

thing about it. They leave nothing untried that can efficiently contribute to its propagation. By the means of schools, sermons, lectures, offering handsome prizes to successful essayists, and other indirect measures, they insidiously cause the youths of this country to be initiated in the doctrines of Christianity. The labors of the missionaries, it must be confessed have been in this respect, to a certain extent, crowned with success, though in producing conviction on the mind of the Hindoo population in regard to the soundness of the claims of their religion, they have not met with equally happy results. But when it is found that the acquaintance of the people with the subject of Christianity has grown so general, and that they have got it with some enlightened exceptions, of course, through no other medium than that of its advocates, it is exceedingly desirable that they should be made aware of what is said against it by eminent men born and educated in countries where the religion of Jesus is found to form the national faith."

An attempt is also being made to relax the stringent regulations of the Shasters, with the view of inducing those who have embraced Christianity to return to the religion of their ancestors. These proceedings on the part of the votaries of Hindoo idolatry afford conclusive evidence as to the extensive progress of the gospel in India.

### Twilight in the Village.

How softly falls twilight in the village! The woods are crowned with red, and the hills fade from crimson to purple. A holy radiance shines in the blue transparency of the skies. The birds twitter bits of song, as they fold their plumage for rest. One star, out betimes to light evening through its cloud-path, trembles at its own beauty, mirrored in the placid river. In peace the sun is sinking behind the hills. Peace is written on field, flower, and leaf. Peace seems falling from heaven like the dew that sinks in the heart

of earth. The low hum of human voices is rather the melody of silence than its disturber.

Down the hilly, winding road, comes the loaded wain. High-perched in the midst of the fragrant hay-mound, sits a yellow-haired child—tricksy as a sprite, an oat-plume in his brimless hat, a bunch of gaudy hurs in his hand. Ah! life will weave thee some crown of thorns, my boy, even more rapidly, more surely than thou thy field treasures; thou canst not throw it by like those.

Black Pomp frisks by his master's side as he guides the lumbering oxen. The old man is tired. And who shall say what unwritten poetry swells his bosom, as he sees wife and babes in the mellow distance. Sure of welcome—happy rustic he! No city splendor for him—but large shares of heart and home.

In a hundred kitchens the snowy cloth is spread. On a hundred hearths the boiling kettle babbles its merry music. Out go mothers to gather in the straggling children from garden and hill-side. How the berries have stained them—lip, cheek, frock and fingers. And what boots chiding? they will do the same to-morrow. From hill-side streams come the elder boys, their hands full of tiny fish, and little girls haste from their mimic gardens, leaving their broken twigs to shoot into trees as they fondly hope.

Neighbor hails neighbor as he shakes the dust from his shoes, and lifts the latchet of his gate, driving before him to their shelter a cloud of hens and chickens. Here and there a white-headed patriarch puts lingeringly from his sight his favorite newspaper, folds the old horn-rimmed spectacles away in a case, worn like himself, and hobbles in to the call of supper. Yonder, where a spectre hand, white as death, 'ds back the muslin curtain, the poor consumptive woos the cool, sweet breath of evening, as it comes with stars in its crown of rejoicing.

Now on the stillness floats the sacred song. Childish ringlets are crushed between dimpled hand and cheek;