



Touching

the Mem



Cure
A RECORD OF FAITH HEALING.

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MONTREAL: F. E. GRAFTON.

1884.



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THE PROMISES IN THE EPISTLE
OF ST. JAMES.

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him."

"Resist the devil and he will flee from you. Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you."

"Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord and He shall lift you up."

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

PREFACE.

Many witnesses have testified during the last few years to the truth of the promise of the Lord, that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick," and it seems right that these testimonies should be laid before the Christian public. This has already been done in hundreds of cases, and many invalids have thus been encouraged to wait for the Lord and to hope in His Word. In almost all these cases it has been observed that there is a remarkable quickening of the spiritual life in connection with the bodily healing, and the same thing may be seen in the testimonies given in this little book. That the publication of these letters may be to the glory of God, is the earnest prayer of

THE COMPILER.

April, 1884.

INTRODUCTION.

We hear of wonderful answers to prayer for the healing of the sick, and the question arises in the minds of many: "Are these things so?" Is it the will of God to heal both soul and body to-day? Are there any living witnesses of this healing power? To all earnest enquirers who are anxious to know and to prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God in all things, we rejoice to say that these things are true. He who cast out spirits with His word and healed all that were sick, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying: "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses," is "the same yesterday and to-day and forever." With His stripes we are healed. "Is any sick among you let him call for the elders of the church and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him."—JAMES, v: 14-15.

v.

Living witnesses are being multiplied throughout the world, whose joy can best be expressed in the language of the Psalmist:—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name: Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases."—Ps. ciii, 1-3. The following testimonies are given to the public for no other purpose, and with no other desire, than to glorify God and to encourage His dear suffering children to trust the Great Physician to heal them. It is my great pleasure to state that these testimonies are from earnest and devout Christians whose character and piety are known to a very large circle of friends, and further, that during the past year it has been my privilege to be associated with Dr. Cullis, in Boston, and I can say to the praise and glory of God that I have here seen a very large number of people who have been healed of consumption, cancers, tumours, Bright's disease, and various other maladies.

O that every heart were filled with faith and the Holy Ghost, so that Jesus might become a living reality in our every day life. In Him we live and move and have our being, and "if we abide in Him and His

words abide in us, we shall ask what we will and it shall be done unto us." To the soul, fully trusting moment by moment, it is easy to say to Him who has all power in heaven and in earth: "Speak the word, Lord, and I shall be healed," or "If I may but touch the hem of His garment I shall be whole." "Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people. Give unto the Lord glory and strength. Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name."

It is my earnest prayer that all who read these testimonies may be filled with faith and the Holy Ghost, so as to claim all the promises of God for both soul and body, and that His great name may be magnified "who loved us and gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works."

E. D. MALLORY.

BOSTON, Sept. 11th, 1883.

TOUCHING THE HEM.

LETTER FROM MISS SCOTT.

MOUNT JOY FARM,
MARTINTOWN, ONT.,
Feb. 13th, 1883.

DEAR SISTER IN JESUS:—

In compliance with your request for an account of my healing, and a statement respecting my previous "religious experience," sickness and "preparation of heart for the healing of body," for publication in your little book, I humbly and gratefully add my testimony to the love, wisdom and healing power of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The story of my early training is simple as it is brief. Being blessed with Christian parents, I had every advantage in learning to walk in the footsteps of Jesus. A dear mother, whose greatest joy was to know that her "children walked in Truth," early taught us the way of Salvation, and thus prepared the way for our acceptance of Jesus as our Saviour.

In 1876, when I was just thirteen years

of age, and when a blessed season of revival was in progress in our churches in Martintown, I was led to see the "exceeding sinfulness of sin" in my heart, and to look for a way of escape from the displeasure of God and the burden of my sin, and immediately I found answer to my heart's longings in the words of Jesus, "Come unto Me!" So without delay, I simply and confidently *came* to Him, and gave Him my heart for cleansing and safe keeping, and at once realized the full satisfaction and joy of believing in the Lord Jesus.

Since this period, my chief desire has been to win my companions and friends over to "the Lord's side," and in this the Lord has been pleased to use me in some measure.

In passing I must say also, that ever since my conversion I have been a happy little follower of Christ, finding Him always worthy of fullest confidence and happiest *trust*.

Whenever I would wander from His side, or mis-step in my Christian course, He would lovingly raise me up again, and restore me to my former place in His love and confidence.

I remember praying often and earnestly

for an *excellent* education, that He might send me sometime out to India, to tell the "glad tidings of salvation" to the Hindoo children there, but after I was fifteen years old He adopted a very different method of educating and training me for His work, from what I had expected. A painful, wearisome path it was by which He led me, — through the furnace of suffering many times heated. But I could ever say gladly, "*Thou art with me*," for, thanks to His abounding grace, He never once let me miss the bright "light of His countenance" towards me.

This affliction commenced in this way : — On the 2nd April, 1878, after coming home from school (which was two miles from "Mount Joy,") a severe pain and great weakness came into my back very suddenly, and I was instantly laid aside from all duties and studies. The pains in my head and spine were intense and constant, but I was then able to stand alone, and walk, though very slowly and painfully through some rooms, every day, until Nov. 1st of the same year, when I became worse, and was unable to stand at all alone, and the light of day or lamp intensified the pain in my head ten-fold.

After Dec. 1st I was totally helpless, with the exception of being able to move my hands a little sometimes.

The consultation of doctors was held in Dec. 26th, 1879. On experimenting they found that the lower half of my body was paralyzed, and the remainder partially so, following or caused by acute spinal disease.

The pain in my head was most excruciating and constant, and the light acted very peculiarly on every fibre, nerve and muscle of my body. The reason why it tortured me so was that the pupils of the eyes were paralyzed, so that it was impossible for them to contract on the approach of the light, and thus its full glare entered and preyed upon the sensitive head, all agonized with pain.

The physicians agreed in saying that I could live but a very few weeks at the longest, and would probably die at any moment. To me the prospect of death was a most delightful one:—To be free from all pain!—to be at home with Jesus!—to see the lovely face of my Redeemer, and worship Him with purified heart and enlightened understanding! These thoughts were the crown of my bliss. Of course, I

sympathized with the sorrow of the dear ones who would be left behind. Very ardently did I wish to glorify Him every moment of the time I remained on the earth. Very earnestly did I desire to win many souls for His dear Kingdom, before I went "hence;" and, also, I wished to tarry sufficiently long, to help my fellow-Christians to cast "all their care upon Him," and go on their way Heavenward, unimpeded and without carefulness! And that these ends might be effected the better, I prayed that my reason—that every mental and spiritual faculty—might be preserved entire; and this prayer was answered, although the doctors had positively asserted that if I lived many days insanity would result from such suffering as I momentarily endured.

Concerning the life of the soul during the years of my affliction, perfect peace and deep, true joy prevailed. Then I learned to know the great *heart of God*! I knew a little of it before, but now I was alone with Him in many ways. Ages could not afford me time enough, nor language words enough, in which, and wherewith, I might praise Him sufficiently for all He has been to me during these days and months and

years of my "sore chastening upon my bed!"

Every moment of the time, when in the extreme of suffering, I found unfailing comfort in the presence and help of the Holy Spirit. When my helpless body was racked with exquisite suffering, His "everlasting arms" were indeed "underneath" and around me, and while held and kept in His strong, tender embrace, I did not doubt His love or wisdom in thus afflicting His child; but realized that this was His effectual plan of revealing Himself to me, of letting me see some of His ways with the children of men, and of causing me to see "wondrous things" out of "His law!" His Word, indeed, became precious to me, in these years of trial, and of His blessed and gracious promises, I must say here: "They have been 'true and righteous.'" "Not one thing hath failed" thereof! Josh. xxiii, 14. He thus took me away from other teachers that I might learn only of Him, and "*Who teacheth like Him?*" (Job xxxvi: 22).

Now I must not forget "all His benefits," but mention the two or three precious powers He left with me to use in His dear service:—I was able to read (nearly al-

ways) a few verses every day, and sometimes I read a great deal, having had a convenient book-desk invented, which, fitting over my prostrated body, held the book in proper position before my eyes. Then another thing, I was able nearly always to listen to talking without much additional pain, and in the same way was permitted to speak for Him. Also, during the last two years, when in a highly nervous condition, I was able to write,—just lying on one side and using the muscles of the hand from the wrist joint. In this position I wrote between two and three hundred letters. All of these powers were to me inestimable blessings, and I have trusted, and am still trusting Him, for results for good from His use of my lips and pen.

One thing that, during the years of my illness, I sometimes wondered at, was, that the Lord never gave me the slightest intimation concerning my future, whether I must lie there for many years, or shortly be taken Home; or whether He would ever make me well and able to work actively in His vineyard in the world or not. Of course, *humanly* speaking, there was *no* possibility of a cure, or even of alleviation

of pain, being effected; but many times I thought that *perhaps* He would yet raise me up to more active work in His service, surmising that *Heaven* might not be the only thing that He was preparing me for, in thus teaching me so emphatically and experimentally out of His Word, and by the patient working in me of the loving mighty Spirit.

