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A HOMELY TALK ON HEALING

The blessed truth of God's divine healing, like a silver thread of beauty, joy and gladness, runs through the whole Bible as part of the glorious atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and yet how few, how very few of His professed followers know anything about it, not even in theory, least of all in practice. The adversary has succeeded in blindly their eyes so completely to the truth that they settle down comfortably in their ignorance and declare that the days of miracles have passed and that God does not do these things now, while thousands of His happy, trustful, rejoicing people who know the truth and have experienced the blessed freedom which it brings to spirit and soul, as well as body, go on their delightful way praising the Lord for the glorious liberty of the children of God.

The curse of the broken law means disease of every description, and death, but Christ was made a curse for us, and He is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth, so then, for us, the curse is as if it had never been. Glory to Jesus! Praise His holy name! What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus my Lord. Many thousands whom God has made victors over disease are at this moment dwelling in this world of pain and sorrow, and now He is preparing a band of overcomers who shall never see death, in whom the last enemy shall be destroyed, and who will rise to meet Him in the air at His near coming.

Satan is the author and administrator of all disease and sickness. He is always the defiler, and Jesus is always the Healer, for He was manifested to destroy all the works of the devil. Ever since sin entered the Garden of Eden Satan has had power over the body as well as the soul and spirit of man. In thousands of instances he has had to loose his hold of the soul and spirit, but he has held on with a most tenacious grip upon the bodies of God's people, and has deceived them into believing that it is God who has made them sick, therefore it must be His will that they should be sick, and at the same time incites them to seek the best human skill and to take many so-called remedies on purpose to drive away the sickness and

so to get out of the will of God. Truly is he called the "arch-deceiver," but Jesus says "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free," and who is the Truth but Jesus Himself, and He it is who sets us free from all this cruel bondage and brings us out into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

A DIVINE HEALING STEPLADDER,

The Real Road to Wellville.

1. Divine healing stands on the rock pavement of God's statute to Israel,—“I will put none of the diseases of the Egyptians upon you.”
2. The Old Testament promise, “No plague shall come nigh thy dwelling.”
3. Prophecy of healing in the atonement, “By his stripes we are healed.”
4. The ministry of Jesus was largely one of bodily healing, and we read “Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and today, and forever.”
5. The Apostles exercised this same power, showing that it was not confined to our Lord, nor even to His time.
6. The promise of answered prayer, making no exception against divine healing. “Ask and ye shall receive.”
7. The inspired injunction, “Anointing with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick.” Not the oil but the prayer. “And the Lord shall raise him up.”
8. Lastly, every Christian knows of those who have been healed by the almighty power of God, for God is not leaving Himself without witness today.—C. E. Ross.

Hallelujah! Praise His name;

But now I fancy I hear someone saying “Yes I dare say people **might** be healed of some trifling diseases, or nervous complaints in this way, but it is ab-

surd to talk about it in connection with broken bones, for instance, or a cut artery. Such things must have surgical attention.” Well, I have no personal acquaintance with any one who has been healed of broken bones, although I have heard of several well authenticated cases, about the verity of which I have no shadow of doubt, but as a matter of fact I believe the dear Lord keeps His people from broken bones if they trust Him to do so. I remember having to go out one very slippery day in mid-winter and before starting asked the Lord for a promise. He gave me “He keepeth all his bones, not one of them is broken.” I said, “Yes, Lord, but I don't want to slip at all.” Then he said, “I will make thy feet like hinds' feet.” Glory to His name! Of course I went on my way rejoicing and never slipped at all.

Now about a cut artery. A sister in the Lord some years ago who had been healed (I forget what the trouble was in the first instance, but that is immaterial) went to stay with a friend some distance from London. She was but a babe in these things, and knew not how to answer all the questions put to her by her unbelieving friends, one of which was “Well, what would you do with a cut artery? You must have a doctor then or you would bleed to death.” She answered meekly and humbly, “I don't know what I should do. I hope I should trust the Lord.” On the very day she was leaving for London, by some means, part of a glass chandelier became loosened and fell on her head. In a moment they knew that an artery had been cut by the color and the spurting of the blood. All was terror and consternation as the towels applied became soaked with blood very quickly. Her friend was sending for the doctor to come at once when she said, “Oh don't do that. Let me get alone.” And she retired into another room alone with God. Then faith laid hold of the promises “By His stripes I am healed;” “Nothing shall be any means hurt you,” and instantly the blood was stanchied and the wound closed up. Her clothing was heavy with blood, and she wondered whether the Lord would have her return that day as she had intended, as she expected to feel weak from the loss, but He showed her that her strength was in Himself, and she could go quite well, and this she did and found no inconvenience whatever. Glory to His name! Of one thing we may be certain.

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The Remarkable Healing of Dorothy Kerin.

Healed of Advanced Consumption—Cavities in both Lungs, Tubercular Meningitis, Tubercular Peritonitis and Diabetes.

I know of no better way in which I can bring glory to God, and good to man, than by rehearsing the wonderful story of Dorothy Kerin. The work has been given me to do, and a necessity is upon me that I must tell it to others!

I could wish the privilege had fallen to other hands; yet, perhaps, no one knows the case better than myself. I have known the case from the beginning; and Miss Kerin has stayed at my home as one of my family for six weeks; so that all the facts here given are first hand—from Dorothy herself.

A Night Never to Be Forgotten.

Dorothy Kerin and all within the walls of 204, Milkwood Road, Herne Hill, London, will never forget Sunday evening, the 18th of February, 1912.

Friends and neighbors were then gathered together to see the last of Dorothy. The doctor had said she could not live until the morning. He had kept her alive for six weeks by means of brandy and opium and starch. During the last fortnight she had lain like a log of wood, and never moved her position in the bed, and was now blind, and deaf, and for the most part unconscious!

Previous to that, she had been five years confined to her bed, and had been turned out of five hospitals—incurable. She had been attended by eight-and-twenty doctors, and had been sent home from an Incurable Home in an ambulance with only a week to live!

Such was her condition, and now the end had come. At half-past nine on Sunday evening, as mother and friends stood watching, she seemed to breathe her last. Anyhow, for eight minutes her lungs ceased to breathe, and her heart ceased to beat, and they deemed her dead.

