

but Immoralities, cannot look at an Enemy in the Face: He either flies, betraying the dastardly Spirit of a Coward; or, overwhelmed by all the Horrors of conscious Guilt, kneels, deprecating the Vengeance of the uplifted Arm ready to strike the fatal Blow: Whereas the Christian Soldier, who complies with his Duty, not by Necessity, but by Choice; not through the servile Fear of Reproach, but for the Welfare and Glory of his Country, is not abashed to meet his Fate; he is seized with no Horrors of Conscience to make him grovel in Timidity; his Mind is erect, steady, and active; no Difficulties can obstruct his victorious Sword, nor no Dangers deter him from executing the Purpose of his Soul.

ALL the Actions of WOLFE expressed this Pourtrait of the Christian Soldier; from the very Time he embraced the Profession of Arms, which was so early as when he was but just able to bear them. Eager to receive Instruction, punctual to obey Command, assiduous to form himself and others to all the Exactness of military Discipline, he soon merited the Esteem of his Equals, and was honoured with the Commendations of his Superiors. How wonderfully does Praise operate on an ingenuous Mind! It is its Sting, its Spur, its Fire; it rouses, it pushes on, it inflames the whole Man to atchieve the most gallant Exploits: Yet WOLFE, though sensible of it, was far from being puffed up with vain Pride: Praise may flatter others with the Thoughts of Self-sufficiency, with an over Confidence in their Abilities; but in him its Effects were only predominant to the Out-doing of himself in still greater and more spirited Acts.

DURING the last War he was present at almost every Engagement, in which he bore no inconsiderable Part, signalising his Courage by vigorous Attacks upon the Enemy, and frequently his Conduct, in a very masterly Manner, amidst Dangers and Difficulties. No Wonder, then, if his military Genius was singled out, as one that promised to appear eminently distinguished in the first Rank. But, whilst it was thus rising apace, admired and applauded by all, Peace lulled to Rest the Horrors of War, and cut short his fond Hopes of gathering fresh Laurels.

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