In some papers I had read some few articles respecting "faith-cures" so-called, and naturally the thought arose, perhaps; He will cure me in this wonderful way; and directly I would ask Him about it, and wait to hear what His Spirit would tell me, and then go to the Bible to see what He wanted *me* to do about it. Each time I asked Him about it, His answer came directly out of His Word, always bidding me *wait* awhile, and invariably a precious comforting promise would accompany His answer. About everything else, nearly, that I inquired, He would give me abundant knowledge; about this one thing, He just gave me enough to satisfy my present need, and I sometimes wondered why His Word seemed partially covered to me on this one subject. (*Now*, however, His object in so doing is obvious

to me). What He did tell me at such times was in substance, that I was doing His work on my bed, and that this was His will concerning me for a "little while;" He had more to teach me there, and wished my life and lips to praise Him every moment. I was perfectly willing to await His time for further revelation. His will had become mine, and it was with a heart full of gratitude and steady, *springing* joy, that I waited, trusting gladly His love and wisdom in all His wonderful dealings with me.

Dear friend: I think it entirely superfluous to give any further details of my illness; by this I mean the different symptoms and peculiar and painful sensations, which constantly preyed upon my body, the high tension of nerve and muscle and stiffening of every part of my body, and the terrible quivering caused by the glare, glimmer or flicker of any light near to where I lay. Please let it suffice when I say, that for exactly *three* years I was in this helpless and suffering condition—years fraught with deep true pleasure and profit to me; years, in each day of which I held sweet communion and fellowship with the Father and Son through the Holy Spirit.

Now, to proceed to give an account of the "preparation of the heart for the healing of the body," as you aptly express it, I shall tell about as much as I now retain in my memory.

On the 14th of Sept., 1882, our gracious Lord showed me in a delightfully clear way that He would "restore health unto me" at some time. For two days then, my suffering was more intense and my weakness greater than usual; and very strangely, my imagination was carrying me away to distant cities and towns incessantly, to where beloved friends were laboring for the Master, in their several fields.

Now, I would be in Owen Sound assisting my dear brother with his pastoral work and Sabbath-school, anon in Toronto visiting hospitals and helping a dear friend with her work among the women at the reformatory, &c. Then another rapid thought would convey me to Belleville, Kingston, Montreal, Scotland, France or India, &c. Always active and assisting, in their different provinces of Christian work, those dear ones for whom, and for whose work, I had long been wrestling in prayer.

Very useless and very pointless all of these strange fancies seemed to me. Sev-

eral times I endeavored to banish them but they persisted in remaining. That they were not produced by any rebellious thoughts, I am sure; on the contrary, I was conscious that He was even then directing my thoughts, as well as my words and actions, for I had trusted Him to do this for me.

Nevertheless, two or three times, I handed them all over to Him to take away; or, if He had some special end in view, unknown to me, to put them back again, and since they returned each time, I ceased the effort to substitute other thoughts.

On the second day, while I was lying, suffering keenly, I felt impelled to take up my Bible, being assured that He had some special thing to tell me. As I feebly drew the precious volume toward me, the thought came brightly: "Is He now going to explain His purpose of these late desultory and curious fancies?" and I then asked Him to open the leaves, and direct my eye to His particular passage. Jeremiah 30th opened before me, but in it I saw only a few lines here and there which were these: "Fear thou not, O my servant!" It was so nice thus again to be called *His* "servant;" and the "Fear thou not!" was

beautifully supplemented by the next word: "*For I am with thee*, saith the Lord!" How I *rested* in that assertion of my Lord's! Next came: "For thus saith the Lord: Thy bruise is incurable, and thy wound is grievous; there is none to plead thy cause that thou mayst be bound up: thou hast no healing medicines," Jer. 30. 12, 13. I knew that He was then speaking literally to me; and, therefore, just looked up to Him, saying, "I know, dear Lord, all that Thou sayest is true; yet Thou hast all power over diseases, and, therefore, over mine; and now I wait to see what next Thou wilt say to me. I am in Thy hands, willing to be taught of Thee; glad to be whatever and wherever Thou wilt have me to be, if only I may be used to glorify Thy name on the earth. Then the words of the 17th verse shone out distinctly before my eyes: "*I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord!*"

I was certain He wished me to take this also literally, and very happy was I about it. It was all so new and wonderful! That I should be *well*, without any pain, and able to stand and walk! To me it did not matter *when* this healing would occur. I would not be surprised if it came

at any moment; or I would wait for it for years, if He so ordered my life. So I immediately thanked Him for the healing of my body, just as if the cure had already been effected, and asked Him to give me a little *additional* information regarding this wondrous matter out of His Word. Immediately the leaves of my Bible fell over and opened at 2 Thess. i.: 11, 12. *There* I found all that my heart had desired! 1st, that *this* was *His* "*calling*;" 2nd, to be assured that this would not be given because of any impatience of mine, but that it was "*the good pleasure of His goodness*;" 3rd, that the healing would not be by the instrumentality of medical or surgical operations, but as to His method, it would be a "*work of faith with power*;" and 4th, that as a result His name might be "*glorified!*" How thankful I was to have all of this so clearly and satisfactorily revealed to me, and I had nothing to do but praise Him for His goodness in promising such a blessing as *health*, and pray that He would continue *all* of his former kindness to me, and make me a blessing *to all* with whom He would bring me in contact.

After a time the thought came into my

mind : does He wish me to write to any of those whose faith has been honored in the healing of the sick? His answer came in the negative, so I merely told Him that I would wait His time, and obey His voice as it would come to me.

I told my many friends and correspondents what the Lord was going to do for me, and asked all to pray for my restoration, since He had promised it. I must say, as they of ancient days did, "many believed, but some doubted."

"After this the pains grew worse, if possible; at least, all the old and *worst* sensations returned *in a body*, and continued so until the moment I was healed, and I was weaker too. But this fact did not lessen my faith in God's Word, or confident expectation of His glorious power being exercised, and that at a not far distant period, for day by day I felt that a crisis was approaching. One thing which was a delight to me, as well as much-needed instruction, was, that He then began to teach me much more out of His Word about the matter of healing the sick by "the word of His power." What before seemed hidden from me, now was revealed. Day by day, new facts, new truths, new

lessons, were given by the Spirit who opens our understanding, and were gladly accepted; and when Miss Carrie F. Judd's little book, "The Prayer of Faith," was sent to me and read, the knowledge of her restoration caused me to feel not quite so much *alone* in this way of healing.

On the 20th of October, 1882, the Lord (by Deut. 17, 8-11.) counselled me to write to Dr. Cullis, Miss Judd and Mrs. Mix, to ask them also to unite their prayers with those of many other dear friends for my recovery; the replies to two of them came in a week's time.

Dr. Cullis merely said that on Tuesday, October 31st, at 3 P.M., he would remember me in prayer. Miss Judd also stated in her brief reply that my case would be brought in faith to the Great Physician on November 2nd, at 8 P.M.; also asking us to join them at the Throne of Grace at the same hour.

Several dear friends were notified of these special hours set apart for prayer.

At three o'clock, October 31st, 1882, all the loved ones who were at home went to their several rooms to pray. My dear mother was the only one who came into my room to be with me; she knelt beside me and prayed silently.

Very quietly and quickly the moments fled. Very happily and trustfully did I wait on the Lord then. I was scarcely praying, certainly I asked for an outpouring of His gracious Spirit; but as for praying for health, I did not need to do so; He had already promised it; and I was waiting for it. I did not know it would come on *that* day; but I knew He would tell me some special thing relating to it on that day, and so was joyously waiting for His voice. Nor did He leave my soul desolate in that memorable hour. Many of those promises which had been strength and life to my heart in days of trial, ever since I had been confined to my bed, were slowly and beautifully spoken to my soul, then, by the Holy Spirit.

Precious, encouraging promises, loving "words of Jesus;" verily, *I* lacked "no good thing." Some of those that seem most necessary I shall mention here. At 3:30, dear mamma looked up at me, inquiring how I felt then. I replied that I did not feel any better, that the pains in head and spine, joint and muscle had never been more excruciating than at that time. And she inquired, "What are you going to do, Maggie dear?" "I am not going

to do anything," I answered, "He did not tell me to do anything, and I am waiting for His voice." Then I repeated my last promise to her; "Though it tarry, wait for it, because *it will surely come*, it will not tarry!" (Hab. ii. 3). She was satisfied then, and said that she, too, could "wait for it." A minute or two later I repeated my next nice verse to her: "*Watch with Me one hour.*" There is so much that is good in that. It was not only a waiting *for Him*, but a waiting and watching *with Him*, with the Lord Jesus Himself! When she heard it she looked up smiling, as she said she had just caught a glimpse of the three slumbering disciples, and of Jesus bending over them, saying sadly, "Couldst thou not watch with Me one hour?" It was a sweet coincidence, and she bent her dear head in renewed prayer. About twenty minutes later, this sentence came brightly into my heart, "*Behold, thy King cometh unto thee!*" And a moment later, this: "*Be strong and of good courage and do it: fear not, nor be dismayed; for the Lord God, even my God, will be with thee; He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee, until thou hast finished all the work for the service of the house of the Lord!*" (1 Chron. xxviii. 20).

