

exhort sinners to repentance." They eschewed gaily of apparel, pleasure-parties, intoxicating drinks, and marriage with an unconverted person. Finney's "Revival Lectures" were in great vogue with them; an edition of which was published by Mr. Aitken, with an introduction "vindicated and enforcing Mr. Finney's plan of conducting the work of God."

Societies were organized in Manchester, Preston, Hanley, Doncaster, Stockport, Bristol, and many other places, in the course of the two following years. In 1838, he removed to London, and commenced a society in White's-Row Chapel, and a few months later, another in Zion Chapel, Waterloo Road, Surrey. Vigorous congregations were soon organized in both these places, and great crowds, as usual, attracted to hear his fervid oratory. His godly wife, who had exerted a most sanctifying influence over her husband, and was greatly beloved by the people, was removed by death, near the close of 1839.

Shortly after his bereavement, his health failed, and he was driven for a few weeks to his native hills in Tiviotdale for restoration. Returning with renewed strength in March, 1839, he resumed his work. To a particular friend he stated, about that time, that about 3000 persons had been converted under his ministry within the preceding twelve months. Many of the higher classes were attracted to his chapels, and among them the Hon. Miss Grant, a lady of large fortune, who soon obtained a complete ascendancy over him. A part of the Church service was introduced in their worship; and in Zion Chapel, an organ also, which gave great offence. He was urged to return to the Church and to labor for a revival in the Establishment. He sought a reconciliation with the Bishop, made his obeisance and was enjoined to make a public confession and receive a rebuke. The scene took place in his own chapel at Liverpool, and the rebuke was administered by the Rev. Hugh McNeile, the gifted and popular rector of St. Jude's Liverpool. He became the husband of the Hon. Miss Grant, and was introduced into the circles of the aristocracy.—He continued his ministry awhile at Hope St. Chapel, but without his former success. The people no longer crowded to hear as in former days, and he soon grew weary of Liverpool. He removed to Leeds, and completely identified himself with the Tractarian party, under the leadership of the Rev. Dr. HOOK.—Here, for the last ten or twelve years, he has been hidden from the world, and seldom heard of beyond the precincts of his own charge.

At length the Spell is broken. Some months since he began to resume his former modes of preaching. Still adhering to the surplice in preaching, and the intonation of the service, he is admitted to St. Peter's St. James', and St. Saviour's Puseyite places of worship, and preaches with prodigious power and energy. The penitent meeting, too, has been resumed, and Oxford divines conduct the services. Conversions have been multiplied, and the work has extended into Staffordshire, whither Mr. Aitken was invited. The movement is certainly very remarkable, as occurring under such auspices. Should it spread, as now seems most likely, it may eventually reach Oxford itself, and prove a blessing to the establishment.

From the Buffalo Courier.

CRUEL TWITTING.

Incidents trifling in themselves often have an important influence in determining the character of a life. A word spoken in season, a cruel taunt, wounding the heart to its core, have been the turning points in destiny, and put a young mind on the high road to

fortune, or sent it downward to ruin. Almost every person can recall some occurrence in early life which gave tone and impulse to effort, and imbued the mind with principles whose influence is even now controlling. We give place to the following true narrative, as an illustration of this fact, and because it inculcates a truth which every man, woman and child may profitably bear in mind:

Years ago, when I was a boy, it was customary, as I probably is now to some extent among district schools in the country, to have spelling schools during the winter term. These gatherings were always anticipated with great interest by the scholars, as at those times was to be decided who was the best speller. Occasionally one school would visit another for the test of scholarship in this regard. Ah! how the little hearts would throb, and big ones thump, in their anxiety to beat the whole.

Once on a time, a neighboring school sent word to ours, that on a certain day in the afternoon, they would meet at our school-house for one of these contests. As the time was short, most of the other studies were suspended, and at school and at home in the evening, all hands were studying to master the monosyllables, dissyllables, polysyllables, abbreviations, &c., &c., which the spelling-books contained.

At length the day arrived, and as our visitors were considered rather our superiors, our fears and anxieties were proportionately great. The scholars were ranged in a standing position, on opposite sides of the house, and the words pronounced to each side alternately, and the scholar that "missed" was to sit down. His game was up.

It did not take long to thin the ranks on both sides. In a short time our school had but eight on the floor, and theirs but six. After a few rounds the contest turned in their favor, as they had four standing to our two. For a long time it seemed as though these six had the book "by heart." At length the number was reduced to one on each side. Our visitors were represented by an accomplished young lady, whose parents had recently arrived in town, and ours by myself, a ragged little boy of ten summers, who had set up night after night, while my mother, with no other light than that produced by pine knots, pronounced my lesson to me. The interest of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, as word after word was spelled by each. At length the young lady missed, and I stood alone. Her teacher said she did not understand the word. She declared she did; that the honor was mine, and that I richly deserved it. That was a proud moment for me. I had spelled down both schools and was declared victor. My cheeks burned, and my brain was dizzy with excitement.

Soon as the school was dismissed, my competitor came and sat down by my side and congratulated me on my success, inquired my name and age, and flatteringly predicted my future success in life.

Unaccustomed to such attentions, I doubtless acted as most little boys would under such circumstances, injudiciously. At this juncture, Master G., the son of the rich man of our neighborhood, tauntingly said to me, in the presence of my fair friend and a number of boys from the other school—"O you needn't feel so big—your folks are poor, and your father is a drunkard."

I was happy no more—I was a drunkard's son—and how could I look up my new friends in the face?—My heart seemed to rise up in my throat, and almost suffocated me. The hot tears scalded my eyes—but I kept them back, and soon as possible quietly slipped away from my companions, procured my dinner bas-