

ten since then have I got into a mist in following out the foolish inclinations of my heart. How has it been with you?

What a world of trouble we give ourselves to attain what is of little value! and disappointment works no cure; the failure of yesterday prevents not the expectation of to-day, and the blighted promise of to-day destroys not the hope of to-morrow.

Again I say, that things are not what they appear, and we willingly allow ourselves to be cheated from childhood to old age, by running after or climbing to obtain what is anything but the thing we take it to be. Oh that we could use this world as not abusing it, remembering that the fashion of it passeth away! But, no! In vain the wise man tells us of the things we seek, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." In vain an apostle exhorts us not to set our "affections on things on the earth." Disbelieving the assertion of the one, and disregarding the exhortation of the other, we still, like children, run after bubbles, that lose their brightness the moment they are possessed.

Old Humphrey is ashamed to think how keen a relish he has for the very things which have deceived him again and again. The glittering will-o'-the-wisps that surround him, look so like friendly tapers in hospitable dwellings, that he still follows them, till the bogs they lead him into, convince him of his mistake. We may safely conclude that "all is not gold that glitters," nor all pure that looks like snow.

But while we thus complain that things are not what they appear, are we ourselves what we appear to be? Though I have been speaking of other matters, this is the question that I wanted to come to. This question brought home to our hearts, is like cutting the finger-nail to the quick; taking a thorn out of a tender part; or, indeed, touching the apple of the eye; but it is worth while to put it, for all that. Other people may pose us, but the closest method of questioning is, to question ourselves. Are we, then, what we appear to be? For if we are either ignorant of the evil of our own hearts, or railing against others when we are more guilty than they are, it is high time that such a state of things should be altered.

Were the Searcher of all hearts to put the inquiry to you, and to me, Art thou what thou appearest to be? would not the reply be, "If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me: if I say I am perfect, it shall also prove me perverse. Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth," Job ix. 20; xl. 4.

ON ORDER.

The subject of Order is well worth your consideration, for it is one that may have an influence over the affairs of every day, and every waking hour of your lives. Now try to go with me in my view of the matter, and do not pass it over as a trifling affair. None can speak so feelingly of an advantage as he who has suffered by his folly in neglecting it. The trouble that I have endured in years gone by, through carelessness and neglect of orderly habits, in some degree qualifies me to give advice.

It would be difficult to determine which is the greater: the comfort derived from order, or the inconvenience brought about by disorder. Order renders all affairs clearer; disorder confuses them. Order relieves the memory; disorder increases the duties it has to perform. Order removes a burden from the back; disorder lays an additional load on the shoulders. If you have ever seen an impatient girl unravelling a knotted skein of silk, or a peevish boy vainly trying to undo the tangled tail of his kite, you have seen a lively illustration of the additional trouble which a want of order will produce.

The poet says, "Order is Heaven's first law;" but as poets are not always the most diligent readers of the Bible, nor the most fervent petitioners at the throne of grace for Divine illumination, so I consider they are not the best authorities in heavenly things. We will therefore, leave this point, and rest satisfied in knowing that whether order be the first law or not, it is a very essential and striking principle in God's creation.

System is seen in God's almighty power,
In bird and beast, in herb and fruit, and flower;
And all throughout the vast expanse above,
Sun, moon, and stars, in matchless order move.

While I am noting down these remarks, the ever blessed Book of truth lies beside me, and I cannot but think how many an aged servant of Christ has been perplexed, in turning over its pages, in the vain search after some suitable text or strengthen-

ing promise, which, in a season of trial, perhaps, had been a cordial to his heart, "oil to his joints, and marrow to his bones." Many a spiritually minded pilgrim has yearned to feast his eyes on a favourite portion of God's word, which, when found, has comforted his soul: he has drunk of the brook by the way, and lifted up his head. But, oh, what poring, what thumb marking, what dog's earing his Bible has he gone through, to find the object of his search! Now, the Concordance of Cruden would have saved him all this trouble. The order in which the words of Holy Writ are thus arranged, renders it an easy thing to find, with its assistance, any text, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of Revelation. My Concordance in the green-grained cover, was the gift of a friend, and a valuable one too; it is always in use, and if I feel grateful to any author, it is to Cruden.

Order, though of great use, even in hand work, is especially so where the head is much employed. In intellectual things, it is wonderful, how little can be done without order, and how much with it.

I knew a worthy man, (he has long since worn a crown of glory,) who used every morning to mark down the most important things necessary to be done in the day. If by any unlooked-for circumstance, he did not get through the whole list, he carried on the remainder to the day following; by this orderly mode he seemed, in the midst of an active life, always to have time at his disposal. But I have a particular instance of order to mention.

The other day I popped into the study of an editor, who, if I were not orderly, could never, by any possibility, get through the fourth part of the literary labours he performs. You may be sure that I looked around me: but bear in mind that Old Humphrey is no pryer into the secrets of others; he would feel ashamed if his roving eye fell upon an open letter, or a confidential paper, with which he had nothing to do. Oh! no! he would not willingly tread on forbidden ground in these matters; but you shall hear what he has yet to say.

Any one unaccustomed to literary pursuits, would have been frightened at the very thought of finding his way through the mass of papers piled around. Books of all sizes were there, some opened, and some shut; some in leathern jackets, and some fresh from the printer, without any jackets at all. Some black lettered, hundreds of years old; and some common type of which the printing ink was scarcely dry; files of letters, packets of papers, folded sheets of closely written foolscap, scraps, periodicals, engravings, and wood-cuts. These things would have driven me half crazy.

While I stole a glance on the right hand and on the left, the editor went to one side of the room, and slid back a kind of shutter, behind which were a number of snug pigeon-holes, well supplied with papers. Being allowed to examine these pigeon-holes, I saw that they were all labelled in a very orderly manner. First and foremost was one for the "Holy Scriptures," and here were deposited such papers as were written on, or had reference to the word of the Most High. Next came the labels, "Botany," "Farming," "Gardening," and after that, "Animated Nature," and the "Human Frame." If the Holy Scriptures are a revelation of the will of God in Divine things the works of creation are a revelation too of his amazing power, infinite wisdom, and almighty care in earthly things; no wonder, then, that a place in the pigeon-holes should be reserved for pieces treating on the subjects already named. "Philosophy," "Chemistry," "Astronomy," "Natural Phenomena," and "Antiquities," came next; and then came the space for "Evangelizers." The papers which found their way into this pigeon-hole were to be of full tale and weight; they were expected to come up to the gospel standard. Wickliff, Bradford, Latimer, and Ridley; Knox, Tindal, Cranmer, and Jewell, would have been the men to have filled up this pigeon-hole; or Baxter, Flavel, Scott, Hall, and Leighton; or Boston of Ettrick, and Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, and fifty other such heavenly minded scribes. The mere names of these men warm my very heart; but I must on with my tale.

The next pigeon-hole was marked "Philanthropy," and then followed the label "Enliveners." Old Humphrey felt that he could almost have written a paper on the spot for this pigeon-hole. "True Narrative," "Facts," "Anecdotes," "Useful Information," and "History," were put together; and after them, a "Household Stuff," and "Interesting Pieces" of a general kind. The two last labels were "Miscellaneous," one of them decidedly religious, and the other of a moral and instructive cast.

Now, it must be plain to you, that this method of reducing a mass of papers into order, is an excellent one. It simplifies what