There was so much that was good in these words also. For one thing, the King was *coming*; another, He would have me *"do"* something, and the act of doing this thing would require strength and courage and fearlessness, but just there were the unfailing promises of His dear presence, His divine help, *until* I had *"finished all"* my work for Him on the earth. Could anything be more complete than these gracious words linked together so beautifully? Immediately after I had comprehended it wholly, this command came strongly and impressively, and with encouraging gladness in His tone. "*Behold the Bridegroom cometh!*" and again, "*Behold! the Bridegroom!*" "*Go ye out to meet Him!*" Instantly I knew that this was for, word that He had kept me waiting and instantly I was assured that with the command would come also the power to obey it! So, looking up to Him for the necessary strength, I made a slight, feeble effort to remove the covering. Enough strength came to do that. Then I looked up for more, in order to move my feet a little; that also came; but even then I did not feel any stronger or better; the pain, too, was intense. But

I continued to trust Him for power to fulfil His own command; and raised my heart to Him for strength to raise my head and to make me *sit up*; and with the prayer I made a little effort to raise my head; instantly I was raised up to a sitting posture, a power outside of self raised me up! I felt no sensible impression upon me, no peculiar sensation, and I did not think of the pain at all; I was just raised up and did not fall back again. But I did not wait at all. I was eager to fulfil all of the command; and just again looked to Him to make me stand on my feet, to "go out to meet Him!" As before, at the very first tiny effort to arise, He raised me up to my feet, and I stood "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might!" My first feeling was that of having met the beloved Bridegroom; of being held in the strong, loving embrace of Jesus, the "Lover of my soul!" Then I thought of how good and wonderful it all was. I was *standing*. I thought of the old pains, *all were gone!* They had been mysteriously removed while I was in the act of being raised up; I felt no weakness; I was healed!

My dear mother had, at the beginning, moved back aghast, and gazed at me,

speechless and wondering; now, however, she comprehended it all, and sprang to my side, saying, "*Praise the Lord! He has healed my child!*"

Then she called all the other dear ones into my room, that they might see what the Lord had done, and praise Him for it too. We all instantly knelt down and thanked Him for all that He had done; and anew I consecrated my healed body and all its faculties to His blessed service. Then I looked up to Him for more strength to arise again, and, of course, He gave it instantly. I arose and began to walk out to the next room to see my dear father. I walked without pain or difficulty out into the light! How well I remember the eager joy that came into my dear sister's face as she ran to the windows to roll up the blinds as far as she could reach. The light was so beautiful, and did not cause the slightest pain in my head, did not even dazzle my eyes.

A comfortable chair was brought for me, and I sat there for an hour, and then did not feel wearied. There we could fairly see the new, warm blood coursing through my before *icy* hands. The pink, healthy-looking skin has remained. I was made

every whit whole! We sang from overflowing hearts, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, all that is within me, bless His holy name!" There is so much in that sweet 103rd Psalm that I did not see there before. I had tea with the family that evening, and *took my own food*, without difficulty, even lifted the cup to my lips. Afterwards, as twenty or thirty kind neighbors had hastened in, we had a most delightful praise-meeting for four hours. The Lord indeed had made us joyful and abundantly grateful. I slept *most comfortably* that night, and next morning I arose again in the strength of the Lord, and dressed myself without assistance. In the afternoon I walked upstairs with a little assistance, and two days later had a delightful carriage drive. Ever since then I have been getting stronger. I write a great deal, and talk a great deal without any weariness following. I have been driven, perhaps, hundreds of miles, but the cold weather does not penetrate the solid, healthy flesh that I possess now. The only condition that I have to comply with, is, that I do nothing but what is necessary. I have since learned that the blessed Lord is willing to heal *all* who

come to Him in full confidence and faith. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord !" This, my cheerful testimony, is given to-day, that as a result, many dear brothers and sisters in the Lord may, with me, stand "strong in the Lord," and go forward with renewed energy and more steadfast faith to fight the battles of the Lord, and bring souls into His Kingdom. To all such I say, "Go in this thy might !" "Have not I (the Lord) sent thee ?" Judges, vi. 14.

I am yours in the love of Jesus,
MAGGIE H. SCOTT.

LETTER FROM REV. JAMES McCAUL,
MONTREAL.

It was my privilege to see Miss Scott once during her illness, and to converse freely with her regarding her malady and her strong hopes of recovery. I received a long and deeply interesting letter from her, soon after her cure, in which she narrates with great minuteness and fidelity all

the circumstances attending her healing—in substance as recorded above.

Later I visited her and her family again at her home. And at my request she spent some days with us, soon after, in Montreal. From here we went in company to attend a Sabbath School Convention some distance from the city. Since then, till the present, we have had more or less correspondence.

I have thus had ample opportunity of forming an estimate of Miss Scott's character, and have no hesitation in testifying to her sterling piety, and simple, earnest Christian faith. Born and brought up in a staid and conservative Presbyterian family, herself a member, and a brother a devoted and successful minister of that church, she was, in my judgment, as far removed as possible from anything like religious excitement or undue enthusiasm.

The statement she has made of her case I believe to be the calm and deliberate avowal of what she consciously believes to be the hand of God upon her in the healing of her bodily malady. And, although by no means clear in my judgment myself as to many recorded cases of faith cure, her own clear intelligent conviction (and

the same on the part of her pious parents), together with her strong, earnest faith, her entire consecration to God, and her singleness of eye to His glory, constrain me to respect her deep convictions and to believe that, in so far as she is concerned, her cure is all that she represents it to be.

JAMES MCCAUL,
Pastor Stanley Street Presbyterian Church.

MONTREAL, Aug., 1883.



RECORD OF THE LORD'S PATIENCE AND TENDER LOVING KINDNESS.

HAVING been raised up by the Lord's hand in answer to the prayer of faith, after an illness of upwards of twelve years, I have been asked to give my testimony along with others.

I promised the Lord I should do so whenever He desired, and now most gratefully I tell of His loving-kindness and tender mercies, and His unwearied patience in dealing with me. I have also wished for an opportunity of testifying to the power of intercession, and it seems as if no one could owe more than I do to the Lord and to His children. I must ever be a living witness to the power of prayer:—

I had suffered, as I have said, for twelve years with a complication of diseases which greatly affected the spine and adjacent nerves, so as to induce an affection which brought on spasms of intense pain lasting at times for hours. The nerves were so affected as to produce marks on the exterior like scars. Any motion, either of walking or driving, caused great suffering ;

every nerve seemed like a cord of fire, and was unable to sit up for any length of time.

I first heard of cure by faith in the remarkable case of Miss Anstey, of Colar in India, 1876; but though I fully believed it, I did not take it to myself. I thought it was an extraordinary manifestation of God's power.

While visiting friends in Chicago, I put myself under the care of physicians there, and, while their treatment was blessed to me physically, their kindness I shall never forget. How many prayers have ascended for them, God only knows. During Doctor Ludlam's treatment, the Lord taught me many lessons of faith and patience. I did not understand all they were intended to teach me at the time, I suppose. I got all I was able to receive. Often during the pain, when Dr. Ludlam was unable to come to me, I have had to lean heavily on the Lord, and He kept me in His tender arms and made Himself so real to me, for which I shall praise Him to all eternity. I remember so well one night I was very ill. My own physician had gone to a distant city to perform an important operation. He had told me his

assistant would visit me. The hours passed and still he did not come. In the meantime I prayed most earnestly that the Lord would send him. I got my glasses prepared for the medicine, and at 9 p.m. Dr. Dorion came in, saying: "The message to come and see you came a long way tonight; Dr. Ludlam forgot to put your name on my list, but when he reached Minneapolis he remembered you, and telegraphed me to come and see you." I knew the message had come straight from my Father in Heaven.

About this time a friend, brought to the Lord in a remarkable way, a very rapidly developed Christian, Capt. Sylvester, told me I was very wrong in not obeying God's command in St. James v. 15, 16. I could not agree with him. I said, "God is blessing means to me, I am improving in health, and I believe He intends me to continue using them." So I put the blessing from me.

In 1880 I became worse again. I could not walk without excessive pain, and the spasms returned in my back. At this time a friend lent me Dr. Cullis' book, "Faith Cures," and Mrs. M. Baxter's tract "The Great Physician." Many were the

messages sent by friends at this time, inspired, as I believe, by the Holy Spirit, which assured me of healing. I began to see a glimmer of light. A friend from Dr. Foster's Institution, at Clifton Springs, N. Y., corresponded with me on the subject, and I asked the prayers of the Christians there. An hour was fixed which I observed with them. The next day I did feel better, but I had not learned God's lesson. I took a long walk, going in my own strength, not God's, though I expected it from God, and failed. I also failed by trying to find faith in my own heart, and looking to that instead of simply taking God at His Word. A second time God, the Holy Spirit, laid it on the heart of some one to send me Mrs. Baxter's tract.

At this time I was suffering very much. I was boarding at a little distance from the city. A friend in town asked me to visit her. While at her house I became very ill. Here again I turned away from the Lord as my physician, and sent for Dr. Ludlam. After sufficient improvement had taken place to enable me to be moved, I determined to take a room in a private homeopathic hospital (Hahnemann Hospital), in which I took a deep interest. Dear

Christian friends told me the Lord could heal me without recourse to such means; but, alas! I did not obey His voice or take hold of His promise. I was not ready in heart for the blessing.

For the love and kindness of my Lord to me while in the hospital I cannot sufficiently praise Him. The loving care and attention of those around me in the hospital, and the ministry of my physicians and friends who came to visit me were His gifts to His undutiful child.

