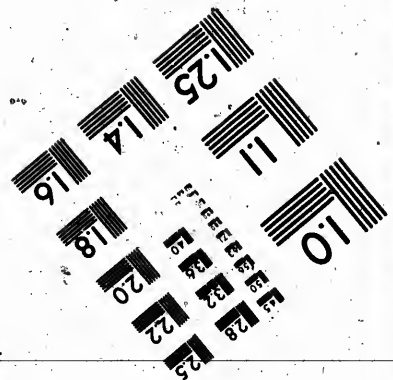
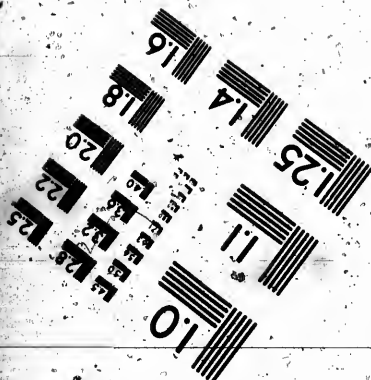
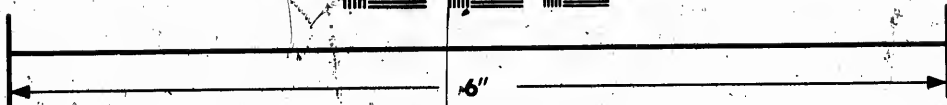
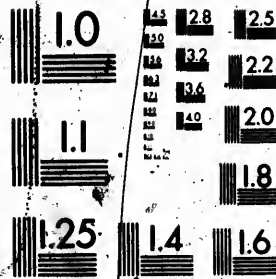


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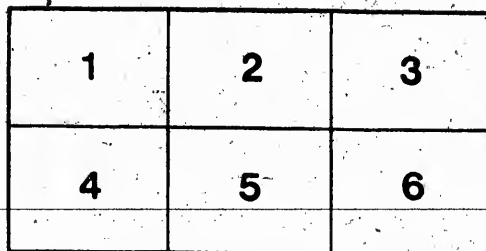
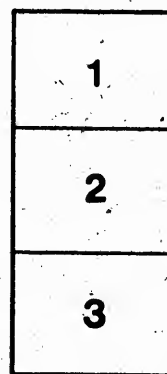
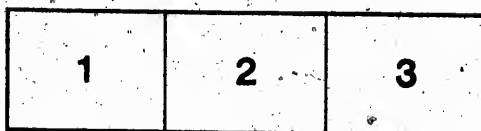
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FUTURE OF ORANGEISM,

BEING A

LECTURE DELIVERED BY Mr. N. C. GOWAN, GRAND LECTURER.

"Watchman! what of the night? The morning cometh, and also the night."* That is, the morning cometh to Orangeism, and the night cometh to Romanism.

We are just beginning to see a clear sky in the horizon of Orangeism. The big clouds of prejudice are rapidly passing away—are becoming despoiled by the bright light of intellect, and the general spread of Orange information among the masses.

True, the heavens are not yet clear, moving clouds thick and dark occasionally fly over us; but "the signs of the times" tell of fair weather ahead. We can see a brightness in the distance which we think will go on increasing in light until our Order divested of all incongruities will stand before an admiring world an emblem of the pure and the good.

Of the future, it becomes us to speak cautiously and coolly. It will depend largely upon the character of those who shall come after us, under the superintendence and protection of Divine Providence. What then are our hopes, and anticipations for the future? For myself, I can say, that we entertain high hopes, exalted and ennobling hopes, humbly and meekly beseech God, but fearlessly and dauntlessly before men—the prosperity and high renown of the present day—Orangeism shall continue through all coming times with increasing brilliancy. I have seen and conversed with discreet men from every part of the country—men who are natives of different lands—men who have been familiar with the history of Orangeism for many years, and I should be unjust to those men, to the Order, to myself, and to the country, if I did not congratulate Orangeism on the prospect before the Order. The progress of humanity is evidently the benevolent design of an alwise Providence; it therefore becomes us to venerate and hopefully anticipate a coming, a near at hand, and glorious future for our noble Order. The great guns of Romanism and of rebellion have often been loaded to the very muzzle, and have discharged their volleys of undying persecution against us, but still, Orangeism lives and flourishes.

Onward! till o'er the gladdened earth,
The kindling impulse shall go forth—
Till o'er the farthest ocean life,
Our beacon star shall sweetly smile,
Till Rome is chained, and man is free,
Still onward! let our watchword be.

