

THE
GREAT
PHYSICIAN



DOES JESUS
HEAL TODAY?

LUCIE NEWMAN

The Great Physician

By

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The Great Physician

Alyce Morgan fell back on her downy pillow after a violent fit of coughing. With her white hands clasped across her bosom, she lay very pale and still for a long time.

Finally the heavy lids fluttered and the big brown eyes opened wide, only to see her darling mother bending over her gently, chafing the blue veined hands, her teardrops quietly falling on the coverlet.

“Mother, don’t worry about your little girl. I feel much better now; and, since you have brought in the morning paper and the new magazine, you may now run along over and see how Mrs. Jones rested last night. I shall read while you are away. And, Mother, don’t forget to tell Mrs. Jones I am counting the days until she will be able to visit me again. O Mother, her presence is such a comfort and how sweetly she—.”

At this juncture Mrs. Morgan gently placed her finger tips over her daughter’s mouth and said, “Hush, darling, your father might hear. You know he is in the adjoining room.”

Alyce turned her sad face to the wall, and her mother gently tiptoed out of the room.

After her footsteps had died away, Alyce picked up the new magazine and idly turned its pages for a while. Then she scanned the headlines on the front page of the morning paper, laid them both

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

aside, reached under her pillow, and pulled out her gilt-edged, Morocco bound Bible and began to read the verses on divine healing that had been marked by Mrs. Jones

Alyce was a Christian and a true child of God, but she had heard only one sermon preached on divine healing; since that time she had been praying and reaching out for more light on the subject.

This morning, as she read the marked Scriptures, God, by his Spirit, was gently sending the light into her soul, showing her how that she might, by obeying his Word and trusting in his power, find help for her afflicted body.

Alyce had just closed her Bible and was quietly meditating on the great promises of God and how Jesus had wondrously healed the blind man and cleansed the leper. Just then she heard footsteps coming. She quickly hid the Bible under her pillow, folded her hands, and waited a moment. The door opened gently, and her father (Judge Morgan) and Roy Blake (the only son of D. P. Blake) entered the room.

Roy and Alyce were engaged. They had been sweethearts for a long time. Judge Morgan and his wife had willingly given their consent to their marriage, but since poor Alyce had been stricken with tuberculosis, the wedding had been postponed.

Alyce was always glad to see Roy come. This morning after her father had brushed the damp curls from the white forehead and had pressed a loving kiss on his daughter's brow, he stepped aside that she might know Roy was there. Roy took her hand in his and sat down by the bedside. He was very optimistic and always looked on the bright side of life. This morning he was unusually cheerful. He playfully chided Alyce for not being up with the birds and out in the

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

rose garden that he might find her on the rustic bench where they had so often sat together in days gone by.

The little white hand he held trembled, the pale lips quivered; and the big brown eyes filled with tears, for Alyce knew all too well that without some divine power or help from God, she would never again be able to pluck the roses from the garden or listen to the singing birds in the trees.

Judge Morgan all but idolized his beautiful daughter, but he was of a stern, cynical nature. He was almost a skeptic when anyone mentioned the Bible as the Word of God. He had learned from Alyce's own lips that she believed in God and his divine power to heal. This had vexed him to the point of scolding her severely by telling her it was foolish to entertain any such erroneous doctrine, and he forbade her reading the Bible again. This morning, as he sat by her bedside, he little dreamed of how she had just been reading God's Word and pondering its great promises.

This father's heart was full of great love and pity for his precious child. He spoke words of encouragement to her this morning, by telling her how he and Roy had come to bring her good news.

"Now listen, Alyce; we know that you have become very despondent and tired of medicine and bored to death with one physician after another coming here to diagnose your case, but we feel at last we have found the one and only man, in the personage of Dr. Keith, of Paris, France, who can bring the roses back to your cheeks and make Daddy's little girl well and happy once again."

Alyce gave no sign of enthusiasm, but rather turned her face away to hide the tears that were fast gathering in her eyes. Roy quickly spoke up and said, "Alyce, let's be cheerful and look and

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

hope for better results. Father has been corresponding with this famous doctor for at least six months, exchanging views and giving him every detail of your case. Yesterday my father received a letter from him in which he said he was going to visit America and would be here in a few days. Now, Alyce, you know that Father loves you as his very own daughter, and he is anxious to test out this one great lung specialist. Should this test prove a failure I solemnly promise never again to ask you to be treated by another physician."

Roy had touched the keynote. Just then Alyce looked up with a winning smile and said, "If you and Father will promise me one other thing, I will willingly try the treatment of Doctor Keith."

"You shall have anything you ask for, darling," they both answered at the same time.

"Well," she said, "when Doctor Keith has tried and failed, as I feel that he will, then I have one other Physician in mind into whose hands I should like to turn my case over and try him out to the utmost. Are you both willing to let this Physician come into my room when Doctor Keith has done what he can?"

