

and Saviour of men that He would pardon our national crimes, save men from death, and have mercy on the souls of those constantly falling in battle. You may suppose that the constant sound of the instruments of death gave weight to our concern, and ardency to our petitions, with all that grace could inspire.

“ We then mounted our horses and set out for the scene of action, that, if possible, we might afford some assistance as ministers, and administer consolation to the wounded and dying. When we reached the Harbour the British had retreated to their shipping, leaving part of the dead and wounded upon the field of battle. These, with the others, were brought in from the field; the dead were stretched side by side in rows, and the wounded on beds and straw in as comfortable a condition as could be expected. We were conducted by a friend to the several hospitals, where I saw the distress of about eighty wounded. I cannot describe my feelings to hear the groans of the wounded and dying, some pierced through the body, others through the head, some bruised by the falling of timbers, others with broken bones, and one whose face was shot away (save his under jaw) by a grape-shot. He was yet breathing strong. This was a shocking view. Some were in such pain they could not be conversed with; others being fatigued and broken of their rest were asleep, but we conversed with many who manifested seriousness, whom we pointed to the suffering, bleeding Saviour, and exhorted them to look to Him for mercy. Here I saw how useful a faithful and feeling chaplain might be. The best opportunity would present itself in alleviating the miseries of men in some degree, by procuring such things as the distressed most needed, and by comforting them in their afflictions; and here he might be heard though at another time his counsel might be slighted.

“ Having been without bread for a long time, many of the militia were very hungry. Some wanted coffee, some milk, some bread. We gave them the biscuits we carried down, but could procure no milk for them. I really desired to stay with them; my heart thirsted to do them good.

“ On leaving the Harbour, we called on some brethren, who, with their neighbours, carried down several gallons of milk, and distributed it among the wounded. We also represented their case to the congregation at the close of the camp-meeting, when twenty-five dollars were contributed and put into proper hands,