

God in Little Things.

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I WILL take for my text one sentence in the fourth verse of the fortieth chapter of Ezekiel, the last sentence: "Declare all that thou seest to the house of Israel." The children of Israel had been in captivity for twenty-five years; the temple had been destroyed, but in the fourteenth year, and the tenth day of the month after the city was smitten, the prophet Ezekiel receives from God a vision. In it we read about the measurements of the inner and outer chambers and courts of that temple that was to be rebuilt.

I am never so pleased when I take up God's Word as when I read the little, incidental things that came into the lives of prophets and kings as they

come into the lives of common men and women. It matters not to us about the measurements of these rooms, only as they remind us that the minutest care is undertaken by the great Creator of all. Does He not measure the height of these trees? The length of these benches that we sit upon? Just the amount you have put into the treasury of the Lord? The secret thoughts of your hearts, the trouble that rests there to-day? He looks upon us with eyes of pity and of love.

Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge, and He tells us to-day of the trouble that came upon His children of old, and of His mighty power to deliver. Ezekiel was one of the grandest of the old prophets. God revealed to him His wondrous love and mighty power. Although a common, ordinary man, he was chosen to be a prophet and seer of the people. This is God's way: He took David out of the field caring for the sheep, and made him a king;

He took Solomon and had him anointed for a king. And also through the New Testament He chose men for His own work from among the common people.

You say, "I am nothing but a merchant, or a carpenter, or a clerk in a store." God is no respecter of persons; He revealed Himself in a vision to Ezekiel; He will reveal Himself to you, and show forth His power in you, if you will only let Him. *These men of old answered to the call of God, and found in this their consecration.* How memorable is the story of Elisha! The work of Elijah the prophet was almost done, and God had chosen Elisha to be his successor. Elisha was out in the field with his father plowing. Rain had fallen upon the earth once more; the parched ground had become mellow and softened so that the plow might enter and seed be again planted.

He was there with his father, and the servants, the father ahead with his oxen, the servants behind, and Elisha

last of all. Presently they saw a man coming down the hillside yonder; they knew not who it was, but his strides were rapid and steady as he came toward them, and as they looked they saw it could be no other than the great prophet whom God had used so wondrously when confusion was brought to the sons of Baal, who were slain at their feet. They said not a word as he came rapidly on with earnest, steady steps, but stood still in the field to see what he was to do next. There is no record that a word was spoken as he came nearer and nearer to Elisha, and, as he approached him, took his mantle from his own shoulders, placed it upon the shoulders of Elisha, and passed on.

O beloved, there is a mantle laid upon your shoulders to-day, a mantle of righteousness that has been handed down from the highest hill, the land of Zion, the throne itself! And the King of prophets, the Lord Jesus Himself, waits to place it upon your shoulders. I pray you, resist not, but

turn to Him and say, "Yes, Lord, cover me with Thine own mantle of righteousness, and make me clean by Thine own precious blood. I will follow Thee to the end." He will do it. But I want you to notice how the command came to Ezekiel; he was to "declare all" that he saw to the house of Israel. You might say *all* this chapter is very dry reading. One remarked: "Brother J. does not intend to read the whole chapter!" Why did God allow this whole chapter of dry measurements to be left on record? Surely, because of His Father heart, that would touch our own in all the dry and tedious routine of life; and as some homely object upon which the sun sheds his rays is lit up with a heavenly radiance, so the Divine Love would make every common thing in the lives of His children bright and *glorious* even in the light of His presence. Ezekiel, this prophet of God, although he was an exile from his own people and a wanderer on the earth, yet there was a family whom he

loved, and who loved him and took care that he should share with them the comforts of a home. They built a chamber for him. The great and living God, who had called Ezekiel, forgot him not when his heart yearned for sympathy, and thus made place for him in a home.

God bless the saints of God! who hardly know themselves to be such, whose homes are made to tired workers in the harvest field heavenly resting-places, hard on to heaven's gate. I do not wish to speak about myself, but somehow I am mixed up with myself a good deal in the work of God. Only a few days before I came here, one of our young ladies who has charge of our Repository in Boston came to me and told me a tramp had been in and wanted to know if there were a man around there.

"Do you mean you want to see Dr. Cullis?"

"Is this that man's house?"

"Yes."

He went out of that place as if he

had been shot: "I do not want to have anything to do with him!"

Well, it is something to have a reputation that will frighten a tramp! Beloved, I thank God there is a life that tells for Jesus. He has revealed a little of it to me; I am seeking it more and more, and it is coming. The glory rests upon this place; it is all around about us. A glory that crowns you and me. Do you know how the Twenty-third Psalm stands framed between the Twenty-second, that represents the cross, and the Twenty-fourth, the crown of glory? Read, and you will find it so.

