

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Domino of Fashion.

"The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth to man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment: for all that do so are abominations unto the Lord thy God." Deut. 22: 5.

GOD thought womanly attire of enough importance to have it discussed in the Bible. Paul the Apostle, by no means a sentimentalist, and accustomed to dwell on the great themes of God and the resurrection, writes about the arrangement of woman's hair and the style of her jewelry; and in my text, Moses, his ear yet filled with the thunder at Mount Sinai, declares that womanly attire must be in marked contrast with masculine attire, and infraction of that law excites the indignation of high heaven. Just in proportion as the morals of a country or an age are depressed is that law defied. Show me the fashion plates of any century from the time of the Deluge to this, and I will tell you the exact state of public morals.

BLOOMERISM

In this country years ago seemed about to break down this divine law, but there was enough of good in American society to beat back the indecent. Yet ever and anon the indecent has imported from France, or perhaps invented on this side of the sea a style that proposes as far as possible to make women dress like men; and thousands of young women catch the mode, until some one goes a little too far in imitation of masculinity, and the whole custom, by the good sense of American womanhood, is obliterated.

The costumes of the countries are different, and in the same country may change, but there is a divinely ordered dissimilarity which must be forever observed. Any divergence from this is administrative of vice and runs against the keen thrust of the text, which says: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment, for all that do so are abominations unto the Lord thy God."

Many years ago, a French authoress, signing herself George Sand, by her corrupt but brilliant writings depraved homes and libraries innumerable, and was a literary grandmother of all the present French and American authors, who have written things so much worse that they have made her putrefaction quite presentable. The French authoress put on masculine attire. She was consistent. Her writings and her behavior were perfectly accordant.

My text abhors masculine women and

WOMANISH MEN.

What a sickening thing it is to see a man copying the speech, the walk, the manner of a woman! The trouble is that they do not imitate a sensible woman, but some female imbecile. And they sipper, and they go with ancing step, and lip, and scream at nothing, and take on a languishing look, and bang their hair, and are the nauseation of honest folks of both sexes. O man, be a man! You belong to quite a respectable sex. Do not try to cross over, and so become a hybrid; neither one nor the other, but a failure, half-way between. Alike repugnant are

MASCULINE WOMEN.

They copy a man's staking gait and go down the street with the stride of a walking-beam. They wish they could smoke cigarettes, and some of them do. They talk boisterously and try to sing bass. They do not laugh, they roar. They cannot quite manage the broad profanity of the sex they rival, but their conversation is often a half-swear, and if they said "O Lord!" in earnest prayer as they say it in lightness they would be high up in sainthood. Withal there is an assumed ruggedness of apparel, and they wear a man's hat, only changed by being in two or three places smashed in and a dead canary clinging to the general wreck, and a man's coat tucked in here and there according to an unaccountable esthetic. O woman, stay a woman! You belong to a very respectable sex. Do not try to cross over. If you do you will be a failure as a woman and only a nondescript as a man. We already have enough of intellect and moral bankrupts in our sex without your coming over to make worse the deficit.

My text also sanctions fashion. Indeed, it sets a fashion! There is a great deal of senseless

CANT ABOUT FASHION.

A woman or man who does not regard it is unfit for good neighborhood. The only question is what is right fashion and what is wrong fashion. Before I stop I want to show you that fashion has been one of the most potent of reformers and one of the vilest of usurpers. Sometimes it has been an angel from heaven, and at others it has been the mother of abominations. As the world grows better there will be as much fashion as now, but it will be a righteous fashion. In the future life while robes always have been and always will be in the fashion.

There is a great outcry against this submission to social custom, as though any consultation of the tastes and feelings of others were deplorable; but without it the world would have neither law, order, civilization nor common decency. There has been

A CANONIZATION OF BLUNTNES.

There are men and women who boast that they can tell you all they know and hear about you, especially if it be unpleasant. Some have mistaken rough behavior for frankness, when the two qualities do not belong to the same family. You have no right, with your eccentricities, to crash in upon the sensitiveness of others. There is no virtue in walking with boots over fine carpets. The most jagged rock is covered with blossoming moss. The storm that comes jarring down in thunder strews rainbow colors upon the sky and silvery drops on the orchard.

