

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

*From the American Edition.*

A Sermon preached by a Protestant Minister, on a day appointed by the Government, for humiliation and prayer, in order to avert from our beloved country, the calamity of war, has been the occasion of the present Letter.

The professed object of his Sermon on such a day, was or should have been, to excite his hearers to humility and contrition, and to a perfect union of hearts and exertion, during the impending storm. But he, very likely alarmed at much greater danger, of which nobody but himself dreamed—alarmed, I mean, and trembling for the ark of Israel, likely to be carried off by those Philistines, called “Roman Catholics,” or alarmed, perhaps at the very probable danger of an intended invasion from the Pope, who would, to be sure, avail himself of the confused state of the country, to assist his English friends in the conquest of it, that he might by that means extend his jurisdiction; or, in fine, alarmed perhaps, lest our treacherous Catholics would take advantage of the times, and by forming a new gun-powder plot, would blow up the Congress Hall, State Houses, and all the Protestant Meeting Houses of the United States; alarmed, at least, by something or another, he suddenly forgets his subject, and putting on a grave countenance, enters the most solemn caveat against Popish and Heathen neighbours, cautions his hearers against their superstitions, and gives them plainly enough to un-