

was thus making Advances towards the Enemies Country, General *WOLFE*, with a Body of chosen Troops, convoyed by a strong Fleet, penetrated the Enemies Country, by the Way of the River *St. Lawrence*, and laid Siege to their Capital. In the whole Conduct of that Enterprize, tis pleasant to observe the visible Smiles of Providence upon that successful Undertaking—the early Arrival of the grand Fleet, a prosperous Voyage, the fruitless Attempts of the Enemy to burn our Ships, seemed to be Presages of a happy Conquest. But to pass by other Circumstances: In that important, that critical Moment, when the Fate of all was tryed in Battle, What a visible Interposition of Providence do we behold, to crown our largest Wishes with Success? When we consider the Circumstances of that glorious Day, already come to our Knowledge—the superior Numbers of the Enemy—the Intrepidity of our little Army—the sudden Destruction of their broken Troops—and the Strength of their Capital; we stand astonished at the divine Goodness. “Not unto us, O LORD, not unto us, but unto thy Name, we give Glory—Thy right Hand, O LORD, is terrible; thy right Hand hath dashed in Pieces the Enemy”—It has been observed, that the Fate of mighty Empires often depends on a Combination of minute Circumstances; the greatest Victories have been won by seizing a particular Moment. But, methinks, if ever Providence united a Number of such Circumstances, and pointed to the critical Moment, it was when this Victory was obtained. Thus GOD in a Day gave us a signal Conquest; made us Masters of the impregnable City of *Quebeck*, which Nature and Art conspired to render invincible. “Oh that Men would praise the Lord for his Goodness, and for his wonderful Works; he hath broken the Gates of Brass, and cut the Bars of Iron in sunder.”

BUT is there not a Cloud to shade the over-powering Lustre of that Day? The Excess of Joy, which the News of this Conquest could not have failed to excite, was much obstructed by the Fall of that noble

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