

whole nation in a flame against James and his Irish troops. The Canadian edition suppresses the reason why the ballad produced such excitement by leaving out the whole of the following sentence, "in which (ballad) two Irish Romanists congratulate each other on the approaching massacre of Protestants and triumph of Popery." Through the whole book such changes have been made. But this is not enough: Collier must be still further mutilated to suit Archbishop Lynch. When the British history is Romanized, then will come the turn of British literature to undergo a similar transformation. Milton and Cowper must of course be excluded, or pass the ordeal of the Archbishop, and be brought into accord with his Ultramontane doctrines. Matters are indeed as Gavazzi, speaking more than twenty years ago on the English platform, pictured it to the eye, after his dramatic fashion. Standing on the remote right corner of the ample platform he pictured the Church of Rome meekly begging for "a little ground

for a little chapel." Having obtained this he (acting the part of the church of Rome) asked for a little more and a little more, creeping on cautiously till he stood erect at length with proud look in the centre of the platform, holding out an equal hand to Protestantism. Thence he pictured the progress of Rome as bold and defiant, till she stood with closed fists and merciless words over Protestantism, crouching in an agony of terror in the remote left corner with hardly standing room on ground which at one time was all her own. That is really the state of the question. As Protestants, we are being driven step by step from our vantage-ground, and getting cornered up. The time for closed fists and merciless words will come bye and bye if we allow things to go on as they have been doing. Truly may it be said of us, that "we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

Living Preachers.

"HOPE AMID BILLOWS."

A SERMON, BY THE REV. PATRICK GREIG,
ORCHARDVILLE.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."—
Psalm xlii. 11.

Seasons of spiritual depression are perhaps, less or more, experienced by all God's people. Be this as it may, it is certain that such seasons are often passed through by some. Their spiritual experience is very varied. It alternates between hope and fear; peace and perplexity. Rising at one time to the sunny heights of holy gladness; at

others they sink into the depths of darkness and discomfort. Able at one time, with David, to say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." At other seasons they are constrained, with him, to utter the complaint, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?" The Psalmist, when he uttered these words, though deeply expressed, was not in despair. To the sad complaint, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?" he could add the blissful assurance, "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." And so