War is an awful visitation of divine providence to any country; but especially a new country like Canada. A commercial country may soon retrieve itself by launching forth into trade. War is calculated to ruin an agricultural country; already have we suffered much in this point of view. How pleasing to reflect that those gay meadows, highly cultivated fields, and luxurious orchards, only thirty years past were an immense wilderness, inhabited by savages and beasts of prey. Mighty change, to be effected by the industry of so short a period: And is this toil to be for naught? Are we again to leave our comfortable dwellings, and cultivated farms to flee to the woods from an invading army, and the horrors of war? How uncertain is the possession of our comforts, and even our lives while surrounded by the calamities of war. Many in this early state of hostilities, have lost their lives, others perhaps, what was dearer to them than life.

Although Brock is the distinguished object of regret, yet, who can think on the awful day on which he fell, and not remember the brave companions of his toils and conflicts, and those who fell with him in the glorious contest? These brave men have left either parents or children, to lament, even that day, which to the Province was a day of triumph. Ah me! that day to them is imbittered by the loss of their all! Do you not shudder, christian friends of humanity, at the dreadful scene, at the various places of attack? See the edifice erected to justice environed in flames! See families fleeing to the woods for safety! women alarmed for their husbands! children weeping for their fathers! See boats loaded with reinforcements sinking in the current by our artillery! the enemy driven from the post at the