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fluences on this abode of mortals—prostrating my soul before their great author and regulator, my heart prompted me to pray, “O thou God of order and of peace, send down, I beseech thee, from thy eternal throne, a portion of the celestial harmony to guide the counsels and pursuits of thy rational offspring here on earth. In giving them existence, thou hast deigned from thine infinite understanding to impart to them some rays of intelligence. Crown, O crown thy gift of reason to them by penetrating their hearts with a portion of thy love. Give them to know and to feel how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.” Thus daily lamenting, and praying against, the miseries of war, I passed through that most gloomy portion of my past life from 1775 till the transporting sound of peace in 1783.

Abhorrent as my nature and all my feelings then were from war, I entertained the sentiment in which my fellow-citizens universally, almost to a man, were agreed, that, on our part, it was necessary, and from this conviction I composed and preached frequent discourses to animate and encourage its prosecution. Our oppressors had explicitly avowed their purpose to wrest from us our dearest privileges, to bind us in all cases whatever, subjecting us to their will and to whatever burdens they might see fit to impose. They vacated our charters, changed the forms of our governments, and answered our humble petitions and remonstrances at the mouths of their cannon. Their fleets and armies invaded our country, seized our property, wantonly shed the blood of our people, and themselves commenced the war with every mark of