Mentally and spiritually I was not at rest. I felt I had turned aside from a path in which I might have glorified my Lord. My Christian friends, prayed with me and for me, that I might see the truth which was then beginning to be prominently brought forward by the press in the case of Miss Carrie Judd and others. They said, "when you rest in the Lord you will be raised up," and so I found it to be when the healing came. I wrote to Dr. Cullis, who sent me a very kind reply, telling me he was praying that my difficulties would be all overcome. His letter showed me that I had to deal with the Lord alone in the matter, and that His Spirit must reveal the truth. Thank God, Dr. Cullis' prayer

was answered, and my difficulties have been all cleared away. At this time God gave me as a promise the words of David "I shall be anointed with fresh oil," which I have constantly claimed before Him since then. Also, "I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord," Ps. cxviii, 17, which I firmly believed.

My health was, thanks to my Heavenly Father, improved—undeserving as I was, and He continued to teach me such loving lessons. All this time I was asking Him if He would, in His loving forbearance, give me another opportunity of trusting Him fully, and, praise and thanksgiving to His loving faithfulness, He did so.

I was obliged to leave the hospital in great weakness and still suffering. This time I determined I would trust the Lord alone, and give up entirely the use of means. I told my physicians and they were all interested and most kindly sympathized with me in my longing. I went to visit a friend, and for six weeks no one but myself and my God knew what I went through mentally and physically. I was only feeling my way.

On the 12th of August, 1880, I had been reading Dr. Dickson's book "All about

Jesus." The author speaks of Jesus as Jehovah-Rophi (the Lord that healeth thee, Ex., xv. 26), and mentions several cases in which, even at the very gates of death, life was restored. I there and then laid myself at Jesus feet, and seemed to touch Him for healing. He came so very near. In the evening I tried to walk again, but with the same result of severe pain. At night on retiring I asked the Lord to send to my soul a message through the Word. It came—"What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them," St. Mark, xi. 24. It came to me with power, and yet I was not sufficiently instructed for it to have its full weight. Shortly after this a clergyman, who had visited me in the hospital, called to see me. He told me that he and his wife would pray daily for my healing for one week. He was but a learner himself. At the end of the week, on Sunday morning at 4 a.m., after making a little special exertion the day before, and expecting the usual severe pain, &c., I felt a strange sensation in my back—a sort of tension. I felt the pain would either cease or return with increased violence. It ceased, and

through the day I had not the customary pain and distress. On Monday I felt *well*. Went up to the hospital and gave a pleasant surprise to my dear friends there. The succeeding day I took the street cars, riding in which had, up to that time, always caused subsequent pain, and went to see my physician, Dr. Ludlam. He was delighted to see me, and quite believed my testimony. I had not taken so long a trip for a year. I felt entirely myself, had no pain whatever. The house physicians at the hospital, matron and nurses all wondered at the change. One of them said: "If you are healed, miracles have not ceased, and we will believe in faith healing."

Two days after I left for Port Dover, Canada, though in great weakness. I took the Lord for my strength, and he supported me. I had not even a headache.

My condition during my stay at Port Dover, I must confess to being unable to understand, but I give the facts as they occurred: I had not been there very long before my pain and weakness returned, and yet I testified to myself and others of what the Lord had done for me. The spiritual blessing I received was some-

thing I can hardly speak of. The Lord was so very, very near, I seemed to take everything direct from His hand. I almost felt as if I need not pray, He was so ready to give. It was almost sight, not faith. I longed that people would come to Him for healing; it seemed to put Him so far away to go to physicians. The other world, too, seemed so very near that my loved ones gone before appeared quite close to me, and the Holy Spirit taught me so very many sweet lessons, revealing Jesus and dealing so closely with me. The messages given then are being fulfilled now in my experience. All this time the pain continued, and at last I felt it my duty to leave the place. God kept me trusting Himself through all, and I took no medicine. After a visit to friends in Toronto, where I was somewhat better, I came to Montreal. I felt rather better than I did in Toronto, but still suffered and was unable to walk.

Here I must say that I tried my utmost to persevere in walking in spite of the pain, but no amount of exercise of will-power overcame the pain. But I must testify to the love and goodness of my dear Heavenly Father, who kept me leaning on

Him, and through all caused me to look to Himself for the healing. "Kept," was my experience.

At this time Miss Smiley lent me Miss Judd's book, the "Prayer of Faith." I did pray most earnestly that she might see the fruit of her ministry. Shortly after this, one Sabbath evening, as I was reading the life of Billy Bray, the Cornish preacher, I felt an intense desire for fuller consecration, and was convinced that dear Christian friends somewhere were praying for me, for I felt the power of their intercession. The next day a lady called on me, being sent, I believe, of the Lord. She talked with me on the subject of healing from the Lord and prayed with me, but I could not grasp the promise and make it mine at once, though I strove hard to do so. I think the temptation I yielded to was with regard to the consecration afterward. I did not trust to being "kept," I looked at the difficulties, without at the same time looking to Him who had covenanted to keep me, and so again the blessing was put from me. Miss B—— told me that the night before she and two friends had prayed for me and others, and I found it was exactly at the time I had felt myself being remembered.

A year then passed marked by special dealings of my patient, tender, faithful Father with me, teaching me my weakness, but His glorious power, His unspeakable love. The word *God* seemed ever before me in letters of shining light, and, without doubt, he was teaching me to know Him.

I had read of the Rev. Hugh Johnston as having been connected with Dr Cullis in the Faith Convention at Old Orchard. I longed to see him, for I thought he would help me, and might perhaps be the one by whom God's promise given to me in the hospital should be fulfilled, but the way not being opened I left it in God's hands to be brought about in His own time.

In the commencement of March a kind friend in this city invited me to pay her a visit, thinking the change would do me good. The day I went I felt very poorly. One day during our pleasant converse together she told me of a cure effected in this city through the prayer of faith, and mentioned the Rev. Hugh Johnston. On telling her my experience she said she would ask him to come and see us, but on speaking with him he said that his assistant, the Rev. E. D. Mallory, had been more in the work than he had, Mr. Mallory, therefore, came in his place.

That morning, on asking the Lord for a message, He sent to my heart the sweet and glorious words, "I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward." After a pleasant and profitable visit, Mr. Mallory read the account of the raising of Jairus' daughter, and prayed with us. On leaving he said to me, "Be not afraid, only believe." After he had left, the Holy Spirit, through several circumstances, led me to the conclusion that I must come to the point and decide whether I should trust the Lord wholly in this matter or not. One evening I felt compelled to make up my mind, I went to my room and dealt with the Lord about it. (At this time, led, as I believe, by the Spirit, a Christian friend on the other side of the sea, Rev. J. T. Wrenford, was interceding for me, though he little knew the subject that was agitating my mind.)

Several verses were brought to my mind at this time, one was "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him," St. John iii. 36. I felt that in not trusting the Lord fully for this I was losing some of that life which God had designed for me in Christ, and was bringing Him dishonor. Also that as

the words in St. James v. 15, 16, were a command I must obey them at any cost.

So the Blessed Spirit enabled me to put all my difficulties and doubts into the Lord's hands and to have no fear, for, however great they might be, I had God and He was sufficient. In about half an hour, therefore, I determined to send for Mr. Mallory and ask him, if the Lord led him to do so, to pray with me. On the morning of the 16th of March, 1882, he came up, put a little oil on my forehead, laid his hands on my head, and prayed over me. That day I left my friend's house. I felt no change whatever. On the succeeding days Satan tried me terribly, suggesting that no change had come, but I cried to the Lord, and His words were my strength, for in the words of Jeremiah, "Thy words were found and I did eat them and they were the joy and rejoicing of my heart." The 25th Psalm was my prayer moment by moment. I think the Word never had been what it was to me those two days.

On the Sabbath I went to the Lord's Table at St. George's Church. I felt I must meet my Lord alone, and there I took Him for my resurrection life for body and soul. A few days after I took a longer walk than

I had taken since coming to Canada and I suffered considerably; but after the next walk I did not suffer. I went in the Lord's strength, expecting His promise to be made good to me. Though I felt no power of my own, I previously had asked the Lord, so that I might do no more than what He would have me to do. On this occasion I met my brother, who was greatly surprised to meet me walking; he wished me to take a cab, but I had faith given me to walk back in the Lord's strength. So I have gone on from that time gradually gaining in strength—able for all God wishes me to do and still hoping for more. Glory and thanksgiving be to His holy name. The Lord has fulfilled His promise, after eighteen months of training and leaning on Himself alone without the use of means. All my friends in this city and many elsewhere can testify to the wonderful change God has wrought, in the great improvement in my health.

To those who read this testimony I would say, "Profit by my failure. Take the Lord simply at His Word *at once*, and you will not have the pain of trying Him as I have done, and will have the joy of

bringing greater glory to His holy name. Oh, how great have been His love and patience in dealing so gently with me!

I desire by this testimony to give thanks and glory to God Almighty, my Creator and Father, God the Son, my Redeemer, and God the Holy Spirit, my Sanctifier. Three in One, yet One in Three, for their loving-kindness to one so unworthy the least of all mercies. May God accept the praise and use the testimony to His glory. I mention especially the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity, because I feel the special work of each in dealing with my soul, and because it appears to me we Christians have not sufficiently honored the third Person of the Blessed Trinity in His part in the wonderful work God is doing with mankind on earth, in working out that glorious redemption wrought for us and preparing us for life with Him above.

Next to God, who has done it all, I would most earnestly, and with a full heart, thank all those beloved brothers and sisters in Christ, whom God the Holy Spirit, led so lovingly to pray for me, yea, to wrestle in prayer through a trial all the elements of which God alone knows.