But just at this juncture, Dorothy tells us that someone called her by name, three times distinctly, and she replied, "Yes, I am listening, who is it?" And He said, "Listen!" and she felt two warm hands take hold of hers and lift them up to her eyes and put them down again. Then a beautiful light—the Glory of the Lord, flashed over the screen and came right over the bed. In the midst of it stood the Angel of the Lord, who still held her hands in His, and lifting them up to her eyes, He said, "Dorothy, your sufferings are over! Get up and walk!"

She then opened her eyes and saw all her relations around her bed, and said to them, "I want my dressing gown, I want to walk." Giving no heed to her request, she began to get up without it, but her mother held her down, saying, "No, Dorothy, you will fall, you must not get up!" While her mother was still holding her, the Angel of the Lord said the second time, "Get up and walk!" Her mother then relaxed her hold, and someone suggested that the

dressing gown should be given her, just to please her and show her that she couldn't walk.

During this time the glory of the Lord, in the likeness of a sphere of light, stood at the right side of her bed to lead her in the way. Then, with eyes and ears opened, and strength imparted to every limb, she threw off the bedclothes from her, and stepped on to the floor, placing her hand upon the Light that was to guide her.

The Light then moved forward, and she followed, saying to her friends, "I am following the Light;" and it led her straight out of the room, through a passage into another room where she expected to find her stepfather, who, however, was not there. The Light then led her into another room, where she found him, and in the joy of her restoration she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

She was then led back again to her own room, where she found the whole

They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercies. Jonah 2:8. After the prayer of faith has been offered for you, count all symptoms as lying vanities. Keep your eyes on Jesus alone.

company shaking and trembling with fear! Her stepfather following her, fell upon the floor, and began to cry—in the attitude of prayer!

And Dorothy, seating herself on a chair to compose them, said, "I cannot understand why you are all so frightened! I am quite, quite well! Indeed, I feel as though I should like some supper!" and presently, after much reluctance, as Dorothy herself testifies, they brought her, at her own request, cold beef and pickles and coffee! her mother saying, "Well, it will be her last meal!" and she ate it before them all, and asked for a second helping! She who had not tasted any solid food for six months and had been kept alive for the last six weeks on brandy and opium and starch! And they were all astonished beyond speech!

Early next morning, as she further testifies, a message was sent to Dr. Norman, by her stepfather, saying, "Dorothy is better," and naturally, on seeing him, the doctor thought he had come for the Death Certificate; but when he said, "Dorothy is better!" he thought for the moment he was dealing with a madman! Thus confounded, he set off in post-haste, and on reaching the house, instead of finding his patient in bed where he left her, she ran to the door to meet him with smiles of joy! and when he saw her so plump and well and smiling all over, he lifted up his hands in

astonishment, and said, "It is a miracle!"

Several local doctors also came in to see and examine her, and a specialist (Dr. Ash) motored from the neighborhood of Harley street to see and examine the case, who also persuaded her mother to allow Dorothy to go with him to his home, saying that he would like to look into the case and watch it.

There she stayed with him six weeks, and while there, they applied the X Rays to her lungs (for she had been in the last stage of consumption) and saw, not the old lungs which were wasted away, but quite new lungs in their stead!

Not content with this, other experiments followed—the testing of her blood—and with this result, that not a trace of disease could be found anywhere. She had been made whole every whit, in an instant, and immediately she was commanded, she got up and walked, and ate at midnight a meat-meal which amazed all present!

Long illness and fasting had reduced her body to a mere shadow, and one of the most extraordinary things connected with her healing, was the suddenness with which the flesh came up upon her bones! Her doctor, as well as her mother and friends, could not get over the shock of this for a long time—they being like the prophet in the vision of the dry bones—eye witnesses of the fact! She had been reduced to sixty-three pounds! and during that night, her doctor declared, that she must have put on twenty-eight pounds!—now she is one hundred and twenty-six pounds.

Knocked Down Unconscious and Robbed—and Raised Up a Second Time!

The following letter appeared in Confidence, a Pentecostal paper edited by Pastor A. A. Boddy, All Saints Vicarage, Sunderland, England.

I wish to state that Miss Dorothy Kerin has been staying with us, and, during a walk alone to meet me, she was knocked down and robbed. She was brought back here insensible. She suffered from a fractured skull, followed by hemorrhage. Her left ear became deaf almost at once, and remained so until her restoration on September 30th. Also serious internal inflammation commenced.

The doctor was in attendance two and three times a day during the course of the whole illness. Once he called in his partner in consultation. She has had two fully-trained hospital nurses in constant attendance night and day all the time, she was so seriously ill.

On the night of the 29th of September, she complained to me of severe pain in the injured ear, which was bleeding. During the night it was plugged frequently. It was during that night that the hearing ear became affected, and in the middle of the night she realized the terrible silence of stone-deafness. Early the following morning my mother found her hopelessly deaf to all sounds, even

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LESSONS LEARNED FROM THE HEAVENLY TEACHER.

Our Need of One Another in Securing Healing.

After being delivered from many years of semi-invalidism, for a long period I enjoyed wonderful health in Christ. I recognized the fact that Jesus Christ was the all sufficient life for my mortal body; I rejoiced in the knowledge that the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwelt in me, and that He that raised up Christ from the dead was even now giving life to my mortal body by His Spirit that indwelt me. (Rom. 8:11.) I experienced also in great measure the truth of 2 Corinthians 4:10-11, "the life also of Jesus being made manifest in my body." During this time I learned to treat all apparent sicknesses as temptations to the flesh, (see Gal. 4:14) and as I maintained this attitude I would come off more than conqueror every time.

God started me out by showing me Jesus as my life, and after I was fully established in this truth, He began to show me another side of healing. What a slow pupil He had, but what patience He vouchsafed towards me! There came a time when all my non-recognition of symptoms failed. Months would go by, and still they remained, and I got no real deliverance. At the same time I knew that God had something further to teach me, but I could not discover what it was. One day I was at a meeting when a brother got up and asked prayer for himself. He said that other saints told him he ought to get hold of the Lord for himself; they could always do this for themselves. He continued: "Some may be able to stand alone, but I need the body of Jesus Christ, and as long as James 5:14 is in the Bible, I am going to call for the elders when I'm sick."

