

but in two years, gave way to an absolute and capricious Monarch. Charles the Second ; who ascended It was during his reign, that Algernon Sydney and Lord William the Throne in 1661. Like the whole race of the Stuarts, he was Russell suffered.

(To be Continued.)

(For the Protestant Review.)

WAKE, PROTESTANTS OF ENGLAND!

Wake, Protestants of England,
 Awake! the time is come;
 The Popish foe is prowling round,
 Why are your voices dumb?
 Let not your Church be thus o'erthrown,
 Your pleasant vine be fell'd;
 Rise up and speak, or your sons must
 fight
 For the faith your fathers held.
 'Tis a faith for which your sires so oft
 In stubborn battle stood;
 'Tis a faith they guarded with their lives,
 Cemented with their blood.
 'Tis a faith for which they pluck'd the
 crown
 From off a monarch's brow,
 To hand it to their sons unhurt—
 Will ye desert it now?
 Brave yeomanry of England,
 Oh! listen to my call,—
 Do you not hear the demon's voice
 That dooms your Church to fall.
 And shall the foe—the Popish foe—
 Again triumphant be;
 Oh! woe to merry England
 If that bitter hour she see.
 Deep woe to merry England—
 No longer merry then—
 Should the Scarlet Queen again arise
 Out of her swelt'ring den.
 Think upon Mary's bloody days,
 And your martyrs cruel fate,
 And let such thoughts rouse you up to
 speak
 Or e'er it be too late.
 Ye peasantry of England,
 Speak from your latticed bowers;
 Let once again your voices sound,
 As in more ancient hours.
 Already is one barrier past—
 One bulwark overthrown; [sound
 Shout loud, and long let them hear the

That would their clamor drown.
 Silence their hideous threats,
 And their discontented cry;
 Let them not say, we have silenced you,
 And you stand voiceless by.
 But let your clear-toned voices sound
 From hamlet and from cot;
 From hill and dale, from bower and
 town,
 E'er your faith be thus forgot.
 PROTESTANT Peers of England,
 To whom in time of need
 We look to as the *guardians*
 Of our fathers' church and creed;
 Of our Queen, of our Constitution,
 Of all our hearts hold dear,
 Treasured by ancient memory
 Of many a bygone year;
 Ye true, when some unfaithful proved
 And traitors to their name—
 You to whom England shall award
 Her brightest meed of fame;—
 Oppose again your patriot breasts
 To this ever rolling tide;
 Support again the glorious faith
 For which your martyrs died.
 What are the claims they speak of,
 Have they not what they ought—
 Free leave to worship as they will,
 Free mind, free speech, free thought.
 What want they more—the road to
 power—
 Oh! be their wishes vain;
 Wake! Protestants—I say awake,
 Let not the Papists reign.
 Speak for your God, your Church, your
 Queen;
 Shout thousands—let them hear
 That you know their spite, that you
 know their hate,
 But that you do not fear.

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