

## TWILIGHT HOURS.



**T**WILIGHT ! a thousand touching remembrances, and endearing recollections steal over my soul at the magic of that word. Where is the heart so hardened, even by crime, or so cased with selfishness and constant intercourse with a hollow and heartless world, that does not at one time or another vibrate at that name so fraught with tender reminiscences of the past ?

How does memory recall each member of the beloved family circle gathered round the cheerful fire ; the father or loving mother imparting to the eager auditors some tale or legend of olden time, some heroic deeds of the wise, the noble hearted, of those who in a holy cause have been faithful unto death ; and, as she gazes on the earnest faces bent upon her, how does the secret prayer ascend unto the throne of God, that on the pliant tender natures around her, they might make an impression, not to be effaced by the rude breath of worldliness.—

Then the conversation would lead on to still deeper things,—gradually unfolding her own treasures of thought and experience,—human life in its more chastened coloring, and endeavouring in the spring-time of their being to inspire them with earnest longings after all that is fair and good. Who dare limit the influence of the “twilight hour ?”

It may be the germ of that mighty power implanted in the soul, which impresses it ever with a deep sense of its immortality, that power which has ever supported it in times of trial and of suffering.

It stood by Galilec, when, unmoved by tortures he boldly asserted his sublime discovery.—Like a watching Angel, it hovered over Sir Walter Raleigh in the solitude of the Tower ; with Ferguson it watched the stars ; with Columbus it crossed the Atlantic ; and among the lonely of the earth, it diffuses its hallowing, purifying power.

Far and wide, and into ages yet unborn, the seed of the twilight hour may extend its influence ; it must be a growth of in-