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HOW THEY ENTERED CANAAN  
(A Collection of Holiness Experience Accounts)  
Compiled by Duane V. Maxey

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

**GUY C. BEVINGTON**

Conversion

God was on my track, and though I had made what seemed terrible blunders, yet I believe all was in accordance with His will, in order that He might answer the prayer that I made under the tree, the day before. While I was trudging down the sidewalk, all covered with snow, I soon heard some sleigh bells. I stopped and listened. What could that mean at that time of the day? Soon the sleigh overtook me, and the man said, " Good morning, Bub." (There was that name again.) He asked where I was going. "Going to D\_\_\_\_\_." "What are you going there for?" "To get work," I answered. "Well, you are a pretty small boy to be out hunting work this time of the year -- and morning." "You come here, and get in my bob, and go home with me, and then if you want to go to D\_\_\_\_\_, I will help you." Somehow I felt my fear and timidity leaving under the soft, mellow voice and the entreaties of this man. He drove up to the walk, and I jumped in with my suit case. We had only a mile to drive.

The man took me up to the well lighted and warm kitchen, and there a sweet faced woman was sitting waiting for her husband who had been in South Bend, Indiana, with a load of black walnuts for the Singer Sewing Machine Company. That was why he was getting home at that hour of the morning. He said, "Well, Em, here is our boy." She jumped up and took hold of my hands, and rubbed them, and kissed me. She got some hot water, and washed me, and then set me down to a well-filled table. She hauled out one dish after another from the warm oven, and set them on the table, steaming. Oh, I will never forget her motherly actions toward me that morning, and that fine table so temptingly spread, and how I did wade into those fine delicacies! It seemed that I had lost all of my bashfulness.

But I must not fail to tell you of the blessing that the man asked as we sat down to that table. He thanked God for sparing his life, allowing no accident on the trip; for getting so much money for his load; and, last but not least, for picking a little boy, and, oh, he just talked to Jesus there until he had me crying. As he said "Amen," his wife took her clean apron, and wiped the tears all away, and kissed me again, and said, "There now, have some of this nice fried chicken and some

of these warm mashed potatoes and some of this gravy; and she soon had me so hypnotized that I just ate and ate. After breakfast he took down the well-worn Bible, and read the fourteenth chapter of John. I was so wonderfully impressed that I investigated as to where it was, and that chapter has been a great blessing to me, and I have preached holiness as a second work of grace, from that notable chapter, until many have been brought into the sanctifying grace through it.

So you see, here is the answer to my prayer that I offered under that tree, as God had brought me into a religious home, and the home of a staunch Methodist at that -- the same as I had been brought up in. Soon I gave God my heart in such a way that I knew I had salvation.

### Sanctification

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 [building], 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.

Source: " Remarkable Incidents and Modern Miracles  
Through Prayer and Faith By G. C. Bevington

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THE END