There are men who pride themselves on their capacity to "stick" others. They say, "I have brought him down; didn't I make him squirm!" Others pride themselves on their outlandish apparel. They boast of being out of the fashion. They wear a queer hat. They ride in so odd carriage. By dint

of perpetual application they would persuade the world that they are perfectly indifferent to public opinion. They are more proud of being "out of fashion" than others are of being in. They are utterly and universally disagreeable. Their rough corners have never been worn off. They prefer a hedgehog to a lamb.

The accomplishments of life are in no wise productive of effeminacy or enervation. Good manners and a respect for the tastes of others are indispensable. The Good Book speaks favorably of those who are a "peculiar" people; but that does not sanction the behavior of queer people. There is no excuse, under any circumstances, for not being the lady or gentleman.

RUDENESS IS SIN.

We have no words too ardent to express our admiration for the refinements of society. There is no law, moral or divine, to forbid elegance of demeanor, or ornaments of gold, or gems for the person, artistic display in the dwelling, gracefulness of gait and bearing, polite salutation or honest compliments; and he who is shocked or offended by these had better, like the old Scythians, wear tiger-skins and take one wild leap back into midnight barbarism. As Christian advances there will be better apparel, higher styles of architecture, more exquisite adornments, sweeter music, more correct behavior and more thorough ladies and gentlemen.

But there is another story to be told. Wrong fashion is to be charged with many of the worst evils of society, and its path has often been strewn with the bodies of the slain. It has set up

A FALSE STANDARD

by which people are to be judged. Our common sense, as well as all the divine intimations on the subject, teach us that people ought to be esteemed according to their individual and moral attainments. The man who has the most nobility of soul should be first, and he who has the least of such qualities should be last. No crest or shield or escutcheon can indicate one's moral peage. Titles of Duke, Lord, Esquire, Earl, Viscount or Patrician ought not to raise one into the first rank. Some of the meanest men I have ever known had at the end of their name D. D., J. D. and F. R. S. Truth, honor, charity, heroism, self-sacrifice, should win highest favor; but inordinate fashion says: "Count not a woman's virtues; count her adornments." "Look not at the contour of the head, but see the way she combs her hair." "Ask not what noble deeds have been accomplished by that man's hand; but is it white and soft?" Ask not what good sense is in her conversation, but "in what was she dressed?" Ask not whether there was hospitality and cheerfulness in the house, but "in what style do they live?"

As a consequence, some of the most ignorant and vicious men are at the top, and some of the most virtuous and intelligent are at the bottom. During the last war we suddenly saw men hurried up into the highest social positions. Had they suddenly reformed from evil habits or graduated in science, or achieved some good work for society? No; they simply had obtained a Government contract! This accounts for the utter chagrin which people feel at the treatment they receive when they lose their property. Hold up your head

AMID FINANCIAL DISASTER

like a Christian! Fifty thousand subtracted from a good man leaves how much? Honor, truth; faith in God; triumphant hope; and a kingdom of ineffable glory, over which he is to reign forever and ever. If the owner of millions should lose a penny out of his pocket would he sit down on acurbstone and cry? And shall a man possessed of everlasting fortunes wear himself out with grief because he has lost worldly treasure? You have only lost that in which hundreds of wretched misers surpass you; and you have saved that which the Cæsars and the Pharaohs and the Alexanders could never afford. And yet society thinks differently, and you see the most intimate friendships broken up as the consequence of financial embarrassments.

Proclamation has gone forth: "Veterans must go up and plain apparel must come down," and the question is: "How does the coat fit?" not "Who wears it?" The power that bears the tides, and rocks the world of commerce, and thrills all nations, transatlantic and cisatlantic, is clothes. It decides the last offices of respect; and how long the dress shall be totally black; and when it may subside into spots of grief on silk, calico or gingham. Men die in good circumstances, but by reason of extravagant funeral expenses are well-nigh insolvent before they get buried.

Wrong fashion is productive of a most

RUINOUS RIVALRY.