I thought little of this remark at the time, but it was brought back to me months afterwards by the Spirit of the Lord. I was staying in a missionary home and on my way down to breakfast one dark December morning, I slipped on a very narrow stairway, and went bumping down about fifteen stairs on the end of my spine. I was picked up almost unconscious at the foot of the stairs, but after I was prayed for by those in the house I counted myself healed. During the next two years I suffered more or less with my spine, but as before, I refused to recognize symptoms, yet down in my innermost being, I had a consciousness that the Lord had something further to teach me on this line.

Up to this time I had lived for over seven years without asking anyone to pray for me or stand with me for deliverance in any bodily test. Jesus had always met me in every physical requirement alone. But one day the Lord reminded me of that brother's testimony and how he had declared that he needed the body of Jesus Christ, and with this recollection came the conviction that this was my need also. It was soon after

this that I attended the World-wide Camp Meeting in Los Angeles, Cal. After sitting on the hard wooden benches for hours together, my spine would become so painful that it was a misery to move. At night also I would awaken from my

IMPORTANT.

Mammon has thousands of printing presses running at full capacity in his ignoble service. God has but few, and not many of them are working at full pressure. The children of this world have thousands of newspapers, magazines and varied publications, the children of light have but few periodicals that really supply meat in due season to hungry souls. The children of this world give such continued loyal patronage to their newspaper and other publishing offices, that they have no lack of anything. The children of light are often so forgetful of the power of the printed word and testimony that they forget even to subscribe for their own papers. Some of the children of light even spend more on worldly newspapers than they do on Christian literature. In consequence of this, those who have been entrusted by the Lord to the ministry of printing His literature and the messages that are most on His heart would have to suffer much if He did not put it into the hearts of some of His faithful stewards at times to help them out.

God has a printing press wholly devoted to His own work in St. Louis called the Gospel Publishing House, and the Weekly Evangel, a 16-paged Gospel paper, (this special edition is only half the usual size) is gotten out on this press. Letters from every part of the world tell that this paper is a continual blessing, and for this we ascribe all praise to Him who in response to prayer gives its contents week by week. The high cost of producing this paper is such that it can only be maintained by a large subscription list, and in order to put it on a paying basis, it is necessary to have a large increase in the number of subscribers. Will you, dear reader, help towards this end. In order to induce new subscriptions we are offering the paper from now to the end of the year for 50 cents. Every child of God can greatly help in His work by securing a number of new subscriptions to keep His press going in St. Louis.

sleep with the pain. I knew that something would have to be done, and that quickly. As I waited on the Lord, He showed me that I was to ask Sister Etter to pray for me. He had shown the same thing to my husband separately.

Oh how I pleaded with Jesus that He would heal me Himself as He always had done! But He was firm and told me that He had given gifts of healing in His body, and His way for me at this time was to take advantage of this provision. I had no idea of the spiritual pride one can have even in the most spiritual things, until I realized how rebellious I was at having to ask another to pray for me. I saw how unconsciously I had been proud of always being able to get deliverance by praying myself, and never having to be anointed as others had to be.

After being shown this by the Spirit, I made arrangements to be prayed for, and went in a very broken spirit to the meeting. Sister Etter with others prayed for me, and I came so mightily under the power of God that they had to lay me on the floor while they went to pray for others. As I lay there all alone with the Lord, my whole body surging mightily under the power of God, a hand came and laid hold of the middle of my back, and another hand laid hold of the bottom of my spine and in one short moment the vertebrae that had been "telescoped" were put into perfect position and I was completely healed. The healing has been permanent. Glory to Jesus!

With every physical healing there has come a spiritual blessing, and in this case there was no exception. I felt that my reputation for divine health had gone and that I had had to descend a step this time to get healing, yet the fellowship of Jesus was so sweet that it was worth while. When I was thinking it all over, He said to me, "Well, who healed you after all?" I had to admit to Him, "Why, dear Lord, it was your own hands that put the bones into position again!" All the way long it is Jesus!

To me it was a hard, humiliating lesson, but I have learned that in these days we need the body of Jesus Christ as we never have before, and we must stand together in unity that we may have all that the ministry of the Spirit stands for. It is certainly very true that we can have the life of Jesus in our bodies. But there is a further truth in Mark 16, "These signs shall follow them that believe... they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." And still something more in James 5, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick."

So, dear reader, if you are not getting the same deliverance as in the days of old, may be God has similar lessons for you to learn. There are probably deeper lessons ahead for us all as we grow up into Him. It is good to ever maintain the humble position of the Psalmist, and to cry with Him, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any way of grief or pain in me, and lead me in the way everlasting, thine own way." And He will lead us into all truth. Hallelujah! Pray for me.—Alice Rowlands Frodsham.

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A HEALING AND A REVELATION OF THE SOON COMING OF JESUS.

When my daughter was a child, ten and a half years old, I heard of a minister having revival meetings where we lived in Long Island, and we went. It was Children's night. After he told the story of his son dying, a missionary in a foreign land, and how many had been saved through his son, he gave the invitation to the children to stand up, all who would trust Jesus. Agnes stood up weeping and gave herself to Christ. She was so happy afterward she wanted me to tell her more of Jesus, but although I had been a Scotch Presbyterian, a member of the church, I was not right with God. Many a time I knew my little girl was praying for me and her father.

We left New York and came to Los Angeles, January 17, 1911. Agnes joined the Methodist Sunday-school and tried to get children to go, and would tell them all about Jesus. Gipsy Smith came to the Auditorium to preach. Agnes was praying that I would be saved and the last night of the meeting, February 12, 1912, I was made a new creature in Christ Jesus. Hallelujah! A lady whom we met told us of the great outpouring of the Holy Spirit. We went to the Pentecostal meeting, but did not believe in it. On the 27th day of September, my little daughter came home from school very ill with typhoid fever. She was then 14 years old. I nursed her carefully, but she had ruptured herself vomiting. The kidneys were very bad; she had ten bed sores. She lay very ill for three weeks.

On the morning of October 15th I was outside the bedroom door when I suddenly heard the most beautiful music, and singing of Hallelujahs and Glorys. One young man who had a room in the house came in and began to say, "Agnes is dying." I got so frightened I ran down stairs and prayed, if ever I prayed, for I knew she was very ill. I ran up stairs again and when I saw Agnes, her nostrils were working in death, and her eyes were sunken and black.

