Auditorium with myself on Lord's Day, May 26th. A whole week of Conferences and an Excursion to Zion City on Decoration Day, will follow, and on Lord's Day afternoon, June 2d, I shall preach a Closing Sermon for the Special Gatherings in the Auditorium on "The Coming of Elijah: the Restorer of All Things." And after that Mrs. Dowie and I will hope to spend a few quiet days at Ben MacDhui—a kind of Silver Wedding honeymoon.

Then will come the preparation for Zion's July Festival and Encampment, which will hereafter be called

ZION'S FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

Deacon Sloan and I went over the matter the other day. We have, with our other officers, worked out a plan. We will put up some miles of tents in Zion City, so that you can come out and camp there with your family for a week. Some of you can come and camp there for a month by making proper arrangements ahead.

We will try to make these tents comfortable, with boarded floors.

We hope that God will favor us with good weather; yet we will take precautions against sudden showers.

We hope in July to have tens of thousands of people in the first Great Zion Feast of Tabernacles.

May God make an Annual Feast of Tabernacles until the King shall come! (Amen.)

We hope that it will be a glorious time.

I am looking forward to it.

I am getting younger all the time.

I had a letter today from dear Old Mother Stewart, of Springfield, Ohio, asking me to present her dear old motherly love to you.

She is the real founder of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the leader of the first great Temperance Crusade in Ohio.

She said to me in the letter, "I long to come and see your bonny bride, the Magnificent Overseer!"

She knows my wife very well.

She said, "I would like to give her away at your Silver Wedding."

But the dear old mother thinks that she cannot come. She is considerably over eighty years old, I think, pretty nearly ninety. She sends her great love. She is one of my old sweethearts, you know. (Laughter).

I am very fond of these dear old ladies.

I told her once that she was always young. She said, "That is how I feel."

THE ANCIENT OF DAYS IS ETERNAL YOUTH.

She said, "I was talking to an assembly of young people among whom I was wheeled in my chair. I spoke to them about their silly amusements. 'Now,' I said to them, 'don't think that I am an old foggy talking like this, because I am light-hearted and happy, and I am younger than any of you in the room.'"

I think that is how she felt.

Happy Christians like dear old Mother Stewart are a blessing and a joy forever; and from Zion's thousands here today, we send her Zion's love, and our wishes for many joyous days in her bright eventide. We hope still to see her at our Silver Wedding, and the Inauguration of Women's Special Work in Zion.

As you get the Love of God, and the Life of God within you, you will learn more and more that the Ancient of Days is Eternal Youth, and that he who lives for God is ever young, and will "bring forth fruit in old age." May God grant us that blessing.

This speech ought to be worth a hundred thousand dollars for THE ZION BANNER.

I am pleading not for myself, but for the people everywhere.

I hope that in founding these many Institutions in Zion City we shall found them so strongly that the gates of hell shall never be able to shake them.

God grant you, my noble coworkers in Zion, a blessing for Jesus' sake.

The tithes and offering were then received, Zion's White-robed Choir singing Le Jeune's arrangement of that grand hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden," with a spirit which told that the wonderful words which they sang were not mere meaningless sounds to them.

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

The General Overseer then delivered the following address:

INVOCATION.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, be profitable unto this people, and unto all to whom these words shall come, in this and every land, in this and all the

coming time, till Jesus come. (Amen.)

In the twentieth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and the twenty-second verse, you will find the portion of Scripture to which I wish to call your attention:

TEXT.

But Jesus answered and said, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the Cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the Baptism that I am baptized with? They say unto Him, We are able. And He saith unto them, Ye shall drink indeed of My Cup, and be baptized with the Baptism that I am baptized with: but to sit on My right hand, and on My left, is not Mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of My Father.

Also in the twelfth chapter of St. Luke, the forty-ninth verse

I came to cast Fire upon the earth; and what will I, if it is already kindled? But I have a Baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished! Think ye that I am come to give Peace in the earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division: for there shall be from henceforth five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three. They shall be divided, father against son, and son against father; mother against daughter, and daughter against mother; mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law, and daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law.

The Baptism of Fire is that Baptism to which all other Divine Baptisms lead.

The Baptism of Fire is that Baptism which enables us to receive God Himself: the All-Consuming, the Everliving Fire.

I desire to speak very briefly this afternoon concerning that Baptism.

Christianity is Essentially Destructive and Essentially Constructive.

Construction follows upon the destruction of those things that are shaken and which must be removed and burned up.

There is no use in supposing that we can ever be at peace

with the Devil; that we can ever be in friendship with the world that "lieth in the evil one."

"Ye adulteresses," says the Apostle James, "know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore would be a friend of the world maketh Himself an enemy of God."

Many seek to be at peace with the World, the Flesh and the Devil. For the sake of peace they will not fight. They let things alone, and let every one do as he likes and go as he pleases without any protest or forcible words.

If any one is as plain as we are wont to be, they say, "That is not the way to win men. Men can never be won to God by such processes as you adopt."

I was told that a great many years ago, long before I came to America, by "friends" in Europe and Australia; and I soon heard the same timorous counsels when I arrived in the United States, nearly thirteen years ago.

A FALSE PROPHECY OF FAILURE AND DEATH.

I had spoken only twice in San Francisco when a very "potent, grave and reverend senior," belonging to that miserable mass of wretched theological granite called Presbyterianism, came to me. He said most gravely, "My dear Dr. Dowie, you had better take the next steamer back to Australia, if you intend to talk like that. There are some parts of the United States where they would mob you and shoot you for half what you have said already. If you go on like that, I will give you about six months to live."

I said, "I am not sure about that."

"I can only tell you that my impression is that you will be killed," was his reply.

"That would not hurt me," I replied.

"What!" he said.

I said, "No. There are a great many people who live too long. The trouble about them is that they ought to have been killed twenty years before. (Laughter.) If they had died and

gone to heaven, they would have been a great blessing, but they have lived beyond their usefulness. They were brave for God at one time; but for twenty years they have been influenced by such advice as you now give me, and they have been compromising on every side. They are a perfect curse. I am inclined to think that you are one of them." (Laughter.)

"Oh," he exclaimed in amazement and wrath.

I said, "What are you doing? You do not smoke?"

"No, sir."

"But do you tell your people who smoke that they are dirty stinkpots?"

"Verily no."

"What do you do?"

"I talk to them privately, sometimes, about the deleterious action of nicotine poison upon nerve centers."

I said, "How much good does it do in getting them to abstain?"

"None at all."

"If you say to them, as I do," I said, "You are an unmitigated mass of dirt and a miserable, filthy stinkpot; you may be a Christian, but you smell like a devil, they would quit."

"Do they do it, when you say that?" he asked.

I said, "Sure!" (Laughter and applause.)

What would you say, O men of Zion?

Voices—"Yes."

A GREAT COMPANY OF THOSE DELIVERED FROM THE TOBACCO HABIT IN ZION.

General Overseer—All that have given up tobacco, say Yes. Voices (from hundreds of men, in every part of the Tabernacle)

"Yes."

General Overseer—All these were stinkpots once. (Laughter.)

One gave this up today (exhibiting a "corn-cob" pipe).

(Laughter.)

My friend said to me, "My dear Doctor, you are dreadful. You pitch into me."

I said, "Yes, I think you need pitching into."

"Well," he said, getting very angry, "six months will settle you. You will want to go back to Australia."

I said, "My friend, I will never go back until my work is done. If it is one year or six months, or ten years, I will do the work God sent me to do. Furthermore, the people will come, and will be blessed."

He said, "They will not."

I said, "You are wrong. You come in three weeks, and if you do not come early, you will not get into this place."

It resulted as I had predicted. You could not get near the Y. M. C. A. Hall in Sutter Street long before the three weeks were up. We had to take the Grand Opera House for our next Mission.

A SECRET SOCIETY COWARD REBUKED.

The next mission of any considerable importance I had was in Los Angeles. A gentleman came up to me. He was a lawyer, a professed Christian, and a splendid specimen of the men who are at peace with the World, the Flesh and the Devil.

"My dear Dr. Dowie," he said, "I am struck with your wonderful power and inspiring eloquence. Let me tell you, however, you have come to a wonderfully intelligent city, and the language which you are using is so coarse, and so vulgar, and so horrible, that people will not hear you. I know, my dear Doctor, that you are quite capable of using more refined language, for you are an educated gentleman. I beseech you in Jesus' Name to use more refined language in addressing the people of Los Angeles (the City of the Angels)!" (Laughter and applause.)

I said, "Let me see. What are you?" I picked up his watch-charm. "What does this mean?"

"I am a thirty-second degree Mason, sir."

"Ah," I said, "I see. You belong to the World, the Flesh and the Devil. You are not a good angel. You have bowed down at the shrine of Mah-hah-bone. You are not a true Christian, but an unmitigated hypocrite!"

"Oh-h!" he cried. (Laughter.)

I said, "Did that hit you?"

"I should think it did," he said, and he went away.

