

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest
Go stand on the hill where they lie,
When the earth's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
And summer's throned on high.

The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast,
And the evening sun, as the day is done
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim spirit is not dead,
It walks in the noon's broad light,
And it watches the bed of the saintly dead
With the watching stars at night.

It watches the bed of the brave who bled,
And shall guard that ice-bound-shore
Till the waves of the bay where the Mayflower lay
Shall foam and freeze no more.

The hymn, written by Rev. Dr. Bacon, was sung, commencing :—

“O God, beneath thy guiding hand
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the wintry strand
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.”

After singing, the Convention proceeded to organize itself,—appointed permanent officers, and drafted Committees. B. W. Tompkins, Esq., of Connecticut, was elected President. Several Vice-Presidents and a staff of Secretaries were put in office, but I need not consume space with official lists.

On Thursday morning, the Convention listened to a very beautiful address by Rev. Dr. Post, of St. Louis. It fairly glittered with gems of thought, and was especially striking in the distinction it drew most clearly between *idolizing* men and *idealizing* them. Dr. Post is a scholar, a thinker, and a writer of great power, but he is no orator. In some men's mouths, his address would have been a perfect electric battery, as it was, you had to pick out the thought pearls from the dust of a very dry and tame delivery. A single paragraph to verify what I have said of this magnificent address, is all I dare ask you to squeeze into your crowded pages.

“Another result of this secularization of the age was that religion had become a matter of *eclat*—titles, an imposing array of ritual and arrangement, something that would strike the senses. The æsthetic element was made to predominate over the moral and spiritual; salvation had got to be a fine art, preaching was an entertainment, and decorum was the chief grace, and inelegance the unpardonable sin. The doors of the kingdom of this secular church were wide enough to admit Belial and Potiphar, and all the host of this world's lusts, but Lazarus and his rags could not crowd in. Tears of penitence were all very well, but they must flow gracefully; instead of babes and sucklings constituting the kingdom of heaven, anything like false grammar, or anything but the purest Addisonian, could never reach the mercy seat. To the upholders of this secular church, the spontaneity of religious life was something simply dreadful; they wanted no religious liberty. This class, who were ready to “die of a rose in aromatic pain”—what a figure would they make marching along with the old Ironsides!”

“The Business Committee reported through their Chairman, Rev. Dr. W.