

Mary H. Mossman was well known in the Christian and Missionary Alliance circles. Here is a healing testimony spurred by the story of a previous healing through Mossman. This was published in the Alliance Weekly on December 26, 1914.

How I came to know the Lord as My Healer. It was in the winter of 1883, while I was on a visit to my father and mother, from my home across the ocean, that I heard my mother speak of a faith-cure in Brooklyn.

I had lived in my husband's native town in the south of Ireland, for five years. Had been through crushing trials, and, a stranger in a strange land, had brooded over them too much. I was naturally inclined to rush of blood to the head, and some head trouble had set in, and feared for my reason.

So, after meeting my loved ones, after my arrival home I went straight to our old family physician. My case seemed to puzzle him, and he gave me no relief.

I had heard of a case of healing by prayer, through Mother Mossman of Ocean Grove, and it haunted me. One day I was searching the Scriptures for light on the subject, and read the healing through Peter and John, and the Inward Voice said to me, "If such things were accomplished through the disciples of Christ in those days, why not in these, just as well?" I said nothing to anyone, but started out in search of the "Faith-cure" I had heard my mother mention. I found Miss Campbell, Faith Home, and through them received a card of invitation to visit a "House of Healing" on Dekalb Ave., where the head of the house would pray with anyone for healing or give them any advice on spiritual matters that they might wish.

I was very cautious, for I did not mean to be led astray by any fanaticism, so I found my way up to this "House of Healing," and asked for light on some spiritual question that had vexed me for some years. The man at the head, who was a disciple of Dr. Cullis of Boston, gave me such a satisfactory and sensible answer that it banished all my clouds at once, and I recognized the Spirit of God in him. The next time I visited him it was for healing. There was a sharp pain, like a knife, going through my head at the time. He prayed with me for healing, and the pain was taken away instantly, and the Spirit of God stole all through my being, and soothed and quieted my mind in a wonderful way. I knew it was the Lord, so from that day forward I dropped medicines and doctors, and have trusted the Lord for my healing ever since.

I have not always been situated so that I could "call for the elders of the church" to anoint me, but have just waited on the Lord in quietness and confidence, and the healing has come. Our Great Physician has brought me through malaria, heavy colds, and racking cough's, grippe, pneumonia, winter cholera, shingles, and ptomaine poisoning, and other things in some of which, the doctors told me, my only chance for life lay in having an operation performed. But the dear Lord, in whom I trust, has pulled me through them all safely for thirty years. And I praise His name with my whole heart, that He ever revealed Himself as my Healer. I can truly say:

"Once it was the blessing. Now it is the Lord.
Once it was the feeling, Now His Holy Word
Once His gifts I wanted. Now the Giver own.
Once I sought for healing. Now Himself alone."

H. W. Beatty

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History and Destiny in Healing