

was falsely accused and cast into prison.

But faithfulness again brought him success. Soon he was once more in a position of trust, placed in authority over the king's prisoners. And there, for the first time, we have a hint of the plan God had laid out for His faithful servant. With divine aid, Joseph interpreted the dreams of two of his fellow-prisoners, and the interpretation came true. The king's butler, as Joseph had foretold, returned to his master, and the baker was executed.

Many more weary months of imprisonment passed before Joseph was ready for the next step up. Then news spread through the capital that the great Pharaoh was in trouble. He had had a portentous dream, and not one of even the wise magicians of Egypt could tell him its meaning. God's great plan for Joseph was unfolding itself. The butler remembered the young man who had interpreted his dream, and told Pharaoh. And so the prison doors opened, and Joseph went out to the palace—went out as a poor prisoner, but remained as the wise ruler of Egypt. From pit to palace he had moved by slow, weary stages, but he rose steadily, because he had never swerved from the path of duty, and because he had ever trusted his God.

The Lookout

The lookout on an ocean liner occupies a very responsible position. He must report any light or object instantly when it comes into view. His failure to do so is often a matter of life and death to all on board. The "crow's nest," as the place where the lookout keeps his lonely vigil is called, is so narrow that he is compelled to stand through the watch.

No matter how tired he is, he must never nod. His vision must be unclouded by things that injure his brain. Nor for an instant is he to relax his vigilance, for he has not simply his own safety to watch, but that of others.

A moment's reflection shows that every person in this world is, and ought to be a lookout. There are always others affected by our influence; people who place a certain amount of reliance on our trustworthiness.

The world has a right to expect this of us. By virtue of existence we become responsible for our part of the watch in the guidance of the ship of life. Our fellows have the right to demand in us a clear vision, with our faculties unlogged by the passions the tempter offers.—The Round Table



Open the Door

Open the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet, and the flowers are fair.
Joy is abroad in the world to-day;
If our door is wide, it may come this way.
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made the raindrops gold and gems;
He may change our tears to diadems.
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin.
They will grow and bloom with grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of
the vine.

Open the door!

Open the door to the heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin,
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.

Open the door!

—British Weekly



Farm Work in Ancient Egypt

Recent discoveries place before our eyes the details of farm work in ancient Egypt. For reaping, rude sickles of wood were used, with a cutting edge of flint saws. Wooden grain shovels have been found of a date earlier than Joseph, and also wooden hoes and ploughshares fit for the light soil. Grain was sown broadcast by hand, and trodden by flocks of sheep into the moistened soil. It was cut close up to the ear, and not with short stubble as in our country. The sheaves were bound and laid flat on the ground. The grain was threshed out by the treading of oxen; and when winnowed, was put into sacks and then poured into the granaries through openings in the top.