"Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts..."

(Ps. 51:6).

The heart is the throne; and on the throne Purity must reign supreme. The will--so difficult to control--must yield unreserved allegiance to Purity's beneficent rule. The imagination--so hard to confine--must no longer deck the mind with its seductive pictures; it must bow to the lofty beauty of unsullied purity. The thoughts must be brought into absolute dominion; every purpose and intent must recognize the regal sway. Purity must reign in unquestioned authority.

All this may take time. The revolutionary and reactionary elements among my members cannot be subdued and subjugated in a single day. The flesh is mighty and does not readily capitulate; the fancy, accustomed to unfettered freedom, does not easily abandon its hectic flights. But there is all the difference in the world between that state of things in which the heart condones and secretly enjoys this waywardness and that state of things in which the heart forbids and deplores it.