The expenditure of many households is adjusted by what their neighbors have, not by what they themselves can afford to have, and the great anxiety is as to who shall have the finest house and the most costly equipage. The weapons used in the warfare of social life are not minie rifles, and Dahlgren guns, and Hotchkiss shells, but chairs and mirrors and vases and Gobelins and Axminsters. Many household establishments are like racing steamboats, propelled at the utmost strain and risk, and just coming to a terrific explosion. "Who cares," say they, "if we only come out ahead?" There is no cause to-day of more financial embarrassment and of more dishonesties than this determination at all hazards to be as well as or better than other people. There are persons who will risk their eternity upon one pier mirror, or who will dash out the splendors of heaven to get another trinket.

There are scores of men in the dungeons of the penitentiary who risked honor, business, everything, in the effort to shine like others. Though the heavens fall they must be "in the fashion." The most famous frauds of the day have resulted from this feeling. It keeps hundreds of men struggling for their commercial existence. The trouble is that some are caught and incarcerated if their larceny be small. If it be great they escape and build their castle on the Rhine.

Again: Wrong fashion makes people unnatural and untrue. It is a factory

from which has come forth more hollow and unmeaning

FLATTERIES AND HYPOCRISIES

than the Lowell mills ever turned out shawls and garments. Fashion is the greatest of all liars. It has made society insincere. You know not what to believe. When people ask you to come, you do not know whether or not they want you to come. When they send their regards, you do not know whether it is an expression of their heart, or an external civility. We have learned to take almost everything at a discount. Word is sent, "Not at home," when they are only too lazy to dress themselves. They say: "The furnace has just gone out," when in truth they have had no fire in it all winter. They apologize for the unusual barrenness of their table, when they never live any better. They decry their most luxurious entertainments to win a shower of approval. They apologize for their appearance, as though it were unusual, when always at home they look just so. They would make you believe that some nice sketch on the wall was the work of a master-painter. "It was an heir-loom, and once hung on the walls of a castle; and a duke gave it to their grandfather." People who will not lie about anything else will lie about a picture. On a small income we must make the world believe that we are affluent, and our life becomes a cheat, a counterfeit and a sham.

Few people are really natural and unaffected. When I say this I do not mean to slur cultured manners. It is right that we should have more admiration for the sculptured marble than for the unwhewn block of the quarry. From many circles in life fashion has driven out vivacity.

A FROZEN DIGNITY

instead floats about the room, and ice-berg grinds against ice-berg. You must not laugh outright; it is vulgar. You must smile. You must not dash rapidly across the room; you must glide. There is a round of bows and grins and flatteries, and oh's and ah's and simperings, and namby-pambyism—a world of which is not worth one good, round, honest peal of laughter. From such a hollow round the tortured guest retires at the close of the evening, and assures his host that he has enjoyed himself.

Thus social life has been contorted and deformed, until, in some mountain cabin, where rustics gather to the quilting or the apple-paring, there is more good cheer than in all the frescoed saloons of the metropolis. We want in all the higher circles of society more warmth of heart and naturalness of behavior, and not so many refrigerators.

Again: Wrong fashion is

INCOMPATIBLE WITH HAPPINESS.

Those who depend for their comfort upon the admiration of others are subject to frequent disappointment. Somebody will criticize their appearance, or surpass them in brilliancy, or will receive more attention. Oh, the jealousy and detraction and heart-burnings of those who move in this bewildered maze! Poor butterflies! Bright wings do not always bring happiness. "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." The revelations of high life that come to the challenge and the fight are only the occasional croppings out of disquietudes that are underneath, like the stars of heaven for multitude, but like the demons of the pit for hate. The misery that will to-night in the cellar cuddle up in the straw is not so utter as the princely disquietude which stalks through splendid drawing-rooms, brooding over the slights and offences of luxurious life. The bitterness of life seems not so unfitting when drunk out of a pewter mug as when it pours from the chased lips of a golden chalice. In the sharp crack of the voluptuary's pistol, putting an end to his earthly misery, I hear confirmation that in a hollow, fastidious life there is no peace.

