

Seven Times Miraculously Healed

Told in The Stone Church, Chicago, June 5, 1909, by D. Wesley Myland, Columbus, Ohio

THE song that came into my heart after my first healing at the hands of the Lord, has been a kind of holy chant in my soul ever since and has been the keynote of my ministry these twenty years and more:

Walking with Jesus alone,
Held by the arms of his love,
Shielded from sin and the world,
Walking with Jesus alone.

Learning each day in the strife,
Dying to self and to sin,
Rising in newness of life,
Jesus abiding within.

Striving for riches untold,
Seeking for souls gone astray,
Leading them back to the fold,
This is my work day by day.

You will find the text of my story in II Corinthians 11:23, the last three words, "In deaths oft." How I came out of these deaths you will find in the Psalm 107:20, "He sent His word and healed them, and delivered them from their destruction." A man who had been "in deaths oft" you would hardly expect to be living, but he is living because of that scripture I just quoted. Another foundation fact in these experiences of healing is found in Romans 8:11, "But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken (or add life to) your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you."

in a sense, two persons were raised from the dead; Jesus the human, and Christ the divine, and because Jesus was the Christ and now lives on the throne as our human brother, we may have His resurrection life in our mortal bodies, healing and preserving them. Seven times have I realized what it is to have the quickening, resurrection life of Jesus bring me back from death. It is these seven events and experiences I desire to relate to you tonight, for the honor and glory of God.

Twenty-one years ago I was stricken down and became a poor, dumb paralytic. I had a serious accident two years before that time. My brother and I were engaged in business together; our store burned, and while it was burning I tried to save some books and papers by entering through an upper window. It was in December, and the water the firemen were throwing on the building was freezing. I slipped and fell striking my back on the edge of a six-foot board fence that ran out along the side of the store. I fractured my spine and broke the three small ribs loose from the spine.

I lay six months, helpless most of the time, but the Lord was merciful to me. I was then a local minister in the Methodist church, and was studying to enter conference, for the Lord had called me to preach His Gospel. My mother on her dying bed had put her hands on my head and dedicated me to the ministry. I didn't want to preach, and tried to continue in business, and God had to let this happen that I might become willing to quit making money and seek to save souls for Him. God will have His way with you, brother, sister, and you had better let Him have it quickly. It will cost you more

the longer you put it off, and besides, you will get less blessing and God less glory by your not yielding at once.

The effects of that injury, in the opinion of various eminent physicians, resulted in paralysis. The paralysis, however, was also induced by two years of zealous and strenuous work in the ministry, which, I am sorry to say, was not always according to knowledge. Then, too, at that time I did not know the rest that comes through faith for I had not been crucified with Christ fully. I was like a great many people who come and go in this Convention, I had not passed from the death of the self-life, the carnal mind, and my life was not hid with Christ in God. That old physical weakness in my spine began to manifest itself in neuralgia of the heart, and toward the latter part of the second year of my ministry I fell to the floor several times while preaching; my officers would carry me out, put me in my buggy and take me home.

That condition continued until one day, twenty-one years ago, I was traveling on the Big Four train out of Cleveland, destined for Wellington, Ohio, and was reading Dr. Talmage's Sunday sermon in the Monday morning paper, when I found my body getting very heavy. I managed to get out on the rear platform, but could scarcely get back. The train-guard told me I could not ride there, and when I tried to tell him I could not get back I found I was unable to speak. I became paralyzed on that Big Four train, the paralysis covering the entire left side, and the whole of right side of my head, paralysis of the cerebro-spinal nerves, which manifested itself on the right side. My tongue was drawn into my right cheek. I had a little scratchpad in my pocket, and wrote what had befallen me, that I was getting worse and wanted to get across to Elyria and to Amherst, where my wife and little boy were. My wife at

that time was recovering from a terrible tumor and had been attended for three weeks by three physicians.

With the help of the train officers and others I was carried into a depot, changed trains and taken over to Elyria. A dear old friend of mine had come to the depot to meet a party who did not come, and instead he took care of me. He got a special rig at the livery stable, drove me eight miles to the old home at Amherst. There I lay, attended by three physicians, one the best physician in the town, another a specialist from Chicago and the third a celebrated doctor from Cleveland of worldwide fame. They treated me for weeks and at last came to the conclusion that I must die.

One night, lying helpless in my bed, thinking it over as best I could, my soul went out to God, and I said, "Lord, is this the best you have for people on this earth?" And the answer came back, "Why, no, I am a wonder-working God." Here I must step aside for a moment to say that for a year I had been following this new development of divine healing and I had been speaking in pretty strong terms against it as one of the fanaticisms of the last days. Among the last sermons I preached at the appointment I was filling was one in defense of old, orthodox Methodism, wherein I warned my people not to go to a certain convention that was to stand for this teaching, and I mentioned especially the leader who was to preside at that convention, dear old Major Brown. That beloved brother is still living, and for a number of years after that I was associated with him in the Lord's work even more closely than I have been with any other man.

