

which he did. After the service he retired to the vestry, where he was accosted by a lively young man, who introduced himself as the son of an old friend of Mr. Charrier's, and as desirous of paying him respect out of regard to his father's memory. "Your father was a good man; I hope you are walking in his steps." "He *was* a good man; but he had some singularities—he was too religious. I do not wish to imitate him in that respect, though I have a grateful recollection of his kindness, and a high respect for his memory. He was very particular in attending religious meetings; I never go but on extraordinary occasions. I should not have been here to-night, but for the sake of shewing you personal regard as a friend of my father's." "How, then, do you spend your Sabbath?" "Oh, in taking recreation, posting my books, and balancing accounts." "Young man," said Mr. C. with great solemnity, "there will be *another day*—*another book*—and *other accounts* to give up. May you find mercy of the Lord in *that day*." The words went to his heart—he retired silent and convicted; the spirit wrought within—he was converted to God—and spent the remainder of his days in the service of his Lord and the enjoyment of the truth.

Praying that your work may be well supported, and rendered eminently useful, I am, your's,

OBSERVER.

PROVIDENTIAL INTERPOSITION.

The following striking narrative shews the importance of a close attention to small impressions on the mind.

The late Sir Evan Nepean, when under Secretary of State, related to a friend of his that, one night, he had the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined. He was in perfect health; had dined early and moderately; had no care, nothing to

brood over, and was perfectly self-possessed. Still he could not sleep, and from eleven till two in the morning had never closed an eye. It was summer, and twilight was far advanced; and to dissipate the *ennui* of his wakefulness, he resolved to rise and breathe the morning air in the Park. There he saw nothing but sleepy sentinels, whom he rather envied. He passed the home office several times, and at last, without any particular object, resolved to let himself in with his pass key. The book of entries of the day before lay open on the table, and in sheer listlessness he began to read. The first thing appalled him, 'A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution the next day.' It struck him that he had no return to his order to send the reprieve; and he searched the minutes, but could not find it. In alarm he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing street: knocked him up (it was then long past three,) and asked him if he knew any thing of the reprieve being sent. In greater alarm, the chief clerk could not remember. 'You are scarcely awake,' said Sir Evan; 'collect yourself; it must have been sent.'

The chief clerk said he did now recollect he had sent it to the clerk of the crown, whose business it was to forward it to York.

'Good,' said Sir E. 'but have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?'

'No!'

'Then come with me to his house; we must find him, though it is so early.' It was now four, and the clerk of the crown lived in Chancery lane. There was no hackney coach, and they almost ran. The clerk of the crown had a country house, and meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at the visit of the Under Secretary at such an