

human hearts and homes and His blood-bought Church the sweetness and sunshine of heaven.

Orangemen, this too is the cause of your existence and the work of your life. Powerless is the hand that would draw the line of demarcation between you and the Protestant Church. Vain and crafty is the attempt to dig an impassable gulf between you and the mighty host of defenders of the faith in the Church of the Reformation. You are the vanguard of that mighty army, and held in honour by every valiant heart and trusted. Hence the special hatred and dread that the enemy has of you; hence the vituperation, execration and abhorrence that are continually poured upon your order, but which now, as always, run off as rain from the marble rock, leaving it as stable and fairer than ever. Stern necessity gave you birth, banded you together in a purely defensive league to uphold the Protestant faith and sceptre, to rally around your menaced firesides with united purpose of heart and combined strength of hand. Papists had to be taught that in the creed of the Protestant was the divine decree, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," and that the Protestant conduct would most assuredly be in accordance with his creed. Holland, the smallest of kingdoms, but the most valiant among the nations of the earth, Protestant to its heart's core in spite of persecutions the most atrocious, the most horrible that the ingenuity of hell could devise, but in reward for which the Duke of Alva was presented by the Pope with a jewelled hat and sword—a rare gift conferred only upon those who had merited most signal rewards by most shining exploits, and in an accompanying letter written by the Pope's own hand was requested to "remember when he put the hat upon his head, that he was guarded with it as with a helmet of righteousness, and with the shield of God's help, indicating the heavenly crown which was ready for all princes who support the holy church and the Roman Catholic faith," and the motto on the sword ran as follows—in Latin of course—but translated here—"Take the holy sword, gift from God, in whom you will crush the foes of my people Israel,"—that Holland, not crushed, but crowned with immortal glory, shares her national emblem with you, the ancient badge of Nassau, the appropriate remembrance of that lioness, which through God delivered both Holland and Ireland and the British empire from the yoke of spiritual and temporal despotism. Orange! Under that name, civil and religious liberty secured to all, the unity of the kingdom and the stability of the throne are safe. Orange! From beneath that badge come no cries for dismemberment, for injustice, for oppression, for persecution, for war against society, for rebellion against the constitution. Orange! There are no deeds of outrage and rapine, bloodshed and murder, no moonlighters, no dynamite, no repudiators of just debts, under that name. Orange! In all its history