After denouncing that movement I went home to be sick two or three days, and it served me right. But as I lay there that night I said, "Lord, is this the best you have?" I was thinking of what would become of my dear wife and little two-year-old boy, and of the ministry that

lay ahead of me, for I was then just thirty. God answered, "Why, no, it is not the best. I am a wonder-working God." I did not know what to say then, but seemed to listen in the depths of my soul. Then I said, "Lord, if you have something for me, for Jesus' sake reveal it to me right here. They have said I must die tomorrow and I have only about a day to live." Then the Lord took me over this matter I have just related, and I saw the whole thing. I saw the outline of that sermon I had preached against divine healing, and I said, "God, if I ever I get up from this bed I will hunt it up and burn it." Now Major Brown; his face came up before me and I said, "Lord, if I ever see that man I will confess and ask him to forgive me." I began to feel better. When I thought of those people I considered fanatical, Christian Alliance people, and I said, "Lord, if I ever get into one of their meetings I will confess and it and tell them I'm sorry," and I felt still better.

Now, if there is anybody here who has anything to do in that line, do it, beloved, but don't confess to the minister; go to the party you have wronged. It is utter nonsense to have children's meetings, young men's and young women's meetings for the purpose of confessing to some leader. Go and confess where it belongs. If it has touched anybody's life and ruined it, go to that life and confess it. If it is a thing that has not touched any other life, go to God with it. There has been a lot of harm done both in the heathen world and in the Christian world by multiplying these confessions. I have had to stop people and say, "Now we will pray God to give you grace to take that where it belongs." Confess, first to God, and then to the one you have wronged. Satan has come in at this point and wrought a great deal of havoc even in this precious Pentecostal Movement, because people have not obeyed the Word of God. We are not ex-

pected to set up a Pentecostal confessional; that would not be much better than a Roman Catholic confessional.

In every one of these seven healings I went through to victory on some portion of God's Word. This time it was II. Kings 20:5, where Hezekiah was lying sick and Isaiah came to him to pray, and "the word of the Lord came to him, saying, turn again and tell Hezekiah, the captain of My people, "Thus saith the Lord, the God of David thy father." I could hear the Lord speaking my name, "David;" that is my first name, my mother gave it to me. "I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears; behold, I will heal thee: on the third day thou shalt go up into the house of the Lord." Now I didn't know where that is in the Bible. I knew God was speaking from the Bible, but I didn't know where. I had read it, undoubtedly, but I hadn't much scripture in my heart. "Well," I thought, "this is Thursday night; Friday, Saturday, Sunday; Sunday will be the third day. Lord, you are going to have me healed, and I will go up into the Methodist church Sunday morning and tell the whole thing." That is the way it looked, and maybe God would have done it that way, but there were many hindrances. I could use my right hand, and I wrote, "I am going to be healed."

Then they held another consultation of physicians. I could not hear all they said, I was blind in one eye and deaf in one ear, but they were saying that the paralysis had seriously affected my brain and I was deranged about these things. I was never saner in my life. That day they began to make arrangements for the funeral. The little pastor of the Methodist church came down to see me. He and my wife's grandmother got down there by my bed and prayed. I remember now the prayer that he made. He said, "God, we know that you are even able to raise the dead," and held God's promises up before Him. He was a godly man; we had labored

together in evangelistic work. My wife's grandmother was one of the best saints I ever saw walk this earth, and when she talked to God it meant something.

I was just as sure I was going to be healed then, as I am this minute that I am healed, but do you know they stopped the praying and sent the Methodist preacher away. I held on and the next night, Friday night, the Lord began to encourage me. He came and revealed Himself a little more fully to me. "Now," He said, "you are going up where these Alliance people are, and where Major Brown is, and you are going to be anointed according to James 5:14-16, and I am going to raise you up. You are going to meet all you promised Me last night." And I said, "Lord, is it possible I ever can be raised up?" He took me over to the Psalms that night, to two verses that I would not trade for Chicago, 73:25 & 26. "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

There was the paralysis, my flesh had failed, my heart had failed, but "God is the strength of my heart, and" shall be "my portion forever." Then the enemy came around at that critical moment, just as he will with you, darkness came over me and I went through my own death. The Lord let me see my own funeral; the cemetery was within sight of the old homestead where I was lying. I could see the monument where grandfather lay, and saw the newly made grave and the bearers putting me down. I heard the minister close the service and saw the mourners go away, and after everyone was gone the grave opened and I came up. I could see myself sitting on the nice green grass on the top of the grave, and I called after my wife and her grandmother as they were leading my little boy, Dayton, with them from the grave, and said, "Come back, you have buried the wrong man. I

am alive." The Lord let me see that to "quench the fiery darts of the devil." I did die, thank God, to everything but God and Christ and the Holy Spirit. The next day they came around again and I began to write some more. I said, "The Lord has shown me some more. I am going up to the Alliance Convention; I am to be anointed and I shall be healed." They said, "He is getting crazy. There is no Alliance Convention. They will not let them hold a convention this year at Linwood." However, they did have a convention, but not until all the other meetings were over, and thus, in the providence of God, the time was later than usual, because God knew about me.

The next thing was for me to be taken those eight miles to the Convention. My uncle said he would come and take me in his carriage, but they exhorted him and threatened him, declaring they would have him arrested if he did, and he backed out. There was nobody to fall back on at the last minute but the little Methodist preacher, and he said Saturday night, "If you will wait until Monday I will go up with you," but they threatened him. My wife's own mother declared she would arrest him if anything happened, but the little fellow didn't flinch.