"Why, my little daughter, we are not only willing to make you this promise, but we are ready and anxious for you to try your Physician first and let Doctor Keith wait."

"No," replied Alyce, "I will try Doctor Keith first," for she knew they little dreamed that she had reference to the Great Physician "who forgiveth all our iniquities and healeth all our diseases."

The question was now settled, and each family, with the exception of Alyce, was looking forward with eagerness to the coming of the great French lung specialist. Every morning when Mrs. Morgan had given out the orders to the servants of the house,

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

she then retired to her daughter's room, and sat with her a long time, conversing or reading to her. Mrs. Morgan was a great lover of music and often she softly played the piano and sang sweet songs to her darling child. This morning just as she walked into her daughter's room, her heart was touched with pity as she heard Alyce trying to sing:

“The great physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus.
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.”

Her voice was so weak the words died away in a whisper.

She looked up with a sweet smile and said, “Mother, go to the piano and play ‘The Great Physician,’ and sing it through, for each line is a message to my soul.”

After the song was finished and the notes had died away, Alyce motioned for her mother to come and sit by the bedside.

She took her mother's hand and pressed it to her lips. Then she asked, “Mother, do you not think William Hunter, the author of that sweet song you have just sung, really meant that God was the Great Physician for our bodies as well as for our souls?”

“Yes, my dear, he might have meant it that way, but you know that our pastor has taught us that the day of divine healing is past and that it was only taught and practiced in the days of Christ.”

“But, Mother, let's take God's Word first and then our pastor's. Listen, while I read John 14:12-14: ‘Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.' ”

“Yes, Alyce, but you must remember that Jesus was speaking there to his disciples and I think this promise was only to them, and not to the people of this day.”

“But listen, Mother, what Jesus said in Mark 16:15-18: ‘And he said unto them, go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. . . . And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.’ ”

“Now, Mother, can’t you see and understand that Jesus was not only talking to his disciples, but to everyone that believeth on him, even down to the present time?”

“Yes, Alyce, but do we have any account in the Scriptures of any cases of divine healing after the crucifixion of Christ?”

“Dear Mother, have you read so little of God’s Word? Let me read to you Acts 9:36-41: ‘Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas; this woman was full of good works and alms deeds which she did. And it came to pass in those days, that she was sick, and died; whom when they had washed, they laid her in an upper chamber. And forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppa, and the disciples had heard that Peter was there, they sent unto him two men, desiring him that he would not delay to come to them. Then Peter arose and went with them. When he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber; and all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them. But

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

Peter put them all forth, and kneeled down, and prayed; and turning him to the body said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes; and when she saw Peter, she sat up. And he gave her his hand, and lifted her up, and when he had called the saints and widows, presented her alive.’ ”

“Mother, do you not see that Peter not only healed the sick but even raised the dead and presented them to the people alive and well?”

“But, Alyce dear, you must remember that Peter was a co-laborer with Christ. He was in close fellowship with Jesus during most of his earthly ministry, and it is quite natural to suppose that he would have much more faith than those who had never labored for Christ or had seen the many miracles he performed. Do we have any other Scriptures testifying to us of any miracles performed by any others than those of the Twelve Apostles?”

“Mother, you need to read the Word of God more. I fear you have relied too much on the word of our pastor, and neglected to compare his word with that of the Word of God, to see if they agree. Let me read to you Mark 9:38-39: ‘And John answered him, saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us: and we forbade him, because he followeth not us. But Jesus said, Forbid him not; for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me.’ ”

“Now, Mother, do you not see this man was casting out devils and Jesus made it plain to John that it was all right for him to do so? Now, Mother, let’s take up the life of Paul, who was a great persecutor of all those who were following after Jesus and who was converted and filled with the Holy Ghost many months after our blessed Lord had ascended back to heaven and was sitting on the right hand of God. We have many Scriptures of Paul’s performing

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

miracles and healing the sick. But, Mother dear, I feel that you are already thoroughly convinced that Jesus is the same yesterday, today and forever, and that he is not only ready, but willing to heal the sick and afflicted if they will obey his word and trust his promises.

“Now let us read a few Scriptures where Paul healed the sick and raised the dead and after this we shall talk awhile and reason together. First, we shall read Acts 28:8-9: ‘And it came to pass, that the father of Publius lay sick of a fever and of a bloody flux: to whom Paul entered in, and prayed, and laid his hands on him, and healed him. So when this was done, others also, which had diseases in the island, came, and were healed.’ ”

“Next we shall read Acts 20:9-12: ‘And there sat in a window a certain young man named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep: and as Paul was long preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead. And Paul went down, and fell on him, and embracing him said, Trouble not yourselves; for his life is in him. When he therefore was come up again, and had broken bread, and eaten, and talked a long while, even till break of day, so he departed. And they brought the young man alive, and were not a little comforted.’ ”

“Just one other Scripture and then we shall close the Word of God and talk a little while. Let us turn to Acts 19:11-12: ‘And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul: So that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them.’ ”

“Dear Mother, can’t you see what great and wonderful faith the people must have had in God to be able to place handkerchiefs and aprons that had been sent out by the great apostle Paul upon their bodies and be instantly healed of their many afflictions? Mother, I believe that I too have that same faith in God to such an extent that

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

he will heal my body through the prayers of his ministers today just the same as he did in the days of Paul.”

