

**General Topics :: Remarkable Miracles by G.C. Bevington**

**Remarkable Miracles by G.C. Bevington - posted by death2self (), on: 2006/12/8 12:49**

I've been reading an excerpt from this wonderful book by G.C. Bevington and thought I would share it.

AS this book is to treat of the results of sanctification, the blessed second work, I shall aim to stick close to the incidents that have occurred as a result of the sanctification which I received at St. Louis, thirty-two years ago, up on the fourth floor of a six-story brick, after tarrying nine days in real soul agony, wrestling and dying out. Every sanctified man or woman enters a school, not simply a holiness school but a holy school. Thirty-two years ago, I entered the holy school. The first training that I had in this school was in Cincinnati, for several years. I was kept in training for what has developed since, though I had no conception of what it all meant.

I want to relate one incident that occurred while in this school in Cincinnati.

I had been having cottage prayer meetings which resulted in much good. I would entreat those who were the most dependable to meet at the Mission and have prayer before starting to the cottage meeting. One evening I felt strangely led to be somewhat more aggressive. I said; "Brethren, how many will clasp hands making a circle and enter into a covenant for at least one soul as we have seen no one saved or sanctified for several meetings?" I thought it time to take more aggressive steps. We went and had a fine time at the house of a sister who was a widow about my age; and I was also single.

Well as the meeting progressed one brother whispered to me, "Where is that soul?" as not a sinner was in the room. I said, "They will be here soon." So on went the meeting under a heavy fire. There was plenty of shouting, and we had a blessed time. Again the brother whispered, "Where is that sinner?"

I replied, "He will be here." Finally the leader closed the meeting at 10:00 p. m. and those who had formed the circle began getting their wraps and prepared to leave. But I had remained sitting with head bowed, praying for that sinner.

Soon one who was not at that circle came up and said, "Aren't you going home?" It seemed that I was silenced, as several spoke to me and knew that the woman of the house was a single woman and I a single man. Glances were exchanged, and they finally all left, leaving me sitting there with that woman and she living entirely free from company. I felt the embarrassment but it seemed that I could not open my mouth, could make no explanation as to why I was sitting there after all had gone—all but this widow and her seven-year-old daughter. I dared not raise my head, and all that I could do was to pray and hold on. I said, "Lord, Thou didst impress me to make that vow and here I am." While I wanted to tell the woman why I was waiting there, I could not get my mouth to do it. There we both sat, she disgusted and I perfectly dumb. The clock struck eleven. I said, "Lord, only one more hour left to our covenant for one soul." The half hour struck. I said, "Lord, just thirty minutes for that soul." The house stood out on the edge of the pavement and I had hardly gotten the last statement out of my mouth until—rattley-bang, and open flew the door. The woman jumped, screamed and ran into the kitchen, and in fell a drunken man, sprawling on the floor.

As soon as I saw him tumble in, a voice said "There is your man." So I jumped up, and tried to haul him in; but he was so drunk that he was about lifeless. The woman, seeing what had happened and being somewhat anxious about her carpet, came in and said, "Put that man out!" "Sister, this is in answer to prayer," I said. "Well, I will not have him in here on this carpet, with his filth." I said, "Sister, get on your knees and get hold of God! We have only twenty-five minutes to get this man saved." She said, "God can't do anything with a drunkard." I said, "Sister, pray!"

I dropped on my face with my feet against the door, and soon said, "O God, only eighteen minutes." She said, "What do you mean by eighteen minutes and twenty-five minutes?" I said, "Get hold of God for this man, and I will tell you later." Soon he raised his hand, and said, "Where am I?"

What am I doing here?" "You are reaching God here. God is going to make a sober man out of you." "Well, I believe that He has now," and he rose up, and said, "I have got religion." I said, "No; you have not." "Yes; I have," he answered as he rubbed himself. I said, "Get down now, and repent and cry mightily to God for salvation, as you only have that demon drink cast out of you." We had some trouble to get him to see as we saw, but we prayed earnestly to God to show him, which He did; and soon the man was down praying for mercy. As I looked up, I said, "Lord, only elev

en minutes. God, bring him to terms. Take this case through.Â” As I lay on my face pleading, the glory struck us. The woman felt it and she shouted, and the man jumped up and grabbed me and carried me all over the room. All of this was finished just three minutes before midnight. Amen! So it pays to trust God. That man was a sober man for three years, and then God took him home to Heaven. This was the first venture on that definite line; but as God answered, several such feats have been done, all in His name, as He will do as He has promised.