Monday morning came; my wife and grandmother stood by me. They took me to the depot and I suppose there were from three hundred to four hundred people there to see me put on the train, and there were great threatenings and murmurings, but they put me on and there was no stop until we arrived at our destination. They took me into the depot and then to the hack, which was filled, but they made room for me and laid me on the cushioned side seat. All the way over they talked about what awful cases were brought to the Convention, expecting God to heal them, and I had to listen to all kinds of unbelieving and discouraging remarks.

For Jesus' sake, where there is anybody trusting God to be delivered, no matter how bad the case, don't talk any unbelief. If you have any doubts or fears have them to yourself. I almost died going over there. It was only the mercy of God and the prayers of one or two dear sisters and the little Methodist preacher that sustained me. But for these prayers I would have died in the presence of that unbelief.

I arrived there just at the breakfast hour. The next meeting was a Bible-reading by Miss Sisson, from that very Psalm, the one 107th, Divine Healing was her subject that morning. They put me on a bench overlooking the lake. I sat there on my blanket and pillow while they looked for some one to pray for me. They saw a man walking along the beach, Bible in hand, who seemed to be communing with God. The Methodist minister hailed him and said, "I am looking for somebody that can anoint people for healing." "Well," he said, "I am one." God told me in that second vision that I would meet a man of my own country who would tell me wonderful things. I thought that was just a mere dream, but it proved to be the voice of God. This man was John Salmon, a good old Scotchman from Toronto, Canada, where I was born.

They brought him to me and he asked me three questions. He said, "Are you converted?" "Oh," said my preacher friend, "he is a Methodist minister." "Well," he said, "it won't hurt to ask if he is converted. I met a bishop that doesn't know whether he is converted or not. Let him answer." I wrote on my tablet, "Yes, I am saved by the grace of God. I am regenerated and have the witness of the Spirit." He said in his Scotch way, "Very good, but now, mark you," and he put up his index finger, "do you believe that God can and will

heal you if we obey Him in this ordinance?" I wrote, "Yes, I do," but there was a little struggle before I could get the three words written. Something kept thumping my heart just like a man fighting me, but after I had written it I felt a great uplift in my spirit. You know it is just as Jesus said to the blind man, "Believest thou I am able to do this?" and he said, "Yea, Lord;" then, "According to your faith be it unto you." "One more question," said Mr. Salmon, "What do you want to be healed for?" I had to take a little time on that. I thought of my wife and boy, my friends, about the enjoyment of life and of preaching; finally I summed it all up: God gave me a little revelation and I wrote, "I want to be healed that I may glorify God in my body and spirit, which are His." And he said, "That is all right. He is ready to be anointed. I will get somebody to help take him over."

They took me into a cottage, which I learned afterwards belonged to the President, Major Brown. There were five people around me, beside the minister and myself, seven in all the perfect, complete number. Everybody prayed, and they prayed the prayer of faith. Mr. Salmon took a few drops of oil and put it on my forehead, and said, "In the Name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit I anoint this man to be perfectly healed from this paralysis and from other troubles. May he glorify God in his body and spirit, which are Thine." Then he said, "Brother, in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ rise up and walk," and then came a hard test.

Darkness came over me, the blackness of hell. It seemed I was sinking away. Somebody called out to praise God for my healing, and I got into worse darkness. I said in myself, "They have been telling me these people lie; that they say they are healed when they are not." Oh, how black it was! I was out in the

middle of the room down on the carpet. That was the fight of my life, and I didn't know anything else to do but *trust*, and bless God, I did trust. I just said, "Jesus!" four or five times, and was thrilled right through from head to foot, and that warm, thrilling, life-giving, animating, quickening, reviving, stimulating breath of Almighty God went all through me, and I began to get up on my right hand; the swelling began to go out of the arm and limb that were three times their normal size.

Life and warmth went through the arm and leg, circulation came back, and I rose up in the name of Jesus; instead of extending my right hand, I put out my left hand and shook hands with the whole six people. My tongue fell back in my mouth, and I found it small and limber. I began to say like a baby beginning to talk, "Praise the Lord." I walked along like a drunken man trying to walk and talk, but nobody touched me. All the way the devil was saying, "You will fall, you will break your neck and die here." The Methodist preacher said, "I will have to steady him." "No, sir," Brother Salmon said, "don't touch him; leave him with Jesus."

I went into the Tabernacle. Miss Sisson was on the rostrum just beginning the Bible-reading. The leader said, "We will have to interrupt the service; here is a man marvelously healed who will soon have to take his train home. He came here a dumb paralytic a little over an hour ago, and now he can walk and talk." Miss Sisson stopped, and then Satan said to me, "You cannot get up." I was sitting on a seat and the ground was thickly covered with rye-straw. Satan said, "If you get up you will get tangled in the rye-straw and fall," and then I had another struggle. I am made to tell all this that it may help somebody who may be tested after God has met him.

The Methodist preacher said, "I will help you up," but God said to me, "No, no," and I drew away from him. Just as soon as they were ready for me I put out my hand and rose up. Then Satan met me and said, "You take a step and down you will go." I lifted my left foot high and stepped a long step. God made me do that for a sign. Then the enemy said, "You will never raise the other one." I raised that one high, and the next thing I was up on the platform. My voice was weak but clear. I spoke slowly, for it seemed I had to learn to talk, but I gave God public praise. I recited the passage of scripture in II. Kings 20:5, and in Psalms 73:25 & 26; also Psalm 27. I related the little story of God's revelation to me, and that I had come to that meeting to confess; that I wanted to know where Major Brown was and could not go away before I confessed to him and before that great audience of nearly three thousand people that I, too, had joined the fanatics. I walked back to the depot, a mile and a quarter.