“Well, listen, Alyce, do you want us to send for our pastor to come and pray for you?”

“No, Mother, not unless he is prepared to follow James 5:14-15.”

“Alyce, I do not remember what that Scripture is. Read it to me also that I may be able to know just what to do.”

So Alyce reached for her Bible again and read James 5:14-15: “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.”

“Mother, do you think our pastor would come here, anoint me with oil in the name of the Lord, and pray earnestly with faith for the healing of my body?”

“No, Alyce, I am afraid he would not, because I have heard him say so many times, especially since he heard Brother Knox (that Church of God minister) preach. He said he did not believe any such doctrine and thought it very foolish in anyone to practice it.”

“Yes, Mother, I think I would be very foolish indeed to want a man to come and pray for me who did not have any faith in God’s power to heal. He is not the minister I desire to pray for me. But, thank God, there are ministers in the harvest field who are ready and willing to take God’s Word as it is written, and to obey each command, even to the anointing of the body and laying on the hands and praying with a perfect faith for the healing of the sick. Mother,

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

why are you crying? Do you not believe God's Word, and do you not have some faith in his divine power to heal?"

"Yes, my child, you have broken down every barrier of doubt in my mind. Each Scripture has been like a dagger in my heart, for I fully believe God has all power in heaven and earth and that he is the same yesterday, today, and forever. And I realize you have that abiding faith in him to be able to trust him completely for your healing. But, darling, I am thinking of your father. You know how stern and even skeptical he is, especially on the Bible, and I fear you would never be able to prove to him, as you have your mother, the reality of these proved Scriptures. I would not encourage you, Alyce, for I really do not believe your father will ever consent for you to send for those Church of God ministers to come here and anoint you and pray for your healing. Listen, Alyce, perhaps when Doctor Keith arrives he will be able to build you up so rapidly that we will not need to resort to any other means. At least let us try to look on the bright side and hope for the very best results. Just one other thing, my daughter, please do not mention this conversation of ours to your father, for I am sure he would be very angry with me for allowing you to exert yourself by reading and conversing so much this morning."

"Do not worry, little Mother, I shall not mention this to Father, but I want you to know that I am not feeling any the worse, but rather I have been made stronger to know that I have been able to point out some Scriptures to you that will strengthen your faith in God's divine power to heal and cleanse his children from all sin and enable you to be lifted up on a higher plane of Christianity."

Mrs. Morgan stooped and pressed a loving kiss on her daughter's brow, then quietly left the room so Alyce might rest and sleep awhile.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

Every morning about nine o'clock, Doctor Blake made his professional call to the sickroom. He had grown very fond of Alyce, and she in return loved him with a daughter's affection. She had learned to watch the clock and count the minutes until he would be with her each morning. He spoke many words of encouragement to her. He often made plans for Roy's and her future.

It was the next morning after Mrs. Morgan and her daughter had had their Scripture reading and wonderful discussion that Doctor Blake found Alyce unusually cheerful but just a little bit nervous. She scolded him for being just a few minutes late, then lovingly running her slim fingers through his snow-white beard, cheerfully said, "Never mind, Doctor, it is all right now. I shall keep you with me until I am ready for you to go."

After he had tested her breathing and thoroughly examined her pulse, he then settled down in his chair to have a long talk with Alyce.

"The first thing I want to know," said Doctor Blake, "is this. Why are those nerves all aquiver and those little cheeks entirely red?"

"That is easy enough to answer," replied Alyce. "It is simply this: I am getting over anxious about the coming of that great lung specialist of yours. You know very well, Doctor, that I was not born with very much patience, therefore I am getting tired of waiting. When do you think he will arrive in the States?"

"Well, my dear, I am expecting him at any time now. I am sure you cannot be more anxious than I to have him come. Each day I am expecting a message stating that he will be here on the next train. When he arrives I shall lose no time in bringing him here to see my little girl. Roy is also in a fever of excitement. He has already over

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

persuaded me to allow him to break the news to you when Doctor Keith arrives. Now, Alyce, I have told you many times, and am now trying to impress upon you once more, that the mind has a great control over the condition of the body. Let's keep this one idea in view. Then at the coming of Doctor Keith let's strive firmly to believe that you will find help for your disease.

