

He referred to his wife, Lady Panmure, who died 21 years ago, soon after he came to the title and estates. Going in one day, I got his usual bright smile of recognition, but the momentary agitation brought on a slight attack of distressing symptoms. When it passed, he said, "This heart will soon cease to beat to any one." "But," I said, "it beats true to Jesus?" "Yes, I trust him! He is my all.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

One day, on my using the familiar designation, "My Lord," he said, "Oh, Mr. Rose, lay aside that title, and call me your dear Christian friend." It was most instructive and impressive to witness the calm way in which, without a murmur or a sigh, he at once laid down all his earthly honours and possessions when the Master came. For there was much to make his life pleasant and desirable. He had wide domains, many well-earned honours, the special favour of his Sovereign, growing popularity, and the power above most men of enjoying life himself, and shedding sunshine on all around him. But he would not be detained, having the desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.

HOW GOD PREPARES HIS JEWELS.

One of the many lessons I get from the life of Peter is the value of defeats, humiliations and trials. None of the disciples had so rough a time, or so many hard knocks, as he had. He was always in trouble. He was always being defeated. None of the disciples received so many stern, humiliating rebukes from the Master's lips as he. Every little while we find him covered with shame. Then on the night of the betrayal he was terribly sifted by Satan.

There is a meaning in all this. Diamonds are dug out of the earth in a rough state, with no apparent beauty, covered with a hard, ugly crust; and they are cut, sawn, split, and put upon the wheel, and ground, and ground, and ground, until they have the right

form, until all the blemishes are ground out and they shine in beauty fit for a king's crown. Peter was a diamond, a great Koh-i-noor; but when the Lord found him he was a very rough diamond, and had to be kept long upon the wheel, till every speck was ground off. It was his trials, humiliations, and defeats that made such a glorious man of him. The only way to break down a man's pride is by defeats and mortifications. The only cure for self-confidence is the cure Christ applied to him. He let him fall into the mire, and sink into the sea, and let Satan "tumble him up and down."

There are some characters that are like summer fruits which ripen early in the season, under the warmth of the sun; but there are few such, except those whom God plucks and gathers, like early summer fruits, in the days of infancy, childhood, and youth.

There are other fruits that ripen not till the sharp autumn frosts come. All through the summer they are sour, bitter, and unfit for food. The keen frosts make them luscious and mellow. And there are many of Christ's disciples who bear just such fruits. They are very unripe Christians. They are sharp acrid men. They are severe, selfish, harsh, bitter, censorious. There is no sweetness, gentleness, kindness in them. They may be good men or women; they are good at heart, but they are not beautiful. People cannot love them. And yet they are God's dear children.

Then the frosts come—sharp, biting frost. Afflictions enter their homes; sorrows break in upon them. Bereavements turn the green leaves to sere and yellow. Humiliations come. They are defeated and crushed. God allows them to suffer great temptations. And out of these sad and painful experiences these troubles and trials, these humiliations and failures, they come, like the autumn fruits after the frosts, mellow, luscious, rich and ripe.

Without these painful processes many a man would never reach glory. It was the rough knocks and sorry tum-