

A MIRACLE

Mr. George Evison of Grimsby, England, who was instantly healed at Grimsby, Boardman Hall, on March 31, 1890, could say, "I know Jesus healed me." Listen to his wonderful testimony, as given by himself and corroborated by Mr. W. M. Watson:

My sight was deficient from birth. I could never see more than two yards before me; a thickness always seemed to be over my eyes. This was a hindrance to my learning at school. When about seven years old, I was taken to a doctor and treated for cataracts, but this was a failure. From fourteen to nineteen my eyes were at their best. The pain was less than at any other time; but the sight was no clearer, and I could not see any better. The day I was twenty-one I was suddenly blind for half an hour. When sight returned, I could not see more than an inch before my eyes. I saw Dr. Taylor of Nottingham, twice in November and once in December in 1888. The third time I called, he said the eyes were wasting away, and he could do no more.

A few days later I was quite blind. After this my eyes began to gather and break. The pain was so intense that I could not sleep. I cannot say that I had what might be called sleep for eighteen months. By January 1890, the eyeballs were quite gone and the sockets empty. I could lift the lids and place my fingers in the sockets. In March 1890, a member of the Faith Home Mission asked me how I lost my eyes. I told him. He asked me if I would go to the Home. I laughed and said, "What good is it, as I have

no eyes?" and he replied, "Is it not as easy for the Lord to make new eyes as for a watchmaker a new wheel?" This was a message from God. It went to the bottom of my heart, and I promised to go Friday night. I went home and prayed. I had often prayed about my sight before, but never with a believing heart, as I was not converted. I kept my promise, went to the Home March 21st, and was anointed with oil. I was not benefited by going as regarded my physical sight, but my spiritual eyes were opened wide, and I was born again of the Spirit. I went home, prayed all night and felt that my request was heard.

On March 31st I placed my fingers in the empty sockets as I went to breakfast. After breakfast I returned to my room to pray. When on my knees, about half past ten, I felt my sockets become warm. As they were always cold, I sprang to my feet and said, "Praise God! My eyes are growing!" They continued to come all that day. The next night I went to a meeting, and could see the gaslight. Wednesday the eyeballs felt much larger. Thursday I was led by Satan to doubt, and all that day the eyes receded. This was the effect of unbelief. I cried over my sins, but the sweet thought came, "He will forgive me." I kneeled and asked God to forgive me and to replace what I had lost. When at prayer about three-quarters of an hour after, I again felt that my eyes were growing, and I lifted my eyelids.

At night, at Boardman Hall, a quarter to ten o'clock, I heard a voice say, "It is finished." Thank

God! It was finished. My eyes came wide open, and I sprang to my feet and shouted "Thank God! I can see everybody and everything!" I came home after a thanksgiving meeting and opened my Bible. The first words I saw there were, "The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind" (Psalm 146) Thank God, He does! My eyes, both eyeballs and sight, are as good as any one's. It is my great pleasure to tell about God's wonderful work.

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