We are now in the working era of the Order. A patient continuance in the *modus operandi* of the Institution will tend our cause ahead. The Most Worshipful Lodge must work, the Provincial Lodges must work, the county Lodges must work, the District Lodges must work, and the Primary Lodges must work. Our Lecturers must work, above all, our Secretaries (who are the right arm of each of their Lodges) must work. Each private member must work. Our principles are working like leaven in society. Best of all, the Father of Truth is at the Head of our work.

There is one striking peculiarity about Orangeism and which cannot be said of any other human institution, namely, in every step of the Order's progress, the present has been bound up with the heavy and venerable past; and in all the great and glorious facts of the past and present, will be found the precedents which are destined to guide the future. It is a very remarkable fact, that in Orangeism is combined the vigor of youth with the heavy strength of antiquity; and it is an equally striking fact that, what is not rooted in the past will not last through the future. Now, the principles of Orangeism did exist in the past, and shall exist in the future. Will exist till the sun grows grey with age, till the moon is dim with years, till the comets cease their fiery revolutions, till nature totters with time's decay. Orangeism has assumed consistency and order; it combines integrity of character, fortitude of mind, and firmness of resolution, with continual progression of effort for its purpose. There is in Orangeism a stern reality, which time and circumstances cannot change. There is an imperishability about the Order that cannot be destroyed. There is life—power in the Institution which neither the tongue of calumny—or the arm of despotic power—can destroy. For long years, ignorance concealed the lustre of the Order—slander outstereored Orangeism under odious designations—and tyranny resisted its influence; but though through these our ascendancy has been delayed, it cannot be ultimately prevented. As the diamond acquires brightness by friction, so the intrinsic excellence of Orangeism becomes revealed by investigation, and the day of investigation will come. To the true friends of Orangeism, it is a pleasing thought, and one which, by being communicated to others, is well calculated to universalize the principles of the Order; that the great heroes, statesmen, and sages, of other

ages and nations, ancient and modern; who have ever spoken of Romanism, have entered their most unequivocal and positive protest against it. To say that they disapproved of Romanism would not be so fully expressive of the utter detestation with which they uniformly regarded it. That they regarded it as the vilest agency in the hands of the Evil one that has ever existed had them to convert, is quite manifest from the very tone and construction of their language. Orangeism is, and will ever remain the Thormoyse of Protestantism, and if there were but two Orangemen they would stand in the pass and repulse a thousand—yes, thousands of thousands, or else nobly die while guarding the rights of Protestantism and of Loyalty. I advise Orangemen to unite more and more for their mutual protection, until they become like the Banyan Tree, extending itself further and further every year. Protestantism is now nearly two hundred years established in Britain, and I trust that the day will not be far distant when even Ireland will have the certain help of 400,000 Orangemen. Attempts have been made by our enemies, in the government, to break up our organization; and if they succeeded in so doing Rome would rejoice exceedingly. But in the words of the poet:—

"No wily tongue shall move us,
Nor tyrant's arm affright,
We'll look to one above us,
Who never forgets the right;
Who will may stretch, and tender
The birthright of the Free,
But, Brothers, 'No Surrender,'
No compromise for me!"

If a wise and wary state physician were called in just now to feel the national pulse, and pronounce on the state of the constitution, he might be tolerably sure of the general tenor of his answer. The heart is all right; a good steady flow of blood is coursing through the veins. Plenty of nourishment has been taken, and there is no deficiency of the red globules. The firm glow of youth is past in which all strain seems difficult; but the full strength of manhood remains, and the pulse is only slightly compressible. There are no inflammatory symptoms, like those which are treated on the other side of the channel by the old and barbarous method of blood-letting.

There is no defective assimilation as in Germany; no general decay of the vital power like that which we all observe in our decrepit Mahomedan neighbors. No doubt the system may be over-taxed, but we cannot tell its strength till it is tried. A moderate pressure will only develop its powers. Tills within are kept in check by gentle excitement from without. It is the necessity for exercise which averts all dangers of apoplexy.

Every advancing step in the history of the Order reveals new wonders in Orange economy; and calls for higher notes of admiration and praise from every Christian and philanthropist.