The train was a little late and I lay down under a shade tree while the Methodist preacher went to a restaurant to get a little refreshment. I had been taking nothing but a little liquid food all this time through rice-straws. Lying there I fell asleep and slept as Jacob did at Bethel; my pillow was just as soft. The angels of God came to me. I dreamed I was in heaven and had a wonderful time. When the preacher came back he thought I was dead. He got the depot agent to come out and said to him, "I brought this man up here to be healed; the Lord did touch him, but I am afraid he died while I was gone." He put his hand on my heart. "No, sir," he said, "he is alive; he is all right." I opened my eyes and I thought they were angels. I was just in the place of glory, so restful, so happy. As I ate that little lunch I felt just as Elijah did when the angels brought him his supper under the juniper tree. How good that

glass of milk and biscuit, and a little bit of sponge cake did taste! I ate all he brought me. "Now," I said, "when we get off the train, you go to your home; I am going home alone." I believe it was nine or ten ordinary blocks I had to walk.

Do you wonder I sang that song tonight, "Walking with Jesus?" I tell you I began right there, walking with Jesus and talking with Jesus. When I got home I walked around to the back door, and just then my wife's mother stepped out at the rear. They were expecting to hear word any time that I was dead, and just as she stepped out she met me. She threw up her hands and said, "My God, he walks and talks," for I had just said, "Hello, mother, how are you?" We went in and had a praise meeting.

Eight days after that I was up at conference, and passed the hardest year's study in the four years' course. Up to the time of my healing I had read very little of the course of study for that year, but I went through it all in eight days. Scores of people came to see me, but I never gave anybody more than five minutes. I went up to the conference and stood second in a class of nine. I tell this for the glory of God. The doctor said I would never have a memory, but Jesus said concerning the Spirit of truth, "He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." It has been no trouble at all from that day to this for me to remember anything in God's Word, or anything pertaining to God in any wise, glory be to His Name! At one point in the oral examination the names of the judges and of the minor prophets were to be given in their order. The whole class failed on it, but I ran them off so rapidly they suspected I had a book somewhere. One of the examiners said to me, "How is this?" and I told him my story to the glory of God, just as am telling

it to you. They called my presiding elder. He said, "Oh, I know all about this healing; it's true."

I was to go that year into a new district, and the presiding elder said, "We will fix him. I have the hardest place in the whole conference," and that's where they sent me. They were behind sixty-five dollars on the former preacher's salary; there had been four appointments, one of them was closed, and the church rented it for a sheep-barn; another was closed because they could not support a minister. They had been but little for missionaries, and none of the other benevolences were touched at all.

Soon after I took charge of this uninviting field there was brought to my attention a woman with a very malignant trouble, the most difficult case in that country; all the doctors had given her up and the people wanted me to go to see her because she was a member of the church. I prayed with her as any minister should, my wife was with me and we sang a song or two, and the Lord healed the woman. Then the work broke out and I was in trouble with the Methodist church right away. "Well," I said, "the Methodist discipline commands us to visit the sick and pray for them, and if God heals them it is not my fault." Thus God began to work in answer to prayer.

I began a two weeks' meeting in the old sheep-barn, which was turned over to me by the party who held the lease, and in those two weeks thirty-five to forty souls were converted. I organized a class, went to the planing mill and made an altar and a pulpit with my own hands; God sanctified these with the birth of forty souls, and that little sheep-barn band itself gave more to missions than the whole circuit had before. The second year they had to give me an assistant preacher, divided the work and the offering for missions was four times as much as it was in its run-down condition. I gave fifty

dollars myself to the mission fund, and God gave me three hundred and fifty dollars for doctors' bills for treatment for my wife and myself before the Lord healed us. I have had no salary from that time to this.

Six times since that first healing God has delivered me from death. There have been a multitude of lesser healings; time would fail me if I were to try and tell about them all, but there are six remarkable instances. The healing I have just related took place in August 1888.

Healed of Arsenic Poisoning

August 25, 1892, occurred my second healing, after I had been located in Cleveland, Ohio, one year. I continued two years in the Methodist church after my first healing, but the Lord led me out because of the pressure, though it came about in a very sweet way and with no reflection on anyone. Our first Convention at Beulah Park, Cleveland, was held in a large tent. God did a marvelous work of healing there, the blind received sight, the lame were made to walk, consumption and cancer were healed; it was a marvelous time of healing.

We have been at Beulah Park Conventions for nineteen years, but none has ever surpassed the first one in healings. A little weekly paper was being published in Collinwood, the editor of which came down and interviewed me. I told him plainly all about it; he went back and published the facts in his paper, and said, "This is all right; this is according to the Gospel." But the people around Beulah Park became very bitter, and made great threats as to what they would do.