"You know, my dear, that Roy is my only child and it seems that his life's happiness fully depends on your getting well. He has always been of an optimistic nature. He firmly believes Doctor Keith will pull you through. Each day finds him full of enthusiasm. He builds air castles as high as the sky. He has carefully planned every convenience for the new home he is having built especially for you. Each night he delights in telling his mother and me of some beautiful archway he has just had built or some rare flower he has planted in the yard. He has even had a beautiful fountain built in the rose garden where the lily pads are already in bloom on the sparkling water. He told us last night that a few more weeks and then his beautiful home would be ready for the enthroning of his Queen, and then life would begin for him in earnest."

Doctor Blake looked at his watch, then got up to go, but as he took Alyce's hand in his he failed to note the little catch in her voice as she said good-bye.

Long after Doctor Blake had, Alyce lay sobbing out her heart to God. Oh, how she wanted to get well so that she might enjoy life. Yet above all other things she wanted most to get well that she might work for the cause of Christ. God knew the very longing of her heart, and at this trying hour sent these comforting words to her mind—"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." Then again he sent these great words of our blessed Savior: "If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it. If you love me, keep

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

my commandments.” Alyce opened her eyes, looked up toward heaven, and said, “Yes, Lord, I will keep thy commands.”

Just when we think we have won the victory the evil one always intervenes and tries to break down every resolution and brings into our minds all kinds of doubts and fears. Alyce was no exception to the rule. Throughout the remainder of that day she suffered untold misery. Her poor body was so racked with pain she could scarcely keep back the tears. Just as the evening sun was sinking low in the west she turned her face to the window and said to her mother, who had been watching by her bedside all day, “Mother, look at the glorious sunset—how beautiful it is. But how I dread the dark hours of night before I shall see its bright rays again in the morning.”

That dear mother’s heart was already at the breaking point, but she put forth an effort to be cheerful by telling Alyce she must take a rest tablet, then close her eyes and go to sleep, and before she knew what had happened the morning sun would be streaming in at her window and the little birds would all but split their throats trying to awaken her for their morning meal. Alyce loved her parents with a sweet, childish affection, and tonight her heart was full of thankfulness for such a wonderful mother to administer unto her.

After Mrs. Morgan had pulled down the shades and arranged the daughter’s pillows, she then stooped and pressed a good-night kiss upon her brow and started to leave the room, when she heard Alyce make a gurgling noise. She turned just in time to see the red blood gush from her mouth and trickle down on the white coverlet. Mrs. Morgan called her husband, as she hastened to the bedside of her precious darling. The blood was coming in great mouthfuls, and poor Alyce could not speak.

The father by this time had entered the room, and both parents worked frantically to stop the blood. Their poor hearts were aching.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

Each looked at the other with pleading eyes, but no word was spoken. Finally the blood came in little, oozing drops, then at last stopped altogether. Alyce lay very still and white for a long, long time. Then the pale lips moved in a faint whisper as she softly said, "Be of good cheer, Mother. God is in the room. All will be well."

The poor mother, believing that Alyce meant death was very near by saying God was in the room, broke down in tears, fell upon her knees by the bedside, and buried her head in her hands. Mr. Morgan, not knowing what his daughter had said, gently lifted his wife to her feet and admonished her to control her feelings, for the sake of their child who was now too weak to be excited.

Father and mother kept the night vigil together. The cock crowing and the gray dawn of the morning revealed to them that at last the long, dark, anxious hours of the night had passed and their daughter was quietly sleeping, with not a sign of the treacherous sufferings of the night before, but the pale face and blood stains on her pillow.

Not long after sunup, while the dew was still on the roses, a merry whistle was heard coming up the gravel walk. The door flew open and Roy entered with a cheery hello! The beautiful bouquet of flowers he held in his hand fell to the floor unheeded and he stood with ashen face in the doorway. He took in the situation at just one glance. The pale, white face on the pillow, the blood stains on the coverlet, the deathlike silence of the room, and the strained look on the faces of the parents. Roy, for fear of waking Alyce, tiptoed very quietly to the bedside and in a soft whisper asked Mr. Morgan how long it was since the hemorrhage.

"Last night about ten o'clock, just as we were getting ready to retire for the night," answered Mr. Morgan.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

Alyce must have heard the voice of Roy, for just at that moment the heavy lids opened and she smiled into the face of her friend. Before he had time to ask how she was feeling, Alyce began telling how much better she felt since the hemorrhage.

“O Roy, you can’t imagine how I suffered before the discharge of blood, but now I have no pain. Of course I am weak but will soon get back my strength.”

Roy was so full of distress he had almost forgotten his errand, but Alyce’s words now caused him to remember. He must shake off his despondency and cheer Alyce up for the good news. “Listen, folks, I have come to bring glad tidings. Guess who arrived at our house on the midnight train.”

“Doctor Keith,” three voices echoed at the same time.

“Yes, that is right, and he and father will be over right away. Now, Alyce, Father told me how he tried to encourage you to put your whole faith in Doctor Keith’s healing power. I also implore you firmly to believe as I do, that he will make those lungs well and strong. Before long we shall be riding those broncos again and chasing the butterflies in the pasture, as we did in the days gone by.”

