

nor, on the other hand, can their joy be described, by any tongue or pen, when in November of 1688 the joyful tidings reached them of the landing in England of Prince William of Orange, as the champion of Protestantism, and the deliverer of the British Empire from the despotic rule of the Papal tyrant, who had forfeited every claim to the throne. (Immense applause.) This news from England, as might be expected, maddened the Romanists. The Lord Lieutenant at once prepared to resist King William. The army now altogether filled with Roman Catholics, was gathered around Dublin, and prepared for immediate hostilities. To the great relief of the Protestants, the Papal regiments were drafted out of the Province. The Protestant population, in all parts of the land were in the meantime plundered and assailed by the infuriated Romanists. \* \* \* \* At length a terrible crisis arrived. On the 3rd of December, an anonymous letter was dropped in the streets of Comber, County Down, addressed to Lord Mount Alexander, warning him that on the approaching Sabbath, 9th instant, there would be all over Ireland a general massacre of the Protestant inhabitants.— Similar letters were received by different gentlemen at Lisburn and Hillsborough. The awful intelligence was circulated far and wide. The clergy of the North urged their parishioners to arm themselves, and they were prepared for the worst. The report of the intended massacre reached Derry on the 6th of December; according to it, within three days the Protes-

tant citizens were to be slain.— Information was received that Lord Antrim's regiment, consisting of 1,000 devotees of Rome, were marching to take possession of Derry. Under these appalling circumstances, the citizens met to determine on what means should be adopted, when it was proposed that the Gates of the City be shut against them. The magistrates and the Corporation were Romanists, and of course they denounced such a procedure, so did the Bishop of Derry. While no decided measures were agreed on, the degraded regiment appeared in view. What was to be done? A moment's delay, and Lord Antrim's "red shanks" should be in the city; for a detachment of the regiment had reached the gate, and demanded admittance in the King's name. What manhood failed to undertake, God put into the hearts of thirteen apprentice boys, heroically to determine upon. They rushed to the guard-room, armed themselves, and taking the keys of the City, they boldly shut the gates in the face of King James' officers. (Immense cheering.) Derry saved by thirteen lads! (Continued cheering.) Looking back to that era, and considering what national religious and political issues depended on the acts of that small band of mere apprentice boys, it is impossible not to feel that it was the wonder-working of the Lord, through the feeblest instrumentality, to uphold the British Dominions, His own holy cause, and to hurl to destruction all the combined might of enslaving despotism and Popery. I can only here glance at some of the charac-