But oh, her face was lit up with glory, and she was singing the Heavenly Anthem as I have never heard it. The Hallelujahs were like the sound of rippling waters. For one hour and a half she was speaking to Jesus. I heard her say, "Yes, Jesus, I will go; dear, dear Jesus, I will go." Then I heard her sing, as it

were, the most beautiful singing and lovely music. All this time the Hallelujahs were sounding through the house more beautiful than tongue can tell or words express. I was weeping, kneeling at the bedside, watching her. Then the doctor came in, and as he went to feel her pulse, she raised her finger and said with a loud voice, "Two shall be in one bed; the one shall be taken, and other one shall be left." I told the doctor of all that had happened that morning, as I thought she was delirious; I wanted to know if there was danger, and he said to me, "You have a good girl; there is always danger with typhoid. I will be back this evening."

I came in the room again, and knelt down at her bed, realizing the danger, but when I looked at her the death-look had gone, and she opened her eyes and said, smiling with great joy, "Don't speak, Mamma; I am so happy; Jesus is coming soon. I have been up to the gate of heaven. I saw Jesus in His glorified body. Oh, Mamma, you and I are not going to die. I wanted to go in, Mamma, but Jesus said to me, 'You cannot come in now, little one. You are to go and tell My loved ones, I am coming

The just shall live by faith.
"I'm going to be healed" is hope,
not faith. Faith declares positively,
"By His stripes I am healed."

soon, sooner than any one knows. You are to preach My Gospel. You are not going to die; I am coming for you.' Oh, if you had just seen Jesus' eyes, so loving, so full of compassion. His face was all light; it was shining brighter than the sun. I saw my grandma, and my little sister and my little brother. Katie told me to tell Mamma to read her Bible. They were all in white robes, with golden girdles. I did not want to come back. Mamma, how different things are down here. Everything is so beautiful there. Oh, I love Jesus so much. I will never forget His eyes. We are not going to die, Mamma; Jesus is coming so soon. This right hand of mine was inside the gate."

I then went to wash the bed sores, (I used thirty cents of alcohol a day), but they were all gone. When the doctor came that night he told me the fever had passed; to give her something to eat now. The next day she rose and walked round the bed; no rupture, no bed sores, weak but well. She had grown a head taller. All praise be to our God and Saviour Jesus Christ! I look upon Agnes as raised almost from the dead. Praise God for His goodness to me.

I phoned that night to Mrs. Hagg to come and see Agnes, and when she came and saw Agnes she prayed, and when she had finished praying we looked at Agnes and she had a look on her face not of earth. Mrs. Hagg said, "Agnes has had the baptism of the Holy Ghost." Agnes' joy was great, telling every one about seeing the Lord.

The following Sunday night at 11 o'clock I was resting on a cot at her side, when I heard her shouting in other tongues, which she interpreted as, "Jesus is coming, Jesus is coming." Since then she has been well. Praise God. On August 9th, 1914, we were both baptized in water.

At the convention meeting in the Garage, 1315 Main Street, Bro. Bosworth had preached on the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. I went to the Altar and prayed again. The power of God laid me on the floor; then I heard a rain storm, as it were, falling on the Garage floor. I looked up and there was a vision of the rain falling, till my face and clothes were wet. I praise God for such a vision. The Garage ceiling was like a night sky, and large tongues were coming down with silver points. I was praising Jesus with great joy, and then my jaws began to go apart. I felt Some One was inside my body, till He came up to my throat, then I spoke in tongues as the Spirit gave utterance. It was wonderful. The joy was beyond words. Glory to God!

My beloved daughter and I want to be used much for him. How near we are to His coming! God help every one who reads this testimony to be ready, watching and praying. Come Lord Jesus; come quickly. And should this fall into the hands of an unsaved one I charge you before God to hear His word, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." Rev. 3:20. Hallelujah! Mrs. A. Shirlaw, Los Angeles, Cal.

My Daughter's Testimony.

I do praise my Blessed Redeemer that He redeemed me when I was ten and a half years of age, and by His grace my life will show forth His praise.

When I was about dying with the typhoid fever Jesus gave me that wonderful sight of Himself. I never will forget the look of His eyes, so tender, and so full of compassion, and His face shone brighter than the sun. How sweetly He said, "You cannot come in now, little one; you are to go and tell My beloved ones I am coming soon—sooner than any one knows. You are to go and preach my Gospel to the four parts of the earth. You are not going to die; I am coming for you." By His grace I will be faithful till He comes. I do want His best. I do trust that every one who reads this will be ready to meet Him, for He is coming very soon. Even so, come Lord Jesus! The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen. Rev. 22:20, 21. And if this should fall into the hands of an unsaved one, hear Jesus' own words, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His Only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16. Agnes Shirlaw.

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My Mother's Healing

By Alice R. Flower

Thirty-five years ago this March God touched a dying woman in a little Indiana village, and she was made instantaneously whole. That invalid was my dear mother, Mary A. Reynolds, now living in Indianapolis. This touch of God was the divine spark which kindled our whole household. My father was saved. My two older sisters found God. Several years after God gave me to my dear parents, and it was their devotion to Him and intercession in my behalf that brought God so marvelously into my own life. For many years we have been united in God as a family—some little place of service for each of us to fill in His vineyard. As this anniversary passes again, God moves my heart to recount His goodness.

For seven years before her healing mother had slowly gone down. It was a complete nervous collapse to begin with, brought on by overwork as a teacher both of music and in the public school. In this weakened condition gradually all the organs of her body became diseased. In his great concern to relieve her suffering, my father consulted with prominent specialists in different surrounding states. They could diagnose her case in a measure, but would say, "What we do to relieve one difficulty only aggravates another ailment." Finally father sent her up to the then well-known Dr. Mayo of Rochester, Minn. Some relief was given, but on her return to Indianapolis the old troubles arose and she rapidly went down.

I have often heard mother say, "I was diseased from the tip of my tongue to the end of my digestive track." There was an ulcerated condition of her throat and lungs, which caused her when coughing to expel large flakes. Clear down her alimentary canal this diseased condition continued. Her stomach would assimilate no food; during all those six or seven years an attempt to eat would generally bring great agony. For a short while she could take stale bread and dates. Finally this proved too harsh, and a Cincinnati specialist put her on a diet of warm milk from a fresh cow.