The next night, however, I spied him there with his wife, and he continued to come every afternoon and evening for many days, but did not again tender me advice as to how to speak. After about ten days he came up to me with tears in his eyes, and he said, "You are right. Give it to us hot and strong. I am glad you are not refining it down."

"No," I said, "I'm refining you." (Laughter.)

"That's true," he said, and he handed over his Masonic charm.

God blessed my plainness of speech. I began in Los Angeles with fourteen people and closed my meetings with over four thousand in the Hazard Pavilion, and many could not get seats at our closing meeting.

When I came to Chicago they said, "If you talk like that, you will offend the people."

"They need offending," I said. "I am glad to hear that."

"But you will hurt them."

I said, "They need hurting."

"You will not get them."

"But," I said, "I'll smash them, anyhow. (Laughter.) Then they will be glad to come to God for healing." (Laughter.)

They said I would not succeed, and for some time it seemed as if they were right. But you all know that God at last gave me victory. I went on alone in a little place, as you will remember, Zion Tabernacle No. 1, called in derision the "Little Wooden Hut."

The people passed by at first, but by and by God brought the people, and

THEY WERE GLAD TO GET A KITCHEN CHAIR
TO SIT UPON.

I noticed what a Presbyterian minister in this city said on a recent Monday morning. May God save the people from these Monday morning meetings where the preachers all seem to have headaches and appear to be cross, and critical, and blue, and dismal.

The minister to whom I refer read a paper upon what should be done to strengthen the little Presbyterian churches in Chicago. He said that it was a shame on the part of the rich people to leave them—he was a pastor of one of these little churches in little wooden buildings with second-hand wheezy organs, and nothing but kitchen chairs for the people to sit upon.

The people would not do it, he complained, when there were salaried quartettes and cushioned pews in neighboring churches.

When I read that, I thought of the meetings in Zion Tabernacle No. 1. The only things we had were kitchen chairs, and the people were exceedingly glad to get even half of one, let alone a whole one.

I used to see the people sitting three on two chairs. (Laughter.) Sometimes I saw an average of two on a chair, because the mother carried the little boy, and the father carried the daughter. They wedged in somebody between, and I saw five persons, big and little, on two chairs, on one occasion.

We had only a second-hand organ, and we did not have much of a choir, did we, when we started?

But the people came.

IF YOU HAVE A LIVING GOSPEL, THE PEOPLE
WILL COME.

You must be baptized with the Baptism with which Christ was baptized before you can get the people.

I desire to talk to you a little about that Baptism: for from

the very beginning of His ministry to its end, it was a Baptism of the Holy Ghost and of Fire.

I confess that I brought Fire when I came to America. I needed to bring Fire.

Fire was needed to destroy “the wood and hay and stubble,” which the Denominations were building up. Fire is still needed.

God “maketh winds His Messengers; His ministers a Flaming Fire.”

Unless they have the Flame of that Fire of Divine Love which destroys unclean desire, which sets a man free, they will not be able to do God’s work.

In the beginning of that work there is always division. Wherever Zion enters a home, what people sometimes say is perfectly true: it produces conflict.

WHEN ZION COMES TO A CITY, IT CREATES
DIVISIONS.

Of course it does.

It divides the sheep from the goats.

It divides the Secret Society fiends from the true Christians.

It separates between the altar of Baal and the altar of Christ.

It separates between the World and the Church; between God and the Devil; between a real religion for twenty-four hours of every night and day, and a sham religion that goes only in silver slippers and Sunday clothing to church when it is fine weather.

The fact of the matter is that Zion must be a Dividing Force.

“Stronger than steel is the Sword of the Spirit.”

The Word of God is living, and active, and sharper than any two-edged sword, and piercing even to the dividing of soul and spirit, of both joints and marrow, and quick to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart. And there, is no creature that is not manifest in His sight.

Christ, the *Logos*, the Eternal Word of God, rides on in the heavens, and on earth at the head of the Armies of the Living God.

He is arrayed in a garment sprinkled with Blood:
And His Name is called The Word of God.

And He hath on His garment and on His thigh a Name written,
KING OF KINGS and LORD OF LORDS.

And they also shall overcome that are with Him,
Called and Chosen and Faithful.

They partake of His Spirit, and do His Work.

This Baptism is the essential thing, the Baptism of Fire.

Poor Mrs. Zebedee thought that she would bring her dear sons, James and John, to Jesus to get a little gift.

O mothers, how loving, and rightly so, you are about your children! But Mrs. Zebedee did not know that she was asking an absurdity when she came and said, "Grant that this boy, John, and this boy, James, whom You have made apostles, may sit, the one on Your right hand and the other on Your left hand, when You come into Your Kingdom."

Oh how little she knew what that Kingdom was!

She seemed to think it was but the earthly throne of David; that it was to be established at Jerusalem, and that the Romans, the Herodians, the Sadducees and Pharisees were to be swept aside while Jesus became King at Jerusalem.

She wished her sons to be His prime ministers.

HOW SHORTSIGHTED EVEN CHRIST'S APOSTLES WERE!

They did not understand that it was essential for Christ to suffer and to die. They thought He was talking a parable when He said that He must be crucified and buried, and the third day be raised again.

A great many people now, when you declare to them the straight Word of God, immediately assert their presumptuous ignorance by saying that it is a parable.

It is no such thing.

Jesus was talking as God always talks. His words, if they are to be understood, must be taken exactly in their plain literal and positive meaning, except where He speaks in parables.

He was to suffer.

He was to die upon the cross.

He was to go into the grave.

He was to rise again; completing His Baptism in Fire, and having passed through the very Fires of Hell itself unscathed, He was to come up and take to Himself that body which lay in the sepulcher in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea; and in that body He was to visibly reascend to Heaven.

He was to send down to this earth the Holy Spirit, the Living Fire. With that Living Fire His Messengers were to be baptized. They, too, should suffer, be crucified, die, rise again, and their spirits live on forever.

But Mrs. Zebedee did not understand that. He answered: "Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink the Cup that I am about to drink?"

They said, "We are able."

Then Jesus said, "My Cup indeed ye shall drink: but to sit on My right hand, and on My left hand, is not Mine to give, but it is for them for whom it hath been prepared of My Father."

I have always contended that Christ recognized the supremacy of the Father. This is another saying of His in confirmation.

James and John thought that because they were among the first apostles, they must take the highest places. They had forgotten that He had said in their very ears but a few hours before, that the last should be first, and the first should be last.

THE GREATEST APOSTLES WILL NOT BE

FOUND IN THE RANKS OF THE FIRST APOSTLES.

The greatest apostles will be found in the ranks of the last apostles, in the last age of the Christian Dispensation.

The most successful workers of Christ will not be those who were called in the morning, or at midday, or in the waning day at the ninth hour. Those who will win the battle and get the prize are those who enter into the field, the Great Vineyard of the Lord, in the Eleventh Hour, and do the work that all have failed to do in all the preceding hours of the day.

The Day is far spent, and it is the Eleventh Hour.

God has sent forth Zion at the Eleventh Hour into the Vineyard.

Let us do His work, and be baptized with the Baptism of Fire.

I know that we who are last are called upon to do the work that they were called upon to do at the first, and did not do it. I make no charge against them.

I merely state a Fact—Christianity has never been the predominant religion of the whole earth.

It has been, and even now is, only the religion of a small minority.

The work of worldwide conquest for Christ has not been done.

You say the first apostles did it.

I say they did not.

You tell me that John the Baptist was Elijah. I say, “Yes, that is true.”

Jesus said, “Elijah indeed cometh and shall restore all things.”

That is true.

Did John the Baptist restore all things? No.

Christ said that Elias would come again and do it, and so it is: for He said, “And if ye are willing to receive it (or him), this is Elijah, which is to come.”

And Elijah must come, and do that work at the End of this Period of the Dispensation, namely, “the Times of the Resto-

ration of All Things.”

Did that Early Church fulfil its Mission? No.

In the midst of the apostolic college, one member was a traitor, a falsifier, a liar, a thief, and sold his Master for silver and betrayed Him with a kiss.

Another Apostle was a “Doubting Thomas,” who said, “Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my fingers into the print of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe.”

When Christ appeared upon the mountain on the day of His giving the Great Commission, the very last words in Matthew tell us that when the eleven saw Him and worshiped Him, there were “some who doubted.”

Peter himself, greatest of all the apostles at that time, denied his Lord with curses and with oaths when Christ was bound, bleeding from the cruel scourge and the crown of thorns, mocked, suffering and rejected. Fear and doubt choked his faith and made him an apostate. He was a renegade and a coward, not only then, but twenty-five years afterwards at Antioch in Pisidia. The Apostle Paul had to tell him to his face that he was not walking uprightly according to the truth of the Gospel.

Great as these first apostles were, the Church must recognize the fact that

THE FIRST APOSTLES DID NOT FULFIL THEIR MISSION.

They could not, perhaps, but they certainly did not.

