

ance, the mountains will be "melted" with her blood. Oh, my country will you not spare yourself, save yourself from this ruin. Would you not shudder to see your brother, wantonly plunge himself from the top of a *mountain* into the ocean? Would not your bosom be stricken with horror, to see your sons throw themselves from the summit of a volcano, into the blazing crater? Such is your conduct, when you give your suffrages for this war. Like the apostate angels, who plunged themselves and their adherents from the battlements of heaven, to the abodes of misery, you are throwing yourself and country from the height of prosperity into the gulf of destruction. I plead with you not to do yourselves any harm; I plead for your country; I plead the cause of man. Do not, I beseech you, do not move a finger to promote this wicked war. They who take the sword *shall* perish with the sword. I know you do not imagine that any sinister motive can excite this address. It is not possible that the interests of the christian pastor, who loves his office, should be separate from that of his people. No party, no government, have any thing to give which he desires.

When the hour of final retribution shall arrive, the stars fall, and the world burn; when the fields of battle shall resign their trust, and the victims of the sword shall awake, to show their wounds, and accuse their murderers before the tribunal of eternal justice; how will the supporters of this anti-christian warfare endure their sentence, endure their own reflections, endure the fire that forever burns, the worm which never dies, the hosannas of heaven, while the smoke of their torments ascend forever and ever? AMEN.

ANTHONY H. HOLLAND, *Printers*