Through lack of proper nourishment her whole system had become weakened and impoverished. Three internal tumors developed, and with the loss of blood therefrom, she soon dropped to the very jaws of death. A trained nurse took her out in a neighboring village with the purpose of making what seemed to be her last hours as comfortable and quiet as possible. For five weeks she lingered through the assiduous care of this nurse.

One night in the midst of this extreme weakness, God spoke to mother very definitely these words, "You are going to die unless you take Me." She had no doubt as to the probable dying; but the thought of taking Him was very unex-

pected. She had known of one case of divine healing, Miss Jennie Smith, known as the railroad evangelist. She had visited mother on one occasion. But mother was a back-slidden Methodist, and was overpowered with the thought of her great unworthiness to approach God for such a boon as that. In a feeble way she had been struggling after Him again through all these long years of suffering.

At daybreak of this memorable night a little Quakeress who lived nearby, and who knew of mother's pitiful condition, called at the house and asked permission of the nurse to see mother for a few moments. She likewise had been awakened that same night and impressed to go over as early as possible to see if the invalid lady would consent to be anointed and prayed for by a godly Quaker minister who was to pass through the town the next day (Sunday), and who firmly believed in divine healing. In

I am the Lord that healeth thee.
Present tense, not future. Now
is the time to receive every blessing.
Behold now is the day of salvation
(saving health).

spite of her feeling of conscious unworthiness, mother quickly grasped at this opportunity, much as would a drowning man. The Quaker lady greatly encouraged mother by pointing her to Jas. 5:16, assuring her that God was no respecter of persons.

Early next morning the man of God came and definitely prayed for her, anointing her with oil in the name of the Lord. In the prayer for her healing he included soul as well as body. He left the house with no apparent change, save for the fact that a deep, holy peace and assurance had taken possession of mother's heart and soul. She was able to rest completely in the Lord, without any consideration of her feelings or symptoms. This continued until Monday afternoon at three o'clock, when suddenly wave after wave of glory filled her soul, and like touching an electric battery vibrated to the remotest part of her body. She sprang to her feet completely healed. Every disease, every infirmity had vanished; she was as strong as when a healthy young girl.

"Just one touch and the weak was strong,
Cured by the Healer divine."

Most precious of all was the uplift of soul, as the Holy Ghost filled her being. For weeks she roamed in heaven. Had she known how to yield she would have spoken forth His praise in other tongues then and there. The nurse was dumbfounded as mother rushed out into the

room where several neighbors had gathered to inquire after the invalid's welfare. She dropped on her knees, and poured forth a torrent of praise and thanksgiving to God. She went to the table and ate a normal hearty meal, the first in seven years. Before doing so, in asking God as to how she should eat, He had said to her, "Eat what is set before you," but "use moderation in all things." There was no longer any doubt as to her healing.

Then God spoke to her, "Go home and tell thy friends and kindred what great things the Lord hath done for thee." She sent word of her healing to my father, who came right down, supposing she had lost her mind. But mother met him with a vigor and buoyancy that he had never seen in her before. It was God's deliverance—perfect and complete. Hallelujah! Father could only gaze in wonder. For a week mother remained in the village visiting the homes all about with the testimony of God's power. Then back to Indianapolis to declare His gracious deliverance. As many as thirty callers a day came to see if the heralded deliverance was true. And with great liberty God granted mother to witness to hundreds of souls.

Thirty-five years ago and she is living today! Thank God for His mercy! The hope of His coming thrilled her heart then, but far more so today. In all these years God has continually met and delivered all of us in some hour of need, proving times without number His Word, "I am the Lord that healeth thee." And as a family all our hearts rejoice exceedingly in the God who hath given us so full a measure of His grace.

"TO ANOTHER THE GIFTS OF HEALING."

Were the gifts of the Spirit Indian giving or real gifts? Indian giving is giving something one day and taking it back the next. Our orthodox theologians tell us that this was the method of the Almighty; He gave the nine gifts of the Spirit for the acceleration of the establishment of the Kingdom of God, but later withdrew six of them.

Here is where divine healing disappeared as a hope of mankind. The only logical deduction to make is that Christianity was becoming the world accepted faith too rapidly to be pleasing to our heavenly Father.

"Behold I come quickly;" time is the warp of life, effort the woof—lose no time, for every idle moment is a broken thread in the web of achievement.—C. E. Ross.

TO END OF 1917 FOR 50 CTS.

You can have the Weekly Evangel for all the remaining weeks of 1917 for only 50 cts. This offer is only made to encourage our subscribers to send in subscriptions for their friends. How many subscriptions can you send in at this low rate?

HEALED, AND CALLED INTO THE SERVICE OF THE LORD.

By Miss Maria A. Gerber, Missionary to Turkey.

It was shortly after my twentieth birthday, when sickness fell on me which fastened me on a sick bed for a number of months.—inflammatory rheumatism, with heart trouble and lung trouble (consumption of the lungs) and my blood was turning to water. "I suffered much from many physicians," much money was spent, but all was in vain. At last an old professor, a specialist, was brought from a distant city. This doctor told my mother that there was no hope at all, that her daughter could not live because her lungs were too far gone, also her heart and whole system was in such condition that she could not live many more days. He told her that they should not spend more money in trying to keep me alive; all was useless and hopeless. He did give some advice as to how to sustain me with stimulants, etc., and closed by saying, "Oh, give her anything she wishes, or can yet take; she is already a dying woman."

All this conversation and many more things concerning my condition were spoken in the adjoining room of the helpless victim and I heard it all. Oh, what agony this brought into my soul, to be obliged to die and to appear before a holy God without salvation! It was very clear in my mind what Jesus, the Lord, said in John 3:3. "Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." I saw my case hopeless for all eternity. The agony of soul became unbearable. In my imagination I saw hell with its fire prepared for me, spouting hot liquid streams. Many times I fell in unconscious weakness having no more strength even to think or to realize anything. Had I died at that time no doubt there would have been a sermon preached of praise, telling that I died in peace, when the real fact would have been that my place ever after and for all eternity, would have been in outer darkness to the sorrow of the Almighty God. To the Lord be praise and thanksgiving that He did not permit such to be the case.

