

WE GLORY IN TRIBULATION.



THE smoothest course does not always lead to the noblest life. It is through much tribulation that they come who are to wear the white robes. The silver is tried by heat; the stone is polished by the friction. Over the furnace where the

silver is tried, God has written His promise of tineness; over the door of the lapidary where the stone is polished, God has written His promise of beauty. Whenever you find a piece of burnished silver, you know whence its brightness came; whenever you see a brilliant gem, you know whence its beauty came. Even so, a well-balanced Christian and a gentle Christian spirit do not come from an undisturbed experience.

If we find a temper under perfect control, we do not infer that it has been unprovoked. An evenly-balanced temper does not come from an evenly-balanced life. As a rule, the temper that has been least provoked will be most easily provoked. The sailor of the steadiest nerve will be the one who has sailed the most unsteady seas. You will seldom find a character of peculiar finish but you will also find it has come up through conditions—through much tribulation. "Therefore we glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed."

L. Cortley.

STARTING FAIRLY.



JOHN WESTERBY had saved a bit of money. He had never been anything but a working man, though for the last fifteen years of his working life he had been one of the foremen at Barret and Sparks, the marine engineers at Hearfoot Quay.

When John and his intended wife, Mary Cochrane, talked together about getting married, they were both of one mind about this, that they would start fairly, and not marry in debt. They saw plainly enough, they said, that if they began in debt they might be in debt all their lives.

John had a comfortable home with his father and mother, and they had no wish whatever to get rid of him. He paid them liberally for his board and lodging, as every young man ought to do who lives at home with his parents; and, besides, he was so cheerful and kind, that it was a pleasure to have him in the house. Still his mother always said she would like to see him happily married, although in her secret heart she doubted whether he would ever find anybody good enough for him.

John Westerby spent no foolish money—nothing

on drink, or tobacco, or jewellery, or fine dress. If he had, he would not have been able, as he was, to put into the savings-bank from a quarter to a third of his wages every week. Perhaps he might not have been quite so saving if he had not become acquainted with Mary Cochrane.

Mary had a good situation as cook with one of the best families in the town; and she too was able to lay something aside with which to furnish their future home.

In due time they got married, and they began their wedded life in the fear of God. They took a week's holiday after their marriage; but the first Sunday after their return they were in their places at chapel both morning and evening, and John was at his class at the Sunday-school in the afternoon. They set up family worship too, and they never laid it aside.

They were not covetous—indeed, it would have been difficult to find two such warm-hearted, generous people anywhere,—still they were careful. Nobody who could help it, John said—and Mary fully agreed with him—should live quite up to his income. Slack times might come; and though they were both of them strong and healthy, they would be unlike most folks if they altogether escaped trouble and sickness. In either case they would be badly off if they had not something beforehand. So when they could they put a trifle aside. It was not much they could save, but they saved something.

Let nobody say this was mean or stingy. They wanted to be independent, and, happen what might, to do without asking help from anybody.

There was a time, indeed—rather a long time, perhaps ten or a dozen years—when it was almost as much as they could do to make both ends meet. Children came—there were six of them—and of course, like all other children, they wanted boots, and shoes, and clothes, and hats, and plenty to eat. Then, too, they had to be educated; and even when a working man sends his children to a board school, their education still costs money,—and there were no board schools then.

Now, as long as that time lasted, John said, very sensibly, that they might make better use of their money than by saving it; for it would be poor saving to pinch either their children's backs, or their bellies, or to put them to a cheap school where they would learn nothing, or to send them to work before they were fit for it. They must do the best they could, and trust in God.

That time passed over, as all times pass: and their children were able, first to do something for their own living, and then to support themselves entirely. Then John and his wife said they might begin to lay something by for their old age.

John was now, as we have said, a foreman, or we might, perhaps, say something better—a sort of under-manager; and of course he had higher wages than when he was only a fitter. He was able, therefore, to lay aside a good deal more than in his younger days; and when the time came that he could no longer work, he had a nice little cottage of his own, and other