

THE NAME OF JESUS AS A TEST.

BY THE REV. H. G. GUINNESS.

"Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."—Col. iii: 17.

There is a plain command, and you will find, if you obey it, that your conscience will grow more tender to the touch, and its voice will grow louder to the ear, and your garments will be kept whiter than before, and the rod will fall more rarely. Now, if I want to detect the presence of acid in any liquid, a little test-paper will do it for me in a minute; and if, on account of the clear look and sweet taste of any pleasure, I doubt the presence of sin in it, and want to prove whether it be there or no, all I have to do is to use this holy test, "The name of Jesus," and it will show me the sin, if it be in the thing.

I have sometimes received letters from persons wanting to know whether it was right to go to concerts or not. All I have to say is—try by this test for yourself: can you go to a concert *in the name of Jesus?* That is all I will answer.

I know many of you are troubled with doubts about your pleasures; you are not always quite sure that they are quite lawful. Well, try them by this test. The next time you take a novel in your hand, ask yourself, *before God*, "Can I read this novel in the name of Jesus?" The next time you open that book of plays, ask yourself, "Can I read this in the name of Jesus?" The next time you receive an invitation to go to a dinner or evening party, ask yourself, *before you consent*, "Can I go in the name of Jesus?"

I am certain that if you dealt fairly with yourself, and did no violence to your conscience, but obeyed the voice of God sounding within you, it would turn the course of your conduct into a different channel; and you would find the muddy, roughened stream of life, growing clear and calm in its passage through the valley of humility, under the shelter of the great rock, Christ Jesus.

Oh, do not confine that conscience in a dungeon, that should sit upon a throne, and put that passion on a throne, that should lie in a dungeon. I warn you that if you shut out conscience, you shut out heaven; and if you shut in passion, you shut in hell. Some men act like devils, and dare to gag the mouth of conscience and tie the limbs of God's ambassador, and double him down alive in a strong coffin, and wish him dead. But they cannot kill him; and the time is coming when God's despised ambassador shall become God's terrible executioner who shall no more speak with the tongue but with the rod; "he that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

May I beseech you, then, to try your every day employments by this test? You, the business you are engaged in; you, the letters you write; you, the statements you make. Could any but a blasphemer open a public-house in the name of Jesus? Could any but a long-hardened liar state what was not strictly true in the name of Jesus? No, that name would scald their lips—they dare not use it thus.

Oh, that men would use this test! It would sweep the world free from many an abomination, and holiness would triumph over sin, and God over the devil. Once more, I humbly ask you to try and practise this.

The Fragment Basket.

"Never despair" should be the motto of the Christian; and how should it keep hope alive under the darkest and most desponding circumstances to see God calling grace out of the foulest sin? Look at this cold creeping worm! Playful childhood shrieks shuddering from its touch: yet a few weeks, and with merry laugh and flying feet, that same childhood, over flowery meadow is hunting an insect that never lights upon the ground, but sitting in painted beauty from flower to flower, drinks nectar from their cups, and sleep, the summer night away in the bosom of their perfumes. If that is the same boy this is no less than the self-same creature, change most wonderful! yet but a dull, earthly emblem of the divine transformation wrought on those, who are "transformed by the renewing of their minds." Gracious, glorious change! Have you felt it? May it be felt by all of us!"—*Dr. Guthrie.*