Ezekiel says in this chapter, as he gives the measurements, that "God brought" him into the land of Israel, and "set him upon a very high mountain." Beloved, that is where we are to-day. We are among the White Mountains. Perhaps the prophet Ezekiel looks down and smiles as he hears me talk about a high mountain compared with the elevation he stood upon. Never mind, Ezekiel, you are

up there wearing a crown we cannot see, full of gems. By-and-by, I will take thee by the hand and bless God that He let thee measure the temple, and that the pen of the Holy Ghost has recorded its measurements for our instruction, imaging to us that spiritual temple whose glory is an indwelling Holy Ghost.

We are upon the Mount of Transfiguration to-day; your very faces are transformed as the light of the Holy Ghost rests upon you. Talk about riches and wealth! Were there ever people so rich and full of glory as we are, upon this mountain? It points toward heaven, where home is. Friends and dear ones whose names I do not even know have told me of their sorrows, and begged me to pray for them, as they have told me God has taken away a loved one or that property has been swept away. How oftentimes God makes his light to shine out of darkness! It was a time of captivity with those people when the vision of glory came. They had been

twenty-five years in captivity, bound, kept under, abased in every sense of the word. God tells the very day when the vision came.

In the precious gatherings for prayer and testimony many of you have been able to tell that on such a day and such a month God revealed Himself to your soul. Thank God you know the day. The prophet knows the day, and gives it to us. Let us not forget *this* day, the sixth month of the year and the twenty-sixth day, that God brought us into this high mountain that He might reveal Himself unto us, and tell us "to declare" this gospel unto the whole Church of Israel. The prophet says, — I think it is eight times, — "The Lord brought me hither."

Beloved, God brought you hither to-day. You did not come by accident, or because you simply said, "I guess I will go to that gathering up at Intervale, and see what kind of people they are." God brought you here, up into this high mountain, that you might set yourselves apart. You look

at your trials, and say, "Would to God I could have been delivered from that!" But He brought you there. The sorrows come, and you say, "Oh, how I wish I could have escaped!" But *He* brought you to that trial and to that sorrow.

A brother said to me yesterday, with rather a sad face, that he had lost ten or twelve thousand dollars. What would millions upon millions of dollars be without Jesus? I would wear rags with Jesus, and be the richest man that ever trod the earth. He brought me, He brought you to the circumstances, the difficulty, the trial, and "set" you and me "upon a very high mountain." Oh, let us get up and out into a large place, where God can reveal Himself! Who can get the sunlight that hides away in a cellar?

Up, up into the sunlight! You remember where the window was in Noah's ark? Not on the end, not on the side, but on the top, so he could look up to the heavens. And the dove went out of the very roof of the building.

O beloved, get up on the top of everything; do not crawl! Like the children of Israel, God would "set us on a high mountain" and reveal His mighty power. As Ezekiel stood on the mountain, there God appeared to him. How often these scenes on the mountain are recorded in the Scriptures! Moses was upon the mountain-top when the voice came out of the burning bush. He was startled when the voice came, saying, "Take off thy shoes, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." When the tables were given to him the people were scattered at the foot of the mountain, and Moses was on the top with God.

When Jesus manifested Himself on the Mountain of Transfiguration, Moses and Elias stood there with Jesus. The law was finished, and the gospel of grace had come in, the gospel that should cleanse as white as snow. Beloved, we are upon the mountain-top. I ask you to bring your experience up, not down. Let

not the inspiration drawn from these grand mountains about us ever be withdrawn. I do not boast when I tell you that by the grace of God I have been living on the mountain-top for the last twenty years. It is not boasting to tell you that *He has kept* my soul in such holy joy that I just bubbled over, and have for twenty years.

The Lord said to Ezekiel, — for it was the Lord Himself taking the form of man who stood by the side of Ezekiel, and told him what to do, — "Son of man, behold with thine eyes and hear with thine ears, and set thine heart upon all that I shall show thee, for to the intent that I might show them unto thee art thou brought hither: declare all that thou seest to the house of Israel." You say, "That is a small matter." Why, beloved, I have measured every window, and had the dimensions of every building that has been made upon these grounds; I have set my eyes upon them, upon all the plans as they came from the architect, and the measurements and dimen-

sions. I do not think it was needless. These things seem dry and unnecessary, perhaps, as you read God's Word, but the time *will* come when they will unlock to your soul their secret meaning, as by the Spirit of the Lord.