Again: Devotion to wrong fashion is

PRODUCTIVE OF PHYSICAL DISEASE,

mental imbecility and spiritual withering. Apparel insufficient to keep out the cold and the rain, or so fitted upon the person that the functions of life are restrained; late hours filled with excitement and feasting; free drafts of diet that make one not beastly intoxicated, but only fashionably drunk; and luxurious indolence—are the instruments by which this unreal life inflicts its disciples into valitudinarianism and the grave. Along the walks of prosperous life death goes a-mowing—and such harvests as a reaper! Materia Medica has been exhausted to find curatives for these physiological devastations. Dropsies, cancers, consumptions, gout and almost every infirmity in all the realm of pathology have been the penalties paid. To counteract the dame, Pharmacy has gone forth with medicament, panacea, elixir, embrocation, salve and cataplasm.

To-night, with swollen feet upon cushioned ottoman and groaning with aches innumerable, will be the votary of luxurious living, not half so happy as his groom or coal-heaver. Wrong fashion is the world's undertaker, and drives thousands of hearses to Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auburn.

But, worse than that, this folly is an

INTELLECTUAL DEPLETION.

This endless study of proprieties and etiquette, patterns and styles, is bedwaring to the intellect. I never knew a woman or a man of extreme fashion that knew much. How belittling the study of the cut of a coat, or the tie of a cravat, or the wrinkle in a sleeve, or the color of a ribbon! How they are worried if something gets untied, or hangs awry, or is not nicely adjusted! With a mind capable of measuring the height and depth of great subjects; able to unravel mysteries, to walk through the universe, to soar upon the infinity of God's attributes—hovering perpetually over a new style of cloak! I have known men, reckless as to their character and regardless of interest momentous and eternal, exasperated by the shape of a vest-button.

Worse than all—this folly is not satisfied until it extirpates every moral sentiment and

BLASTS THE SOUL.

A wardrobe is the rock upon which many a soul has been riven. The excitement of a luxurious life has been the vortex that has swallowed up more souls than the Maelstrom of Norway ever destroyed ships. What room for

elevating themes in a heart filled with the trivial and unreal? When wander that in this haste for sun-gilded baubles and winged thistle-down men and women should tumble into ruin? The travellers to destruction are not all clothed in rags. In the wild tumult of the Last Day—the mountains falling, the heavens flying, the thrones uprising, the universe assembling; and under the creaking of a burning world—what will become of the disciple of fashion? THE WORLDING'S CAREER.

But watch the career of one thoroughly artificial. Through inheritance, or, perhaps, his own skill, having obtained enough for purposes of display, he feels himself thoroughly established. He sits aloof from the common herd, and looks out of his window upon the poor man, and says: "Put that dirty wreath off my steps immediately!" On Sabbath days he finds the church, but mourns the fact that he must worship with so many of the inelegant, and says: "They are perfectly awful! That man that you put in my pew had a coat on his back that did not cost five dollars." He struts through life unsympathetic with trouble, and says: "I cannot be bothered." Is delighted with some doubtful story of Parisian life, but thinks there are some very indecent things in the Bible. Walks arm in arm with the successful man of the world, but does not know his own brother. Loves to be praised for his splendid house, and when told that he looks younger, says: "Well, really do you think so?"

But the brief struts of his life is about over. Up-stairs he dies. No angel wings hovering about him. No Gospel promises kidding up the darkness; but exquisite embroidery, elegant pictures, and a bust of Shakespeare on the mantel. The pulses stop. The minister comes in to read of the Resurrection, that day when the dead shall come up—both he that died on the floor and he that expired under princely upholstery. He is carried out to burial. Only a few mourners, but a great array of carriages. Not one common man at the funeral. No benevolent orphan to weep a tear on his grave. No child of want pressing through the ranks of the weeping, saying: "He is the last friend I have."

What now? He was a great man. Shall not chariots of salvation come down to the other side of the Jordan and escort him to the palace? Shall not the angels exclaim: "Turn out! A prince is coming." Will the bells chime? Will there be harpers with their harps, and trumpeters with their trumpets?

