

Comforted them . . . spake kindly. Such noble forgiveness is an example to all others, and makes it easier to believe in the possibility of God's forgiveness of penitent sinners.

Light from the East

GOSHEN—Lay on the southeastern edge of the Delta, near the modern canal which carries the waters of the Nile to the towns on the Suez Canal. It follows the course of a canal which dated from the fourteenth century B. C., and which extended from Bubastis to the Bitter Lakes, and the branches of which watered all the land of Goshen. The edge of the desert which was included in Goshen, was better adapted for grazing than for cultivation; but some parts of the land excelled the rest of Egypt in fertility.

A letter from a scribe about the time of the Israelitish oppression has come down to us, which describes in glowing language the abundance of good things produced by the country round Rameses. Its canals were full of fish of many kinds, its lakes swarmed with birds, its granaries reached almost to heaven and were bursting with wheat; lentils, onions and melons that tasted like honey, filled the gardens. The Pool of Horus furnished salt and the Panhura Lake, carbonate of soda for washing clothes. Cider, sherbet, and wine in abundance, mixed with honey, were common drinks. Almonds, figs, lilies and papyrus flowers, together with the melody of trained singers, made life seem like a perpetual holiday on that favored spot.

APPLICATION

Joseph could not refrain himself . . . and he wept, vs. 1, 2. In a certain part of Scotland there is a granite quarry by the sea. One

day the quarrymen were engaged in blasting operations. The fuse had been laid and lighted, and the men had withdrawn to a place of safety. Presently, to their horror, they saw a little girl from one of the cottages near by, running towards the rock that was being blasted. They shouted and wildly waved her back, but she neither saw nor heard. By and by, the mother, attracted by the shouting, came to the cottage door. She took in the situation at a glance, and, without a moment's hesitation, ran and drew her child away from the place of peril. She risked her own life to save her child, as the noble-hearted Judah was willing to remain a prisoner in Egypt in the place of Benjamin. But there is a story of a sacrifice far more wondrous than that of the mother for her beloved child, or of the old-time brother. It is the story of Jesus who died for us, His enemies, on the cruel cross. When that love becomes real to us, it melts our hearts, be they never so hard, into penitence and trust. There is no power like that of the cross to conquer and control.

Be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, v. 5. When the poet Dante Gabriel Rossetti was an old man, he became extremely

irritable. Every sound of joy became an

The Point of View

offence to him, and he even accused the birds of unkindness to him. One day he said to a friend, "That thrush is insulting me." Thus he wore himself out in resenting supposed insults and injuries. Most of us are too apt to allow wrongs real and imaginary to kindle in us angry and revengeful feelings. We need Joseph's cure. This is to look upon everything that comes into our lives, whether it is pleasing or painful, as sent of God and under His control. Then we shall be ready to forgive those who do us harm, since we know that God can bring good out of it.

God sent me before you . . . to save your lives, v. 7. During the invasion of Russia by Napoleon, the people of a little Russian

The Snow Shield

village received word that the French soldiers were coming to plunder their homes in the night. In terror of these cruel men of war, the villagers fled to places of safety. All but one person left the village. This was a crippled woman who could not walk. The night fell, and the soldiers came and plundered the houses along the village street. The lonely woman heard the dull tramp, tramp of their feet, but she was undisturbed. When the morning dawned, she saw how she had escaped. The hedge between her