

Besides, you are to consider, that this grumbling and ill-will does not effect your masters and mistresses only: they have ways and means in their hands of forcing you to do your work, whether you are willing or not. But your murmuring and grumbling is against God, who hath placed you in that service, who will punish you severely in the next world for despising his commands.

Thus I have endeavoured to shew you, why you ought to serve God, and what duty is particular you owe him; I have also shewn you, that while you are serving your masters and mistresses, or doing any thing that God hath commanded, you are at the same time serving him; and have endeavoured to shew you what duty or service you owe to your owners, in obedience to God, and that in so plain a manner, as I hope the greatest part of you did well understand. The other parts of your duty, and the rewards which God hath promised to you (if you will honestly set about doing it) I shall endeavour to lay before you at our next meeting here for that purpose. In the mean time, consider well what hath been said. Think upon it, and talk about it one with another, and strive to fix it on your memories. And may God of his infinite mercy grant, that it may sink deep into your hearts, and taking root there, may bring forth in you the fruit of good living, to the honor and praise of his holy name, the spreading abroad of his Gospel, and the eternal salvation of your precious souls, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom, with the Father, and the Holy Spirit, be all honor and glory, world without end. *Amen.—Christian Gos. Mess.*

ON THE DEATH OF THE RT. REV. JOHN HENRY HOBART.

"A GREAT MAN IS FALLEN IS ISRAEL."

There is a song above;
In those glad mansions where the righteous rest,
That glorious heaven, where smiles of endless love
Beam on the bless'd.

Their harps are strung;
Glad hallelujahs swelling, as the sweep
Of their light fingers o'er the chords are flung—
Men only weep.

Men only weep;
Weep as they lay the honoured in the tomb;
Those whom they reverence most, in their last sleep
Of silent gloom.

Oh! shall that eye
Once clothed in mild, parental love to men;
Awake no more save in the trellised sky?
In glory then.

Cold, cold in death,
To man, to earth, that soul shall wake no more;
No more in gentle words shall sound that breath,
Scarce breathed but to adore.

Sage Hobart sleeps;
Where the bright stars, nor the all-glorious sun
Can smile upon him, where the night-dew weeps—
His race is run.

Sad sons of men,
Before his cold remains with reverence bow;
The form ye loved, but none can love again—
'Tis ashes now.

Hear! "dust to dust."
On his home sleeps, Oh! what a solemn gloom,
But that strong spirit sleeps not in the rust
Of the damp tomb.

The corse to earth—
The spirit to her ever glorious reign.
Yet weep: for heaven may never equal worth
Bestow again.

Utica, Sept. 1850.

C. A. G.
Gospel Messenger.

METRICAL PARAPHRASE

ON THE COLLECT FOR THE TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

O Almighty and most merciful God, of thy bountiful goodness keep us, we beseech thee, from all things that may hurt us; that we, being ready both in body and in soul, may cheerfully accomplish those things that thou wouldst have done; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Thou, God, whose awful power can strike
A sinner to the grave;
But who by mercy art inclin'd
To succour and to save.

Whatever ills around us wait
To injure or alarm,
Thy power and goodness we implore
To keep us safe from harm.

Whilst thus preserved may we improve
Each talent we possess,
And thus to thee with cheerful hearts
Our gratitude express.

For thee our bodies and our souls
Exert their utmost powers,
Thy glory is our highest joy
And all thy will be ours.

There is such a touching proof of the spirit of sincere contrition and humble piety in the following lines, that we believe they will be acceptable to every one sensible of the influence of human passions, and of the necessity of secret, unostentatious self-abasement for past errors of life and heart.

CONFESSION.

"Nay, holy father come not near,
The secrets of my heart to hear;
For not to mortal ear I tell
The griefs that in this bosom swell,
The thoughts, the wishes, wild and vain,
That wander through this burning brain.
Faint fellow being! why should I
Before thee kneel impudently?
'T were worse than madness to believe
Man can his brother worm forgive,
Or yield unto the contrite one
That peace which comes from heaven alone.
No! let me spend my vesper hour
In commune with a higher power:
The world shut out I'll lowly bend
To my Almighty Father, Friend!
To him for mercy I'll appeal,
To him my utmost soul reveal;—
He knows the heart that he has made,
By each alternate passion sway'd,
And can forgive it; for he knows
Its wants, its weakness, and its woes.
By his protecting pardon blest,
How sweetly might I sink to rest,
And sleep his sheltering wing beneath.
Though 'twere the last dark sleep of death!"

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