

Again, look, for a moment, at that familiar but ever fruitful section of inspiration, Luke xv. Each of the parables illustrates the power and beauty of style. When the man finds his sheep, what does he do? Does he complain of all the trouble, and commence to drive the sheep home before him? Ah! no; this would never do. What then? "He layeth it on His shoulders." How? Complaining of the weight or the trouble? Nay: but "*rejoicing*." Here we have the lovely style. He showed He was glad to get his sheep back again. The sheep would have been safe on the shoulder however it had been placed there; but who would part with the word "*rejoicing*"? Who would bear to see the substance of the action stripped of its charming style.

So, also, in the case of the woman and her lost piece of silver. "She lights a candle, sweeps the house, and seeks." How? With dullness, weariness and indifference? By no means; but "*diligently*," like one whose whole heart was in her work. It was quite manifest that she really wanted to find the lost piece of silver. Her style proved this.

Lastly, mark the style of the father in receiving the poor returning prodigal. "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." He does not send out a servant to tell the erring one to turn aside into one of the out-offices, or betake himself to the kitchen, or even to confine himself to his own room. No; he himself *runs*. He, as it were, lays aside his paternal dignity, in order to give expression to his fatherly affection. He is not satisfied with merely receiving the wanderer back: he must prove that his whole heart is in the reception; and this he does, not merely by the substance of the act, but by his style of doing it.

Various other passages might be adduced to illustrate the style of divine forgiveness, but the above will suffice to prove that God graciously recognizes the power which style has to act upon the human heart. I shall, therefore, in closing this paper, make an earnest appeal to my reader, as to what he now thinks of the ground, the extent and the style of divine forgiveness.

Beloved reader, thou seest that the ground is as stable as the very throne of God itself, that the extent is infinite, and the style all that the heart could possibly desire. Say, therefore, art thou satisfied as to the great