No! No! No! There will be a shudder, as though a calamity had happened. Standing on heaven's battlement, a watchman will see something shoot past, with fiery downfall, and shriek: "Wandering star—for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness!" But sadder yet is the

CLOSING OF A WOMAN'S LIFE

that has been worshipful of worldliness, all the wealth of a lifetime's opportunity wasted. What a tragedy! A woman on her dying pillow, thinking of what she might have done for God and humanity, and yet having done nothing! Compare her demise with that of Harriet Newell, going down to peacefully die in the Isle of France, reviewing her lifetime sacrifices for the redemption of India; or the last hours of Elizabeth Hervey, having exchanged her bright New England home for a life at Bombay amid stolid heathenism, that she might illumine it, saying in her last moments: "If this is the dark valley, it has not a dark spot in it; all is light, light, light!" or the exit of Mrs. Lennox, falling under sudden disease at Smyrna, breathing out her soul with the last words, "Oh, how happy!" or the departure of Mrs. Sarah D. Constock, spending her life for the salvation of Burma, giving up her children that they might come home to America to be educated, and saying as she kissed them good-by, never to see them again, "O Jesus! I do this for thee!" or the going of ten thousand good women, who in less resounding spheres have lived not for themselves, but for God and the alleviation of human suffering.

That was a brilliant scene when, in 1846, in the campaign for the capture of Ronda,

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF CASTILE,

on horseback, side by side with King Ferdinand, rode out to review the troops. As she, in bright armor, rode along the lines of the Spanish host, and waved her jeweled hand to the warriors, and ever and anon uttered words of cheer to the worn veterans who, far away from their homes, were risking their lives for the kingdom, it was a spectacle that illumines history. But more glorious will be the scene when that consecrated Christian woman, crowned in heaven, shall review the souls that on earth she clothed and fed and medicated and evangelized, and then introduced into the ranks celestial. As on the white horse of victory, side by side with the king, this queen unto God forever shall ride past the lines of those in whose salvation she bore a part, the scene will surpass anything ever witnessed on earth in the life of Joan of Arc, or Penelope, or Semiramis, or Aspasia, or Marianne, or Margaret of Anjou. Ride on victor!

Sugar for Ministers.

It is an accepted tradition that ministers and theological folk generally are very fond of sweet things to eat. Deep philosophers might trace some connection between this tendency and their benignity and sweetness and light. Perhaps it is in some sort an expression of the relation between knowledge and the love of sugar. However that may be, the Athenian distinctly remembers that in childhood days, whenever there were ministers for "company at dinner," the mother always put three tumps in the cup without asking, and then slipped two extra ones on the saucer. There was never a lump left over when the cup was drained. Experiences of this sort are never forgotten, for they help to remove the painful awe and uncomfortable esteem in which most children hold these mighty correctors of bad habits. A liking for sugar makes ministers a little less of gods and brings them nearer to earth where children dwell.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, FEB. 19, 1889.

A Lesson on Forgiveness. LESSON TEXT.

(Matt. 18: 21-35. Memory verses, 21, 22.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus the King in Zion.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: He is Lord of lords, and King of kings; and they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful.—Rev. 17: 14.

LESSON TOPIC: The King's Lessons on True Forgiveness.

Lesson (1. The Forgiving King, vs. 21-27. Outline: (2. The Unforgiving Servant, vs. 28-30. (3. The Fearful Penalty, vs. 31-35.)

GOLDEN TEXT: And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.—Matt. 6: 12.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Matt. 18: 21-35. Lessons on true forgiveness.

T.—Luke 17: 1-10. The law of forgiveness.

W.—Matt. 6: 1-15. A forgiving spirit essential.

T.—Mark 11: 12-26. A forgiving spirit essential.

F.—Col. 3: 1-13. Christ the model of forgiveness.

S.—Rom. 4: 1-8. Forgiveness of God.

S.—Psa. 51: 1-19. Forgiveness sought.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. THE FORGIVING KING.

I. The Heavy Debt: One, which owed him ten thousand talents (24).

My punishment is greater than I can bear (Gen. 4: 13).

Afflicted... for the multitude of her transgressions (Lam. 1: 5).

Our transgressions and our sins are upon us (Ezek. 33: 10).

Until seventy times seven (Matt. 18: 22).

II. The Earnest Petition: Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all (26).

Forgive, I pray thee, my sin (Exod. 10: 17).

Pardon my iniquity, for it is great (Psa. 25: 11).

Blot out my transgressions (Psa. 51: 1).

His fellow-servant fell down and besought him (Matt. 18: 29).

III. The Generous Forgiveness: The Lord... released him, and forgave him (27).

Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven (Matt. 9: 2).

I forgave thee all that debt (Matt. 18: 32).

