

that, in an unpropitious hour, tempts thee thus to forego those advantages, which could not, perhaps, have been forced from thee? What is it that induces thee to put the capital of Canada, and, with it, the whole country, upon so desperate a risque as the event of the ensuing battle? Perhaps thou reliest on thy superior numbers. But dost thou not know both British troops and French ones better, than to think the latter can stand before the former on even ground, tho' the disproportion of numbers be so great? Is there not something else of more consequence than numbers, when things are brought to such a crisis as the present? Dost thou not know, that God has given men different nerves, sinews, arms and hearts? Dost thou not know, that those who fight for a Tyrant, will not fight like free-born Britons? Perhaps thou thinketh thyself again at Ticonderoga—But dost thou not see, who it is at the head of that little veteran army, by his presence infusing courage enough into each breast, to make every man a hero? Or, perhaps, thou thinkest thy relicks, thy crosses, and thy saints, either St. Peter, or thy great *Lady*, whom thou profanely stilest “The mother God,” will now befriend, and make thee victorious. But remember, *that* little host now in array against thee, worship the God that made the heavens, earth, and seas, with all that they contain; the Lord of hosts is his name! His is the glory and the victory; and know, that the event of this battle shall be accordingly! Cross thyself speedily, if thou thinkest it will be of any advantage to thee! Mercy to thy soul, notwithstanding *violated faith* at Lake George, once *St. Sacrament*! But alas! be assured, that yonder gloomy wood on thy right, affords not laurels, but cypress for thy brows!

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