Already does the refreshing influence of a bright future stir the masses of our people, and they will gather force and power with each succeeding day. We claim that our cause is the cause of justice and of truth. We appeal to God, as did our fathers in the darkest days of their perils, for support; and we believe that He will guide us safely through. But let us not anticipate His time, nor, by any rash precipitancy of our own take our cause out of His hands. Human pride is human weakness. Our sufficiency is of God. If we acknowledge him in all our ways, He will direct our steps, and they are well directed whom He directs. Cast your eyes round you, brothers, and ask, if we were dependent upon earthly aid, whence is it to come? Yet, this need not, and does not dispirit us. What though the government persecutes? What though Romanists and rebels seek our lives? What though many Protestants turn the cold shoulder to us? Has God never delivered his Elect under circumstances as difficult and unpropitious as these would be, did they exist? Man's extremity is God's opportunity. Why, if we had not a hand left for our defence, the voice of heaven might still be heard bidding us, stand still, and see the salvation of God.

"So! so! with's enlightened sight,
All the mountain flames with light,
Hell's high, but God is higher,
Circling us with hosts of fire."

There are those who flatter themselves that the Orange Party in Canada is dead, or on the point of dissolution—who hope to see it crushed. They say to themselves—Hundreds joined it under the excitement naturally caused by the Gavril riots—the Corrigan murder, &c., &c., &c., who will fall away now that peace and order is restored. In this they are greatly mistaken.

Trial and "the heart sickness of hope deferred" cannot shake our constancy, for we know that the ultimate victory must be, as ever, with the Right and that—

"Freedom's battle once begun,
It quashed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won"

In this vast conflict, the enemies of freedom neutralise each others powers, in striving for victory, of ephemeral duration; while upon the white banners of freedom's valiant hosts is inscribed a successful campaign, and the issue, freedom for all.

Yes, the conf of good bravely on. Despotism begins to yield even in high places. Soon victory will be proclaimed by millions of tongues. And when the rust of time shall have obliterated most of the Orders and

Societies that now exist, the Orange Institution united, as it is, with so many beautiful and useful associations, shall still live; and men will delight to contemplate its untarnished honor and to speak of its deeds of deathless renown. Were the order the creature of circumstances, had it been founded on the sand banks of ignorance, or passion, then, indeed, the permanency of its existence might assume a very questionable shape. But Orangism is based on imperishable principles; it knows no change, it is subject to no mutation, and it cannot be anything but what it is now and always has been. It has stood the attacks of the fiercest and foulest assailants; and could the daring and repeated attacks of its deadliest foes, or the insidious efforts of its false friends, have accomplished its destruction, it had long since given up the ghost. But though the peal of slander has been rung in the ears of the populace against it for ages, yet, like the sun in the firmament, it has held on the even tenor of its way and it bids fair to shine brighter and brighter towards its meridian splendor.

True, our number has been small, but it is rapidly swelling into magnificent proportions. The day is at hand when the teeming millions of freedom-professing Protestants shall rejoice in the fact that they are Orangemen. Yes, through the instrumentality of the Order, the time will come when the systems of society shall be founded on a better, and therefore happier basis. When men shall understand their nature better. When the laws by which nations are governed shall be more in accordance with the wise and pure principles of Christianity. O, then,

"Cheer up, ye hearts of loyalty, nor sink in deep despair,
Our banners shall again unfold their glories
to the air,
The storm that roars the wildest, the soonest
passes by,
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and
keep your powder dry.

Since the Grand Lodge of 1856, Union, Love and Truth reign supremely throughout the Order—Peace and Harmony have taken up their permanent abode in our lodge-room, while the moral and political influence of the Institution is producing such salutary effects that, prejudice and ignorance are rapidly being removed and many of our best subjects, who in the past have been honestly opposed to the Order, are now becoming its most zealous champions. It would appear that the epoch had now arrived when every obstacle that impeded our progress must be removed, and nothing remain unnecessarily to operate against the final triumph of Orangism throughout the whole British Empire. Indeed, such an order as Orangism—one founded on the great principles of Union, Love and Truth—one having for its objects

the promotion of the true Religion and the preservation of British Constitutional Liberty, must and will continue to attract the attention and respect of the wise and the good—the learned and the loyal.

Depend on it, the day is not far distant, when in Canada at least, the glorious Orange banner shall wave triumphantly, and none be found so weak, so prejudiced, or so wicked as to denounce an Order that has for its object the present and future good of a mighty Empire.

Another matter which tends to secure the future perpetuity of Orangism is the fact, that the Orange Order, more perhaps, than any other in the country, unites age with youth, and thus secures that link between sober sense and youthful spirits, which is so much needed in conducting the movements of society.

Three golden links are in the chain
That binds us to each other;
They carry us in Union's train,
To meet and greet a Brother.

