

## Healed After Years of Intense Suffering

We give an instance of another cure, the story of which has been read by many, and heard by not a few from the lips of the emancipated sufferer herself. The remarkable history of bliss Jennie Smith, of Philadelphia, is rehearsed in the little book "From Baca to Beulah."

Her disease, so mysterious and agonizing and long continued that her pastor pronounced it "a narrative of suffering rarely if ever equaled, "cannot be described at length here. Suffice it to say that she was a helpless cripple for about sixteen years, suffering much of the time the most extreme agony. One limb was subject to such violent and uncontrollable spasms that it had to be confined in a strong box, and often held down by heavy weights. During her extraordinary sufferings her faith and consecration seem to have been brought into very lively exercise, so that making her couch a pulpit, she was greatly used for quickening the spiritual life of such as came within her reach. Meantime she began to lay hold of the promise of God for bodily healing, and getting tokens of his power in several partial relief, she was led on to ask and obtain entire recovery. The story is given in her own words. After a day of unusual suffering a few Christian friends had gathered about her in the evening as she lay in her extension chair. She says:

"The evening was devoted to prayer, led by pastor Everett. After the first hour or more, some were obliged to leave. One brother, whom I had not

met before, as he shook hands on leaving, said, 'My sister, you are asking too much; you are too anxious to get well. The Lord can make better use of you upon your cot than upon your feet.' I was thankful for the brother's words. I then looked searchingly into my heart. The blessed Lord knows I honestly answered, 'No, I am not anxious to get well. I have gained the victory over that. If the heat of the furnace was increased a thousand fold I could say, Thy will be done, and to feel pain would be sweet if fully shown to me that it is the Father's will that I should suffer. And I believe the time has come for me to know that will.'

Up to this point of the meeting there was not that oneness of mind that I felt there must be. I said to those who remained, 'can you tarry with me till the morning if need be? I feel that it must be by waiting that our Father will give us the blessing. Are we of one accord in this matter?' My physician, Dr. Morgan, was the first to say, 'I will stay, and I fully agree with you.'

They all gathered about my chair. Never can that little group forget that season. It was now after nine o'clock. We continued waiting before the Lord. Occasionally one or another would quote, with comment, an appropriate text of scripture, or engage in a brief prayer. For myself, I lay in quiet expectancy, still suffering, but with a remarkable sense of the divine presence. Much of the time I was almost oblivious to my surroundings, so engaged was I in communion with my heavenly

Father. About 11 o'clock I was led to vocally offer myself to God in fresh consecration, saying: 'I give this body anew — these eyes to see, these lips to talk, these ears to hear, and, if it be thy will, these feet to walk—for Jesus. All that is of me — all, all is thine, dear Father. Only let thy precious will be done.'

Up to this time there was no cessation from suffering or increase of strength, in fact, I was weaker than usual. After a brief silence there suddenly flashed upon me a most vivid view of the healing of the withered arm. It seemed to me I could see it being thrust out whole. At the same instant the Holy Spirit bestowed on my soul a faith to claim a similar blessing. It seemed as if heaven were at that moment opened, and I was conscious of a baptism of strength, as sensibly and as positively as if an electric shock had passed through my system. I felt definitely the strength come into my back, and into my helpless limbs. Laying my hand on the chair arms, I raised myself to a sitting posture. The Garrigues brothers, being seated on either side of the chair, naturally sprang forward and laid hold to assist me. This, however, was not necessary. Dr. Morgan, who was sitting near, stepped forward and let down the footboard, and while the hands of my friends were yet on my shoulders, I arose and stood upon my feet.

Sister Fannie could not remember ever having seen me standing up. She was so startled she threw up both hands and screamed, 'Oh, Jennie, Jennie!' No words can express my feelings. My very being yet thrills with praise as I speak of

that hour. As I stood Brother NV. H. G. placed his hand upon my head, saying, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'

My first thought was 'Can I kneel?' I asked to do so, and knelt as naturally as if I had been accustomed to it. There was so much of the divine presence that not a word was spoken. We poured forth our souls in silent thanksgiving and praise. I then arose and walked across the room with entire ease and naturalness; there were no prickling or otherwise unpleasant sensations. I sat down in a rocking chair for some minutes. It seemed so wonderful that I did not have to learn to walk. My limbs and body seemed as if made new."

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