Has that mission been fulfilled since?

Has the Church been brought into unity?

Has the principle of Divine Authority been established in the Church, in the Home, in the School, in the State, in the Nation, in Business? No.

While you talk of Christian cities, they are sunk in heathenism and sin. The work has not been done, and the work cannot be done, until God shall send some one with the

Baptism of Fire, who shall "sit as a refiner of silver and purify the sons of Levi" in the Fire which purifies, until they shall "offer unto God offerings in righteousness."

God send more Fire! (Amen).

God give us grace to keep alive what we have.

God give us grace to sit continually over the Refining Fire until we see the Master's image there.

The thing must be done. Are you able?

"We are able," said James and John.

How little they knew!

How little they knew that, within a few hours of that time, their Master would be arrested in the Garden of Gethsemane! How little they knew that they who claimed to be able to bear the Fire of hottest persecution would immediately flee in full retreat!

It is written, "They all forsook Him and fled."

Friends, they who were called in the first hour of the day of the Christian Dispensation were not competent to do the work.

They who were called at the noontide hour were also incompetent.

In the afternoon of the day great and mighty men were called into the Vineyard of the Lord. But after they had been buried, their sons and their daughters did not carry on the reformation of a Luther, the work of a Whitfield, the work of a Wesley, the work of a Rowland Hill. They failed, and their spiritual descendants have failed until this day.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR CALL TO ZION.

Now God is calling at the Eleventh Hour those who have been standing idle all the day long, because no one hath hired them. The Church has not called upon its laity to go and do its work; but now I stand here as Christ's Messenger today and I hire you. Come into the Vineyard, and in the last hour ye shall receive the penny. Make no mistake, however, through much tribulation you must enter the Kingdom.

THE BEAUTIFUL ZION BANNER WILL BE A BLOOD-STAINED BANNER BEFORE THE KING COMES.

Its Gold will be dipped in blood.

Its White will be dipped in blood.

Its Blue will be dipped in blood.

It will be passed through the fires.

But I predict today that Zion Banner is the Banner of the Conquering Army of the King in the Eleventh Hour of the Dispensation. (Amen.)

The Baptism to which all other Baptisms lead in Zion is the Baptism of Fire.

There is no discharge in this War. No man can come to me and ask to be discharged from the service of God in Zion. I cannot discharge him. Let the dead bury the dead. I have nothing to do with discharging people from doing their duty in Zion. I can drive out hypocrites, cowards, liars and thieves who come in on false pretenses, and never had Zion in their hearts; but I cannot discharge any one who is "dead." Death discharges them.

Let the Devil who killed your spiritual power, bury you.

I cannot transfer you to any other Church. I cannot transfer you to some other communion. If you die in Zion, you die the Second Death.

Blessed is he that hath part in the First Resurrection:
Over these the Second Death hath no power;
But they shall be Priests of God and of Christ,
And they shall Reign with Him a Thousand Years.

The First Resurrection is the preparation for the Millennial Glory.

But whosoever shall miss that Blessing will have no part in that Reign of Christ as King here on earth for a Thousand Years.

He that overcometh shall inherit these things; and I will be his God,

and he shall be My son. But for the Fearful, and Unbelieving, and Abominable, and Murderers, and Fornicators, and Sorcerers, and Idolaters, and all Liars, their part shall be in the Lake that Burneth with Fire and Brimstone; which is the Second Death.

If you die to Zion's work, then are ye dead indeed; for you are dead to God. But you must keep this Fire, Holy Fire, within your heart.

Quench not the Holy Fires within you.
Though temptation's darts shower down upon you,
Gird thine armor on; fight well,
And thou shalt see
After these wars,
Thy head wear sunbeams
And thy feet touch stars.

You must let the Fire burn.

I came to cast Fire upon the earth; and what will I, if it is already kindled?

That Fire is kindled. He kindled it, and it has never gone out. Somewhere the Holy Fire has been kept burning through all the centuries.

THE HOLY FIRE BURNS IN TENS OF THOUSANDS OF HEARTS IN ZION.

Let the Baptism which has come as one of water become one of spiritual purifying power.

Let the Baptism come now as a Baptism of Fire.

Wherever you go, may men and women say, "When he speaks, it is as if he had left a spark of the Divine Fire within our hearts that will never be put out."

It is a beautiful thought, this thought of the Holy Fire.

Prometheus was bound to a rock, so the myth is told, by the cruel gods of Olympus, because he stole the fire and gave it to men, and so he was doomed to have his vitals dug into by the claws of vultures. But, according to the story in mythology, he sings, even as his heart is eaten by the vulture

of hell, "I am glad I stole the fire from Jupiter and gave it unto men."

Oh, if it means that we, for Christ's sake, who gave us this Holy Fire to give to men, shall be chained to a rock and our hearts dug out by some vulture of hell, shall we not rejoice that we received the Fire given to us by God, and that we communicated it to men? (Amen.)

No matter what the sacrifice may be, it is worth while.

Christ, who was Baptized with the Baptism of Suffering and of Death, arose triumphant; He reigns in heaven; He will return and reign on earth; and He will establish His Father's Kingdom over every heart, and every spot of ground.

Because He lives, we shall live also. We cannot die.

In Adam all died once, but in Christ all shall live again.

He hath said, "He that believeth in Me, though he die, yet shall he live. Whosoever liveth and believeth on Me shall never die."

Believest thou this?

Voices—"Yes."

General Overseer—Then live it, and carry the Fire that will consume every unclean desire in every heart, in every home, in every city, in every nation, until the earth is purged with the Purifying Power, and Christ our King has come to reign, until the Time when every foe is vanquished, and He delivers up the Kingdom to God even the Father.

All who want that Baptism of Fire, and are willing to be consumed that God may dwell in them as a Consuming Fire, rise and tell Him so now. (Apparently all arose.)

Pray with me.

PRAYER OF CONSECRATION.

My God and Father, in Jesus' Name I come to Thee. Take me as I am. Make me what I ought to be, in spirit, in soul, in body. Give me power to do right, that by a true Repentance and simple Faith I may receive the Holy Spirit as the Breath of Life, as the Water of Life, and as the Living Fire. Give me that Fire. Purify my heart, and all my life with that Purging Fire. Help me to carry Fire to other hearts and other homes,

and other lands, no matter what the suffering may be, for Jesus' sake. Amen. (*All repeat the prayer, clause by clause, after the General Overseer.*)

Did you mean it?

Audience—"Yes."

General Overseer—Will you live it?

Audience—"Yes."

General Overseer—Then God will bless you.

In the roll of the Church above your vow is recorded, and the way you keep it will be recorded, too.

After the Recessional, Zion's White-robed Choir and Zion's Robed Officers passed slowly out while the audience stood, bowed in silent prayer. The service was closed by the General Overseer pronouncing the

BENEDICTION.

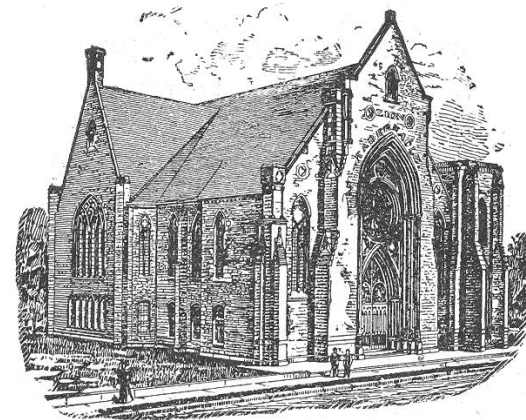
Beloved, abstain from all appearance of evil. And may the very God of Peace Himself sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole Spirit and Soul and Body be preserved entire, without blame unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it; the grace of our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

After a brief intermission, Overseer William Hamner Piper came upon the platform and made a strong, stirring appeal to those who had not obeyed God in Baptism by Triune Immersion to surrender fully to God and obey Him at once.

God blessed the word spoken and many signified their desire to be so baptized.

The General Overseer then administered the Ordinance of Believers' Baptism by Triune Immersion, "into the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," to thirty--two Christians.

God blessed the Ordinance to the candidates and to the



CENTRAL ZION TABERNACLE.

THE CUP OF SUFFERING.

THE STORM KING, “the Prince of the Power of the Air,” was raging on Lord’s Day, April 21, 1901. For many hours a high gale had been blowing from the northeast.

It seemed to increase in violence as the day wore on. Clouds of dust filled the air. So fierce was the wind that it seemed, at times, almost impossible to face it.

In spite of the fact that it was near the end of April, the wind was cold and bleak.

In the afternoon, the wind brought a cold, driving rain, which increased the discomforts and difficulties of going out upon the streets.

Yet, when the hour for beginning the afternoon service arrived, Central Zion Tabernacle was well filled, nearly three thousand persons being present.

Zion’s people and the many who wished to hear God’s Word proclaimed by God’s Messenger in Zion were not to be kept back by the Storm King.

With stout hearts and happy faces they came through the gale to the House of God.