A Brother's love still smooths the road
Of rugged life's career;
And helps bear the heavy load
That falls upon us here,
And O when sorrow's bitter tear
Doth gather in our eye,
'Tis sweet to have a Brother near,
Our running tears to dry,
Then trusting in our holy Truth,
We may defy all rage;
'Tis Truth will save us in our youth,
And honor us in hoary age.

Then let us still the Orange cause sustain,
And bind our country's growing youth
Within the Order's blessed chain
Of Union, Love and Truth.

There is a glorious future before us—a bright destiny to accomplish. Nor shall we pause while such a future awaits us. There must be no stop in the Order—we must march on—to stop is to retrograde—we cannot lay in rear of the progressive spirit of the nineteenth century. What course in the far-off future will be taken it is not our province at present to foresee; but I am confident that as the Order increases in numbers, power and intelligence, it will find ample means to adapt itself to all its demands. Its principles will stand even though the gates of hell and the powers of the air, and of the earth, and of the sea do oppose them. We labor not only against Rome, but also against that apathy of Protestant mind which has rendered our work one of unusual difficulty. We have held to our duty when the objections of the irreligious and the fears of the timid might have made us give it up. We have maintained our position with hearts depending upon God. We have labored with all our abilities and energies in the cause, disregarding all worldly considerations, and the many unlooked for

mission, pecuniary and personal, which we have not... we have believed our duty to be to the cause of God. And we think that the cause of God is the cause of Great Britain and Ireland... We are determined to continue our work, and in the name of God we shall go on battling with Rome, and with that which is more dangerous to our country and church than the hostility that comes from Rome, namely, that deadly system of deceit and falsehood carried on by men—"wolves in sheep's clothing"—within our own pale, which has been properly termed "Anglican Popery." The last we must insist in rooting out before the former can be driven away. I ask all earnest Protestants to assist us in our work by their influence, their money and their prayers.

The Order is to-day what the past has made it. We now enjoy the fruits of others' labors. So the future will be what the past and the present make it. What duty do we owe to the fruits of the past, but we lay the foundations for the future. Does any one ask me, what will be the future character of our great Order? Then I answer the question by asking another. What is the present character of the Order? Let us not forget that the present is the parent of the future, and that most children bear a resemblance to their parents. Depend on it, no effort of political power can lead for religion—no resistance for liberty—no sort of true and manly courage has ever been, nor ever will be lost. History testifies that Napoleon's army, when it approached the lofty pyramids of Egypt whose tops towered high towards heaven, became wreathed by the light. The Emperor, taking advantage of this fact addressed them, saying, "Remember, from these summits forty centuries have their eyes fixed upon you." And though in 1803 it is not necessary for us to point to any such monuments to stimulate to honorable and brave actions, yet let us not forget that, in the distant relations of the present, as well as the noble sacrifices of the past, and in the inspiring hopes of the future, we hear in thunder-tones the voice of duty speaking to us as in old days, when it spoke to Joshua, as the children of Israel were emboldened and hedged in on every side with difficulties apparently insurmountable, even with the two mountains on either hand—Promised army

in the rear, and the Red Sea before—yet God said to Joshua, "Break to the people, that they go forward." They ran upon the sea—the waves parted—they went over dry shoes, and finally reached the promised land. So now, my brethren, speak to our Grand Master, saying speak unto your people that they go forward.

Oh! could the slaughtered dead pass before us in review—the persecuted, oppressed, suffering living be present—and the earth-shaking thoughts of the future be heard—what a vision would be raised to unite every Orangeman to-day, and to proclaim in louder tones the necessity for the future perpetuation of an Order so good and so great.

It was an inherent love of truth and a determination to uphold principles in the darkest times that called it into existence, and, therefore, like truth itself, it will remain and flourish for ever, or till it shall be rendered no longer necessary by the universal possession of that holy love which shall render our race one in paternal feelings—a family united by the golden cords of charity.

Through the whole machinery of Orangeman, the Order has been connected by secret ties, the future and present interests of men; and consequently has made the efforts of human wisdom the instruments of a wider and more vigorous agency to fulfil its objects and to accomplish its great purposes.

We, therefore, have now every reason to take new courage. Order and prosperity prevail amongst us throughout the land. We have many good men in the ranks of the present time. Men to the soil—true-hearted, eloquent, and learned, who are ready and able to advocate and advance our cause.

