

DON'T RULE THE SPIRIT BY THE FLESH.



THE late F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, sent a letter to a friend, probably a lady, in which he says:—"I implore you do not try morphine even; no, not once. I will trust you not to do so, not to take any opiate whatever. It is a wicked and cowardly attempt to rule the spirit by the flesh. Its results upon the system are slow, sure, and irreparable, and the habit grows until it is unconquerable. I am deeply, anxiously in earnest. You are not worthy of the fidelity of my friendship if you try to drown misery in that way. Except in the grossness of the effect, where is the difference between the opiate and the dram? Do you not know what keeps the gin-palaces open?—Misery! The miserable go there to forget. You must not do it, for it is degradation. I would not have you condescend to any miserable materialism to escape your sorrow. Remember what Maria Theresa said when she began to doze in dying: "I wish to meet my God awake." Remember that He refused the medicated opiate on the cross. Meet misery awake. May I borrow sacred words?—"Having begun in the spirit, do not be made perfect through the flesh." Summon the force to bear out of your own heart, and the Divine spirit that dwells there—not out of a laudanum bottle. I have spoken ruggedly, but not rudely. Forgive me; I am not myself to-night. I would gladly sustain the depression I feel by opiate, or by anything else; but I resist because it is despicable."

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

From the German.

WHEN the twain at even to Emmaus
Walked with lingering steps and
slow,
Their eyes I ween were full of tears
And their souls bowed down with woe.
They dreamt not that each mournful
word,
Each sigh, was by their Saviour heard;
Yet when sorrow tries His own,
Are they ever left alone?

Alas! how many hearts there are
Who little know of gladness,
Who oft bewail their troubled lot,
Their many trials and sadness!
Perchance one wanders quite alone,
To weep and make his bitter moan;
Yet He waits to soothe his fears,
Pleas'd, "My child, oh! why these tears?"

When two souls commune together,
Jesus Christ is still the third.
And He marks what each requireth,
Speaks Himself the soothing word.
For never doth He stand apart:
Oh! doubt Him not, my faithless heart!
He unchanging is and true,
Keeps His children eye in view.

Friend of friends, the dearest, truest,
Be not far, I pray, from me;
Should the world with lures entice me,
I will look for aid to Thee.

Should Satan in his cruel might
Assail me, put my foe to flight,
Dwell within me, and Thy will
Teach me gladly to fulfil.

If I mournful am and dreary,
Soothe me with the thought divine,
That Thy love is still unchanging
And that I myself am Thine.
Ah! let Thy word my faith inspire
And kindle in my heart such fire
That it may unceasing glow,
Love more deeply, better know!

Comfort Thou all tender spirits
Who in pain, or sorrow deep,
Seek the field, or wood, or valley,
Undisturbed to morn and weep.
When with weeping man and dreary,
Comfortless, alone, and weary,
Whisper, Lord, in accents mild,
"Wherefore weepest thou, my child?"

Lord, if here Thou canst me linger,
Let our spirits with Thee go,
Share Thy happiness, the blessing
Of Thy presence always know;
Yet grant our prayers, O Saviour
dear!

Abide among us always here!
Then for peace and perfect rest,
We shall praise our much-loved Guest.

A*.