The thousands who thus braved the elements soon forgot the disagreeable weather in praising God for the wonderful blessings of that day.

God’s Messenger to Zion spoke with great spiritual power.

To those who have the privilege of hearing his Voice from week to week, it has seemed that the man of God has grown in spiritual stature and strength with each succeeding Lord’s Day.

Hence it seemed that in this brief but mighty Message on “the Cup of Suffering,” the General Overseer outdid himself. No printed page can ever convey that wonderful Message as it fell from his lips in Central Zion Tabernacle on that stormy afternoon.

Yet it can carry, in a measure, the truth there proclaimed.

May God, by His Spirit, make that truth effectual in the hearts of the tens of thousands of readers of the Little White Dove throughout the World.

The services were opened by the beautiful Processional of Zion’s White-robed Choir and Robed Officers, which has become, in its impressiveness, a power in bringing all into the presence of God, as a preparation for the exercises to follow.

As the procession entered and the singers and officers took their places, the choir sang that old but beautiful song of

When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and pray’r,
To God I still repair,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Does sadness fill my mind,
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The pow’rs of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

In heaven’s eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky

From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle Divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised

Central Zion Tabernacle, Lord's Day Afternoon, April 21, 1901

The services were opened by singing.

SCRIPTURE READING AND EXPOSITION.

The General Overseer then read from the Gospel according to St. Matthew, twentieth chapter. Upon the twenty-third verse he commented as follows:

He saith unto them, My Cup indeed ye shall drink: but to sit on My right hand, and on My left hand, is not Mine to give, but it is for them for whom it Hath been prepared of My Father.

Never forget that the Kingdom is not Christ's.

Never forget that in the prayer He taught us to pray, He taught us to say, "Our Father."

He bids us to remember, as we close that prayer, to whom the Kingdom belongs, when He says, "Thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory."

THE KINGDOM IS THE KINGDOM OF THE FATHER.

When the end shall come, Christ shall deliver up the Kingdom to God even the Father, and all rule, and all authority and power shall be put under His feet.

Then He Himself shall be subject unto Him that put all things under Him that God may be All and in All.

Whatever men may say in order to make the Word of

God, if they could, on a par with their human thinking and their human definition, there is simply no question whatever but that our Lord Jesus Christ always taught the supremacy of the Father.

He says that this great thing which the mother of the sons of Zebedee asked was not within His power to give, but was within the power of the Father.

THE SUPREMACY OF THE FATHER IS NOT INCONSISTENT WITH THE TRIUNITY OF GOD.

Unity does not mean equality in the units, but oftentimes the contrary.

In the revelation that Christ has given us of God the Father, He has always recognized and taught us to recognize the supremacy of the Father.

We believe in the Triunity of God the Father, Jesus Christ the Son, and the Holy Spirit, because Christ has so revealed it.

He and the Father are One with the Spirit. The Son and the Father are but One, yet we will never agree to teaching the equality of the persons in the Triune God.

There is no such thing taught by Christ as equality with the Father.

He taught in the most distinct and positive terms: "My Father is greater than I."

Here is one instance, without any special intention to make it so, where He simply lets the mother of the sons of Zebedee understand that he recognizes that which the Father hath reserved for Himself.

You say, "How can there be Triunity in the Godhead without equality?"

Perfectly! There is no difficulty in understanding it, if you will only consider your own being. We are a triunity composed of spirit, of soul, and of body.

The Greek words used to designate them are *pneuma*, *psyche*, *soma* (πνεῦμα, ψυχῆ, σῶμα).

The body, the soul, and the spirit are entirely different; yet

they are united. But their union is not the union of equality; for this earthly body is not by any means the equal of the animal life, or soul, nor is either of these the equal of the spirit. The spirit is eternal. The soul is only transient; no more immortal than the soul of a beast: for it is simply, and solely, in all creatures, and in man, the animal life.

THE SOUL CAN DIE.

Christ's soul died. He said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." He poured out His soul unto death, and His body died.

But the Spirit who was in Him could not die. Through that mighty power of the Holy Spirit coöperating with Him, He was raised from the dead, and His spirit reanimated a body in which the soul, the life, the animal life had entirely ceased, for all His blood was shed; and "the blood is the life."

There we have an illustration of how in Christ, who was made as we are—He was fashioned a man—we see the triunity of the spirit, and the soul, and the body, but the supremacy of the spirit.

Our being is the same. I am not three persons, but one; but should a knife pierce my heart, or a bullet my brain, or in some way my life blood be shed this moment, my body would be dead, my soul would be dead, but my spirit would live.

Christ taught us to pray that the Kingdom was the Father's; that the Father's Will was the supreme thing to do.

WE ERR WHEN WE PRAY TO ANY ONE ELSE BUT TO THE FATHER.

You have no more right to pray to Jesus Christ or to the Holy Ghost than you have to pray to the Virgin Mary or to St. Joseph.

If you obey Christ, you will pray to the Father: for He said, "When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in the heavens." You will pray to the Father only. You will bow your

knee and say, "My Father," and you will pray in the Name of Jesus. You will pray in the power of the Spirit, but you will not address your prayers either to the Holy Ghost or to Jesus Christ.

THE CONSENSUS OF DIVINE TEACHING IS "PRAY TO GOD THE FATHER."

The Apostle Paul clearly makes this plain when he says, "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father from whom every family (Greek, fatherhood) in heaven and on earth is named."

I believe that tremendous blunders and constantly unanswered prayers are hindering the work of the Church simply and solely because men will persist in praying to some other than the Father.

You have no right, and I have no right, to pray otherwise than as Christ Himself taught us to pray. He is the Advocate with the Father. He is the Intercessor and the Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus.

The Holy Spirit is teaching us to pray, helping our infirmities, and instructing us to cry "Abba, Father."

Always pray in Jesus' Name.

Always pray for Jesus' sake.

Always ask for the power and guidance of the Holy Spirit, but pray to the Father, and always and only to the Father.

This miserable thing of praying to three separate persons is a curse.

Most of the prayers offered in the denominations are addressed to the Lord Jesus. There are certain persons who think that it is the very best thing in the world to pray to the Holy Spirit. The consequence is that humanity has almost lost the idea of a Father, because the Christian Church has forgotten that the Church itself, while it is the Bride of Christ, belongs to the Father. Both the Bridegroom and the Bride are His.

I am determined to fight this matter out to a finish with

the whole apostate Church, which offers yearly hundreds of millions of prayers that are never answered: for they neither live nor pray, for the most part, as God directs. I say again today from this Tabernacle platform, You have no right to pray to any one but God the Father.

May God help us to pray as Christ taught us, and as the Holy Spirit leads us. (Amen.)

And when the ten heard it, they were moved with indignation concerning the two brethren.

Not that their indignation was of much account. They would have been glad to have gotten these places themselves.

But Jesus called them unto Him, and said, Ye know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. Not so shall it be among you: but whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister.

Of whom was Christ speaking? Was He not speaking to the Twelve Apostles?

THINGS SPOKEN TO THE APOSTLES WERE NOT ALWAYS INTENDED FOR THE WHOLE CHURCH.

There are a great many people who apply that passage to the whole Church. That is not a fair application. It has nothing to do with the whole Church. He was talking to the Twelve Apostles upon whom the Church is built.

St. Paul wrote to the Ephesians:

Ye are fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the Household of God, being built upon the Foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the Chief Corner Stone.

Jesus was talking to the apostles. He did not say that they should not exercise authority over the Church; but, on the contrary, it is expressly stated that "He gave them authority." What He said was that these Twelve Apostles should not

exercise authority over each other; that they should recognize their perfect equality in office, and that the best and greatest among them would be the one who was, like the Master Himself, servant of all.

To say that this meant to place the apostles on an equality as to authority in the Church with the humblest Christian, is a perfect absurdity.

You cannot put the father upon a perfect equality with the little baby; you cannot put him upon a perfect equality with the ten-year-old child. If you attempt it, you will disorganize the home.

You cannot put the man who is the President of the United States upon an equality of authority with the low, drinking buffoon who last night discussed politics while he was drinking, and shouted out his opinions upon every question when he was drunk. Both are citizens; but all citizens are not equals. To contend for that is simply ridiculous!

Nor is it so in the Church of God. All true Christians are citizens of the Kingdom of God; but all citizens of heaven are not equals.

THE APOSTLES EQUAL IN OFFICE.

These apostles were told that they were to recognize the equality of their office. The one who was greatest among them should be simply *primus inter pares*; that is, first among equals. The greatest would be the one who was humblest.

Christ Himself was the greatest among them. He said, "I am in the midst of you as he that serveth." He was the humblest and, therefore, the greatest, but had He no Authority?

He had authority in heaven and on earth. Because He takes the place of deepest humility, does that strip Him of His kingly authority?

No! It intensifies and magnifies it.

Do not make any mistake about this. A great many people run off with the idea that everything said to the apostles was

said to the whole Church.

That is why some people run into feet-washing.

