

nothing now that this person can do to affect the other person who is in jail and the other person is in the hospital. But you will read this every month of the year if you read the papers much--a case where a person is in a jail waiting and they don't know what to charge him with, because if the man in the hospital dies this man is charged with murder. And this man may be executed for murder because he has murdered someone, because this person whom he attacked has died. But if this other person recovers, this man cannot be accused for murder and cannot be punished for that--he cannot be executed but he must have a far less sentence. He can't help now what is going to happen to the other person. The skill of the doctors, the nature of the care, how soon someone is on hand to help may decide it, and yet whether we can punish him this way or that way, depends upon something that this man has nothing to do with. That is something that is absolutely necessary in human govt. We have to judge on external things, but actually in God's sight is the man any worse because this man happened to get a particular bad germ, or they didn't happen to have the right disinfectant on hand or had not as yet discovered penecillen. Is he any the less a sinner in God's sight. In God's sight the man who commits a murder is equally culpable whether the other person dies or not. It is the attitude of the heart.

I remember one time when I was in Calif. and I was walking up the mountain. And for some reason I had gotten into a rather silly attitude as most of us had at that time who were still in our teens--a rather silly attitude of seeing who could get to the top of the hill the fastest. It was rather a nice trail but a narrow one, and of course I wanted to get up there first. I was walking along there ahead of most of the rest and suddently a little fellow about half as big as I was, squeezed past me and got on the trail ahead of me and then he broadened out so that I couldn't get ahead of that fellow. And so he reached the top of that hill because I couldn't get ahead of him. And as I walked behind him my heart was filled with bitter hatred. I felt like grabbing hold of him and hurling him down the mountain. I thank the Lord that I didn't do that. I thank the Lord that I had enough self control to keep the hatred in my heart instead of letting it reach out and grab that fellow by the neck and throw him down. It would have been a terrible thing if I had done it but I am sure that in my heart the hate was just as extreme as that of many ^a person that commits a murder. I had something that prevented me from it. Perhaps it was goodness, perhaps it was fear of what would happen to me if I threw him over the cliff.