Alyce tried so hard to put on an air of cheerfulness, but in reality these words meant nothing to her. She fully realized her case was hopeless, when it came to human help.

Mrs. Morgan picked up the bouquet of roses Roy had dropped and placed them in a lovely vase on the table near Alyce’s bedside, then tidied up the room for the coming of the new doctor.

Roy now picked up his hat and said it was time for him to go. He told Alyce again before leaving, to be of good cheer, that he felt

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

all would be well, and he would be counting the minutes until he heard the diagnosis of her case.

After Roy had gone Mrs. Morgan, went to the wardrobe and took out a beautiful, pink silk gown for her daughter to wear that morning. She brushed out the dark brown curls and placed a rosebud on her bosom. Just then Mr. Morgan announced the coming of Doctor Blake and the great lung specialist. Alyce was all aquiver as they entered her bedroom, and the little mother was full of fears that she might have another hemorrhage on account of the excitement. No mention was made of the trouble of the previous night because Roy had already informed them.

Doctor Blake used wonderful tact and precaution this morning as he introduced Doctor Keith to the family. After a quiet discussion, the great specialist turned his attention to Alyce and began to make a minute examination of her lungs. The parents watched the proceedings with strained faces and bleeding hearts, for to them the decision of this man meant more than anything else in this world just now.

After a thorough examination the specialist motioned to Doctor Blake and they left the room together. Alyce then turned to her parents and said, "I am so glad it is over at last."

"Are you tired, my dear?" asked the mother.

"Oh, no, Mother, but I have had so many of these examinations to go through it is becoming a strain on my nerves."

"Yes, darling, but you must remember we are doing this for your good and perhaps this will be the beginning of your recovery."

Alyce answered with a long sigh, turned her pale face to the window, and looked out on the landscape.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

The consultation was a long one, but at last Doctor Blake came back to them alone. He stood with bowed head for a moment by the bedside, then said, "Alyce, are you strong and brave enough to hear the diagnosis of Doctor Keith's examination?"

"Most certainly, Doctor, I above all others am most anxious to know."

"Well, my child, I find it much harder than I expected to keep my promise to you that I would tell you the candid truth regarding your condition after the examination was made. Yet, I really believe you should know the truth; then you will strive harder to meet the requirements which lie before you.

"Doctor Keith has found your left lung all but gone and your right lung badly affected. Yet, he says there is a chance for your recovery provided you are willing to follow his prescription."

Mr. Morgan did not wait for Alyce to speak, but said, "Tell Doctor Keith my daughter shall follow his every command."

After everything had been settled Doctor Blake told the family he would turn Alyce's case over to the French specialist, and he would begin his treatment the next day.

For many long weeks Doctor Keith made his daily visit to the Morgan home. He used every means of medical aid he had ever been taught in the great French institutions of learning. He put Alyce on a strict diet of milk and raw eggs. But still with all these remedies she was like the woman whom we have an account of in God's Word, she rather grew worse instead of better. Doctor Keith had long since given up all hope, but the parents admonished him to stay on a while longer in order to continue the treatments.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

The time came at last for him to return to France. He kept this knowledge from the Morgan family until the last day of his stay in America. Then he broke the sad news to them. He told them how sorry he was that he could give them no hope. He told them he had exerted every means of medical skill and all had been to no avail. Mr. Morgan and wife thanked him with tears in their eyes and a catch in their voices, for the great effort he had put forth to save their darling.

Doctor Keith had learned to love Alyce and her noble traits of character. Her sweet, patient disposition had taught him a lesson he would not soon forget. When he was ready to leave he took Alyce by the hand and as his tears fell unheeded, he said, "God bless you, my child, I want you to know I have done what I could." He said good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, then quietly left the room.

The summer days were fast fading into autumn and poor Alyce grew weaker each day. One beautiful Sunday evening in early September, Alyce looked out of her window just in time to see Mrs. Jones turning in at the driveway. How her heart rejoiced to see this sweet child of God coming to visit her again! Alyce was glad her father was gone from home on this afternoon, so that she might feel perfectly free to talk with Mrs. Jones. Alyce loved and honored her father, yet she dreaded his stern, cynical attitude toward the children of God.

Mrs. Jones always remembered when calling on her little sick friend to bring her a goodly number of tracts to read at her leisure. This afternoon as she handed Alyce the tracts, she said, "There is one among this number on divine healing that I feel was written especially for your case." Alyce smiled, took the tracts, and slipped them under her pillow.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

Mrs. Jones also had two numbers of the Gospel Trumpet she had brought along. She read several letters from different people who had been healed by the divine power of God alone. Each testimony seemed to strengthen the faith of Alyce and cause her to grow stronger in the belief of divine healing.

Mrs. Jones laid the papers aside and asked Alyce if there were any doubts in her mind as to the possibility of God's power to heal, or if there were any questions she would like to ask. She suggested that perhaps she might be able to explain to her in some way the things she would like to know.

