

## CALL HIS NAME JESUS

(Continued from Page 6)

Let me hold you for a moment as I press upon your heart one implied truth which our text carries. It is not enough to look at the title Christ wears: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus." It is not enough to grasp something of the task to which He is committed: to save his people from their sins." We must give Him the trust which is His due.

Belief is confidence in a proposition for which the mind has found evidence. Trust is commitment to a person who may reasonably be entitled to our confidence. It is this trust that goes beyond belief, and links us, vitally and victoriously, to Jesus Christ our Lord.

Often the word "believe" in New Testament is so used as to include both of these elements of faith—the consent of the mind to a truth and the commitment of one's self to a person. You have it well illustrated in the fourth chapter of John. The Samaritan woman, after her revolutionizing contact with Jesus at the well, went into the city and pleaded, almost breathlessly: "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" Later, after the Samaritans had responded to her invitation and challenge, they looked at her with lighted eyes as they exclaimed: "Now we believe, not because of thy saying: for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world" (John 4:42).

Our trust in Jesus may not win its victory without struggle, but it is certain to win. I think of the late Dr. Walter Kallenbach, who in becoming a Christian had to take Christ not only as the Pardoner of his guilt-stained past but also as the Emancipator from his habit-ridden present. Kallenbach was a drug addict—taking as high as thirty grains of morphine a day. One treatment for it after another had been tried and failed. The enslaved man gave himself to Christ, his trust undergirded by two passages from the New Testament: "My grace is sufficient for thee," and "He is able to save to the uttermost."

The doctor told him that if he broke off with the morphine completely, he would almost surely lose his mind. He did it, nevertheless. For six weeks he was in a physical torture that made him think of the damned in hell. He could neither eat nor sleep. When he stood up, he shook as if he had an acute case of St. Vitus' dance. When he lay down, his mind became the playground of horrible hallucinations. But, said Kallenbach, what kept me from giving up was that each time I cried, "Help me, Jesus," there was instant relief. For the moment new strength was given and victory won. At the end of six weeks the victory was complete and continuous.

O soul, broken in whatever way you may be, burdened in whatever fashion, bowed under whatever load, bound by whatever fetters, give yourself in penitent trust to this Bethlehem-born Jesus. Make your own pilgrimage—the pilgrimage of the heart—not, I warn you, merely to His cradle but to His Cross. There you may test Him for yourself. There you may demonstrate for yourself His ability to save you; to lift the burden of your guilt, to soothe the soreness of your weary feet, to kindle a song in your drab discordant soul, and to send you away singing:

"None other Lamb, none other Name,  
None other hope in heaven or earth or sea,  
None other hiding place from guilt and shame,  
None beside Thee."

"The Christian faith offers peace in war, comfort in sorrow, strength in weakness, and light in darkness."

—Dr. Walter A. Maier.

## OBITUARY

Mrs. Angelina Howe, widow of the late Rev. W. W. Howe, passed away at the home of her son, William Howe, East Saint John, on November 22nd. She was 84 years of age. Sister Howe had been an invalid for a number of years. She was a woman of fine Christian character.

Immediate relatives are: Samuel Howe and William Howe, only surviving children: Rev. Raymond Parkes is a grandson.

The funeral service was conducted by Rev. T. A. Watson, and interment was at Fernhill Cemetery.

Mrs. George Buchanan, of Island View, N. B., passed away suddenly Saturday, Dec. 7th., at the age of 24 years. Left to mourn are the husband, one son and three daughters; the mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Sloat, of Springhill, N. B., six brothers and two sisters, and a large circle of friends.

The funeral service was held from the home of the parents Tuesday, Dec. 10th., and was conducted by Rev. B. C. Cochrane.

To those who mourn we extend heartfelt sympathy.

## WEDDINGS

**Morehouse-Beek:** At the Reformed Baptist Church Doaktown, N. B. Miss Dorothy Beek was united in marriage to Mr. Darrell Morehouse, the double ring ceremony was performed by Rev. N. J. Rice, assisted by Lic. Olin Kent.

**Todd-O'Donnell:** At the Reformed Baptist Church Doaktown, N. B. Nov. 14, Miss Marilyn O'Donnell was united in marriage to Mr. Allison Todd by Rev. N. J. Rice, assisted by Lic. Olin Kent.

**Daggett-Tatton:** At the Reformed Baptist Church, Seal Cove, Grand Manan, on Saturday, November 9th, Helen Eleanor Tatton was united in marriage to Claude Harvey Daggett by Rev. A. D. Cann.

**Peterson-Banks:** At the Reformed Baptist Church, Barker's Point, N. B., Saturday, Nov. 30th., Joan Marina, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Banks, was united in marriage to Alden Patrick Peterson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Peterson. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. A. Watson, assisted by Rev. N. E. Trafton.

**Corey-Cruickshanks:** On Nov. 2, at Havelock, N. B., Edith Lou Cruickshanks and Roy Corey were united in marriage by Rev. Lawrence Corey.

**Norris-Alward:** On Nov. 8 at Havelock, N. B., Margaret Joyce Alward of Havelock, N. B., and William Steve Norris of Dartmouth, N. S., were united in marriage by Rev. Lawrence Corey.

We know what we ought to do with Jesus Christ. We ought to crown Him King in our lives, in our home, in all that we are and do. It is the place of supremacy that belongs to Him who loved us and gave himself for us.— Wm. T. McElroy.

## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS . . . From Page 2

received the "Call from Macedonia". It was amazing to see the men, women and children stand quietly and display such interest in that blazing hot sun. We had three services with absolutely different crowds at each one.

What would you that we do, my readers? Would you not that we lengthen our cards and strengthen our stakes? Do continue to support us with your prayers and with funds.

Yours for souls,

Mary and Paul Sanders.

The King's Highway