For these prayers and words of loving counsel and cheer, I thank each one in the Master's name for this service done unto Him, and now I ask them to magnify the Lord with me and to praise Him for what He hath done. My prayer for each one is found in the words of St. Paul, 2 Thess., 1, 11, 12. "We pray always for you that our God would count you worthy of this calling, and fulfil all the good pleasure of His goodness and the work of faith with power, that the name of the Lord Jesus may be glorified in you and ye in Him, according to the grace of our God and the Lord Jesus Christ."

Secondly, I would say to all who are seeking healing from God's own hand, "Be encouraged. Hold on firmly, nothing doubting. In the very doing so your faith will be strengthened," look unto Jesus steadily and claim His promise, He gives the faith and He will increase it as I can testify. It may be for this purpose the blessing tarries. Let us walk in the light which God is giving us in view of the multiplying cases of healing from His own hand and we shall have more given us. Be led of the Spirit and you will have strength for all God tells you to do, thus will your faith grow stronger.

Thirdly. Let me remind Christians of the command, "Pray one for another, that ye may be healed," St. James v. 16. Pray that the soul may be blessed, so that the Lord may be able to remove the disease.

We do not sufficiently realize the importance and blessedness of the service of intercession. I can testify to many instances in my own case, when the prayers of the Lord's children have been answered in blessing to my soul at the very time when the prayer was offered. Let us be deeply interested in each others soul's health, then shall we be able to help their bodies. We shall thus see more and more how closely God is dealing with us through these bodies, and that, as Dr. Cullis' report for this year tells us, He does not separate soul and body in His redemptive work.

To you, dear friends, to whom this is an untried path, I would say most emphatically, *it is your privilege*. I can testify to the glorious way in which God reveals Himself in it. Obey His command and the promise will be fulfilled to you. Yield your bodies to His immediate care and control in every particular, in sickness and in health, and He will care for them, and your soul shall receive of His fulness in a

way you little dream of. You will be gloriously blessed, and by His grace and love and power flowing through you, you will be a blessing to others. Thus shall you know the Lord, know Him in His glorious power, and tender love for you, know the life with Him, for Him and by Him, which He has designed for His children, and by showing forth the fulness of that life you shall hasten the time when all shall know Him, from the least to the greatest. Let us, as the spiritual Israel, claim the promises contained in the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy, they are for us.

Dear brothers and sisters in Christ, let me entreat of you to make use of all the strength, physical and spiritual, there is in God for you in His service. He needs all His children. The time is short and there is much to be done. Put your hand in the Father's hand and trust in Him. He will not fail you. "Thy God hath commanded thy strength," Psalm lxviii, 28. Again I place on record my testimony to the patience and love of my Heavenly Father in training and teaching me, and His faithfulness to His promise in restoring my health.

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me? I will take

the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all His people," Psalm cxvi, 12, 13, 14. "Return unto thy rest, oh, my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee," Psa. cxvi. 7.

Might not the Lord's children agree to remember the sick ones at some special time. I would propose Thursday evening.

ISABELLA RENAUD.

Montreal, March 16, 1883.

LETTER FROM THE VERY REV.
DEAN BALDWIN.

Having had the privilege of knowing Miss Renaud for some years, and having witnessed her deep and unaffected piety, I am quite sure the above represents accurately not only all the external facts of the case, but the internal workings of her own spirit. Anxious to consecrate all her being to the service of her Divine Lord, she here makes public her own private experience that other pilgrims to the heavenly city may be encouraged and helped.

MAURICE S. BALDWIN.

March, 1883.

MRS. McKENZIE'S TESTIMONY.

At the request of the Rev. E. D. Malory and for the glory of God I submit the following testimony of Christ's power on earth to heal the body. He has healed my body of a disease of twenty-two years standing, and what is much better, He has drawn me nearer—oh, so much nearer to Himself,—thus giving me a deeper fellowship with Him in all His will concerning us, in His desire for the salvation of souls, and that His Father may be glorified in Him. I cannot express in words my thoughts and feelings on this subject, and need not try. I will only say I am fully the Lord's, soul, body and spirit, for time and eternity, having but one desire, to glorify God in all I do. Oh, to do something for Him! Oh, to be filled altogether with His fulness! My trouble was internal inflammation and ulceration, caused by an accident many years ago. By the almost constant use of medicine and a good constitution, the disease was, at times, pretty well held in check; at others, I suffered greatly, especially in my nervous system.

Physicians told me no medicine could reach my case; but proposed treatment by caustic. From this I shrank for different reasons, and never expected to be well. In the month of July last I was quite ill, all the symptoms were so bad that I grew quite discouraged, and that seemed the worst feature of this attack, for, usually, I had not yielded to discouragement. I had been ill for two weeks, most of the time in bed and quite sleepless with internal heat and pain, when I began to feel that something must be done: I must go to the doctors or the Lord. As was my wont I opened the Word of God, asking for direction, and my eye fell on James v. 14 and 15. This reminded me of the fact that many were being healed now as of old through that promise. I considered it significant yet I hesitated.

That same evening I was about to take medicine when the thought came to me, "that is not what the Lord told you this morning," and I resolved, then and there, never to take any medicine while I lived. I would have sent for our minister, Mr. Somerville, but it was not convenient that night. After spending a sleepless night, toward morning I rose and knelt saying

I would go to the Lord for help. While in prayer for the healing of my disease, I was greatly blessed spiritually, so much so that I lost all my discouragement and perplexity, and was happy in the thought of either remaining a sufferer for life, or of being healed just as the Lord saw fit.

I had heard of Dr. Cullis and his faith for healing, and that morning wrote to him stating my case and asking for prayer. The next day the Rev. Mr. Somerville, our pastor, came to see me, and I told him all my mind, except the fact that I had written to Dr. Cullis. He questioned me and ascertained that it was for the glory of God I desired healing, that I might have a stronger, happier, healthier spiritual life developed in my family, in the community, and the church. He is a man of strong faith and did much to strengthen my faith, also read of Christ's healing power while on earth, and prayed with me for present healing. My mind was in a rather passive state for some time, till all at once I roused up to the fact that the "prayer of faith" was being offered, and that we *two* were agreed to ask for the healing of my disease, and, therefore, it must be done. Instantly I felt the pain and heat cease, and felt satis-

fied the work was undertaken. I told Mr. Somerville so when we rose from prayer, and we rejoiced together in Jesus' power to save to the uttermost. From that time my health has been altogether different. I soon began to walk and work as I had not done for years, and life wears altogether a new aspect. I go to the Lord for everything, and no day passes in which I do not see prayer answered. I was healed on the 13th of July, and my letter reached Dr. Cullis on the 14th.

MRS. ANNA MCKENZIE.

Arundel.

Six months have elapsed since I wrote the above testimony, and I am now called upon to confirm it by my present experience. As it was for the glory of the Master and in praise of his wonderfully condescending love to "*even me*," that I acceded to the request for its publication; so now, with that same object in view, I add the following:—

Early in the month of October, something occurred which grieved and pained me very deeply, and probably through the shock occasioned to my nervous system,

I was surprised to find a dull uncomfortable pain in the region of the old disease. This gave me some uneasiness, and shook my faith somewhat; not in the fact that I was really a subject of Christ's healing power, or that he would eventually display his power in my perfect cure; but, I questioned whether it was really at the present moment an accomplished work. At once my mind reverted to the fact that my attention had been drawn, as I believed, by the Holy Spirit to the passage in James v. 14, 15, and yet the requirement there, viz., anointing, had not been fully met! Therefore, I reasoned, my cure was not perfect, in order that I might learn the lesson of perfect unquestioning obedience to the commands of God in all their fullness. I had had some thoughts on the subject before, and hinted them to Mr. Somerville, but he reminded me that it was the prayer of faith that saved the sick, and the Lord who raised him up, also that he had not taken that promise as his plea. My impression was that he had not as yet given the subject of anointing sufficient consideration to warrant his acting upon it. For some little time after this, I continued to feel occasionally an uncomfortable sensa-

tion which was, at least, sufficient to be a reminder of my old trouble. Mr. Somerville thought me fully cured, notwithstanding these slight symptoms; but, becoming aware that I was not satisfied about it, asked me what I would have him do. I may as well say here that in the meantime he had given the subject of anointing a thorough examination in the light of scripture, and especially as to its spiritual significance, viz., *consecration*; and had also made up his mind that when the passage in James was taken as the basis of faith, anointing should be practised. Therefore, though he had not, in my case, taken that passage as a basis, yet as I *had*, taken that passage as a basis, yet as I *had*, he was willing now to do so, regretting that any lack on his part should stand in the way of my perfect faith and perfect blessing. Then, in fulfilment of the commandment, and in the presence of my husband, bowed with us, he offered the prayer of faith, "anointing me in the name of the Lord Jesus." It was indeed a very blessed and solemn occasion, which swept away the last vestige of doubt, setting my heart at rest because the Lord's command had been honored. Therefore, I had not the slightest hesitancy in believing that my

healing was a fully accomplished fact. My faith was tried for a day and a half longer, and then the sense of pain entirely disappeared and never for an instant returned since; nor has there been the slightest trace of the disease in any of its many and aggravated forms to be found to the present time. I have endeavored to give a simple yet faithful record of the Lord's dealings with me, in cool, unimpassioned language, yet, while doing so, my heart is overflowing with gratitude and wondering love. Oh! how I bless and praise Him, that he is the same Jesus now as ever—He who saves His people from their sins. I have not to-day the slightest doubt but that all His promises are yea and amen in Christ Jesus if "faith but brings the plea." The spiritual blessing accompanying the healing of the body far exceeds, in my estimation, the recovery of health. As to the soul, it brings the Lord Jesus into His true place of full Saviour, perfectly meeting the human needs, temporal and spiritual. In my own case I found not only an increased faith and triumphant trust in a triumphant Lord, but also an intellectual impetus given to the mind, as well as a disposition not to confer with "flesh and blood" in the service of the Master.