Three days and three long nights this condition continued. Blessed be the day when at last I lifted up my heart to the Lord in prayer and supplication, not for healing of my body, but for the salvation of my soul before being called from this earth. And it seemed as though a small light began to burn in my soul, faith and hope increased and became strengthened in that moment when a Scripture passage was repeated to me, where the Lord Jesus said, "To me is given all power in heaven and earth." Matt. 28:12. With a loud voice I exclaimed, "Oh Lord, now I see that there is hope for me, not only for the healing of my soul, even hope for the healing of my body. Such power I saw, and I took it from Him as willingly as He offered it. That moment I made a consecration for my life. "Lord," I

said, "if Thou wilt save my soul, forgive all my sins, accept me as Thy child and heal this poor body of mine, here is my life which shall be all for Thee, to be used as it pleaseth Thee." and a voice I heard from heaven saying, "Amen, it is done," and it was done, the heavy burden was all gone, very clear was the witness of the Holy Spirit that all was washed and cleansed through the precious blood of Jesus. Instead of fear, there was now deep peace with rest and stillness. Blessed be the name of the Lord! sickness, with suffering and fever, had all gone and physical strength came back from day to day. The precious Holy Spirit also revealed to me through His word, that I did not need to keep myself in this new life and condition, that He had undertaken for me according to 1st Peter 1:5, "Kept by the power of God."

It may also be interesting to the dear readers when they hear that the same day the saving and healing took place and I asked for my clothing to get up, that there was no more of my clothing because the poor people had come for it and all was given away, as was the custom of our place. With borrowed clothing I got up that same day and it made me very happy, having a new heart, a new body, and getting new clothing, all new! Blessed be the name of the Lord.

I was later in the city of Bern, Switzerland, serving my Master, wearing the uniform of a deaconess, when the dear Lord and Teacher of His own, taught me another lesson. A typhus epidemic was raging at that time and my work greatly increased, especially in the poor quarters. This sickness became very alarming. Night and day I went from house to house caring for these sick ones, helping and comforting where death had taken away many. Behold, one day the fever came upon me. I prayed earnestly for deliverance and fought against this raging fever, but instead of getting better, I grew worse day after day. It was the third day of illness when again that morning I started out on the street to do my work.

I was but a short distance from the home when my limbs refused to move; leaning upon a wall I began to pray and to weep before the Lord, pleading that the Master would send somebody to help me return to my home. As I was speaking behold there came a brother evangelist, an old friend of my dear mother, a man believing in divine healing. At once I began to tell him how sick I was, and how much work I had and that I really had no time to be sick and asked him to pray for me that I might be delivered. The dear man of God listened to my story quietly and when through, he said very calmly, "Sister Gerber, you just go home. The Lord can do His work without you. Goodbye!" and passed on. I grew very much excited over such cold treatment. Speaking to myself I said, "How often was that man and his family entertained and helped from my mother's table; now when I am in such need of assistance to have him

lay hands upon me to pray me well, I am left alone."

The blood boiled through my veins and it had the same result that the whip has to a tired horse. I was able to walk home. Entering my room the Lord repeated the same words with the same sound to me, because I did not understand Him the first time. My eyes were opened and I saw to what heights of self-elevation I had come with the best intention. As I laid myself in bed I said, "Lord, how I thank Thee that Thou has opened mine eyes through this dear man of God. Oh yes Thou canst do the work without me and I am willing to stay in my bed all my days if it is Thy will." The rest of that day and till the next morning I had sweet sleep, and I was perfectly well. The first call I made was to the house of this dear man of God to thank him for the service rendered to me and for his faithfulness.

(The above is an extract from "Past Experiences, Present Conditions, Hope for the Future," a most fascinating missionary book from which we will D. V. give further extracts next week. The price of this book is \$1.25, and the whole proceeds of its sale will go to help the poor orphans and widows in Asiatic Turkey. It can be obtained from the Gospel Publishing House.)

HEALED THROUGH A COPY OF THE WEEKLY EVANGEL.

To the Editor of the Evangel:

I could not find any paper to wrap my lunch in one morning and I took some leaves from the Weekly Evangel. I read a very sweet testimony, and also where it spoke of war and how similar this present war is to the war of sin against salvation.

After I had read it, I took it to a lady in the office (a backslider) and she took it home. Several days afterwards she said to me, "I have a wonderful thing to tell you. I had several teeth extracted and the dentist said I would not have pain until evening. Just about bedtime, I was almost mad with pain. Suddenly I thought of the paper you gave me (remembering that you said these papers are prayed upon before sending them out), and I took it and laid it on my face, and offered this prayer: Lord, let the prayers that have been offered on this paper be applied to me now! I called my son and said, 'Lay your hands on mamma's face while mamma prays,' and instantly the pain left me. I also had another ailment and laid the paper on the spot and that also was healed."

Her testimony has been a blessing to others, and another one (a Catholic) has also asked for a paper for her sick baby, whom the doctor had given up.—Your brother in Jesus, Fred W. Green, Johannesburg, South Africa.

BOOKS ON DIVINE HEALING.

The Prayer of Faith, by Carrie Judd Montgomery; paper, 25 cts., cloth, 50 cts. "Signs and Wonders," by Mrs. Etter, \$1.15. Send 10 cts. for sample packet of tracts.

STEPPINGS THRONWARD.

By Mildred Edwards.

In August, 1905, when greatly weakened through tuberculosis of the lungs, I first accepted healing through the blood of Jesus, and was anointed with oil according to James 5, at a Christian and Missionary Alliance Convention at Beulah Park. I felt no touch from the Lord, but by simple faith took healing. In an hour's time, I was given strength and vigor and I went home. For five years I lived in that strength, and at first I supposed it was simply my own strength restored to me in healing.

