

how our Fields did stand so thick with Corn, *that they laughed and sung*: But how would their Joy have been turned into mourning—how would the fruitful Fields have languished, had they been reaped by hostile Hands! But our Garners are now full, affording all Manner of Stores; how providential this extraordinary Abundance! *That* God, who foresaw our future Necessities, gave, before we could either ask or know what we should want, such Provisions as War required, but has not exhausted. And whenever it shall please God to give us the Blessings of Peace, may he grant us to enjoy that Plenty which his Bounty hath so liberally bestowed upon us; and may he continue that Union and Harmony now flourishing among us, to his Honour and Glory, to his Adoration and Worship, now and for evermore.

F I N I S.