Her sins, which are many, are forgiven (Luke 7: 47).

Forgiving each other, even as God... forgave you (Eph. 4: 32).

1. "How oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him?" (1) A practical question; (2) A wise inquiry; (3) A competent inquiry.—(1) The disciples inquiry; (2) The Lord's reply.

2. "Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all." (1) A crushing debt; (2) A stern decision; (3) An importunate plea; (4) A pertinent promise.—(1) Debt acknowledged; (2) Payment assured; (3) Patience craved.

3. "Being moved with compassion." (1) Compassion aroused; (2) Compassion moving; (3) Compassion achieving.

II. THE UNFORGIVING SERVANT.

I. Violent: He laid hold on him, and took him by the throat (28).

His violence shall come down upon his own pate (Psa. 7: 16).

His that loveth violence his soul hateth (Psa. 11: 5).

Envy thou not the man of violence (Prov. 3: 31).

Do no violence (Jer. 22: 3).

II. Merciless: Have patience with me... And he would not (29, 30).

He remembered not to show mercy (Psa. 109: 16).

They are cruel, and have no mercy (Jer. 50: 42).

And have left undone the weightier matters... mercy (Matt. 23: 23).

Without mercy to him that hath showed no mercy (Jas. 2: 13).

III. Cruel: He... cast him into prison, till he should pay (30).

Cursed be... their wrath, for it was cruel (Gen. 49: 7).

He... persecuted the poor and needy man (Psa. 109: 16).

He that is cruel troubleth his own flesh (Prov. 11: 17).

They are cruel, and have no mercy (Jer. 50: 42).

1. "He laid hold on him, and took him by the throat." (1) The assault; (2) Its cause; (3) Its consequences.—(1) A cruel creditor; (2) A helpless debtor.

2. "He would not." (1) The scope of his refusal; (2) The grounds of his refusal; (3) The baseness of his refusal.

3. "Cast him into prison, till he should pay." (1) A hard fate; (2) A selfish condition; (3) A culpable spirit.

III. THE FEARFUL PENALTY.

I. Conviction: They... came and told unto their lord all that was done (31).

He saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment (Matt. 22: 11).

There is nothing... had, that shall not be known (Luke 12: 2).

God shall judge the secrets of men (Rom. 2: 16).

That every mouth may be stopped (Rom. 3: 19).

II. Denunciation: Thou wicked servant (32).

Ye offspring of vipers, who warned you to flee? (Matt. 3: 7).

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrite (Matt. 23: 13).

Thou wicked and slothful servant (Matt. 25: 26).

Thou son of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness (Acts 13: 10).

III. Punishment: His Lord... delivered him to the tormentors (34).

Depart from me, ye that work iniquity (Matt. 7: 23).

Cast ye out the unprofitable servant into the outer darkness (Matt. 25: 30).

Depart from me, ye cursed, into the eternal fire (Matt. 25: 41).

Wrath and indignation, tribulation and anguish (Rom. 2: 8, 9).

1. "They... came and told unto their lord all that was done." (1) The judge; (2) The hearing; (3) The witnesses; (4) The culprit; (5) The testimony; (6) The doom.—(1) They told; (2) Told their lord; (3) Told all that was done.

2. "His lord was wroth." (1) A powerful lord; (2) A merciful lord; (3) A just lord; (4) An angry lord.

3. "I shall also my heavenly Father do." (1) The heavenly Father's claim; (2) The heavenly Father's mercy; (3) The heavenly Father's justice; (4) The heavenly Father's wrath.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

FORGIVENESS.

1. As an Act of God: Illustrated by a forgiving lord (Matt. 18: 27, 35).

Awakes filial fear (Psa. 130: 4).

Conditioned on man's acceptance (Isa. 55: 7).

Blots out sins (Isa. 43: 25; 44: 22).

Secures blessedness (Psa. 32: 1; Rom. 4: 7).

Assured triumph (Rom. 8: 33, 34).

Through Christ (Eph. 1: 6, 7; 1 John 2: 12).

2. As a Duty of Man: A needed Christian grace (Col. 3: 12, 13).

Essential in acceptable prayer (Mark 11: 25).

Essential to our own forgiveness (Matt. 6: 12-15; Luke 6: 37).

Continues without limit (