I went to the store to pay my bill, as we were about to move back into the city. I agreed to watch the car my people took at the lower end of the line and get

on the same one. I was standing in the grocery where I paid the last bill, reading my mail, when a young man said, and reverend you must be hungry, won't you have a banana or two?" They often gave us something like that when we paid the bill. It was about twelve o'clock; I noticed they were soft at the end, but bananas are frequently like that. I thanked him; I was very hungry, and I ate them rather rapidly; the car was coming and I got on.

Before I got half way into the city, which was about eight miles from our starting point, I was deathly sick. Everything began to look strange to me; perspiration came out on my body, and the Lord confirmed me in the belief that I had been poisoned. It was about half past two o'clock when I reached home, and I grew worse and worse until after supper, when I began to have convulsions, which continued until eleven o'clock. Then they sent to our weekly meeting, which was in progress, for my elders to come and pray for me. Elder Brown was not there; the other elder came, but he was fearful, he could not pray the prayer of faith. He thought they had to locate this trouble, so he sent to the drug store for some lobelia, but said he, "If he knows anything about it, he won't take it." As they brought it to me I rallied out of one of those convulsive strains, and I remember as I looked up I saw his face and knew him; I seemed to know my wife was there also. I said, "What is this?" "Just a little something to quiet you." I said, "Don't give me that; it always pays to wait on God." Immediately I went off into another convulsion, and as I rallied out of it, the thought, "It pays to wait on God," came back to me, and with that I began to see light, and I said, "Lord, is this your time for me? If you want to take me home take me quickly."

I saw Jesus come up to the foot of the bed with His hands up, and I thought, of course, He had come to

take me. My eyes were not open. It was a spiritual vision I had of Him, and I said in my soul, "Oh, blessed Lord, take me quickly." He put up His hands and waved me back, saying, "I have not come but for victory." That was the first vision I ever had of the Lord. "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." I Corinthians 15:57. I went off into worse convulsions after that. My brother-in-law would get up into the bed and hold me. The poisonous substance poured out of me at every avenue; a chemical analysis afterwards revealed that I had been poisoned by arsenic. I was completely delivered. They laid me on a bed in another room, and early in the morning my parishioners came to see me. I could not lift one of my little fingers, I was so weak and exhausted, but the life of God was thrilling my mortal body, glory be to His Name!

Delivered from Pleuro-Pneumonia

In February 1895, I was stricken down with pleuro-pneumonia, from exposure at Akron, Ohio, while attending a Convention there. We were exposed in a drizzling cold rain and sleet as we stood waiting for an hour and a half for a streetcar, which could not run on schedule time because of the sleet. A number of people became sick through that exposure, but I seemed to be struck worse than the others because I had been using my voice. The elders came and prayed, but they didn't get hold of God for me; one elder wanted medicine, another wanted this thing and another that, and they could not pray the prayer of faith. Finally, one of my little deacons, God bless him, came and said, "I am not an elder, but God sent me to pray for you." They let him in, but said he must not talk to me because they did not expect me to live.

I was just in the very last stages, could scarcely breathe, and the dear little deacon came and got down beside my bed, and put his hand on my head, I can feel them now, and whispered a few words, saying, "Jesus, You know You spoke to me over there in my home, told me to come over here and put my hands on my pastor's head, and that You would raise him up. I don't know what to say, but I put my hands on his head, and I believe You will raise him up." At once I felt as though a great, heavy, wet cloth had been pulled off me, my body relaxed and became warm. The deacon broke out in weeping, and so did I. The accumulated matter came out of my throat, and I got hold of his hands and we praised God together.

Before he left they put me into a Morris chair, and I was at the table eating supper with them. This is the word God gave me in my heart while the deacon was praying: "Behold, I will bring it health and cure, and I will cure them, and will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth." (Jeremiah 33:6) God wonderfully revealed it to that whole congregation. The elders thought God could not heal; they thought He would have to have a doctor and some medicine to help Him, but here was God's rebuke. I went out to preach healing as I never had preached it before.

Delivered from Laryngitis

Again in February, 1900, I had a very bad exposure, and a cold settled in my throat. I had been using my voice in various meetings and had returned to El-Shaddai, which is the name the Lord gave me for our home in Cleveland, for rest and healing. I was soon to start for Columbus, Ohio, with Mr. Simpson and Mr. LeLacheur; the Ohio Quartette was to be there, too. I was stricken down with laryngitis, which is one of the

worst forms of throat trouble there is. My throat was closed and I could not breathe without struggling.

The Sabbath service was being held in the large double room below my bedroom. After the service was over, an elder, a deacon and several sisters came up to have special prayer; it seemed I was dying. While they were praying a convulsion came on and the deacon got on the bed to hold me. I was in the throes of death. I had been lying there for a week, and Mr. LeLacheur said, "I do not think Brother Myland will ever work with us again." Of course, that didn't help me any. I was being strangled to death, and would have died in five minutes I know. Finally, the deacon got me by the back of my head, by my hair with a death grip, and he said, "God, in the Name of Jesus, deliver this man," and a great membrane as large as a small finger, burst out of my throat and flew across the large room, adhering to the wall, and I was relieved. That deacon has since received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and gone as a missionary to South Africa, taking his whole family with him.