"Yes," replied Alyce, "there are some things I should like to know, and I feel you are the one person who can make them plain to me just now."

"I will, by the help of God, do anything I possibly can to enlighten you on this subject."

"The most important thing to me at present is this: Do you know any ministers who would be willing to come here and pray for me, obeying James 5:14-15 exactly as God commands? I have never met a minister of God who practiced these teachings."

"I am so glad to tell you, my dear, we have many ministers in the Church of God today who are teaching and practicing this very Scripture all over our land. They are laying on hands, anointing with oil, and praying the prayer of faith, and many are being healed by the power of God. I am sorry to say, Alyce, we do not have any Church of God congregation in this community, but just over in our adjoining county, there is a wonderful congregation of saints where Brother Knox and Brother Terrell work together in pastoring the church. These brethren would be only too glad for this privilege to

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

come to you at any stated time and lay on hands, anoint your body with oil, and pray for your healing.”

“Oh, Sister Jones, you cannot understand the great longing in my heart to have them come, but I fear my father will never consent for them to come. What can I do under these circumstances?”

“Listen, Alyce, let us be agreed in prayer that God will have his own sweet way in this matter, and I feel that all will be well.”

It was now time for Mrs. Jones to go, but before leaving she knelt by the bedside of Alyce and offered a sweet prayer of faith, asking God to encourage and strengthen her and build up her faith in such a way that she might be able to step out boldly on the great promises of God, believing he is able, willing, and ready to heal her afflicted body.

For a long time after Mrs. Jones had gone Alyce still lay pondering the words she had spoken about the two ministers she knew in the adjoining county. Alyce, at last, made up her mind to approach her father on the subject the very first opportunity she might have. Her faith in God had been strengthened until the greatest desire of her heart just now was to have Brother Knox and Brother Terrell come and pray for her.

A few mornings after Mrs. Jones's visit Alyce was reading to her mother some Scriptures which had been marked by her friend on her last visit. Just then her father stepped into the room and before Alyce had time to hide her Bible he pointed an accusing finger at the Word of God and with a sneering voice reproved poor Alyce for disregarding his commands.

“No wonder,” he said, “you never improve. You waste your time reading such trash and brood over promises which have never been fulfilled to any of mankind. There is also something else I wish

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

to mention just now. Who is that woman who comes here calling herself a saint, claiming to be holy, living above all sin, filling your mind with all such erroneous doctrine? I detest all such foolishness. I positively forbid her coming into this house again. If your mother cannot stop her at the door, I am the one who can.”

Mr. Morgan had worked himself into such a rage he now stood towering over his wife and daughter with blazing eyes and uplifted hands. Mrs. Morgan, a frail little woman, sat helplessly wringing her hands, and the unbidden tears flowed silently down her cheeks. Yet she feared the great wrath of her infuriated husband so much she dared not speak one word in behalf of her precious daughter.

Alyce seemed the stronger of the three in this trying hour. She lay very quiet through it all. When her father had vent his words, and his anger seemed to subside, she then looked up into his face and quietly remarked, “Father, I am sorry for this outburst of anger, yet I am glad for this opportunity of declaring to you that I, your daughter, am a strong believer in the Bible and this Word I hold in my hand is the only waybill we have from earth to heaven, and I want you to know, by the help of the great God on high, I mean to carry out to the letter every command laid down in this Book, as far as I have light and wisdom. Father, I have listened to all you have had to say without interrupting you; now you must listen to me. Do you remember promising me that I might try my own Physician when Doctor Keith had tried and failed? Well, that time has come, and I now want to turn my case over to the Great Physician, who lives on high, the one ‘who forgiveth all our iniquities and healeth all our diseases.’

“I have faith in God to believe, if I am willing to follow his commands, he will heal my afflicted body and make me well again.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

I have found in James' writings the exact command I must follow to obtain healing for my trouble."

"Father, I perceive your anger is fast rising again, but you must listen while I read James 5:14-15: '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.' "

"Now, Father, here is the point. I must send for the elders of the church to come here and pray for me. Once again, dear Father, I humbly beg you to have pity on your all but dying child, and give me your consent to send for Brother Knox and Brother Terrell to come and lay hands on me, anointing my body in the name of the Lord and praying for my healing."

"Alyce, do you suppose for one moment that I would allow you to invite those fanatics, who call themselves holiness preachers, into my home to disgrace my family and make us the laughing stock of this town? I want you to know right now that no such fanaticism shall ever be carried on in this house and you had just as well get all such nonsense out of your mind."

Mr. Morgan turned and walked abruptly out of the room, slamming the door behind him. Alyce placed her hand on the bowed head of her weeping mother, and said, "Do not weep, dear Mother; be of good cheer. All will be well. God in his all wise wisdom will open the way."

Little did Alyce dream of God's plan in this matter. His way is not our way, yet we know he doeth all things well. Alyce was very patient in waiting on the Lord. She was glad to be able to say with the poet, "Have thine own way, Lord; have thine own way."