For some while the Lord was trying to show me that I had no strength of my own, what I had was simply a loan from Him, and one night I was made aware that He had called in His loan. In an hour's time I was left as weak as on the day when God gave me the earnest of complete restoration. The Spirit said to me, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

I knew that this was no less the Lord's doing than my former healing, and it was marvelous in my eyes. In previous tests I had immediately claimed the blood of Jesus for healing, now I could do **nothing**, but say, "Thy will be done," as I was given no "prayer of faith." It was a new experience to me, but I recognized the hand of my Lord and though it seemed as if He had given my body over into the hands of Satan for a last tremendous test, I could say in the Spirit, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me," for I knew He would bring me into eternal deliverance "to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

He wrought the "faith of the Son of God" in me in such a marvelous degree that anxiety or fear were impossible. Peace flowed like a river. I did not know how far He would let this test go, I felt very possibly that it might be to the grave, but I knew that He could bring me forth even as He did Lazarus. O the unsearchable grace of God to call me to such a path and then give faith in such lavish measure to pursue it! There was such peace, such joy, such rest, such hallelujahs in the midst of suffering, that I felt I would rather suffer than not, when it was His will. This was the sum of the matter, "Thus saith the Lord, that which I have built I will **break down**, and that which I have planted I will **pluck up**."

The test went on and I grew weaker and weaker, most noticeably from **sleeping**. The weakness went into my left arm and centered round my heart until I had my arm on a pillow, and lay down most of the time. It was so blessed to let Him make the choice, and I knew I should come forth from the grave if I went into it, so I left directions to dress me, so that I should be ready for work when I came out, "shoes on," etc.

I took a little supper one night, and shortly afterwards I was taken with extreme weakness. It was then that my

mother handed me a Testament with this verse marked, "He that keepeth my saying shall never see death," and said, "What does that mean?" I replied, "Why it must mean what it says," and then I said, "Lord Jesus, what does it mean? You know I keep your saying, and I believe all, **show me what it means**."

Just then the enemy saw that he must strike then, if at all, and that famishing for air began that precedes death. Very soon the death struggle began. O, it was so dreadful! **Death is horrible**; but Jesus, my Jesus, was right there, and my spirit was radiant in the midst of the terrible death gasps and awful death jerks in the body. Presently, when this had proceeded quite a bit, and my arms were cold quite a way, and my hands were getting numb, very suddenly the Lord Jesus put His faith into my dear mother, (she had not prayed for me up to this time other than "Thy will, Lord!") and she laid hands on me and silently stood for Him to work. And O, He applied the fire! It was as if a living furnace was applied to my heart, and the heat was so intense that it seemed as if it would consume me, and yet so glorious, and it spread through my lungs and radiated through those cold arms until they were warmed into life.

"Without faith, it is impossible to please God," and this satisfaction of God in us will be just in proportion to the faith we exercise, if it is full and complete the faith will extend to **all things promised in the Word of God**. Jesus said, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works shall he do, because I go unto the Father."

A month later in that same year I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, and the Spirit of the Son crying "Abba Father." From that time He taught me "If any man be in Christ, he is a **new creation**. I no longer ask for healing. I recognize all symptoms of disease as testings of that **Word** in me. The enemy cannot touch that **new creation**. At times the old creation and its symptoms seem very real, as in March of this present year when God permitted him to put symptoms of measles and bronchitis on the old creation. At the beginning I saw myself, the new creation, seated with Christ in the heavenlies, but the old "dead" creation given over to Satan for testing. The suffering was terrible, and the symptoms very real, but I did not ask for healing or remedies through seven days of fearful fever and pain, and in the midnight hours of the seventh day He again manifested the new creation, that which is like Him who is a "consuming fire" whom the prophet of old saw as the "appearance of fire from the loins even downward and from the loins even upwards."

I see now more clearly than ever before that our great lesson is **faith**, and it requires much greater faith to lie in bed under the battering of the enemy and **quietly believe** God, than it does to

be enabled to rise up under sudden manifestation of God's power and go forth in glorious testimony. The one is humbling, the other exalting. But he that humbleth himself under His mighty hand shall in due time be exalted. The bride of the Lamb **must be a lamb**. The Lamb was the "Word made flesh." Even so must the **Word** be made flesh in the Lamb's wife. Thus the Lamb's wife cannot see death, for she keepeth His saying.

Enoch, the one perfect type of the bride, was translated "through faith, that he **should not see death**." There is no other way provided for the fulfillment of the type than the way of faith and "faith that **worketh through love**." "Then shall be brought to pass the saying... Death is swallowed up in victory."

A HOMELY TALK ON HEALING.

(Continued from page 1.)

dear readers, and that is that we are right in the very center of God's will when we trust Him for healing. I could go on multiplying instances, some so startling as scarcely to be believed if we did not know what a wonderful, miracle-working God we have, and how He delights to display His love and power for the benefit of His people.

A sister, well known to all of us, many years ago had a fibrous tumor of seven years growth internally. She was told it was useless to operate. She had read in the British Christian Herald of the wonderful healings which God was working at "Bethshan." She determined to go there though she had not been out of the house for nine years. She went in a cab with her young maid, and returned as bad or worse than when she went, and continued to grow worse for a week afterwards, but her faith did not fail. She praised the Lord that His promises were **sure**, whatever she felt, and what happened? At the end of the week the awful tumor, as large as a child's head, was expelled, fibers and all. Her health returned, and she was as bonny a woman as any one could wish to see. Another sister who had a number of tumors on the outside of her body and who was swollen to an abnormal size in consequence, came to our meeting one evening saying she was **going home healed**, and according to her faith it was done unto her. All the tumors disappeared as she was anointed and prayed with, and her dress was as loose as a sack, for all the swelling had gone.

Oh, how much I could tell for the glory of God, if time permitted, but one thing I must say that for thirty years we have had no other physician **but Jesus**, and He has always been true and faithful to **His own word**. Hallelujah! And for some time past He has been teaching some of us that not only sickness but death itself must be overcome if we are to meet Him in the air. If He will and if He tarries, He may give me to write a little on this line.—Yours to serve, for Jesus' sake, M. Martin, 196 Upland Rd., Dulwich, London, England.

DELIVERED FROM THE MORPHINE HABIT.

I want to praise God for Jesus, and what He is to my soul. He is very precious to me, and a true friend in time of need. Oh! I can never put into words what Jesus has done for me.

In September, 1915, a band of Pentecostal workers came to Crane, Mo., and held a meeting. Brothers Ellis Banta and John T. Wilson were the preachers. I had heard a good deal about the Pentecostal people, but had never heard one preach. I went to their meeting and heard Bro. Banta preach, and I told my husband after that first night at their mission, that if he wanted to go it was all right, but I did not want to go any more, for they did not preach anything but foolishness. But the next evening I wanted to go more than I did the first night.