Oh! what a conqueror Jesus is, and how blessed to know that this mighty One is the captain of our Salvation. But the increase of faith ever brings the increase of trial, and though often through Him my soul could shout "victory through the Lamb," yet oft times I have been taught very humiliating things of myself, and have had reason to abhor myself for unfaithfulness and lack of love. Thus the past six months has been a time of the deepest joy and of the deepest trial I have yet experienced. But Jesus is mine, increasingly glorious—whose love is a boundless ocean, limitless as eternity, as unfathomable as God himself, yet, wondrous thought, almost painful in its blissful intensity, that love is mine, and one day I shall wear His glorious image and see Him face to face. Oh, for the power to glorify Him in some way commensurate with such love.

MRS. ANNA MCKENZIE.

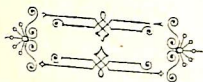
Arundel, March 27, 1883.

LETTER FROM REV. WM. SOMERVILLE.

The testimony of Mrs. McKenzie to the healing power of the Saviour, I can corroborate. My acquaintance with Sister McKenzie is short, having only met with

her a little less than two years ago. Previous to her healing, in July last, I have known her to suffer very much, yet with much resignation. Since her healing, though sometimes suffering from colds, she has refused to take medicine, trusting in the healing power of Jesus, and frequently bearing testimony that she had no symptoms of her old disease that so troubled her for years. Mrs. McKenzie is a woman of undoubted piety, whose only object in permitting her testimony to take a printed form, is the glory of God.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE,
Methodist Preacher.
Arundel, P.Q., March 27, 1883.



LETTER FROM REV. LOUIS N. BEAUDRY.

The following testimony of one of God's dear children is well known to me in all its details. Mrs. Sewell, *née* Piché, is a French Canadian whose family was one of the first fruits of Protestant missions in Canada. She is a worthy member of the church of which I am pastor. She was living in my family at the time of her healing. Mrs. Sewell is now a Bible woman in connection with my mission, enjoying perfect health, and "in favor with God and man." This is written with the prayer that some afflicted one may be led to trust Him, who styles Himself "The Lord that healeth thee."

LOUIS N. BEAUDRY,
French Missionary,
Montreal, Canada.

MRS. SEWELL'S TESTIMONY.

The Lord has done so much for me that I feel it my duty to let it be known.
I was born of Roman Catholic parents, but when I was still very young, they found

the truth as it is in Jesus, by reading the Word of God. Early in 1875 I gave my heart to God. I then thought that I would have nothing to do but live without trouble or temptations. To my disappointment, I found even that life to be a constant warfare against sin. I was led to feel that conversion was only the beginning of Christian life, and sighed for something higher and more perfect, something that would lift me above the things of this world. Five years after my conversion, I began to understand that to be the Christian the Lord wants me to be, I must seek entire sanctification.

I knew very little what it was, but earnestly sought to know the Lord's will concerning me. Soon I found that I must trust Him fully for every temporal and spiritual blessing. I must lay my all upon the altar. I must be perfectly helpless as clay in His hands. By this full consecration to my Saviour, I was enabled to exercise perfect trust in His promises, and, oh! what peace flowed in my heart! My joy was unspeakable and full of glory.

I now knew the perfect love of God and to my neighbour. No wonder that I was gladly resigned when obliged by sickness to give up the business by which I sup-

ported my family. I was satisfied in the knowledge that whatever would happen me was His will. I was then ordered to the country by one of the best city doctors, but returned in the fall, much weaker and at times in great suffering. (Chronic congestion of the lungs being the disease). The Rev. R. Whiting, in Waterloo, wrote to me during the summer advising me to put away medicine and go to God for a cure, urging me to believe that Christ had the same power to-day that He had long ago, and that going to Him in faith, I would certainly be healed. The Rev. L. N. Beaudry also urged me to believe the Lord was able and willing to restore me to health. The Rev. E. D. Mallory also spoke a great deal about healing through faith in Christ; but to all I answered, that after using so much medicine and finding no benefit, I fancied I was called to glorify God in sickness and suffering, and my soul seemed to grow strong in God while submitting to His will. Being, as I thought, near death, I put away all medicine, and on the 19th of November, 1881, I determined to go to God and be healed. I began to feel that it was the Lord's will that we should be well and strong in body and soul to work

for Him faithfully. For a whole night, Jacob like, I wrestled with God, not able to sleep, even if I had desired. I knew that according to my faith it would be done unto me.

The next day I felt well, but did not dare speak of it. This day being the Sabbath, I was able to attend all the services in the first French Methodist Church, and found that I could sing the praises of the Redeemer with the redeemed, and kneel during prayer, which I had not done for weeks before, being too weak to do either. My soul praised the Lord for returning health, and how earnestly I prayed and consecrated myself afresh to God and His service, not knowing what the Lord wanted of me, but I was willing to do all His will according to the grace given me. I shall never forget how much I felt my great helplessness, being as a little child clinging to a strong father's hand, who was ready and willing to bless me in body and soul if I only believed. On the 21st Nov., 1881, I went to Mr. Mallory's class meeting in St. James St. Church, and there I told him how I had prayed and how much better I was, and I wanted brother Mallory to pray with me. There, alone with God, we knelt and pray-

ed, and he anointed me with oil in the name of the Lord according to the directions given in the epistle of St. James, and thank God, I have not felt the disease since. The Lord has blessed me wonderfully, I being employed in His service from that time. The work is at times very hard and difficult, still the Lord knows what encouragements I need, and He, in His goodness, does encourage the weak ones, whose all is on the altar.

I write this, hoping that some one who may need just the blessing I received from the Lord, may be encouraged and strengthened by my testimony. Use this as you think best. I hope it may do good and glorify God's holy name.

Your sister in Christ,

DOSITÉ SEWELL.

62 LaGauchetière St., Montreal.



LETTER FROM MISS RAY.

BRIGHAM, Feb. 26, 1883.

DEAR FRIEND,—You asked me if it would be too much to write out an account of my sickness and cure. I do not feel capable of doing so. But if it is for the dear Master's glory I will endeavor to do so, God helping me. I have been asking Him for grace and courage to do so ever since I received your letter.

On the 19th of August, 1878, I was taken ill with an attack of typhoid fever. I was ill for several weeks, but during the autumn was able to get about again. But in the early part of the winter I over-worked myself which brought on a weakness and my health began gradually to decline. I called a physician and he treated me for a spinal trouble; for a number of weeks my back was cupped every other day; it seemed to give some relief, but still I did not regain my health. I suffered a great deal of pain in my back and lungs and the following spring I began to cough. During that summer we had two other physicians; they both said my lungs were diseased. I still

continued about the same; was very weak, but still was able to be about the house. But everyone thought I was going in consumption. My cough was very distressing. It was a dry, hacking one. During the following winter we moved to another town. It seemed for a time that I was somewhat better, but on the nineteenth of the following June I was taken with an attack of inflammation, brought on by over-doing, and for the following fifteen months was confined to my bed. I was never free from pain, and what I suffered tongue could not tell; none but the dear Lord knows. My physician called it spinal trouble, with other weaknesses. I was blistered a great deal, and during all those long and weary months I was never able to sit up much longer at a time than to have my bed made. The coming fall I was in hopes I could be dressed and lie on the sofa; but after trying it four different times I had to give it up. I could not bear the weight of a wrapper longer than fifteen minutes. During that winter I continued to get worse. I could not walk at all, and could scarcely bear my weight on my feet when supported by some one. About this time, the Rev. Mr. Smith, who had visited

me frequently, spoke about how many were cured by the prayer of faith. I recollect so well of him speaking of Miss Judd's remarkable recovery and wanting me to lay hold of some of the precious promises God has given us, but I had not the faith to trust Him for a cure. I seemed to continue to grow worse rather than better. During all this time the least noise or sudden jar would cause me to nearly scream with pain. My dear mother who had nursed me throughout my sickness, was taken sick the following spring, being completely worn out with watching and nursing. Being somewhat neglected, I was taken with inflammation of the bowels. My life was despaired of, and I was unconscious for days. How I lived through it, was wonderful. It seems as though no one could be nearer death than I was. I believe it was in answer to prayer that I rallied again. My mouth was so sore that it was almost impossible to understand what I said. For over two weeks all I could take was a little milk and ice. The pain in my head was fearful, I had become a mere skeleton, and, during two months, I was never taken off the bed more than six times. During all my sick-

ness I had been obliged to take opiates about four times a day. It seemed as though I could not live without them. As I rallied from this last attack my dear mother, as well as other friends, were anxious if there was help for me to have it, if possible, and it was decided that we should go to Montreal for advice and treatment. On the 4th of August I was taken in an easy carriage to the depôt, and, on the same day, entered the Montreal General Hospital. My physicians called it spinal irritation and other troubles, and my lungs were also weak. I did not seem to gain any for about three weeks. Immediately after going to Montreal I became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Mallory. He visited me frequently about this time. As nearly as I can remember he spoke to me about the wonderful cures that had been effected in answer to prayer. He asked me if I could not exercise that faith and trust for a perfect cure. It did not seem at first that I could; but I asked God to give me faith and I would trust Him fully and wholly. Prayer was offered by him for my healing, and I was "anointed with oil in the name of the Lord," according to the promise in James 5. 14, 15.

