

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

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GOD'S DWELLING PLACE

(T. M. Anderson)

Text: That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith" (Ephesians 3:17).

I would like to deal with the whole scope and range of the truth of the divine indwelling as revealed in the context vs 14-21), but we will have to be satisfied with restricting it to part of the section.

I want to direct your attention to three words that appear in the context—interesting words. One is the word family. I would like to remind you that God dwells with his family. The second is the word faith. Not only does he dwell with his family but he dwells by faith. The third word is fulness. As we put the three of them together we have it this way: Christ dwells with his family, he dwells by faith, and he dwells in fulness.

I cannot deal with the fact that he dwells with his family except to point out that they are his whole family even though some are in heaven and some are yet on earth. They all bear his name, they are named for him. Whatever the thing is that we call death, it has not broken up the family. Part of them are already translated into eternity, but those that are left are just as much a part of his family as those who have gone. God is just as much present with those who are on earth as he is with those who are in his presence in eternity.

Certainly our Father has yet on hand an abundant supply to meet the needs of those who are yet on earth whatever their need under their present situation and condition. Those who have been translated do not need some of the things that we need, but we are one whole family in the Lord. Praise the Lord! Nothing that ever happens to us by death, or privation, or suffering here, has altered the fact that we are members of the whole family of the Lord, and God isn't concerned about our nicknames, whether we be called Methodists, or Baptists, or Presbyterians, or something else.

He isn't a bit concerned about your nickname, but he is concerned about your birth certificate and your baptismal certificate. If you have been born into the family of God and are baptized with his Spirit, that is better than a nickname. I didn't know until recently when in reading the Scripture, I found that the Lord had put his name and his address on his people in this world. In Revelation, chapter three, it is stated, "I will write upon him the name of God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem." When the angel of God finds the name and address on a person when he comes around to gather up the saints and take them home, he can say, "I know where this one belongs. God has already put his name and address on him."

Yes, God dwells with those who have been translated to heaven, and on the earth he dwells in the hearts of his people. Isn't he wonderful? But how interesting and how important is the matter of faith—he dwells by faith. There is something very beautiful in the truth revealed to our faith. God never asks any of us to believe on something we do not see. Somebody has said that seeing is believing. That is true, because some things are revealed as a basis on which to rest our faith, and the revelation is that the Son of God

brought our perplexities and he gave us light. We brought our restlessness and disquietude and he gave us peace. God with us!

In his manhood he walked among men. But one day he announced to their amazement, "I am going away, I can't stay with you any longer." Then he unfolded the greatest of all his truths, the truth of which all others have been but syllables, "I have chosen to make my permanent dwelling in the human heart."

What a revelation, that God would move out from behind the things that obscured him from us and held him off from us, out of the far-awayness, and would come down closer than the air we breathe, closer than our hands and feet, close enough for him to take up his residence in the citadel and center of our heart life, so that we can feel him, and know him, and have him for ourselves. I am glad that truth was revealed to me by faith.

That revelation also shows me how much of a capacity I have, how big I am inside. I have traveled a bit over this country; I have bathed in both oceans, crossed both borders, north and south, and have been out to sea. I have seen the surging tides of the sea, I have seen the moods of the storms, I have seen the greatness of God's handiwork in mountains which lift their heads above the clouds and are crowned with perpetual snows.

I have seen that God changed the course of rivers and scooped out beds for seas, and held them back with ropes of sand. But I have found out that I am bigger than any ocean I have ever seen, or any mountain that he has ever piled, or any river whose course he has ever recharged. I am bigger than the world, the foot stool of God. Only God is great enough to fill an immortal soul.

When I have him there is no sag in my spirit, there is no obscure unpossessed corner in my personality. He pushes out its sides, lifts out its sag, and fills it. When I have a dollar I might say that I want another dollar; when I have a foot of land I might want another foot of land; having one house I might want another. But when I have Jesus I don't want another Jesus—he is big enough to satisfy all. I have the one, the only one who can give complete satisfaction. Glory to God!

You will never find contentment, fulness or complete satisfaction until he takes up his abode in your heart. It is remarkable how little worldly goods it takes to completely satisfy when Jesus is in the heart. But you might have the world with an iron fence around it, the moon for a backyard to play in, and the big dipper in which to take a bath, but you wouldn't be satisfied if you didn't have Jesus.

Faith not only sees that capacity, sees that choice of eternal God making his residence in

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SHOULD HE COME ON PRAYER MEETING NIGHT!

Where would I be on prayer meeting night,
If my Lord should suddenly come?
At church in my place, or out with the crowd
Just having some innocent fun?

Where would I be? With the faithful and true,
Or at home in an easy chair;
Too weary, too selfish, too careless perhaps,
To go to the temple of prayer?

Where would I be? At my pastor's right hand,
Or hearing a lecture of worth;
Or out for a ride on prayer-meeting night,
If Jesus should come back to earth?

Where would I be? Getting food for my soul,
And praying for those who are lost;
Or absent again—forgetting the One
Who bought us at infinite cost?

Where would I be? I've excuses enough,
But how would they look in His sight?
Where would I want Him to find me at last
Should He come on prayer-meeting night? —Selected

chooses to come and make his home, his residence, his dwelling place, in human hearts in this world.

He came into the world, and took on him a human form and dwelt among us. We brought him our sorrows and found out that he was a man acquainted with sorrows and that he would bear our grief. We brought him our sins and found that he was ready to pardon and help us. We brought our heartaches and found that he had a balm in Gilead. We