

Spirit search you. Die, die to self. Count no costs. Seek no personal advantages. Let the Cain-life die. The quest for the riches of God monopolizes all other quests. Rich or poor, young or old, loved or hated, let us die.

Is your temper the stumbling-block? Murder, we seek to put away from us as far as possible. If any one should say that a murder had been committed in the next street from our home, and we should learn in an hour that it was done in the avenue by the same name twenty blocks away, we should say, "I am glad it was not right in our neighborhood." This viciousness of temper belongs to the murder-spirit; it is a remainder of the Cain-life. The Holy Spirit will give us not only to have it subdued, but to have it rooted out and cast far, far away from us, the farther the better. Not the temper, but the viciousness. For the temper is to the life what the tension is to the bow or what the tone is to the harp. When the tension is correct the bend of the bow is pleasing, and when the tone is correct the harp will respond to its master, but let the bow be so limp that it will not spring, or so stiff that it will break, and it is a failure; likewise a harp without tone would respond melodiously to the touch of no master. Do not pray to have the temper broken. Give it over to the unfailing Temper-Keeper, whose name is Love.