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**HOW I CAME TO SPEAK IN PUBLIC  
AND ASIST MY HUSBAND IN HIS  
DIVINE HEALING MISISON.**

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BY JANE DOWIE.

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I have been engaged in this work for twelve years, and today when asked to write this account for the LEAVES OF HEALING, I have the same feeling of backwardness that I had before I began to speak, a shrinking from seeing what I write printed. Yet I feel that God wants me to do it, and that He will use the simple written story, as He has my spoken words, for it is a record of what He has done and of His wonderful works. If I could not tell of them after all I have seen and heard, the very stones ought to cry out against me.

I shall begin by saying that I had no early training as a speaker. I never spoke above a conversational tone and did not suppose that I could be heard by anyone who was not close to me. The few women that I had heard speak were unwomanly women, who tried to talk like men, and I did not like to hear them.

We belonged to the Congregational church and there the minister and deacons did all the talking. The members walked into church on Sunday and filed solemnly out to beautiful music, and we walked to our carriage and drove home. A minister of one of the churches in Sidney once announced that eh following Sunday he would preach a sermon on "Recognition of Friends in Heaven." A solitary man who occupied a seat in a pew of the church, and had done so for many years, wrote to ask if he would not preach a sermon on "Recognition of Friends on Earth," as he had been a member and regular attendant of that church for twelve years and had never been spoken to by any one in it.

"Let your women keep silent in the churches," was kept to the letter by us. I lived in my father's house until I was married in 1876, and became a ministe's wife. My husband told me that my duties would be home duties, as the church had not married me. So I strictly attended to my home, giving such time as I could to the church, always going to listen to my husband when he preached or lectured, for we have always been companions. Being young and not very strong, although healthy, I had all I could do as a wife and mother for the first six years of my married life. But when twelve years ago my husband began to be widely used in the gifts of healing through the laying on of hands and the people came in throngs to our private house in Melbourne to beg him to pray with them, I would talk with them and tell them what I knew about the healings, and encourage them to come again and trust the Lord for healing. Many of those who received healing, afterwards would say they were first impressed of the truth of the work by my simple testimony.

As time went on my husband built a large Tabernacle in Fitzroy, Melbourne, for evangelist work and this was being in course of construction at the time of which I am writing and though we had the town hall hired for Sunday services the people thronged us in our home through the week. We had just to leave the doors open and let the people jam in until it was full. They sat on the stairs, crowded the halls, passages, etc., men, women and children, cancerous, consumptives, people with ulcerated sores, people in wheel chairs and on crutches, carried in on beds, deaf and

blind, and people with sicknesses of every kind, and yet our little family never suffered, and we ourselves grew stronger all the time, because the Lord strengthened us. I was naturally of a very sensitive nature and shrank from the sight of anything unpleasant. I could not look at a sore place without fainting, but when I saw God healing these sick ones, I could look at the most dreadful things without a shudder and during that time we would often have several open cancers to pray for in one day; yet we ate our food heartily and had the joy of the Lord for our strength. I had no idea until then that there was so much suffering in the world. The people that came were those that had exhausted every human means, and were like the women who "had suffered many things of many physicians and was nothing better but rather grew worse." So in that way we say the worst of everything. God cured the Doctor's incurables by the prayer of faith and laying on of hands. Among the miracles of healing about this time was the case of Mrs. Parker who was healed instantaneously of cancers and blindness, and whose little son was born in due time the doctors all saying that it would be not be possible for her to live till then. Her photograph with the little boy appeared on the first page of last weeks issue of this paper and also particulars of her case.

The church which my husband formed there was one after his own pattern. He had in it the fire of the Methodists, the water of the Baptists, the stability of the Presbyterians, and the ablest of the church governments of the Congregationalists, taking that which he counted good from them all. He had quite a lively, active church, the members all talked to each other as well as to strangers and we were all expected to work for the Lord, no drones were wanted there. He often called upon one and another to speak or pray and they all did what he told them I used to shiver sometimes and feel a cold tremor go down my back for fear he would ask me to speak or pray. The very thought of it was enough to take everything out of me and I felt if he did I would set a bad example to others and disgrace my Lord as well as my husband. I never told him this but I think he must have known how I felt, yet at the time I was leading a large Bible class of women, and could pray at the bedsides of the sick and talk to people in the home, but it was in the *church* that my mouth was shut.