They gave me a drink of hot water and I began to sing praises to God. I had some supper that night and God was glorified again. This time my verse was Philippians 1:28, "And in nothing terrified by your adversaries." There were adversaries around in that house, people envious of the work; demons had gotten in, people were complaining against the work of God, as we found out afterwards. God's word always fits the case. He kept before me all that day the scripture, "And in nothing be terrified by your adversaries: which is to them an evident token of perdition, but to you of salvation, and that of God. For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe in Him, but also to suffer for His sake." God delivered me, and afterwards we found the application of the text, for right

there while I was sick in bed Satan was planning to frustrate the work in Cleveland by those who professed to be friends. God has judged them, but this man is full of salvation tonight, and has seen more and more of the truth that says, "Touch not God's anointed, do His prophets no harm."

Typhoid-Pneumonia Healed

THEN again in 1902, from overwork and exposure, and of hatred of the devil, I was taken down with typhoid-pneumonia, much worse than the other time. Prayer went up for me all over this continent. In every center of Alliance work known to us, people were praying; the people around Cleveland came both day and night to pray; all night they gathered for prayer, but I went down, down, down. I could take no more food, not even liquid; I could not get food into my mouth, for my whole face was one great scab. The poison had come up and out until my face was hideous; for five weeks I had lain in that bed and the hour had come when I was sinking away and dying. The best, the nearest and dearest friends had prayed for me; my own dear son in the faith, my own Timothy, F. W. Davis, now in South China, was down in the corner of the room, his face buried in his hands, saying, "Oh, God, must he go?"

They called the children, my two boys, in from school to see their father die. I had set my house in order; the day before I had whispered to my dear personal friend, this young man Davis, and told him what I wanted done about the work. I sent for my wife to kiss me if she could, but there was no place, for my face was one solid scab. She came in, got up on the bed and refused to let me die. She said, "God,

he shall not die." She held on and those who were there in prayer rallied. I was dying, but she held on.

Then there broke on my soul this text in Hebrews 10:23, "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering," *confession* of the *hope* (RV) it really is, "for He is faithful that promised." He showed me by that text, "*confession of hope*" that in my weakened physical state He didn't hold me to hard, fast lines of *faith*, and took me over to the other verse, "Though WE believe not, yet HE abideth faithful. He cannot deny Himself." II Timothy 2:13. God said to me, "You know you have a little sum of money in the bank on which to transact business; you check that out, *you draw* out that which is DEPOSITED. Now you have deposited faith with me in heaven, *and You cannot do anything, but YOUR FAITH DEPOSITED IN DAYS PAST IN HEAVEN, IS DRAWING INTEREST, YOU CAN LIVE ON THAT*; you can go through *to your healing on that faith.*" My wife was there crying to God and saying, "He shall not die, Lord, I claim life for him."

Suddenly I began to shake until the whole bed shook. It was the Spirit of God shaking the disease out of my body. My wife got me in her arms and pulled me up in the bed, and a poisonous diseased matter poured itself out of my mouth until there was more than a glass would contain. I was perfectly relieved. A great reaction went over my body; I fell back on the pillow as one dead. They praised God around my bed, and my strength came back as I lay there; that was about four o'clock in the afternoon. They gave me a little liquid nourishment that night, and the next morning I took some solid food, in a few days I was downstairs; inside of a week I was walking out on the street. I had been lying in that room five weeks, nothing scarcely but a shadow of my former

self, and God again delivered me from death the fifth time. This occurred May 8, 1902.

Fractured Ribs Torn Pleura Healed

Then in 1905, February again, I was in Akron preaching on the Sabbath. I started home from the service after 10 pm. It was cold and snowing, the streetcars were not running regularly. I was warm from preaching and said I would walk home; Mrs. Myland and a friend waited on the corner for the car. It was very slippery, and before me there was a sharp downgrade into a "cut." I didn't see it and slipped and fell on a large lump of hard, frozen earth, larger than a man's head. I thought it was a stone. I fell right on that place in my back that is a little weak where I was injured before I was paralyzed. It affected my whole nervous system until I shook like an aspen leaf.

I could not help myself. I was injured severely; I chilled, shook, and became unconscious. It must have been three-quarters of an hour that I lay there, for they were an hour coming home. Finally some noise brought me to consciousness again. It seemed I was in heaven; the snow was falling and there was an electric light some distance from me, and it just looked like glory itself. I appeared to be dying, and had no life left in me scarcely at all. Just then I heard footfalls; I tried to turn but could not lift myself. I was covered with snow, I suppose to a depth of three inches.

A form approached, looked down at me and said, "What are you doing here?" He was the son of the lady where I was stopping and was on his way home. I lifted my hand and then he saw my Bible lying in the snow, and he said, "My God, it is Mr. Myland!"

He tried to help me up, but he couldn't and I couldn't bear his touch. Just then a tall, strong man was coming up the street and he hailed him. It proved to be a man he knew, who had served in the Red Cross work in the Cuban war, and he knew how to raise me up. They carried me into the house, which was only a few steps away, and telephoned for the best surgeon in Akron. He examined me and found two ribs fractured, the spine injured at the old place, the whole of the pleura torn loose and the spleen displaced, and from my chilled condition he said pneumonia was setting in and I could not possibly live.

He bandaged up my side the best he could with straps and said, "If he does live he will not move from this place short of a month. He will never do any more work in this line." He was a Methodist Bible-class teacher and a very fine man. He wanted to give me an opiate, but I declined to take anything. The next morning when he came they told him I had lain in that one position all night and hadn't slept at all. I had sweet communion with the Lord that night, although I hadn't slept at all and suffered intensely. I knew then the truth of the old verse, "Labor is rest and pain is sweet, while I am in communion with Thee." The surgeon wanted to give me an opiate in the morning. I said, "No, doctor, God is my opiate." "Well," he said, "I admire your faith, I would not interfere with it for the world, but dear man you never can do anything any more."