THE ORDINANCE OF FEET-WASHING WAS FOR
THE APOSTLES ALONE.

The Lord Jesus Christ said to the apostles:

If I then, the Lord and the Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet.

Then the "feet-washers" rush in. That means, they claim, that everybody has to wash everybody's else feet.

Quite a considerable task that would be today, would it not? (Laughter.) Just try, in Central Zion Tabernacle any Lord's Day afternoon, to make it an essential part of our worship that we should wash one another's feet.

Even on this bitterly cold and stormy day we would have three thousand pairs of feet—six thousand separate articles to cleanse.

Think of the dishes, soap, water, towels, and undressing and dressing of the feet, etc.

Before we got through, midnight would be upon us, and all that would have been done would have been the washing of feet that were already clean in most cases. If they are not clean, then, of course, your feet need washing, and it would be very good and kind of somebody to wash them for you. (Laughter.)

Our Lord Jesus Christ established the washing of feet among the apostles to teach them humility.

If you could extend it to the ministers of Chicago, it might be a very good thing. I would be very willing to wash the feet of every minister of Christ, and it might do them good to wash mine. But these words of Christ are not thus applicable.

I ask you, and I ask the Christian Catholic Church in Zion everywhere, not to apply to the whole Church things that were applied only to the apostles.

When the Apostolic Office is fully restored—as it must be

in these Times of the Restoration of All Things—then every word that Jesus spoke to the apostles only must be fully obeyed.

Christ's words were not intended to strip the apostles of all authority, but places them upon an equality. It confirms their authority; for the humblest amongst them is to be President of the Apostolic College. That is what it means, for there will always have to be a President, even in the Apostolic College.

"ONE-MAN POWER" IS NECESSARY.

There is no such thing as rule, when a dozen people rule. There is no such thing as rule unless you can give it into one hand, and give the supreme authority to one person.

You have to do that in a Republic, or else the Republic will go to pieces.

You have to do it in a workshop, or else the work would never be done.

You have to do it in a family, or else the family will go to pieces.

You have to do it on a railway train. Somebody must control every man on that train from the engineer to the rear flag-man. The train must be absolutely obedient to that Conductor.

Then the whole line must be absolutely obedient to the General Superintendent, and the General Superintendent must be absolutely obedient to the President of the Railroad Company.

If every man is going to run his engine upon his own time and schedule, I am going to take to the sidetracks (laughter), and let these fellows smash each other; for that is what they will do.

THE PRINCIPLE OF AUTHORITY IS ESSENTIAL
TO SUCCESS.

The principle of everybody being in authority is just the way to let the Devil win. The Devil can defeat you when you

say, "It does not matter about an army. We are all kings. We are all priests. We are all generals. This is an army where there are no privates."

When you see a so-called Church like that, make up your mind that the Devil is not in any trouble about that Church. It will never give him any trouble, because the members will quarrel so much amongst themselves as to who shall be the biggest king that there will not be anything done.

And whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant.

"Bondservant" is the meaning of the word in the original Greek.

The man who is to be the greatest amongst the coming apostles must be the slave of all.

The apostolic office must be restored, and shall be restored in these "Times of the Restoration of All Things."

The man who will be the greatest, the primus, or first, amongst equals, will be the man who is, as it were, the very bondservant; willing to serve his brethren as if he were their slave with a deep and true humility: for Christ's sake.

Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.

Jesus Christ died the Death of a slave.

Amongst the Romans, crucifixion was the death reserved for a bondservant. No Roman citizen could be crucified, but the slaves were punished in that manner.

Christ was greatest, yet He took the place of the lowest.

That is why He exercises Authority today in heaven and on earth. He now takes the highest place.

He that would rise to be the highest,
Must first come down to be the lowest,
And then ascend to be the highest
By keeping down to be the lowest.

It is only when you really keep down to be the lowest that you can be a power. That is something to learn. Oh, that everywhere in Zion this lesson might be daily lived. Then would Zion everywhere become a greater power for God in the rapid evangelization of the world.

And as they went out from Jericho, a great multitude followed Him. And behold, two blind men sitting by the wayside, when they heard that Jesus was passing by, cried out, saying, Lord, have mercy on us, thou Son of David. And the multitude rebuked them, that they should hold their peace: but they cried out the more, saying, Lord, have mercy on us, Thou Son of David. And Jesus stood still, and called them, and said, What will ye that I should do unto you? They say unto Him, Lord, that our eyes may be opened. And Jesus, being moved with compassion, touched their eyes: and straightway they received their sight, and followed Him.

May God bless His Word.

Zion's White-robed Choir then sang Stevens' *Te Deum*.

The General Overseer then said:

In going to prayer, I feel to say a word.

THE SADNESS OF UNANSWERED PRAYERS.

One of the saddest things in connection with modern Christianity is the fact that the apostate churches offer millions of prayers every year, and not only get no answer, but are losing every year, tens of thousands of their number.

Those who are added are inadequate to make up the number, not of those who die, but, leaving them out altogether, of those who relapse into the world.

I showed you some time ago that the Methodist Episcopal Church North and South had lost Two Hundred and Seventy-seven Thousand Five Hundred and Forty-five (277,545) members in one year.

They admitted a loss of about Twenty Thousand (20,000). I showed you that it was much larger; for they had not counted in those whom they had received during the year. They simply admitted that there were Twenty Thousand less members at the end of the year than there were at the beginning. But they

claimed to have added 257,699 during the year. Their total loss, therefore, was the difference between their membership at the beginning of the year, plus their additions, and their membership at the end of the year.

Whatever the number may be, it is an admitted fact that everywhere the prayer of the apostate churches, "Thy Kingdom come," is not answered as far as they are concerned. It is because God's will is not done. It is, among other things, because they do not pray as God teaches; and also that they do not live as they pray.

It is a fact that if every member and minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North and South—say three millions in all—prayed only twice each day for an increase in their numbers, then they offered 2,190,000,000 (two billions one hundred and ninety millions) of prayers without any affirmative answer from God; but, on the contrary, a loss of more than a quarter of a million of members.

What a terrible fact!

It would be a great injury to us today if we bowed our heads in prayer and repeated together words that were not in our hearts.

It were better that you should never speak than that you should speak hypocritical, false or frivolous words. That would be an offense to God.

What a blessing it is to think of prayer being answered!

One reason why these many requests which are in my hand have come to Zion today is because the people know that

IN ZION GOD HEARS AND ANSWERS PRAYER.

That is the fact.

You all know it.

The record in LEAVES OF HEALING every week is only a very small part of that which is going on all the time, when hundreds and thousands are being blessed.

Let us pray today as those who believe that God will answer prayer, and that He will bless those for whom He has

called us to pray.

CONVERSION AND DELIVERANCE FROM
TOBACCO AND SECRETISM IN ANSWER TO
PRAYER.

I noticed when I stooped down just now for some of my papers that there was something on the floor which I had not noticed before. I see it is one of these Masonic aprons. (Laughter.)

I am so glad to get it.

Here are two "mere-shams" (meerschaums). (Laughter.) This one evidently has been used a long time.

Here is another. It has two wild horses running off with it down to perdition. (Laughter.)

I see three applications for fellowship here, and the man who did own this pipe—it is mine now (laughter)—is Henry Reynolds, electrical and mechanical engineer, living at 6745 Marshfield Avenue.

Is that right, Mr. Reynolds?

Mr. Reynolds—"Yes, sir."

General Overseer—Where are you? Stand up. Let us see you. (Applause.) That's all right.

I prayed for you. You are a son of Deaconess Reynolds, are you not?

Mr. Reynolds—"Yes, sir."

General Overseer—I will get the rest of her children, too. (Laughter.) Only one left. How many have we gotten altogether, Deaconess?

Deaconess Reynolds—"Six."

General Overseer—We have one more to get. You go after your brother, Henry Reynolds.

You see prayer is answered in Zion.

That dear old mother of that brother, who is fifty years of age, has been incessantly at me to pray for these boys. I guess I have prayed enough to make them uncomfortable enough to give up these pipes and Masonic aprons. (Laughter and

applause.)

I always enjoyed praying for them, especially when the Deaconess earnestly asked me, and one by one our prayers have been answered.

This tobacco evil seems to be a little thing to talk so much about. Is it?

Voices—"No."

THE TERRIBLE WASTE CAUSED BY TOBACCO.

General Overseer—It causes a waste every year, in the United States alone, of Seven Hundred Million Dollars (\$700,000,000). Seven Hundred Million Dollars a year is spent in smoking this dirty, stinking, filthy nicotine, which makes a man a disgusting dog all the time.

Is that not true, brethren?

Voices—"Yes."

General Overseer—Is that not so, women?

Women—"Yes."

General Overseer—That is right. Hear the women. (Laughter.) They know it. (Applause.)

Oh, if I could only capture that Seven Hundred Million Dollars a year for God, what a power!

Now what does it do?

It is awful to think of it!