After the preaching, Bro. Wilson came to my husband and me, and asked if we were Christians. We told him, "No." He asked us to go to the altar, but we refused. I wanted to go, but was afraid someone would laugh at me. Bro. Banta preached from the 9th chapter of Revelation that night, and I thought it was the best sermon I had ever heard. After I arrived home, I hunted up my old Bible and turned to this chapter. My husband wanted to know what I was looking for in the Bible. It almost shocked him to see me with my Bible in my hand. I told him I was looking up the 9th chapter of Revelation. I wanted to read it to see if it was the same as Bro. Banta quoted it. I found it was just as he had quoted it.

My heart began to hunger for Jesus. I could not rest at all that night, so the next morning I asked my husband if he would go and get the preachers to come and pray for me. That shocked him more than ever, but he went after them. But the Lord saved me before they got there, and when they arrived, I was ready to tell them what the Lord had done.

At the time I was saved I was eating morphine. These brethren told me that the Lord could deliver me and heal my body when no one else could, and they read to me from the Word; but I had no confidence in what they were telling me, for I had never read the Bible at all. I knew nothing about this wonderful healing power. After my husband came in that night, I told him what they had to say about healing. "Why, yes," he said, "The Lord can heal you, if you have faith enough in Him." So I had him read to me about healing, my own eyes were so weak through the drug that I could not read properly myself.

I knew I was wasting time and money trying to get the doctor to heal me. I had tried several, and they had all failed to do anything for me. I was using 35 gr. of morphine per day, or in other words, a dollar's worth, and I only weighed 75 pounds. I was a miserable wreck. I could not even drink cold water, my stomach was so burnt up with the drug, and I had to drink warm water

all the time.

Bro. Banta came to see me every day and read and prayed with me. One night the Lord told me He would take the appetite for this drug away if I would only trust in Him. At this time I was taking treatment from a doctor in Aurora, Mo., but I was getting worse every day. So I put myself in the Lord's hands, and He took away the appetite and healed my body from the effects of this awful drug. From this time, I began to brighten up and put on flesh, and within three or four months from the time I was healed I weighed 140 pounds. I am giving God the praise for this wonderful healing. He it was who healed my body and I give Him praise. The healing is permanent, and I give glory to Him who is MIGHTY to deliver.

Shortly after I was healed I moved to Summit, Ark., where we now live. I attend the Yellville assembly, where God baptized me with the Holy Ghost as in Acts 2:4.—Lettie Lee Barnes.

HEALED OF BROKEN LEG AND DISEASED BONE IN THE HEAD.

A piece of iron from a catapult went into my head when I was eight years of age. It would gather every month, and the discharge would run from my ears, nose and throat. I was treated some fifteen years on and off by doctors, and was told that unless I was trepanned, I should go raging mad. I praise God, that since He has healed me, "raging glad" would better describe my state.

Another trouble I had was a severe injury to my right hand, which was badly cut when erecting some machinery at the Rhodes Fruit Farm, and for five years I was unable to use same. I was surely one in dire need. Only God knows what tortures I went through in soul and body. My dear wife had to turn out and earn my living, and my child had to be put away among strangers.

I had been a Methodist local preacher since I was seventeen years of age, but, like Peter, I was following afar off, and my foot was well nigh slipped.

In the year 1910, I was working in the mines when my leg was broken. I went about on crutches for nine months, and then because the doctors said I was crippled for life, the authorities gave me one hundred and fifty pounds (\$750) compensation. Those were dark days. It was then that I had heard of the Apostolic Faith people. Their reputation was not very good, but like the spies of old I went to see what the land was like, and praise the Lord, I came back with some of the fruit. The Lord wonderfully and graciously delivered me from all my troubles, and perfectly healed everything that was wrong in my poor crippled body. Hallelujah.

"Can my tongue be mute, or my heart be sad,
When the gracious Master has made me glad."

I was called of God to open the Emmanuel Mission Hall, in Jeppestown, and in eighteen months about one hun-

dred and fifty have been converted and baptized in the Holy Ghost, and we have had some remarkable cases of healing. A brother and sister Deleport have a daughter that was run over by a motor car, and she had a clot of blood on her brain. She was in a very bad condition and was given up by the best physicians, but the Lord healed her instantly while she was asleep. Another brother named Wemmer, who worked in the mines, was given what is called his "Phthisis money," four hundred pounds, because his lungs were gone. He was prayed for, and hands were laid on him in the name of Jesus, whilst gasping and fighting for breath. The Lord perfectly healed him, and he rose and went downstairs at midnight and ate a meal large enough for two men in good health. As the result of this healing about fifteen of his relatives have been converted.

Yours out of a full heart.—Charles Heatley, Jeppestown, South Africa.

(Sister Vera Barnard, who has been the organist at this mission in Jeppestown, has been staying with us recently at the Evangel Home, and confirms this testimony.)

DOROTHY KERIN'S HEALINGS.

(Continued from page 2.)

loud bangs which were heard in the floor below, the sound ear having given out as well.

My mother flew off at 8:15 a. m. for the doctor, who arrived at 9:35 a. m., he having been called out to a serious case previous to her arrival at his house. He told my mother, after seeing her, that he considered it pointed to serious complications, and that he would return shortly.

He left to go to breakfast, and while my mother and I were trying to console her by signs she said to us, "Do you hear the music. It is the cherub choir." We shook our heads as words were useless. Then a wonderful vision was permitted her. My mother and I were alone in her room. We stood at the foot of the bed and saw her raised by Jesus Himself into a sitting position, and I knew then she could hear perfectly. This was a marvellous miracle, as during her illness food was given by mouthfuls, lying on her back, during the four weeks she was in bed.

She is now completely restored. She joined us at luncheon that day, and about 3 p. m. left the house, accompanied by her two nurses, and walked about two miles. She returned, feeling untired, and is becoming stronger hourly.

We are still in His presence, and are to receive the Holy Communion with her. With full hearts we thank God for this victory through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(Miss) Eleanor Josephine Macaulay.
(The Shanty, Paignton, South Devon).

From London's Modern Miracle, a ten cent booklet obtainable from the author, Logan Thompson, 15 Leathwaite Rd., Clapham Common, London, England.