

Miraculously Healed

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

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 expected 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.

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