Spending the money is the least part of it, yet that is a tremendous thing. Seven Hundred Million Dollars a year is no trifle.

It is more gold than there is in the whole United States Treasury today; yet the sum of gold in the United States Treasury today is larger than at any time in the history of this country. Five hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of gold are in the United States Treasury. But the stinkpots annually smoke \$150,000,000 more than all that gold reserve in the United States Treasury.

Then you drinkers, you beerpots, you unmitigated swillpots! (Laughter.) Ugh!

You spend Thirteen Hundred Millions of Dollars a year on your cups.

Why do men drink so much alcohol? Because this tobacco, this nicotine, is a twin sister Narcotic Poison, and depraves their natures, and makes them thirsty,

This tobacco has in it, too, opium and cocaine, and all kinds of dirty drugs, so as to create thirst, and to create a passionate longing for another narcotic poison like alcohol.

I DO NOT FIGHT A SMALL THING WHEN I FIGHT NICOTINE POISON.

It creates amaurosis, blindness, paralysis, insanity, destruction of the nerve centers, locomotor ataxia, heart disease—the tobacco, heart-disease of the stomach and ulcerations of the bowels. It also creates cancer.

Is that not enough to fight?

Audience—"Yes."

General Overseer—Is it not something worth fighting?

Audience—"Yes."

General Overseer—Mr. Reynolds, in the Name of the Lord, you should be a thankful man today.

How many years had you smoked?

Mr. Reynolds—"Forty."

General Overseer—Forty? Oh, what a stinkpot you were! Could we not say, "Lord, by this time he stinketh"?

But he is not going to stink any more. (Laughter.) Thank God for that.

I was just telling you that prayer was answered, and there I found an illustration. I had only just to bow down to my feet to find this illustration.

Oh, that God would answer Zion's prayer to break this accursed chain upon America and the world! (Amen.)

It is no light chain, I tell you. Every man, apart from my own peculiar views, who has the welfare of humanity at heart, must wish us success in destroying this thing.

NO HUSBAND AND FATHER WANTS HIS WIFE
AND CHILDREN TO SMOKE.

Is there any father who wants his children to smoke?
Voices—"No."

General Overseer—Mr. Reynolds, do you want your boys to smoke? Do you want your wife to smoke, your daughters to smoke?

Mr. Reynolds—"No, sir."

General Overseer—Oh, you wretched smokers! Do you bring them home a cigar and ask your wife and children to smoke, too? You do not? That shows how bad you are.

However, you do not want them to be as dirty as you are. You are no worse than the great mass of men around, who seem to think that there is no harm in smoking; but that is no excuse for your filthy sin.

You ask me if a man can do what he likes?

Yes, sir; you can do what you like, but if you do what you like, you will go to hell.

If you do what God likes, you will go to heaven.

Which will you do?

Voices—"Do what God likes."

General Overseer—Do what you like and destroy your body, and make yourself an offense and a curse, squander God's money, and keep yourselves out of God's service? Is that the thing to do?

Voices—"No."

General Overseer—Then do what God tells you.

Thank God for Brother Reynolds. (Amen.)

He is going to do what God tells him.
Oh, I am glad to capture the stinkpots, and to read them out of the Universal Order of Nicotine Stinkpots.
Ugh! My Lord, how the members of that Order stink!

ZION'S PROTEST IS NOT DELIVERED IN VAIN.

Brethren, it is more important for us to pray aright today than to preach.

The most important thing in this service is prayer.

There are some of you who are in chains of bondage, and you cannot get free. Ask God to set you free, and to put aside today, as this man has done, the thing which enchains you.

Get into Zion, and then you will get help here. You can not get help in the apostate churches.

They will let you smoke and drink and play progressive euchre just as much as you like.

They will let you go to theaters and dance.

They will let you eat pig and every other dirty thing without protest. They do not mind. They do not care a snap about that, because they do it themselves.

It is time to get away from such churches. Does not God want His people to be clean?

Audience—"Yes."

General Overseer—Then be clean! Get clean! Keep clean! I am so glad that God is answering prayer.

I WOULD RATHER PRAY THAN PREACH.

Was this yours, Mr. Reynolds? (Referring to the Masonic apron.)

Mr. Reynolds—"Yes, sir."

General Overseer—Thank God for that. Then you are out

of the Order of Mah-hah-bones (Free and Accepted Masons), too, are you? (Laughter.) Thank God for that.

The next time you wear an apron you will do something with it; help your wife to wash up dishes or something else. (Laughter and applause.) That is a good thing to do.

“Oh, what do you know about it?” some one may ask.

I have done that myself many a time. I have swept floors, too—and washed babies! (Laughter.)

I would do it again tomorrow, if the necessity arose.

I can cook oatmeal better than many of you women can! (Laughter.)

I am trying to teach you all the time to steep it over night, and start cooking it early in the morning, so that the man will not have to cook it, painfully, in his stomach hour after hour whilst at business during the day. (Laughter.)

I would like to get some common sense into you as to the immense value of well-cooked food—oatmeal especially.

I am so glad to get these aprons!

Thank God, he got away from the goat and Mah-hahbone.

Mr. Reynolds, just between you and me, did the Lodge ever help you to heaven?

Mr. Reynolds—“No, sir.”

General Overseer—Did it ever help you to know anything about Jesus Christ?

Mr. Reynolds—“No, sir.”

General Overseer—Did you ever sing a hymn to Jesus’ Name in the Lodge?

Mr. Reynolds—“No, Sir.”

General Overseer—Was His Name ever mentioned there?

Mr. Reynolds—“Not to my knowledge.”

General Overseer—The fact of the matter is simply that you do not dare name the Name of Jesus Christ in a Masonic Lodge. Is that not true?

Ex-Masons—“Yes, that is true.”

General Overseer—Then the Masonic Lodge is a good place for a Christian to keep out of.

DO NOT GO WHERE YOU CANNOT TAKE THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST WITH YOU.

You have no business there, in these sham resurrections of Hiram Abiff by King Solomon upon the “five points of fellowship.” After his stinking body was raised up and Solomon whispered in his ear Mah-hah-bone (laughter), then he was alive.

Oh, you fools (laughter and applause), going on practicing that idiotic thing! Ugh!

Now I desire to pray for these sick people.

WOMEN WHO SUFFER FOR THEIR HUSBAND’S SINS.

Two-thirds of them are women who are sick because they have bad husbands, dirty dogs of husbands, husbands who promised to protect them, and then beat them; husbands who promised them to protect them and honor them, husbands who said they would make their society the joy of their life.

What do they do? They belong to every Ungodly Lodge in the town except the Home Lodge.

They leave the wife to take care of the children, or with insufficient money to hire necessary help in housekeeping. Many of these unclean husbands dress up in spotless linen, fine clothes, Masonic jewels, and put on their aprons to go and serve the Devil. Shame!

Two-thirds of these petitions for prayer are from poor, overwrought, broken-down women whose husbands have

forsaken their homes, left them to bear the burden of debt, and of a badly-born family who are diseased and discontented from birth—yes, and before it: for I know of many Secret Society fiends who brought home dirty disease, dogs that they are!

I hate Secretism! I hate Secretism! I hate it with all my heart: for it is the enemy of God, of Home, of Virtue, and of the Nation.

The harlot's house is next door to the Secret Lodge. Men can go straight from one to the other, and sometimes they do not need to go outside the Secret Lodge. They can find harlots among the *Macca-wasps*, and the others of that kind. Ugh!

I am getting more angry than ever I was about this thing. I believe God is angry.

I wish to see the men saved, because the women have no hope but in God or in death. They have no hope in their husbands unless God saves them.

Thanks be to God for the large number of husbands who, in Zion, have come out of these things.

These requests for prayer, however, are cries from women outside of Zion mostly. Sick, sad, sorrowing, two-thirds of these petitioners are women, and perhaps of the other one-third one-half are those asking prayers for little children who were born shattered in their nerves, and diseased because of the iniquity of their fathers.

WHAT A CRY THIS IS THAT COMES UP TO GOD!

It reaches me every hour of every day and night wherever I am. It comes in cablegrams from Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia. It comes in letters and telegrams from all parts of America; and often I am called to the Long Distance Telephone to listen to the heartbroken sobs of some one who

is trying to ask me to pray for a dying child or grown-up son or daughter, or a dying sister, brother, husband or wife. These petitions pour into Zion continually, and rend my heart with sympathetic grief as I see the terrible ravages of the Devourer, who, by means of Sin and Disease, is destroying on every hand.

If I were not stirred up by this cry what should I be? I never get used to it, and I never shall.

I cry to God today against the great adversary who is deceiving humanity, and getting them to drink these deadly cups of poison; to smoke this deadly, horrible, disease-producing tobacco, and to go into these accursed dens of darkness.

I will reprove those who are going into Secretism.

Go to your homes and attend to your wives, and do your duty to God and to humanity and through the Gates of Repentance toward God and Faith in Jesus Christ enter into His Church.

I ask you to pray today to some purpose.