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

The days that followed were days of patient waiting.

Still Alyce was happy to know through her prayers and pleadings Roy and her mother had both been won over to her side and each was willing and anxious for the ministers to come and pray for her. Their hearts were made to bleed on account of the refusal of Mr. Morgan to allow them to come.

It was the custom of Mrs. Morgan to carry her husband his morning coffee to his room. Usually he was up at his desk studying some new law book or busy writing on some professional case. On this particular morning as she entered his study she was struck with horror, for she saw her husband lying prostrate on the floor in the middle of the room. Mrs. Morgan's screams brought the servants running to the scene. As they bent over him they found he was not dead, but had had an apoplectic stroke. They put him on the bed and summoned Doctor Blake at once. When Mrs. Morgan thought of her daughter she knew she was in a fever of excitement on account of the great commotion in the house. She hastened to tell her what had happened.

When Alyce heard the news her first words were, "O Mother, let us pray, for I fear poor father is not prepared to die."

Doctor Blake soon arrived and after a close examination told Mrs. Morgan that her husband was in a critical condition and there was very little hope of his recovery. He told her he might linger for several months, but he feared he would never move his limbs nor even speak again.

"Do you think, Doctor, he is conscious of anything just now?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

"That is beyond my power to say. Sometimes we think from the expression of the eyes that perhaps they know everything that is

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

going on and then again we doubt whether the brain functions at all. We often have this kind of cases, especially among our professional men whose minds are being overtaxed from day to day. Mrs. Morgan, I have always considered you and Judge Morgan as my very closest friends, and I am so sorry that I can hold out no hope to you. Yet I feel it is best to be candid in this matter. I would advise you to have a nurse come here and attend your husband, as I know your strength is already well taxed in administering to the many needs of your daughter. Alyce needs you most, for the end is very near for her; and no one can take your place with her in these last days.

“I have noticed Roy is spending a good deal more of his time here each day. I have been wondering if his presence bored Alyce, or if she is glad for him to be here? I am so anxious she should have every consideration. I do so want her to have every desire of her heart and every comfort the remaining few days she has on earth.”

“Oh, Doctor, I am sure there is nothing affords my daughter so much pleasure as having Roy sit by her bedside, reading and conversing with her each day.”

After promising Mrs. Morgan he would call each day, Doctor Blake then took his departure.

The days that followed were days of anxious waiting. The whole house seemed to be wrapped in melancholy. Poor Alyce steadily grew worse, while Mr. Morgan showed no signs of recovery.

Alyce had had another hemorrhage and her days now seemed to be numbered.

One evening as Roy was reading to Alyce, he noticed the tears in her eyes and a slight quiver on the pale lips. He closed the book

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

at once, moved a little nearer to her bedside, and whispered, "Are you suffering, Alyce?"

"No, Roy, I was just wondering if it would be dishonoring my father, or taking advantage of his helplessness, by asking Brother Knox and Brother Terrell to come here and pray for me."

"Alyce, our minds must have been running together, for I have been thinking on that very score for several days. I cannot see how you would dishonor your father in any way by asking these men of God into your home to pray for you. Listen, Alyce, we will talk this matter over with your mother, and whatever she thinks best we will do."

Just then Mrs. Morgan entered the room, followed by Sister Jones. Alyce was glad to see her friend once more.

They were soon settled down in quiet conversation and everybody seemed to enjoy the evening. Before Sister Jones left Alyce related to her all her father had said concerning the ministers, then asked her what she thought best for her to do. Sister Jones was always ready with God's Word to give an answer. She said, "Alyce, dear, we are taught in God's Word that it is better to obey God than man."

Alyce then asked her mother what she thought about it, as she wanted her opinion also.

"I cannot see that it would be dishonoring your father in the least, my child, and I am more than willing for you to send for these ministers," answered her mother.

The question being settled, it was arranged for Sister Jones to write for them to come to her house the following Sunday and then she would accompany them over to see Alyce. The following week

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

was spent by Alyce and her mother in much prayer and supplication unto the Lord.

Roy, too, was beginning to see the light as Alyce saw it. He believed God was able to heal his friend and make her well again.

Mrs. Morgan divided her time as much as possible between her husband and daughter. She was told each day by the nurse that Mr. Morgan's condition was just about the same, the only difference being that he might be growing a little weaker.

The heavy strain was showing on the little mother. It was an effort to drag herself out of bed each morning, and her face was pale and haggard. Alyce was quick to notice the change and begged her mother with tears in her eyes at least to lie down and rest a few hours each day.

The long week of waiting had passed. All Nature seemed to welcome the beautiful Sunday again. The sun shone brightly. The stately roses seemed to lift their heads in honor of the day. Even the little birds sang more sweetly as they flitted from tree to tree.

