

THE HIGHER MINISTRIES OF HOLIDAYS

By J. H. Jowett, D.D.

Why did our Lord go "every night" into the mountain? And why was it His custom to walk so frequently in the garden? It was because He felt the boon companionship of Nature, the friendly helpfulness of the vast and the beautiful. Mountain and garden were allies of the spirit, silent Greathearts who ministered to Him in the pilgrim way. He sought the mountain when He was pondering over great decisions. He was found in a garden "in the night in which He was betrayed".

He heard wondrous messages in her voices; in her silences, too. He listened to mysterious speech. He read the evangel of the lilies. He understood the language of the birds. He read the face of the sky. He shared the secrets of the soil and the seed. He walked through the cornfields on the Sabbath day, and the ears of corn ministered to a richer Sabbatic peace. He stopped to hold intercourse with the grass of the field. The wind brought Him tidings of other worlds. The vineyards gave Him more than grapes and wine: they refreshed and strengthened His soul. Everywhere and always our Saviour was in communion with His willing and immediate friends in the natural world. Nature was to Jesus a blessed colleague in the soul's commerce and fellowship with the Highest.

And we, too, seek rest and recreation by the seashore or countryside. Our bodies become like lamps that are in need of oil; they burn a little dim and uncertain, and sometimes because we are a little spent and weary we become very unpleasant to other people, like lamps that have begun to smoke. We are consuming wick rather than oil, and it is attended with offensive consequences all round. And so we must get our lamps refilled, and we find the precious oil in the green pastures or by the deep-sounding sea.

In all our holiday-making let us deliberately commune with the Divine. I am painfully aware that the very form of the phrase I have used is suggestive of a task, and appears to be uncongenial to the holiday mood. But there can be nothing in all our plans more holidaylike and more holiday-giving than just this simple purpose to commune with God.

We are going back to the old place, on the hill, on the moor, or by the sea. Have we ever met the Lord there? Have we ever seen the mystic cloud upon the hills? Have we ever seen Him come walking on the waters? Have we ever felt His Presence in the cornfields? Has He ever talked with us as we stooped to pick a flower by the way? Never met Him? Ah! then, we don't yet know our holiday place as we may know it, and as, please God! we may know it before we come back home again. We have seen it only in the light of common day. Wait until we have seen it in His blessed fellowship, and we shall be amazed at the glory!

Cultivate the Presence of God

What, then, shall we do on our holiday? First of all, let us quietly cultivate the sense of the Presence of our Lord. Let there be no stress about it and no strain; the quieter it is, the more natural and familiar, the better it will be. All that we need to do is just to call Him to mind and to link Him with the beauty of the glory we contemplate. Call Him into mind as freely and as naturally as you would recall the thought of a loved one whom you have temporarily forgotten. You are climbing the slope of some glorious hill, or you stand upon its shoulder or its summit; quietly call to your mind: "The strength of the hills is His also." "Who by His strength setteth fast the mountains, being girded with power." "Faith has still its Olivet and love its Galilee."

The King's Highway



REV. H. S. MULLEN

1885 - 1958

Rev. H. S. Mullen went to be with the Lord early in the morning of June 10, 1958.

Brother Mullen was born at New Tusket, Nova Scotia, and lived in that community during the early years of his life. Converted to God as a young man, and later called to the Gospel ministry, he devoted himself to preparation for his high calling and later began a fruitful career in the service of the Lord. The life companion of Brother Mullen, the former Elizabeth Dyer, of Akron, Ohio, was a faithful co-worker with her husband in pastoral and evangelistic work.

Brother Mullen was ordained to the ministry in 1917 and served the following pastorates of the Reformed Baptist Alliance: Meductic, N. B., Perth, N. B., Royalton, N. B., Westchester, N. S., Saint John, N. B., Black's Harbour, N. B., Amherst, Port Maitland-Sandford, and Truro, Nova Scotia. He also spent some years in evangelistic work and conducted numerous campaigns while in pastoral service.

Surviving relatives are, two sons, Deverne, Pefferlaw, Ontario, and Paul, Havelock, N. S.; two brothers, Harvey, of New Tusket, N. S., and Stewart, of Medford, Mass.; and two sisters, Mrs. Lydia Mullen, of Havelock, N. S., and Mrs. Elizabeth Wagner, of Riverdale, N. S.

The funeral service was held at the Reformed Baptist Church, Havelock, N. S., Friday, June 13th. There were eighteen ministers present and the church was filled with friends from the local community and elsewhere. The pastor of the church, Rev. D. C. Webb, paid tribute to the deceased, also Revs. H. C. Mullen and J. A. Owens. The message was preached by the Alliance Superintendent, Rev. F. A. Dunlop, who expressed appreciation of the splendid service that Brother Mullen had rendered to the Kingdom of God. The singing was done by the ministers. Interment was in the Havelock Cemetery.

"Servant of God, well done".

Or you are walking by the shores of the incoming sea: "The sea is His and He made it." "There's a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea." Or you are gazing upon the wonders of sunrise and sunset, upon their gorgeous harmony of colours, upon the mighty architecture of embattled clouds: "He clothed Himself in light as with a garment." "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." "The Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings." Or you are amid the perfumed loveliness of the flowers of the field:

"Thy sweetness hath betrayed Thee, Lord;

Dear Spirit, it is Thou!"

Would this gentle recollection interfere with the holiday? Would it impoverish it? Would it chill it? or would it not rather warm and enlarge it, making every avenue bright and luminous, changing commandments into beatitudes:

"And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord."

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