Just at this time then the Tabernacle was built and was to be dedicated. We had an all-night of prayer, which was held in the healing-room at the rear of the Tabernacle, and there at about one o'clock in the morning we were told to ask God for any special thing that we felt we most needed, and not to ask for anything unless we believed we would receive it. As we knelt in prayer we each one asked the Lord for what we needed. I asked that He would take from me a fearful heart and give me power to speak for Him when He wanted me to without fear. Immediately I felt the strengthening power of the Holy Spirit go through me, the chair against which I knelt shook, my backbone was strengthened, and through and through me I felt thrills of Divine power. I do not know how else to describe it, but that it was a physical manifestation of spiritual power. After prayer was over we each had a few minutes to tell what we had received. I told that I believe God had given me a gracious answer, and explained how I knew it.

The following Sunday I was put to the test, and after the services an after-meeting was called, and about seven hundred persons remained. My husband called me to come upon the platform. I went without fear and pleaded with sinners to come to the Saviour, explaining the way by a simple illustration. The result of that first talk was two souls decided for Christ; one a young girl who had been trained in a Christian home but never professed to be a Christian. She came up weeping and openly gave herself to the Lord. The other was that of a man about thirty years of age who came up weeping also, and knelt down saying he had never bowed his knee to God before and had vowed he never would. He abandoned his infidelity and wicked life and gave

himself to God.

A little time after this we visited a place called Geelong, where we went for a vacation. While there we visited a lady who had lain in bed for seven years. She had severe internal troubles and tumors. She had never been able to be out of bed since the birth of her little boy, who was at the time seven years of age.

As she lay on her bed of pain, she studied her Bible and found there the passage, "Is any among you sick, let him call for the elders of the church, and let them anoint 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 hath committed sins they shall be forgiven him?"

The elders of the church of which she was a member used to bring to her bedside bread and wine from the communion table, so she thought she would ask them to pray and anoint her, calling their attention to this passage in James 5. They had not the faith to do it and told her they could not. Her son came to us and begged my husband to visit her. He did so, and after teaching her and her husband God's way, he laid hands on her in the presence of her husband and myself.

#### HER PAINS ALL LEFT HER,

she sat up in her bed and then stepped over the side of the bed to the floor and walked up and down the room freely. The tumorous mass passed from her, and when we came again to see her, three days afterward, she was sitting in her chair sewing, and came to the door to meet us, a very happy woman. She told us to tell everyone what the Lord had done for her. She was visited by hundreds of people who heard her testimony and the next Sunday her husband had the joy of going to church with his wife walking at his side.

Shortly after this my husband made arrangements to hold a mission at Ballarat, and I was to accompany him. I am always with him when he sees ladies, and so I supposed he did not have any other purpose in taking me with him. When we were in the train on the way to the meeting we stopped at a station where the newsboys were selling Ballarat papers. He took the paper and we started off again, having a compartment of the train to ourselves, the trains in Australia for the most part being fashioned after the English pattern. Presently unfolding the paper he handed to me the advertisement of the meetings, and I was announced to give an address on some of the miracles I had seen. It nearly took my breath away, and I said, "Oh, John, how could you?" He said, "I thought you asked God to give you the power to speak for Him; do you not believe that you were answered? I said, "Yes, I did, but before all those strangers?" He then said, "There is a little time yet and you can do it all right I know. Just think over the rest of the way what you will tell them about and put down on a piece of paper a few facts; speak up and talk as if you were telling it to a few people and

FORGET ALL ABOUT YOURSELF."

I felt I had to do it and did as he said.

As we neared the hall where the meeting was to be held, our friend who had invited us to Ballarat, and had made the arrangements for us said, "I do not know who many people there will be. There may be fifty, and there may be five hundred." My husband said, "There will be as many as the Lord sends. That's all right, brother." As we neared the door we found the people standing upon the pavement and on inquiring what was the matter, why was the door not opened, we found that the hall was so full that these were unable to get in. We had to go around by another

way and could scarcely find room to stand upon the platform, very inch of standing room being occupied. The room seated eight hundred people, and as we came in they looked so kindly at us.

