To-morrow is the Sabbath-time;
Refreshed by sleep this tired multitude,
Which now by all ways rushes through the city,
Each hurrying to and fro with thoughts of gain,
And harried with the business of the world,
Men with children mixed clamorous and rude,
Shall, all at once, quit their accustomed streets,
And to the temples turn with sober pace,
And decent dress composed for prayer and praise.
You gate, that now is shut upon the crowd,
Shall open to the worshippers; by paths
Where not a foot’s now heard, up these high steps
Come arm in arm the mother, father, child,
Brother, and sister, servants and the stranger
Tarrying with them, and the stated priest
Who ministers in holy things. Peace be
On this House, on its courts! May the high hymn
Of praise, that now is sung preparative,
Quiet the rough waves that loud are breaking
At its base, and threatening its high walls.
I would not, when my heart is bitter grown,
And my thoughts turned against the multitude,
War with their earthly temple; mar its stones;
Or, with both pillars in my grasp, shake down
The mighty ruin on their heads. With this
I war not, nor wrestle with the earthly man.
I war with the spiritual temple raised
By pride, whose top is in the heavens, though built
On the earth; whose sight and hydra-headed power
Is everywhere; — with Principalities,
And them who rule the darkness of this world,
The Spirits of wickedness that highest stand.
‘Gainst this and these I fight; nor I alone,
But those bright stars I see that gather round
Nightly this sacred spot. Nor will they lay
Their glittering armor by, till from heaven’s height
Is cast Satan with all his host headlong;
Palling from sphere to sphere, from earth to earth
Forever; — and God’s will is done.

'T is all a great show,
The world that we're in,
None can tell when 't was finished,
None saw it begin;
Men wander and gaze through
Its courts and its halls,
Like children whose love is
The picture-hung walls.

There are flowers in the meadow,
There are clouds in the sky,
Songs pour from the woodland,
The waters glide by;
Too many, too many
For eye or for ear,
The sights that we see,
And the sounds that we hear.

A weight as of slumber
Comes down on the mind,
So swift is Life’s train
To its objects we’re blind;
I myself am but one
In the fleet-glidings show,
Like others I walk,
But know not where I go.

One saint to another
I heard say ‘How long?’
I listened, but nought more
I heard of his song;
The shadows are walking
Through city and plain,—
How long shall the night
And its shadow remain!
How long ere shall shine
In this gimmer of things
The Light of which prophet
In prophecy sings;
And the gates of that city
Be open, whose sun
No more to the west
Its circuit shall run!

CHARDON STREET AND BIBLE CONVENTIONS.

In the month of November, 1840, a Convention of Friends of Universal Reform assembled in the Chardon Street Chapel, in Boston, in obedience to a call in the newspapers signed by a few individuals, inviting all persons to a public discussion of the institutions of the Sabbath, the Church and the Ministry. The Convention organized itself by the choice of Edmund Quincy, as Moderator, spent three days in the consideration of the Sabbath, and adjourned to a day in March, of the following year, for the discussion of the second topic. In March, accordingly, a three-days' session was held, in the same place, on the subject of the Church, and a third meeting fixed for the following November, which was accordingly held, and the Convention, debated, for three days again, the remaining subject of the Priesthood. This Convention never printed any report of its deliberations, nor pretended to arrive at any Result, by the expression of its sense in formal resolutions,—the professed object of those persons who felt the greatest interest in its meetings being simply the elucidation of truth through free discussion. The daily newspapers reported, at the time, brief sketches of the course of proceedings, and the remarks of the principal speakers. These meetings attracted a good deal of public attention, and were spoken of in different circles in every note of hope, of sympathy, of joy, of alarm, of abhorrence, and of merriment. The composition of the assembly was rich and various. The singularity and latitude of the summons drew together, from all parts of New England, and also from the Middle States, men of every shade of opinion, from the strictest orthodoxy to the wildest heresy, and many persons whose church was a church of one member only. A great variety of dialect and of costume was noticed; a great deal of confusion, eccentricity, and freak appeared, as well as of zeal and enthusiasm. If the assembly was disorderly, it was picturesque. Madmen, madwomen, men with beards, Dunkers, Muggletonians, Come-outers, Groaners, Agrarians, Seventh-day-Baptists, Quakers, Abolitionists, Calvinists, Unitarians, and Philosophers,—all came successively to the top, and seized their moment, if not their hour, wherein to chide, or pray, or preach, or protest. The faces were a study. The most daring innovators, and the champions-until-death of the old cause, sat side by side. The still living merit of the oldest New England families, glowing yet, after several generations, encountered the founders of families, fresh merit, emerging, and expanding the brows to a new breadth, and lighting a clownish face with sacred fire. The assembly was characterized by the predominance of a certain plain, sylvan strength and earnestness, whilst many of the most intellectual and cultivated persons attended its councils. Dr. Channing, Edward Taylor, Bronson Alcott, Mr. Garrison, Mr. May, Theodore Parker, H. C. Wright, Dr. Osgood, William Adams, Edward Palmer, Jones Very, Maria W. Chapman, and many other persons of a mystical, or sectarian, or philanthropic renown, were present, and some of them participant. And there was no want of female speakers; Mrs. Little and Mrs. Lucy Sessions took a pleasing and memorable part in the debate, and that flea of Conventions, Mrs. Abigail Folsom, was but too ready with her interminable scroll. If there was not parliamentary order, there was life, and the assurance of that constitutional love for religion and religious liberty, which, in all periods, characterizes the inhabitants of this part of America.

"There was a great deal of wearisome speaking in each of those three days' sessions, but relieved by signal passages of pure eloquence, by much vigor of thought, and especially by the exhibition of character, and by the victories