

felt stronger with this support of the civil officers, so that they threatened in my face that they would do worse outrage in our chapel the next Sunday than ever before, and that they were determined to persecute us, until they overcame us somehow!

One of the magistrates asked me at the time, what we thought about the expression he had read on one of our letters of invitation, "authorized by Jesus Christ?" I answered that it was a commission or divine right to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. At this he said mockingly, that he would be very sorry to hear that any of his relatives were beguiled by such heresy; and they turned me out of the room! Like this you see, Dear Brother, how those who profess to have a mission from God in this enlightened age, and this Christian country, are received! This reminds me of the words of our blessed Master, namely, "I come in my Father's name, and ye try to kill me; if another shall come in his own name [in the name of some Missionary Society, church, or reverends], him ye will receive." Quite similar, is it not? But despite it all, I and all the Saints give thanks for being counted worthy to suffer a bit for the sake of him who suffered so much for us, and we thank him more and more for the divine testimony we have of what we are doing, and that we have the divine treasure, namely the gospel of the Son of God, in clay vessels. Oh, brethren, pray for us, that our Father will hear us.

Your brother in the gospel,

JOHN MORRIS.

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#### REMARKABLE HEALING OF BROKEN BONES.

ESTIMABLE EDITOR,—There is much shouting about signs, and challenging for as much as ONE example of the spiritual power of God among the Saints; and with your indulgence, I will inform you of one great blessing among many that I have seen, and I testify in truthfulness of spiritual healings that the children of God have received through the exercise and ordinances of the Church of Jesus Christ, which took place before my eyes, under my hands, and within my own family a few days ago. Yet, I am not so unversed in the wiles of the devil, and in the unbelief of this age as to expect this obvious fact to be a means of convincing those of this age who hear it (for it is not the case with those who see with their own eyes), any more than the powerful works of the Son of God convinced his contemporaries of his divinity, which is obvious from the facts of his challenge to them to believe him because of his works; despite that, the more miracles he performed the more they stoned him, yes, and crucified him finally because of them. I do not doubt that their anger would be such to the extent that they were able to see the powerful works of God through his children; if one were to rise from the dead, they would be just as desirous to kill him again, for fear of his influence, as were those to kill Lazarus whom Christ had raised from the dead.

My purpose in offering the following story for your publication, is so that the Saints may rejoice and give thanks together with me and glorify God for his goodness, who is the only Provider of every bounteous blessing. Only he

deserves the praise. The story I propose took place as follows:—

Two months ago, my eleven-year-old boy was crushed between the *trams* in Cyfarthfa Colliery, so that the bones of his leg were broken in two places. He was carried to my house; and, according to the rules of the works, the doctor hired by the works came there soon, and set the bones in place, and put splints around the leg. The doctor said the bones were broken in two places. Soon after the doctor left I administered to the boy the divine ordinance according to the scriptures (see James v, 14, &c.), and he was eased of all pain at that time, and the boy testified that he was completely well, and earnestly begged to take off the splints and get up from his bed; but we refused him this, lest we be punished by the doctors, as we and several other Saints who had been divinely healed had been threatened. The third day the doctor visited him again; and after looking at the leg, with great surprise he testified that the bones had knitted already. Again the doctor admitted that the bones had been broken in two places, and that he had never seen such healing before; for he did not know of the administration of the ordinance. After this another doctor came to the house, and questioned the women that were in the house in a very surly manner about “the oil they had put on the boy’s leg, that he wanted to see it,” &c. The women answered that they had not put oil on his leg, which was a truth in itself. He begged every day to get up and go outside, assuring us that he was quite well. Then we allowed him to go around, provided he took a stick in his hand and took care not to let the doctor see him outside; and he was so pleased with the freedom that we could hardly keep him in the house another minute, except when the doctor was expected. Like this he went around Merthyr with the splints hanging around his leg, and he did not dare to remove them. On the eleventh day the doctor came and asked where the boy was. My wife answered that he was in the field playing with the boys with no stick or anything. He had to see before he would believe; then he said that he was healing so well the last time that he had thought of allowing him the next time to get up to the fire, with his leg on pillows; but to his surprise there the boy was before him! My wife said to the doctor that some of the neighbors, on seeing the boy walking so soon, said that the bones had not been broken, and others said that “only the *small bone* had been broken.” The doctor replied that he was not a bit surprised at their disbelief, because it appeared to be such an incredible thing to see the healing of broken bones so soon; and it would be difficult for the doctor himself to believe, except that he knew for a fact beyond all argument that the bones had been broken. He refused to take off the splints, nonetheless. The next day the boy went past the shop of the doctors on his way to Merthyr, and they looked at him through the window in astonishment; and as soon as they took the splints off his leg, the boy went back to work completely well, where he has been working since that time until the present.

About two years ago this boy broke his other leg in a similar fashion, and received similar healing; but despite all the threatening and scolding on the part of the doctor, around the boy went, and eventually to work without the doctor’s permission. Let anyone who wishes tell whatever tales he chooses about this thing, as they did about the leg of William Hughes, &c., &c., yet

not one man would dare to stand to my face and refute the above truths. There are hundreds of others that know that it is true; and I acknowledge the Almighty God with gratitude for the blessing.

I am, your brother in the gospel,

45, *Cyfarthfa Row,*  
*Georgetown, March, 1848.* }

THOMAS REES.

These are the names of those who heard the testimony of the doctor,—

DAVID X JOHN,  
MARY X JOHN,  
MARGARET REES.

#### A REMARKABLE DREAM AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

“WHEN in a deep sleep one night, I found myself in a large field amidst a large crowd, and listening to some stranger preaching, and speaking much about some book that he held in his hand. After he had finished, I approached him, and asked him what book it was. He gazed intently into my eyes for a moment; then, extending the book into my hand, he said, “Treasure this book in your memory, and print it in your heart; and while you keep hold of it, all the spirits of the court below cannot harm you.” I took the book and went (according to the instructions of the man) into a dungeon that was nearby. He bade me knock on the first iron door I came to, which, after I knocked, opened on its rusty hinges; and the first greeting was a huge lion leaping towards me, roaring and opening his jaws as if he would finish me at once; but I noticed that he was restrained by a great chain, which heartened me to go on past him. At this he saw the book under my arm, and in a voice like a man’s voice he persuaded, begged, and begged earnestly, and pleaded gently, and in every way, to get possession of the book. He promised surely to give it back to me in a while. But I remembered the advice I had been given, and that my life depended on keeping hold of the book. And after pressing it closer to my bosom, I ventured along a narrow road, as through the middle of a den filled with every kind of beast on chains, and all wanting the book from me, but in vain. After reaching the furthest edge, I knocked at another iron door, which opened to a room very similar to the last, but its inhabitants were snakes, scorpions, and the like. I soon understood that they had in them a strong attraction toward the book to destroy it and myself, I supposed; but I held onto it with my hands until I reached safely through to the third room, which to my surprise, except for the road which was through the middle, was full of men, most of them naked, standing up in chairs on every side, obviously in great pain. At times, they gnashed their teeth, but they could not reach to maul each other. My attention was drawn from this heartrending sight to a large man who came along the road from the furthest edge towards me slowly; and as loud as were the cries of the rest, the cry of this one pierced my heart even more keenly;—groans every step—his hands folded—his hair white, and his gown long and black, frightened me as he drew nearer to me; but when he was close to me, I took heart, and asked him what could cause such pains and excruciating torture as that? Then, he lifted his head a little, and gazed at me in astonishment, as if he had not seen me before; he opened his clothing, and then I saw his breast