Pray that every man and every woman here who is unsaved today shall be saved. (Amen.) May God grant it.

Overseer Piper, pray first, and let us all pray.

Prayer was offered by Overseer Piper, after which the General Overseer prayed, followed by the congregation chanting the Disciples' Prayer.

The tithes and offering were then received, Zion White-robed Choir singing that grand anthem of Stainer's whose scriptural words and beautiful composition are a splendid inspiration when properly sung, "Zion, Awake." There are few, indeed, of chorus choirs that can sing so difficult a selection so smoothly and with such meaning, so accurately and with such volume. There are none who can sing those wondrous words with such a keen appreciation of their

significance.

THE CUP OF SUFFERING.

The General Overseer then said:

INVOCATION.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, be profitable unto this people, and unto all to whom these words shall come, in this and every land, in this and all the coming time, till Jesus come. (Amen.)

TEXT.

Jesus answered and said, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink the Cup that I am about to drink?

I spoke to you last week concerning the Baptism of Fire in which Christ was Baptized.

I desire to say a few words this afternoon concerning the Cup which He drank.

THE HORROR OF CHRIST'S CRUCIFIXION.

I have never been able to think of the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ, of His Atoning Sacrifice and sufferings in the last hours of His earthly life in the flesh, without varied emotions possessing me which made it impossible for me to think of it with any degree of patience. I cannot understand those who can meditate upon such sufferings with complacency.

Think of your son, your only son—presuming that he is a pure, and good, and holy man—taken possession of by

unclean and diabolical men and dragged through the streets.

Think of him wounded, beaten, mocked, scourged, and at last, after a long night of suffering, made to bear a heavy cross amid the jeers and sneers and hooting of the rabble of an Eastern city.

Think of him enduring the cruel lash of the Roman soldiers; fainting, bleeding, dying, helped by that African to bear the cross; making His weary way to Calvary.

Think of him nailed to that cross to suffer and to die.

Then you will see how that was the most horrible outrage ever committed upon God's earth. I cannot but feel indignation, and anger, and detestation against the wretches who did that. I cannot but feel the righteous indignation that every one must feel who even looks upon such a scene.

But when we remember that He was our Brother and died for us, that He became incarnate to do it; then the sorrow, and the shame, and the horror that sin, and disease, and death, and human misery should be so great and so horrible as to need such a Sacrifice, overwhelm me not merely with indignation and detestation, but with shame that I belong to such a race, and have the blood of such foul and filthy rebels in my being. I am ashamed to think that I belong to a Race of Sinners who required such a Sacrifice.

I cannot think of these things with complacency at all.

Although I know that Christ suffered for my sins that I might not sin; for my sicknesses that I might not be sick; took my poverty that I might be rich; took my weakness that I might be strong; took the Cup of Hell in order that I might get the very Ambrosia of Heaven, I hate to think that such a Sacrifice was needed. To me, the most horrible thing in the way of mental effort is to contemplate that Cruel Murder of the Sinless Son of Man, the Holy and the Just Son of God.

COLD-BLOODED HORROR OF A CERTAIN
PREACHER'S SERMON.

I heard a man once preach a sermon from the words, "And sitting down they watched Him there." He began to say to his audience, "Come, let us sit down with the Centurion and watch Jesus upon the cross." I felt like standing up and saying, "You monster, how can you sit down with that heathen Centurion, and watch the sufferings of the dying Saviour? How can you look at it at all? How is it that your face is not buried in the earth with shame?"

He went on, and "watched Him there."

I said, as I listened to that sermon, "You never realized the horror of that suffering, Mr. Preacher, you never realized the shame of that Awful Murder of the Innocent One."

I cannot do it. I will not sit down and watch Him there with those who had just nailed Him to the cruel Cross, parting His garments among them, and gambling as to who should have His Seamless Robe. An hour of that would break my heart.

At the same time, I want you to remember that we are to drink of the Cup of which He drank.

It is just as well for Zion, in this glorious morning of her prosperity, marching on to victory, to know that there is a Real Baptism of Real Fire, and

A CUP OF REAL SUFFERING FOR THOSE WHO
"FOLLOW IN HIS TRAIN."

Make no mistake about it.

If we do not suffer, we shall never reign with Him. If we do not suffer, we shall never understand Him.

If we can pass through life on flowery beds of ease, we

are not Christians at all; because His statement was emphatic and clear that in the world we should have tribulation, and in Him we should have peace.

My brothers and sisters, if we have a life in which no Cup of Suffering for Christ has to be drunk, then we have not been in fellowship with Him. If we are in fellowship with Him, we know "the fellowship of His sufferings, becoming conformed unto His death; if by any means we may attain unto the resurrection from the dead."

If we are thus conformed, we will be ready to reign with Him throughout the Millennium, the period of One Thousand Years, during which He will rule the Nations from Mount Zion at Jerusalem, or else we shall have to die a Second Death, an awful death.

There are multitudes of God's children who will not die now, and will have to die again.

Let us die now.

Let us die to sin now.

Let us take the Cup of Suffering now.

Let us take it, and understand that although Christ Himself drank up His Cup to the deepest dregs, there is a Cup of Suffering reserved for us, too.

I have been deeply impressed today while reading the Word of God in this matter, especially with the words of the Apostle Paul in his letter to the Colossian Church, in which he says these words, speaking of himself as a minister and apostle of Jesus Christ:

Now I rejoice in my sufferings for your sake, and fill up on my part that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for His body's sake, which is the Church; whereof I was made a minister, according to the dispensation of God which was given me to youward, to fulfil the Word of God, even the Mystery which hath been hid from all ages and generations: but now hath it been manifested to His saints, to whom God

was pleased to make known what is the riches of the glory of this Mystery among the Gentiles, which is Christ in you, the hope of glory: whom we proclaim, admonishing every man and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ; whereunto I labor also, striving according to His working, which worketh in me mightily.

I said to our Father in Heaven today: “There was an apostle of Thine who had to fill up the Measure of the Sufferings of Christ in his day, and shall I shrink from drinking to its deepest depths the Cup of Suffering in my day? Shall these Elders, Evangelists, Deacons, Deaconesses, Seventies, and this people shrink from taking that Cup, and filling up the Measure of the sufferings of Christ and doing it now in our flesh, doing it now for His body’s sake, which is the Church; for the Church is the Body of Thy Christ?”

WE MUST DRINK THAT CUP OF SUFFERING IF
WE WOULD BE OF USE TO HUMANITY.

My brothers, unless we, in our degree, drink this Cup of Suffering, we shall never be able to suffer with our Lord and with the Church in its suffering.

Why is it that some of you are so little use to suffering humanity?

It is this.

You stand away from them, and pray *for* them. You talk to God *for* them, but you do not get right down *with* them.

You do not enter into the suffering of every quivering nerve.

You do not feel that this woman has a cancer, and that she is fighting down in the Dark Valley of the Shadow of Death there with Satan, the author of Disease, and with sins, and doubts, and fears, and temptations oppressing her—yea, tearing at her very heart.

You must get down to it, and you must grasp that Monster of Disease, and crush him beneath your feet.

You do not suffer with the suffering; therefore your prayer is not worth a snap.

There are many who pray whose prayers are ineffectual.

I have suffered *with* the sufferers, and fought with the Powers of Sin, Disease and Death, down, down, down into the very Inferno of the Hell of Human Pain.

I have gone down from hour to hour, day to day, week to week, month to month, and year to year, into the valley, ministering to the suffering, and fighting for their lives down in the darkness.

You will have to get there if you are to be Helpers of Men.

No man will ever be strong in helping humanity who has not got right down to him into the ditch where the “robbers,” the doctors and surgeons and druggists threw him, when they had wounded him, stripped him and left him “half-dead” on the Jericho Road.

A Yale professor, with an unruffled academic dignity, smiling at the enthusiasm of humanity which he sees in me, will stand and intellectually carve me up and serve me out to his students.

A generation ago he carved up Abraham Lincoln, dissected his mental constitution, and served him up to his students.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN TOOK THE CUP OF
SUFFERING AND GAVE UP HIS LIFE.

Was the Yale professor the kind of man who went down into the dark valley and prayed to his God when a great battle was going to be fought, that if God would give the United

States arms victory, he would sign the Emancipation Proclamation?

“O God,” cried Lincoln, “I will sign that Proclamation if it costs me my life.”

It cost him his life. (Amen.) But he signed it. He had gotten down to the place where he had to die.

The Yale professor can be a very elegant professor of Dry-as-dust; but he cannot do the work of Lincoln.

Get down! Leave your elegancies, and get down to work.

Friends, the African Negro in America today needs liberation just as much, and perhaps a little more, than he did in 1860.

I think that today somebody must take this President severely in hand and say to him, “William McKinley, learn something from Governor Nash; learn that the power of the President is not one which must wait until the State or county calls upon you to protect the poor Negro. God gave you that power, and the people of the United States of America voted you to the presidency for the very purpose of exercising the Executive Authority in such a way as to protect the life, liberty, and property of every person living under the Stars and Stripes. March down, then, and arrest the murderers of the Negro, no matter what their rank or station, in the Name of the Most High God!” (Amen. Applause).