Alyce spent the morning reading her Bible and communing with God. She was earnestly praying for more faith. She begged God for that kind of faith Abraham of old exercised when he offered Isaac on the altar of sacrifice. Again for the second time God sent these words to comfort her: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." These comforting words brought peace into her soul, and she fell asleep to dream of rose gardens, bright sunshine, and sparkling fountains.

When she awoke the clock was striking two. She saw Roy sitting by the table reading the new Gospel Trumpet she had just received that morning.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

Before Alyce had time to speak to Roy she heard voices in the hallway. In a moment the door opened and her mother entered the room, followed by Sister Jones, Brother Knox, and Brother Terrell.

Alyce told her mother afterward that it seemed to her the room was filled with God's Holy Spirit as these two godly men entered it.

Alyce had met Brother Knox before. After meeting Brother Terrell she pointed to seats near her bedside. Brother Knox began to talk to Alyce about the wonderful healing power of God, and how he wanted his children to be able to put their faith and trust in him for the healing of their bodies as well as the healing of their souls. Then he pointed out to her one Scripture after another as Brother Terrell read them aloud in their hearing.

The first Scripture he called for was Luke 13:10-13: "And he was teaching in one of the synagogues on the Sabbath. And, behold, there was a woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, and was bowed together, and could in no wise lift up herself. And when Jesus saw her, he called her to him, and said unto her, Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity. And he laid his hands on her: and immediately she was made straight and glorified God."

Brother Terrell read these precious words of God in a deep, earnest voice.

Then Brother Knox called for Luke 14:1-5: "And it came to pass, as he went into the house of one of the chief Pharisees to eat bread on the Sabbath day, that they watched him. And, behold, there was a certain man before him which had the dropsy. And Jesus answering spake unto the lawyers and Pharisees, saying, Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day? And they held their peace. And he took him, and healed him, and let him go."

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

“Do you notice, Alyce,” said Brother Knox, “that each of these wonderful healings was done on the Sabbath? It always seemed to me that Jesus did many good works on the Sabbath day. Nowhere in the Scriptures do we find where Jesus turned away anyone who came to him for healing. Instead of turning them away he was always ready and willing to make them whole again. In another place God said, ‘I am the same yesterday, today, and forever.’ So you see that comes on down the ages to you and me.”

“James told us in the fifth chapter of his Epistle just what to do. Brother Terrell and I have come here at your request. We are now ready to follow the command of the Lord by anointing your body and praying the prayer of faith for the healing of your affliction.”

Brother Knox took out a small bottle of olive oil, anointed Alyce, then turned to those in the room and said, “While we lay hands on this dear sister, let us all kneel and be agreed in prayer that God will touch her body with his wonderful healing power, raise her up, and make her well again.”

They all knelt around her bedside, and, through that wonderful chain of prayer and supplication, the great heart of God was touched with pity, and he stretched forth his hand and sent his healing power through her body. Alyce at that moment was heard to shout praises to his holy, matchless name.

“The victory is won! The victory is won! Thank God, by his power divine. I am healed! I am healed.”

Mrs. Morgan rose to her feet, clasped her daughter in her arms, and praised God with a loud voice.

Roy stood trembling, with the tears streaming down his face. He told Brother Knox and Brother Terrell he wanted them to pray for him. He said, “I want to get acquainted with Jesus in whom

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

Alyce has put all her trust. I want to be healed of sin and my heart made right with God. I want to give my life service to him for this wonderful blessing he has given us today.”

They prayed with Roy, and in a little while he met the conditions, God washed away his sins, and he was made a new creature in Christ Jesus.

From that selfsame hour Alyce began to amend. She grew stronger from day to day. She was now able to go to her father’s room and help her mother administer to his needs.

Their hearts were touched with pity at the helplessness of his condition. All had been done that could be, yet to no avail. Many times Alyce wondered if her father ever recognized her, as she often bent over him, speaking words of cheer and comfort into his ear. The expression of his face showed no signs of recognition.

She so willingly and patiently labored on and on, never knowing whether he knew the touch of her hand or the sound of her voice.

He gradually grew weaker from day to day, until at last one evening as the sun sank behind the western horizon, his spirit passed away and left the widow and the orphan all alone.

When the long winter had come and gone and the snows had melted away, one Sunday morning in early springtime, Roy and Alyce marched down the aisle of the little brown church and were united in holy wedlock.

Many people came from far and near to look on the face of the lovely bride, who once had been given up to die by all the learned physicians, but who today stood well and hearty, made so by the divine power of God, by the Great Physician on high, who

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

“forgiveth all our iniquities and healeth all our diseases.”

Not long after Alyce and Roy had married he took her over to view the new home he had so wondrously planned for her convenience. After they had admired the house they went into the rose garden and stood by the sparkling fountain. He placed his arm around her and asked, “Are you willing to give up this beautiful home with all its surroundings and launch out with me into the heathen land of India, and work for the Master in saving souls for Christ?”

She bowed her head and said, “I am willing.”

The End