Oh, set thine eyes then upon these things of God! You have been washed in the blood of the Lamb. Set thine eyes to see Jesus, for he that seeth Jesus shall live. Blessed are the eyes that He opens! The pure in heart shall see God.

You know the artist puts his eyes upon a landscape he wants to paint; he sees every tree and every house, the river that runs at the foot of the hill, and the cattle grazing in the pasture. Somebody else will hardly see that house and river, but will merely take in the general outlines. He will say, "Yes, that is very pretty," while the artist will go into ecstasies.

So the man whose eyes God has opened will go into ecstasies over the revelation of God's love, and cannot tell you half the story. The artist puts

his picture upon canvas, but the child of God cannot paint what God reveals. You must look for yourself to see the picture not made with hands, but painted by the finger of God. "Behold with thine eyes, and hear with thine ears." Yes, these eyes and ears were made for something else than money-making or devotion to the world's pleasures. Oh, let us look, let us listen for God!

"Hear with thine ears and set thine heart upon all that I shall show thee." And He went on to show him every detail for the building. Oh, the little things that seem so trivial to us are but the stepping-stones to the throne of glory! The old man who went out not knowing where he should go laid his head upon a pillow of stone at night, and saw a vision of a ladder that reached up to heaven, and the angels ascended and descended. I believe there is a ladder by the side of each one of us, and we can take the steps one at a time; we cannot jump to the top. I am so glad that God has taught

us by His Word that we are to walk by faith. Do you know that there is only one way to get to heaven, and that is to walk? There is no promise that we shall ride there. The prophets of old walked up and down that old, grand country, from village to village, height to height, mountain-top to mountain-top. Finally they took one step more and entered the pearly gates.

I wish I could multiply incidents to you in the lives of some who have died in our Consumptives' Home. Our matron came last night; she could not come before because there were three or four sick ones so near death that she could not leave them. The gates stand wide open there. They seem to go right out of that upper room and touch the pearly gates as they are opened to receive them. Only a few days before I came a man died. He had found Jesus, and so was happy; was filled to overflowing with the love of Jesus. He had had one or two hemorrhages, and as another commenced, he touched his room-mate, and said, "This is the

last; good-by;" and with a happy smile on his face he reached the golden shore.

Beloved, heaven is a reality to those who have reached it. The Lord Jesus is as real to me as your faces, and there is fulness of joy in His presence — it is heaven! "Set thine heart upon these things." That was the command of God to Ezekiel, and it is His command to you. "For the intent," He says, "that I might show them unto thee art thou brought hither." Are you not brought hither to the intent that He might reveal Himself unto you? "The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord." You praise God for this blessed place, and I want you to praise Him with all your hearts; but if you ever think of it, thank the best woman in the world, too, for this place; for while God brought me hither, she brought me hither. She used to come up to these mountains long before I knew her, — I only wish I had known her a dozen years before I did, — and she used to talk about

“Run Away Brook,” but when she brought me to see it, sure enough, it had run away; there was nothing there.

I laughed at her a good-deal about it, but as I walked these hills, I said: “Would not this be a grand place for a meeting?” We prayed about it under one of these trees,—if this was of God, He would give us this mountain; if not, that He would not let us come. Read the texts on these trees; and see if it was not of God; see if the Word of God is not true. He hath brought thee here to the intent that He might show thee all these things of God.

We are all Christians here to-day, I trust. We have come here to worship God and talk about the blessed experience He gives to those who are under the baptism of His Spirit. We ring these bells, one at the chapel and one at the tabernacle, to call you to worship and praise God. I told you last year how the bell came upon the tabernacle. Day before yesterday a

brother who has received a great blessing came to me on the avenue and said: “Doctor, what did that bell cost on the tabernacle?” I told him, and he said: “I would like to put one on the Auditorium Stand, and if you will send for one I will pay the bill.” I did not wait to write, I telegraphed; not that I was afraid the man would change his mind, but that we might get it more quickly. I trust in a day or two we shall “ring out” this bell to tell that there is a promised salvation.

And in closing let me say that whatever shall come to your heart of joy, or difficulty, or sorrow, remember “He hath brought you hither.” He who delivers. And you are to tell the story. Tell it to your people; tell it to your children; tell it to your loved ones; tell it to the world, that Jesus is a complete Saviour, who can take sin out of a man’s heart, and keep him from it, and wash him in His own precious blood; that the Holy Ghost is really and truly the Divine Comforter. God bless you, and “bring

you hither" to the glory land, to His kingdom upon earth.



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