“You must, to suffer with them.”

Ah, you Washingtonian Mah-hah-bones, you have lost sympathy with the Christ, and, therefore, with the oppressed.

You have lost sympathy with Abraham Lincoln.

You have lost sympathy with the men who died to set the slave free; but, thanks be to God, that sympathy is still alive in the quenchless Fire of Love which burns in the heart of Christ, and of those who have been baptized with His Baptism of the Holy Ghost and of Fire.

We have to take this Cup of Suffering.

WHO FOLLOWS IN HIS TRAIN?

Who best can drink His Cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows ‘n His train.

Get down to business.

Do not forget that God is marching on. It will be no excuse, William McKinley, for you, in the Day of Judgment, that the State did not call upon you.

Can you expect the State to call upon you when the State is the murderer?

Can you expect the county to call upon you when the county is the murderer?

Can you expect the people to call upon you when they are the murderers?

Is law only to be executed when the criminal calls for its execution ?

I say, President William McKinley, that you are wrong. As Governor Nash was wrong at Columbus, you are wrong at Washington.

The next time there is a lynching in Texas or Ohio or anywhere, override the State, send the Federal troops, and arrest the murderers. (Applause. Amen.)

There is no use talking sympathy and not living it.

We are not living in a heathen country, so they say. Then if we are not, let us live and carry out the principles of common justice as well as of true Christianity.

What a farce it is, this waiting until the criminal asks the authorities to punish him!

My brothers, apply it.

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

The Apostle Paul in his day had to “fill up the Measure of the Sufferings of Christ” in his own body for the sake of the Church, which was the body of Christ.

That Church is composed of white and black and yellow men; for Jesus Christ tasted death for every man.

He who denies the Unity of the Church, no matter what its color, no matter what its race, is a recreant. He is a rejecter of Jesus Christ, who is the one Master and declares that all men are brethren.

It seems to me to be a most monstrous, and Antichristian, and lawless, and horrible thing that, not only in the State but in the Church, we find men talking as if the black man or the yellow man had a different set of rights from the white man.

From what pit did God dig us?

What kind of men were our forefathers when His Messengers found them living in heathenism, many of them ignorant and brutal painted savages among the Picts and Scots and the aboriginal tribes of England?

What kind of men were our British forefathers?

They were steeped in every abomination of heathenism, even the immolation of their own children to Moloch, passing them through the fire, murdering their own offspring, and drinking the blood of their own children.

They were heathen, and in some respects fouler, fiercer and more horrible than any heathen today.

Out of these depths, and out of that miry clay, God brought us, His people. Can we not help our weak brethren of every color upon God’s earth? (Amen.)

Shall we not?

Voices—“Yes.”

General Overseer—Yes, we shall, if we are willing to drink Christ’s Cup of Suffering, the Cup of Suffering and of Service for Bleeding and Burdened Humanity everywhere.

This week I have been threatened for what I said two weeks ago. I am told that I cannot keep the breath in my body or the head on my shoulders if I speak in behalf of the Negro, and even plead for miscegenation.

Do you think I fear that threat?

Audience—“No.”

General Overseer—Do you think I am afraid of death?

Audience—“No.”

General Overseer—You cannot kill me. I shall never die.

MY LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.

It is beyond the power of man to take it, and I shall not pass from earth until God permits it. (Amen.)

If I were sure tonight that my blood would be shed for speaking the truth, could my life on earth end in a better cause?

Audience—“No.”

General Overseer—We are willing to take this Cup of Thine, O Christ, and as God our Father shall give us grace we shall drink it to its last drop.

We measure the possibilities of these words.

They are not words cast into the air. They are words that are striking blows that are felt, thank God, throughout the earth, and in the deepest depths of hell. (Amen.)

Thank God, He is hearing them in the highest heaven.

All of you who are willing to take the Cup, no matter what it costs, and to follow Christ, stand and tell Him so. (Apparently all arose.)

PRAYER OF CONSECRATION.

My God and Father, in Jesus' Name I come to Thee. Take me as I am. Make me what I ought to be, in spirit, in soul, in body. Give me power to do right, no matter what it costs. Give me Thy Holy Spirit.

Let my Repentance be sincere. Let it be practical. May I restore what is not mine, and confess every wrong to God and to man, for Jesus' sake. Take away my sin. By Thy Spirit cleanse me in spirit, in soul, in body. Give me power. Help me. Give me purity. Baptize me in the Holy Ghost and in Fire, and give me power to take the Cup of Sympathetic Suffering, of Suffering with Christ, of Suffering with the wronged, Suffering with the weak, with the sick, the sorrowing, the oppressed. O God, help me to suffer with them, and help me to help them.

Bless Zion in this fight. Help me to take my part in it, and to follow in the, train of Christ, and of these apostles and martyrs in all the ages who have done Thy will, O God, and entered into Thy rest. For Jesus, Thy dear Son's sake, hear and answer. Amen. (*All repeat the prayer, clause by clause, after the General Overseer.*)

Did you mean it?

Audience—"Yes."

General Overseer—Will you obey?

Audience—"Yes,"

General Overseer—Then stand while we sing our Recessional. When the General Overseer had finished speaking, the voices of Zion's White-robed Choir were heard in the stirring words and music of the Recessional:

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His Cup of Woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

That Martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw His Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hopes they knew
And mocked the torch of flame;
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bow'd their necks the stroke to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Throne of God rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climb'd the steep ascent of heav'n
Thro' peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be giv'n
To follow in their train.

At the close of each verse, led by the General Overseer, the audience joined, with great spirit, in the words, "Who follows in His train?"

The Choir and officers had passed out and the song had ceased, when the General Overseer pronounced the

BENEDICTION.

Jehovah bless thee, and keep thee:
Jehovah make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:

Jehovah lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee Peace.

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

GOD'S WAY OF HEALING.

BY THE REV. JOHN ALEX. DOWIE.

God's Way of Healing is a Person, Not a Thing.

Jesus said, "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life," and He has ever been revealed to His people in all the ages by the Covenant Name, Jehovah-rophi, or "I am the Lord that Healeth thee." (John 14: 16; Exodus 15:26.)

The Lord Jesus Christ is Still the Healer.

He cannot change, for "Jesus Christ is the sane yesterday and today, yea and forever"; and He is still with us, for He said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." (Hebrews 13:8; Matthew 28:20,) Because He is Unchangeable, and because He is present, in spirit, just as when in the flesh, He is the Healer of His people.

Divine Healing Rests on Christ's Atonement.

It was prophesied of Him, "Surely He hath borne our griefs (Hebrew sicknesses), and carried our sorrows: . . . and with His stripes we are healed"; and it is expressly declared that this was fulfilled in His ministry of Healing, which still continues. (Isaiah 53:4, 5; Matthew 8:17.)

Disease Can Never be God's Will.

It is the Devil's work, consequent upon Sin, and it is impossible for the work of the Devil ever to be the Will of God. Christ came to "destroy the works of the Devil," and when He was here on earth He healed "all manner of disease and all manner of sickness," and all these diseases are

expressly declared to have been “oppressed of the Devil.” (I John 3:8; Matthew 4:23; Acts 10:38.)

The Gifts of Healing are Permanent.

It is expressly declared that the “Gifts and the calling of God are without repentance,” and the Gifts of Healing are amongst the Nine Gifts of the Spirit to the Church. (Romans 11:29; 1 Corinthians 12:8-11.)

There are Four Modes of Divine Healing.

The first is the direct prayer of faith; the second, intercessory prayer of two or more; the third, the anointing of the elders with the prayer of faith; and the fourth, the laying on of hands of those who believe, and whom God has prepared and called to that ministry. (Matthew 8:5-13; Matthew 18: 19; James 5:14, 15; Mark 16: 18.)

Divine Healing is Opposed by Diabolical Counterfeits.

Amongst these are Christian Science (falsely so-called), Mind Healing, Spiritualism, Trance Evangelism, etc. (I Timothy 6:20, 21;

I Timothy 4:1, 2; Isaiah 51:22, 23)

Multitudes Have Been Healed Through Faith in Jesus.

The writer knows of thousands of cases and has personally laid hands on scores of thousands of persons. Full information can be obtained at the meetings held in Zion Tabernacle, 1621-1633 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, and in many pamphlets which give the experience, in their own words, of many who have been healed in this and other countries, published at Zion Printing and Publishing House,

1300 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

“Belief Cometh of Hearing, and Hearing by the Word of God.”

You are heartily invited to attend and hear for yourself.



He sendeth His word  and healeth them.

LEAVES OF HEALING

I am  the Lord that healeth thee. And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

A WEEKLY PAPER FOR THE EXTENSION OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD.
EDITED BY THE REV. JOHN ALEX. POWIE.

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