The elders left their work that day at noon and came to pray and sing for me. God had given me Romans 8:28, "For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." I said, "Why, Lord, what does this mean? How will this ever work for good and glorify You?" There was at that time a

series of fifteen conventions projected in Ohio, and I was to leave the next day for the first at Youngstown. The elders prayed and anointed me, and it felt as though a great hand smoothed me all over and just seemed to iron me out. That is the only way I can express it. I got up out of that bed; I was pretty stiff because of those straps that were fastened around me to hold me together; I walked around the bed with my hand on the posts to steady me, and praised the Lord. I lay down, had a good sleep, and all my suffering was gone. I was sore and lame when I moved, but I didn't suffer from pain.

I slept every night and began to eat, and the fifth day I took the train for Cleveland. It was an accommodation train, made many stops and shook me up considerably; something developed in my kidneys from that injury. Mrs. Myland went home with me, but the next day went on to the convention. I became rapidly worse, a great abscess formed in the descending colon, and I again went down to the very gates of death. On Sabbath they sent a special message to the Convention telling them to pray, that Mr. Myland was dying. While they prayed at the Convention three or four gathered round my bed in prayer and God brought Romans 8:28 back to me, and immediately God touched me and that abscess passed away; I was perfectly delivered.

I sat up in bed and wrote that song that has since been incorporated in my songbook, entitled, "All Things Work Together for Good." I wrote both words and music, and sang it to the friends in the house, although the surgeon had said I would never be able to speak or sing again. God brought my voice back. I went next day to the Convention in Cleveland, preached the following Sabbath in the morning, went to Akron and preached in the afternoon, continued the

triangle to Youngstown and preached in the evening, and came back home that same night. Of course, it was too much, but the meetings were on and workers scarce. I suffered a little afterwards, but I went on from strength to strength, went to the rest of the meetings, singing, speaking, praising God with as good a voice as I have tonight. I have met that surgeon twice since, and he said, "Do you mean to say you keep at this work as you did before?" I said, "Yes." He said, "It is simply supernatural that you can either talk or sing." This was my sixth deliverance from death.

I moved to Columbus, Ohio, in April 1905. The next Spring Pentecost broke out in Los Angeles, and I began to look into it. God talked to me about water and fire, and took me through the Word of God on those lines. I began studying and setting myself for this thing; I was engaged every night in teaching my Bible-classes and preaching, yet all the time I was expecting God to meet me in some wonderful way.

Burns and Blood Poisoning Healed

In October 1906, I opened our first Convention in Columbus, with the assistance of Dr. Watson. It was chilly and I lit the big gas magazine, which was located almost in the middle of the chapel. Then I went up street on a business errand. When I came back, some of the old ladies near the stove looked up to me and moved their shoulders as though they were chilly. I looked at the heater and saw there was no fire in it. I thought some one had turned it off and I would have to light it again. I threw open the door and with a lighted taper in my hand reached down to turn the key to light it, when there was a great explosion. The

magazine was full of gas and had evidently in some way been tampered with. It threw me from fifteen to twenty feet against the vestibule doors, burned the flesh off my right hand almost entirely, and very badly burned the left hand and my face; my clothes were burned until they just dropped apart. Two of the sisters, who were near, saw the burning gas coming right out of my mouth. I would have fallen, but a brother coming in just then, caught me as the doors flew open, and began to call on the Lord. Two sisters came with him, and they began to pray. He took me up in his arms, and with other assistance, carried me into the home of one of my deacons, next to the chapel.

I could not lie there. I got on my knees and held my hands up to heaven, but I could not speak. My wife was on the west side of the city. Dr. Watson prayed, and I seemed to rally a little. They laid me down but I swooned away again. My pulse ceased to beat three different times, and three different times they thought I was dead. Finally they got all the deacons and elders together, seven in all, who prayed and anointed me.

While they were praying I rallied, and God spoke these words to me as I lay there: "Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh. So then death worketh in us, but life in you, according as it is written, I believed, and therefore have I spoken; we also believe, and therefore speak; knowing that He which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus, and shall present us with you." (II Corinthians 4:10-14)

God presented me back again to those deacons and elders, and to my flock and the work of God, and as these words came, spoken in my soul by the Holy Spirit, I raised up on my couch, and although blind from the burns, I began to sing:

Grace as fathomless as the sea,
Grace is flowing from Calvary,
Grace for time and eternity,
Grace enough for me.

They led me home. I could not see the way and they held their hands on my shoulders. I walked five blocks with my hands up. My wife came home. I began to see a little out of the right eye, but I was totally blind in the left for three days. God began His work of healing and He kept at it and gave me strength. With those awful burns on my hands, which with my face were covered with medicated cotton, I went to the Convention, held my hands up and stood with the Quartette and sang the songs each day for a week, and God wonderfully blessed us in that Convention. What a wonderful time I had!

