

consent, amid the brave and great. To him we owe the basis, beauty and bulwark of that Constitution which has made Britain the envy and admiration of the world. To him we are indebted for the Act of Settlement providing *for ever* a Protestant monarch to sit on the throne of England.

It was the thunder of his cannon that scattered the proud powers of Popery, which, at that stirring and stormy time, threatened to eclipse the civilized world. He it was that raised the standard of Protestant defence and defiance against the greatest generals and strongest armies of the age, and with hearts as brave as ever bled or battled in Freedom's cause, wrung from the pride and chivalry of France laurels that shall wave in eternal green above his honored grave.

He had a giant grasp and dignity of soul which was the dread of foes and the boast of friends; and notwithstanding all that has been blindly and bitterly said of his stiffness, coldness, want of manner, and low Dutchism, he was, both as man and monarch, a model to all the crowns and cabinets of Europe. He was the determined enemy of all persecution, saved the countries he governed from inside and outside foes, and, by God's help, broke down Romish ascendancy in Britain for ever.

Hearty thanks were offered for him in all the Reformed Churches of Europe. We by our union, as Orangemen, re-echo their thanks—not that we can enhance his reputation, or make more golden the lines in which his character and conquests are recorded, but we can give a little of that gratitude we can never fully pay and time can never cancel.

Let us, then, stablish his fame and keep green his memory, by holding our birthright of freedom unstained and enshrining the liberties and religion it was his joy and glory to guard, in our individual and national conduct for ever.

I feel no fear that the loyal men of Great Britain and Ireland, or their worthy descendants in Canada, the United States and the distant colonies of Australia and New Zealand will ever forget him. The birds may forget their songs; the ocean may forget the tides that keep it pure; the flowers of