After my husband gave his lecture  
IT CAME MY TURN TO SPEAK.

I had already prayed and read the Scripture, which gave me courage, And as I looked around the room I saw this one who had been to Melbourne and received healing, another who had been deaf and could hear, another and another whom I recognized, and as their happy faces beamed back upon me, it was an inspiration. It is said that eagles build their nests in high places and when the time comes for the young ones to fly, the old one goes in and stirs up the nest and throws them out. When they get out they flap around at first and then when they find they can fly they are delighted to do it. I was thrown out of my nest by the old bird and I enjoyed the experience. God was good to me and I saw that the people heard me easily without my making the slightest effort. My voice was clear and distinct. I told first the healing of the lady in Geelong, who was healed of tumors and other troubles, and who told us that she had relatives in Ballarat. And when I told them how the little yellow haired curly headed boy came in and saw his mother up and

DRESSED FOR THE FIRST TIME

he asked her if her pain was all gone, and then when she said, "I have no pain now;" getting close up to her he said, "Might I sit on you lap, mamma?" She said "Yes, I think you can. The little fellow, seven years old, sat for the first time on his mother's knee and kept looking into her eyes as said "And it doesn't hurt you mamma?"

The little cord of sympathy touched many, and their eyes filled with tears of joy and sympathy. Then when I had finished my narrative a woman who was standing in one of the aisles called out in a shrill, clear voice, "That's all true and I am her mother." "And I'm her sister, called another. Thereupon my husband, in his quick hearty way, jumped up and said, "You know all this to be true, don't you, mother? Come up here and let the people see you. The mother and sister came up and confirmed what I had said before all the people

The next day the hall could not contain the people so we had to open the large Alfred Hall, an exhibition building which held about four thousand. This was filled day after day and we had one of the most blessed missions that we ever held. We stayed there with sick ones who thronged us. Some received healing as my husband passed by them, mothers stood with children, holding them by the hands, crushing in to get near him. Others as they touched him. Others in the meeting, by the power of the word preached. The sick ones would stay there until one or two o'clock in the morning waiting for prayer.

Among the scenes that dwell in my memory of this wonderful time is that of an old man brought in a bed in a cart from one of the country farms in the neighborhood of Ballarat.

HE HAD NOT WALKED FOR OVER TWENTY-THREE YEARS.

and when his turn came to see my husband it was after one o'clock and he had waited all day. He received an instantaneous healing and walked upon his feet back across the large hall to a small room where his wife was sitting by a fire to keep warm, and when the two old people met there was a scene; the old lady rushed toward him crying, "Father!" And he opened his arms and embraced her saying, "Mother! bless the Lord, I am healed!"

God gave me power to do my part and He made my voice so that it could be heard

distinctly all over that great hall. Since then I have been with my husband throughout all his travels and missions and have been his helper, doing what he has asked me to do, and what God has wanted me to do, without any fear of man.

We have together carried the gospel to the principal cities of Australia. We spent some months at one time in New Zealand visiting, with this gospel of salvation and healing, all the large cities in those beautiful islands, which are indeed the wonderland of the Pacific. Six years ago we left home and country and came to America, passed in at the Golden Gate, and landed at San Francisco. We spent several years on the Pacific slope, carrying the gospel of salvation and healing to all the large cities there from Victoria, British Columbia, on the north, to San Diego, California, on the south. Then we crossed the Rocky Mountains and have visited many of the large cities on this side. We have for a time made Chicago our home and center of this work. We have found what the Word promised to be true, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, everywhere with persecutions. God took out of me the fearful heart and said, "Be strong, fear not. He will come and save you. Then shall the lame leap as an hart and the tongue of the dumb sing, and a highway shall be there, and a way and it shall be called the way of Holiness." I have consecrated myself to God, and am endeavoring by the grace of God to walk in that way. Leaves of Healing Vol 1 p 45