It was cold weather on Thursday night I caught cold and blood poisoning began to develop in my right hand. I was on my face before God during those days, going through the prophecy of Daniel: "And I set my face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications with fasting, and sackcloth and ashes; And I prayed unto the Lord my God, and made my confession, and said, Oh, Lord, the great and dreadful God, keeping the covenant and mercy to them that love Him, and to them that keep His commandments;" Daniel 9:3 & 4. Then He took me to Daniel 9:20-23 and Daniel 10:5-12. I was in the attitude Daniel was during those days described by

these verses. They came to me again and again during that time and I read them often. I was earnestly seeking Pentecost.

Twenty-one days after the burning I was alone in my room on a Saturday night with no arrangements for Sunday. I knew unless God came to my rescue I would soon be dead. They were praying for me, but the blood poisoning was rising and had now reached my brain, and I was almost wild. I knew my wife had gone upstairs to pray and I was desperate. Again Daniel 10:5-12 came to me, and I said, "Lord, unless you interpose I shall be dead before morning. I want to know what You are going to do, and I give You an hour to do it."

Seventeen years before that in my library I had received an anointing of the Spirit and said and sang things in a way I didn't understand. So on that eventful night I asked of the Lord three things: First, if that experience seventeen years before was the beginning of this Pentecost, to give me the "residue" of it now; second, heal me instantly and thoroughly; third, enlighten me concerning this subject of Pentecost so I might answer the questions that had been coming to me for months both verbally and by letter concerning it.

Then this came to pass literally: "I lifted up mine eyes, and looked, and behold a certain man" just as John had at Patmos. In that hour I saw the Lord Jesus. He wasn't down here exactly as Daniel saw Him, but away up in glory and in the midst of a great multitude. A great orchestra was before me, and a great chorus of singers, and they were singing wonderful music. I could see Him on a glorious pedestal with a beautiful baton that looked like gold and pearl, beating time, and as I looked upon Him I wished He would turn around so I could see His face.

Presently as they seemed to come to a pause in the singing, at the end of a strain, He turned around so gracefully to me, and looked at me and said, "Well, My child, what would you like to have?" And I said, "Oh, Lord, I would like to join Your choir," and then I seemed to tremble at what I had said, "join that choir!" He turned and looked toward the choir, and then at me and said, "My child, you may," and then all the strength left me, and I said, "Well, I can't now, I wouldn't dare." But He made a motion to me with His baton, and it seemed I was lifted right up and was set down in the choir. I began to sing with them a little and what do you suppose? I was singing the "latter rain" song in "tongues," which I afterwards interpreted, and wrote into English. They all seemed to join in with me and after it was all over they sang another great chorus. I listened, and the great Leader, my glorified Christ, motioned to me and I sat down, and I thought, "Oh, what singing! The old Ohio Quartette never could sing like that," and I found myself singing also.

The glory died away and I came to myself singing in "tongues." It passed away and immediately I began to reach for my Bible. I took out a piece of blank paper and began to write with my left hand, tried to write with my pencil between the first and second finger. I could not get along very fast and involuntarily took it over into my right hand, the hand that had been so badly swollen, and I found I was healed; the sores were there but I was healed. There wasn't a particle of pain or stiffness, and I wrote the words of the Latter Rain Song, word for word, as fast as I could write; never changed a word, wrote the melody, tried it on the piano, and found it a beautiful melody. I went upstairs to bed, and slept.

There on November 3, 1906 I had the full measure of my Pentecostal Baptism and healing, *just twenty-one days*, as God had shown me, after the

terrible gas explosion. Oh, what glory I was in for an hour. I took out my watch and saw that for just an hour I was lost to this world. Oh, what a vision of Jesus and of heaven! Indescribable! I have just sketched the outline. Oh, what glory there was in my soul.

I got up the next morning like a new creature, and I wondered, "Lord, what will I do, go over to the church? What will I say?" I seemed to be not of this world. Mrs. Myland took up the morning reading, which was in the thirty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel. I was struck with the first verse, for God had already given me that verse. I thought, "Lord, do you want me to preach on that?" In addition to that verse, God gave me the twelfth to the fourteenth verses of the third chapter.

After breakfast I went upstairs and put these verses together, then went to the Tabernacle and preached. That was my first Pentecostal message. I tell you it wasn't I that spoke. It was God. "The hand of the Lord was strong upon me." When the Spirit of the Lord gets you, the hand of the Lord is upon you. Your spirit may shrink, but the hand of the Lord is upon you. He carried me away. First He carried me *up*, then He carried me out - out into service to other people, and that is why I am here tonight.

This was the *seventh* and last of my deliverances from "deaths oft." This was a death "by fire;" and resulted in my "Pentecostal baptism." I had, it seems, arrived at the completion (seventh) the "fullness." Many "fiery trials" have followed, but, like the *asbestos*, which is made to display fire, we, whose faith has been tried by fire, may be formed unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Christ.

My closing word is a prayer that this story may encourage you to trust God, to yield unquestioning obedience to Him, and He will cause you too to know that "all things work together for good to them that love

God, to those who are the called according to His purpose." Blessed be His Holy Name forever. And now I close my story by reciting two passages of Scripture: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood. And hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever. Amen." (Revelations 5:12, 1:5)

Digital Copyright © 2004 by Healing and Revival Press. All rights reserved. Excerpt from 1909 "*Latter Rain Evangel*" magazines. Minor typographical corrections made.