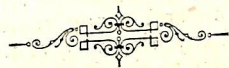
I cannot say that I have felt the healing power as instantly as some have done, but I was greatly blessed spiritually at this time. About this time I was enabled to sit up much longer at a time, and to begin to walk with help. I recollect so well of Mr. Mallory, who was absent from the city for a time, on his return saying what a change there was in my looks, and how rejoiced he was that I was being healed. I was enabled to do without opiates. Oh, how I have prayed that I might do without them. I returned home at the end of seven weeks. I was still very weak, but have been dressed every day but once since coming home. I gained very rapidly and am now much stronger and healthier than I have been for over three years. I am perfectly well and can endure so much it seems truly wonderful. I can only exclaim "This is the Lord's doings and it is marvellous in my eyes." I have given you a somewhat lengthy account of my sickness "but the half can never be told." I feel that I cannot thank the dear Lord enough for what he has done for me. To Him be all the glory. Yours in Faith and Hope.

EDITH RAY.

EAST FARNHAM, Aug. 28th., 1882.

About having my testimony published I am willing if it will be for God's glory and dear suffering ones are encouraged by it. And yet the thought arises that I would rather not, "but not my will but thine O Lord, be done." My health is very good and I am quite strong and well. I think my health was never better than it has been this summer. There is such a contrast between this and a year ago now and I praise God for it.....With earnest prayer that my testimony may be the means of helping others to trust Our Heavenly Father for the healing of their diseased and weak bodies, I give my permission.

EDITH P. RAY.



LETTER FROM MRS. M. A. SMITH.

MONTREAL, May 23rd, 1882.

REV. E. D. MALLORY :

DEAR BROTHER,—At your request I give you my written testimony of the great deliverance from pain and suffering I have experienced in answer to the "prayer of faith," and if you can use it to the honor and glory of the Master to whom I have consecrated my renewed health and strength, you are at perfect liberty to do so.

For eighteen years I have suffered untold agony from chronic rheumatism. I had to keep my bed nine months one time, then had to use crutches two and a half years, and most of my joints have become enlarged and stiff, so that for twelve years I have not been able to kneel down. I tried mineral springs and baths several times, but derived no benefit. I tried different doctors and many remedies, but I never found anything to give me relief till I gave my case to the Great Physician. I also have had a weak throat and chest for several years, suffering with pains in my lungs if I took cold, as I did, with every

change in the weather. I was a constant sufferer. I was not able to move without much pain, and going up and down stairs was a serious matter. Every autumn and winter I was worse. What I endured the winter before I was healed I shall not soon forget.

In October, 1881, I first heard of healing by faith. From the moment I first heard of it, I felt impressed that it was for me, if I only had the faith, but my faith seemed weak. I could not grasp such a boon for myself. It seemed ordered by the Lord that you should be sent to see me, and after your second visit and after reading the "Prayer of Faith," by Miss Judd, which you lent me, I had light given me, and a great desire to be healed if it was God's will. But while greatly desiring freedom from physical pain, I far more longed to be made spiritually whole; for, although living a professedly Christian life, I came far short of being fully the Lord's child. I had often tried to make myself better, but had always failed. Now, I felt that "nothing but the blood of Jesus" could make me clean and keep me in humility and deep contrition for my wasted years. I sought the Lord Jesus for full

salvation, and one day, while alone in my house, I made a complete consecration of all to Jesus. It was a time of deep heart searching, to give up my will seemed the very hardest of all. It was suggested that the Lord might require very hard things from me. (I was severely tested several months afterward, but through Jesus I was kept from breaking my consecration vows.) I then received such a precious baptism of the Holy Spirit as I never experienced before. I was filled with such joy and peace that I could not help praising and giving glory to Jesus, and as weeks passed on it seemed one song of thanksgiving and praise which welled up from my heart. Oh, it did seem such an easy thing then to ask the Lord for healing. My faith seemed to have grown rapidly, and when in faith you prayed with me I was enabled to claim the promise, "whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them!" and in the following weeks I felt the healing power and knew that I was better, and from the evening you fulfilled the command in James 5 : 14, anointing with oil "in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost," I

have believed the work fully done, and have continued to be blessed with the assurance that I am indeed healed. It is now seven months since and I have had no return of my disease or pain in my chest. No wonder the happy song of my heart is, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases." I may just here say that my faith was once tested by a sudden pain which came like a sharp knife across my back, but from the first I felt that it was sent as a trial of my faith. Satan wanted to make me believe it was my old disease—rheumatism—that had returned, but the Lord very graciously heard my cry, and saved me from the snare of the enemy. I am trusting for a complete cure.

Your sister in Christ,

MRS. M. A. SMITH.

19 Chomedy Street, Montreal.

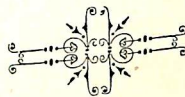
MRS. STEVENSON'S TESTIMONY.

About the end of July a small speck appeared upon my eye. I did not at first think it serious, but it gradually increased in size, my eye becoming inflamed and very painful. It continued so for about two months. Being persuaded by my friends I consulted the celebrated Dr. D—. After examining the eye he said it was very serious, and that he feared he would have to cut out the speck, but first he would try a powder. I was to blow said powder in my eye morning and evening, and if no better I was to undergo an operation in two weeks. I followed his directions for the two weeks, but it kept gradually getting worse, and the day was appointed for me to return to the doctor. One morning, while reading my Bible, I thought that if my Saviour was upon earth would I not go and consult him, and was He not as powerful now, and as willing. I spent the day in prayer and fasting, and prayed that if it was His holy will—if it was for His glory, that I might be healed. My soul was filled with peace and joy, I was perfectly satisfied that my kind, loving

Father would do what was right. I suffered much pain that day, but my faith did not waver. Next morning, when my husband came as usual to look at my eyes, there was no speck to be seen nor was there the least inflammation, it was perfectly healed and it is now as well and strong as the other. I sincerely believe that if we had faith, as a grain of mustard seed, the mountains of difficulties that beset our path would be removed and the Lord would do for us exceeding abundantly above all that we could ask or think.

E. STEVENSON.

22 Peter Street, St. Henri, Montreal.



APPENDIX.

THOUGHTS ON FAITH HEALING.

The following extracts from the works of some of the leading writers on the subject of "Faith Healing," are given with the view of meeting questions likely to arise in the minds of those inquiring into this subject, and of course do not claim to represent at all fully the arguments of the writers.

WHAT DR. CULLIS SAYS.

(From "*Faith Cures*," by Charles Cullis, M.D., *Wiltard Tract Repository, Boston*).

Could the numerous instances, which are constantly occurring, of healing through faith, be collected together, the Church would be astonished at the great body of testimony, and would no longer say that the promises of Scripture belong to the past and not to the present.

For several years my mind had been exercised before God as to whether it was not His will that the work of faith in which He had placed me, should extend to the cure of disease, as well as the alleviation of the miseries of the afflicted. I often read the instructions and promise contained in the fourteenth and fifteenth verses of the fifth chapter of the Epistle of James: "*Is any sick among you? let him call for*

the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him."

They seemed so very plain, that I often asked of my own heart, why, if I can rely on God's word, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name that will I do," and every day verify its truth in the supply of the daily needs of the various work committed to my care,—why can not I also trust Him to fulfil His promises as to the healing of the body? "*The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.*" I could not see why, with such explicit and unmistakable promises, I should limit the present exercise of God's power. I began to enquire of earnest Christians whether they knew of any instances of answers to prayer for the healing of the body. Soon afterward the life of "Dorothea Trudell" fell into my hands, which strengthened my convictions, and the inquiry was raised, "If God can perform such wonders in Mannedorf, (Switzerland), why not in Boston?"

At this time I had under my professional care a Christian lady, with a tumor which confined her almost continuously to her bed in severe suffering. All remedies were unavailing, and the only human hope was the knife; but feeling in my own heart the power of the promise, I one morning sat down by her bedside, and taking up the Bible, I read about God's promise to His believing children, James v. 14, 15. I then asked her if she would trust the Lord to remove this tumor, and restore her to health and to her missionary work. She replied, "I have no particular faith about it, but am willing to trust the Lord for it." I then knelt and anointed her with oil in the name of the Lord, asking Him to fulfil His own word. Soon after I left, she got up and walked three miles; from that time the tumor rapidly lessened, until all trace of it at length disappeared.

Many persons, followers of the Lord Jesus, think and say that their sickness has been sent for some good—that they ought to be willing to bear it and say, "Thy will be done," not knowing that God's will is to fulfil His promise, "*The prayer of faith shall save the sick.*" If we are truly desirous that His will shall be done in us, we ought to be in readiness of mind and spirit to claim the promise. And yet while these persons think they are patiently bearing the Lord's will, they are using all means in their power to be rid of their diseases, and do not hesitate to employ physician after physician, and to spend "their all" if need be to recover their health. There is an inconsistency somewhere—either God's Word is true, or it is not true. If true—as His dear children let us claim *all* He promises, and look with confidence to Him "*Who healeth all our diseases.*"

I have noticed in every case of healing by prayer as great a blessing has come to the soul as to the body.

