"She grabbed him by his garment and said, 'Sleep with me!' But leaving his garment in her hand, he escaped and ran from the house." Genesis 39:12

In contending with certain sins, there remains no mode of victory, but by flight. He who would be safe from acts of evil—must hasten away from occasions of it. A covenant must be made with our eyes—not even to look upon the cause of temptation; for such sins only need a spark to begin with—and a blaze follows in an instant!

Who would wantonly enter the leper’s hut—and sleep amid its horrible corruption? He alone who desires to be leprous himself—would thus court contagion. If the mariner knew how to avoid a storm, he would do anything rather than run the risk of weathering it. Cautious pilots have no desire to try how near the quicksand they can sail, or how often they may touch a rock without springing a leak; their aim is to keep as nearly as possible in the midst of a safe channel.

This day I may be exposed to great peril—let me have wisdom to keep out of it and avoid it. The wings of a dove may be of more use to me—than the jaws of a lion. I may be an apparent loser by declining evil company—but I had better leave my cloak—than lose my character! It is not needful that I should be rich—but it is imperative upon me to be pure. No ties of friendship, no chains of beauty, no flashings of talent, no shafts of ridicule—must turn me from the wise resolve to flee from sin. I am to resist the devil—and he will flee from me. But the lusts of the flesh, I must flee—or they will surely overcome me!

O God of holiness, preserve your Josephs—lest Madam Bubble bewitch them with her vile suggestions. May the horrible trinity of the world, the flesh, and the devil—never overcome us!