

if their sentinels are not *continually* at their posts, if like mighty men of christian valour, they do not, by their *action* and *example*, contend for the *pure faith*—the “faith that was once delivered to the Saints”—they may have good reason, by and by, to regret their apathy and drowsiness; too late will it be then to endeavour to recover their position, when a *wide spread* gloom shall have obstructed their path, and the sword of *persecution* guarded them in on every side.

We should, this day, thank God, my brethren, that such an awful state of things does not *now* exist, though it may be apprehended; but that the glorious and uninterrupted rays of Gospel light shine in our favoured land; and that we are permitted by the mercy and loving-kindness of God, to celebrate the Birth-day of our Protestant Queen, in *peace and quietness*: in *peace*, while the glittering sword of war, in a foreign land, stands unsheathed, full-drawn, portending desolation! in *quietness*; not the *serfs* of despotic rule, but under the *limited* government of our amiable and beloved Victoria, who, as a “nursing mother,” (in the language of Scripture,) is not *too high* exalted on the throne of royalty, to visit, and converse, and sympathise, with the poorest and most needy of her subjects; yea, and grant them every assistance which they may require.

But, why need I enforce upon *you*, my Brethren, true, loyal, and Protestant principles? Does not your very *attendance* here, and the *attention* which you have so far paid to this day’s services, now near their close, give strong and unerring proofs of your heartfelt convictions on the subject? I have only to look at those flashing banners around me, now unfurling in the genial breeze, to learn your principles—those banners bearing upon them *mot-tos* and *emblems* of your Orange cause, glorious with life—and to feel, as I love to gaze upon them, that *whatever others have done, or may do*, *you* have not forgotten *past deliverances*. Long may your noble and loyal order flourish, (my brethren.) Long may you live to wear, on this and all other memorable occasions, your Scarlet, Orange, and Blue *Insignia*—which have never faded, though oft fearlessly exposed to sun and storm—ever