Requests by letter for prayer for the healing of the body have reached me from hundreds, afflicted in most cases with diseases that the physicians have given up as hopeless. A great proportion of these have been entirely healed. In every case we believe God's sovereign power (and that power is Love) has been exercised, and we pray that all may thus be led to praise His name. Whether He wills to heal our bodies, and spare us years on earth to give forth His praise, or to remove us to the glories of His immediate presence, the trusting child sees nought but Love.

In summing up a report of these cases, I do not in any wise wish to detract from the valuable services of the medical profession of which I am a member. I only desire to prove to the world that "Man's extre-

mity is God's opportunity," and that when the "profession" pronounces a case hopeless, the promise of God remains as a testimony to the truth of His Word, "All power is given unto Me in Heaven and on Earth."

WHAT DR. BOARDMAN SAYS.

(Extracts from "*The Lord that Healeth Thee*," by the Rev. W. E. Boardman, Author of "*The Higher Christian Life*" London: Morgan & Scott.)

I have great cause for gratitude to God that again and again He has given me excellent physicians and effectual remedies. They were the best I was prepared to ask and receive. But my heart overflows with grateful adoring wonder, that after six of the seven decades of my life, now threescore years and ten had gone on without direct faith in Him as the Healer by His own mighty power, He at last brought me to look to Him as my Healer, and rest in His love, assured that His power will be used directly in response to prayer in every case, alike in little or great attacks.

If we see clearly that the great aim of the Lord is to secure full consecration and faith and so fulness of union with Him and fulness of blessing in Him, it will not only help us to understand the mystery of delays and stays in the healing after we have trusted the Lord as the Healer, but it will impel us to ask the Lord the hindering causes, and to hearken diligently for the answer until it is fully and clearly given and Him and made whole in body, and so these very delays and lingerings will be used to secure unspeakable good to us for time and eternity.

We all understand something of the power of bodily maladies to make us stop and think, a power that grows and grows as we are brought nearer and nearer apparently to death. But the wonderful power of healing through faith to lift us up into Christ and perfect our union with Him, we do not understand as fully. A close scrutinizing of perhaps a hundred different testimonies written out by those who have been healed through faith, has opened to me a little, just a little, the immense loss the Church has sustained during the last fifteen centuries, in losing sight, in so far as sight has been lost, of this wonderful collateral power, and has also opened a little the inestimable gain it will be to us if once more our gracious Lord shall lift us up as a Church into the fulness of the faith that accepts Him as the Great Physician.

DR. GORDON'S VIEWS.

(Extracts from "*The Ministry of Healing*," by the Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, Pastor of the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston. Howard Gannett, Boston.)

Can it be of any service for authenticating the truth of Christianity to-day, to show examples of men and women healed of sickness through faith in the great Physician? So far as our observation goes, the most powerful effect of such experiences is upon the subjects themselves, in the marked consecration and extraordinary spiritual anointing which almost invariably attend them. We can bear unqualified testimony on this point. Of a large number within the circle of our acquaintance who have been healed or who have imagined themselves healed, we have never seen one who did not give evidence of having received an unusual endowment of spiritual power. It has seemed as though the double blessing of forgiveness and health

had been followed by the bestowment of a double portion of the Spirit. If we could let the objectors to our doctrine witness some of the examples of alleged healing which have been under our eyes for several years—inebriates who, after half a lifetime wasted in desperate struggles for reform, declare that their appetite was instantly eradicated in answer to intercessory prayer; invalids lifted in an hour from couches where they had lain for years; and now their adoring gratitude, their joyful self-surrender, their burning zeal in the service of the Lord—if we could let our critics witness these things, we believe that the most stubborn among them would at least be willing that these happy subjects of something should remain under the illusion that they have had the Saviour's healing touch laid upon them.

Is it not apparent that between the indignant clamor of sceptics against primitive miracles, and the stern frowning of theologians, upon any alleged modern miracles, the Lord's people are in danger of being frightened out of their faith in the supernatural. We speak of what we have often noticed. A simple-hearted believer comes into the assembly of the Church and details some remarkable answer to prayer—prayer for healing or prayer for deliverance, in response to which he alleges that God has wrought marvelously; and then we notice the slowness and shyness with which Christians turn their ears to the story and the glances of embarrassment amounting almost to shamefacedness which they cast towards the minister, as though appealing from the perilous neighborhood of fanaticism to which they have been drawn.

It is well-known that one of the loudest pretensions of spiritualism is the claim to effect miraculous heal-

ing. It declares that Christ wrought his cures through the agency of spirits and that it can do the same. Hence, the legion of "healing mediums" and the innumerable "lying wonders" by which their assumptions are enforced.

It is very natural that decent Christians in their recoil from such revolting wonder-working, should take the position of a stout denial of all miraculous interventions in modern times and of any supernatural healing. But we believe this to be an unworthy and unfaithful attitude. It is as though Moses and Aaron had retreated in disgust before Jannes and Jambres, instead of pressing on with miracle upon miracle till they had compelled them to surrender to the Lord of Hosts. It is as though Paul had been ashamed of the power of the spirit that was in him when he met the "damsel possessed with a spirit of divination," and had renounced his miraculous gifts for fear of being identified with sooth-sayers and necromancers, instead of asserting his power as he did the more mightily, and saying to the evil spirit that possessed her, "I command thee in the name of the Lord Jesus to come out of her."

A thoughtful writer on this subject has called attention to the fact that the era of modern spiritualism covers almost exactly the era of the alleged revival of the gift of healing. The most striking instances of professed miraculous cure in modern times happened as we have shown elsewhere about fifty years ago in Scotland and in England. The instances have increased and multiplied since, till to-day the number of devout, prayerful and evangelical Christians who claim to have been miraculously recovered is very large, and their names are sent up from every nation where the Gospel has been preached. It may be that "The Prince of the power of the air, the Spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience," seeing God about to put forth his hand again in signs and wonders and miracles of healing, has determined as he

is wont to thwart the Lord by caricaturing his work, and bringing it into contempt in the eyes of his own true people.

Nowhere does zeal require to be so carefully tempered by knowledge as here. Novices lifted up with pride, will lay hold of this doctrine, and with the enthusiasm which the discovery of some long neglected truth is apt to engender they will parade their faith, and make extravagant claims concerning it. Nothing needs to be held with such quietness and reserve as this truth. To press it upon the undevout and uninstructed is only to bring it into contempt. Those who have the most wisdom in such matters, will be found speaking in very hushed tones, and without assumption or ostentation. One who has the habit of parading this theme on all occasions and haranguing it at every street corner, gives clear evidence of his unfitness to handle it. Here is a serious peril, as we distinctly foresee; but the best truth has always had to run such risks. Dry and lifeless tradition is the only thing which has invariably been exempt from them.

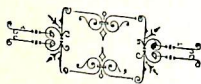
The more careful, therefore, should all be, who desire to see God's word prevail, to pray much and argue little, that the Spirit who can alone discover the deep things of God may reveal His true will to the Church concerning this important question.

"Why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk?" asks Peter of those who were wondering at the miracle at the Beautiful Gate. If it were a question of human power or holiness we might be quite ready to relegate the gifts of healing to the apostolic age confessing our utter lack of these qualifications. But since it is a question of the power and holiness of "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever," it is quite another matter. "If thou canst believe," is the question now.

Oil is applied as a symbol of the communication of the Spirit, by whose power healing is effected. It does not seem reasonable to suppose that it is used for its medicinal properties. Because, observe, it is the elders of the Church, not the doctors of physic, who are called to apply it; and it is accompanied by prayer, not by manipulations and meditations. As in Baptism, the disciple confesses his faith in the cleansing power of Christ's atonement, by the use of water; or as in the Communion he declares his dependance on Christ for spiritual sustenance by the use of bread; so here he avows his faith in the saving health of the Spirit by the use of oil. In other words this whole ceremony is a kind of sacramental profession of faith in Jesus Christ as the Divine Physician acting through the Holy Ghost. Such public profession of faith in Christ as the Healer the Lord seems rigidly to require, just as he demands baptism as a confession of faith in Him as the Redeemer. Neither in the forgiveness of sin, nor in the remission of sickness, will he permit a clandestine blessing. There are many who would gladly secure his healing virtue by stealth, laying hold of it secretly, but avoiding the publicity and possible reproach of having applied to such a physician. But this cannot be; the Lord will have an open acknowledgment of our faith. It will be remembered that from the woman whom he healed of an issue of blood, he drew forth a public confession before he pronounced that full and authoritative absolution from sickness, "Go in peace and be whole of thy plague."

There is a sensitiveness amounting often to extreme irritability towards any who venture to disturb the traditional view of this question. Credulity is sure to get more censure than honest doubt; and while one may with impunity fall behind the accepted standard of faith concerning the supernatural, provided he does it in a regretfully necessitous spirit, it is hardly safe for one to go beyond that standard.

Christ's ministry was a two-fold ministry affecting constantly the soul and the bodies of men. "Thy sins are forgiven thee," and "Be whole of thy plague," are parallel announcements of the Saviour's work which are found constantly running on side by side.



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