The city of Jerusalem lies in ruins, and her own impregnable gates are torn from their bassein hinges—the mighty walls of Babylon pierced by the forces of time have been destroyed by the enemy and are sunk to the earth—the towering pillar of Hercules is no more—mountains have risen and fallen—thrones have been won and lost; yet Orangeman, surrounded by indistinguishable bulwarks, guided by Divine Providence, and guarded by Omnipotent power, does still after the lapse of ages and the burial of centuries, like an impregnable fortress raise its towering walls to the clouds all its enemies. The ministrations of our Association flows defence from our loss while the beauty, the meaning, the objects and purposes of our Institution, excite the noble admiration of the world.

Thrones may be overturned—crowns may be transferred—sceptres may be broken—dynasties may be destroyed—governments may crumble into dust—political establishments may and institutions may fall in the career of whole nations may disappear as a dream when one awakes. But still the Orange Association shall remain as a sublime and

The success of Orangemen—the character of the banner, and its growing popularity, wherever it has been taken, and the allied progress of improved opinions, and elevated views, has been in fact, a condemnation of the old system in our present flourishing state, and in our future hopeful prospects. Ourselves are, who, though they have ceased to flourish, still refuse to join us, for with some, nothing is worthy of active assistance which they did not originate and from which they do not derive a direct and positive personal advantage.

We are to conquer, but not by physical might. We are to subvert, but not by violence. All Protestants will come under the sway of our principles, but not by force. All is to be done by freedom and intelligence. Thus, then, it is evident that our organization is one that commands itself to the approbation of the wise and the good in every class of society, and consequently is most justly entitled to the zealous co-operation of all true Christians—it holds now, as it has ever held, a distinguished place amongst the Besting institutions of the world, and its energies directed by sound reason and persevering exertion cannot fail to accomplish a vast amount of good.

There must, however, be energetic, systematic, effectual exertions in the cause—Christians! Protestants! Philanthropists! Orangemen! see to it, that there be lodges in your several cities, towns, townships, villages, and neighborhoods, so that every worthy man in the whole land may be reached by the influence of our glorious Order. Then, will that wonderful system of fraud, idolatry, superstition and cruelty which has for so many ages surrounded the world, come to an end through the instrumentality of Orangemen.

War shall cease, freedom shall be universal, vice shall hide its hideous head, superstition shall be lost in love, ignorance shall yield to light, and one vast cloud of mental and spiritual illumination shall cover the earth. I can see, and that not far off, a period when the power of the Order's salutary influence on the councils of statesmen, the deliberations of Parliament and the mind of the people of the whole nation will be felt and acknowledged.

And let it be remembered that in resources of every description—physical, intellectual, moral or purely spiritual, Orangemen is astonishingly rich. O, then,

Hail! brightest banner that floats on the gale!
Flag of the country of Orange Nassau, hail!
Red are thy stripes with the blood of the brave,
Bright are thy emblems as the sun on the wave;

Waves in thy folds are the hopes of the free,
Banner of Orange William! blessings on thee!
Mountain-tops mingle the sky with their snow;

Frisian lie smiling in sunshine below;
Rivers, as broad as the sea, in their pride,

Under thy folds, but do not divide;
Nassau's voice for our country the cry,
Flag of nobility! blessings on thee!

Hope of the world! on thy mission sublime,
When thou didst burst on the pathway of Time,

Millions from darkness and bondage awake;
Music was born when Liberty spoke;
Millions to come yet shall join in the glow;
Flag of the Protestants' hope! blessings on thee!

Treason shall perish and Treason shall fall;
Kingdoms and thrones in thy glory grow pale!

True shall live on, and thy people shall own
Loyalty's sweet, where each heart is thy throne.

Union and Freedom thine heritage be;
Order of Orangemen, blessings on thee!

The past has tested Orange stability and power, affording a sufficient arguery of its brilliant future. The present generation of Orangemen have been educated by the experiences of those who have gone to the city of quietude and victory, and are thus fitted by the wise dispensation of Providence for the carrying out of the broad and deep principles which pertain to civil existence.

Time fights for Orangemen. Every succeeding year does but consolidate our forces, strengthen our numbers, and increase our confidence in our Order, and at the same time brings our enemies near, and still nearer, their frightful and inevitable catastrophe.

This affords to the Order a future prospect full of encouragement and hope, and brushes away all doubt of our success. But the mind fails to grasp the future of such an Order, when we behold the progress achieved in so short a time, we are almost disposed to give history the lie. Such as is described in Gowen's history and mystery of Orangemen has the Order—been—such as I am describing is it to-day. What it will be a century from this time, is a question which it is beyond the power of human prescience to answer, except by estimate or conjecture; of our future some few elements may be considered capable of reasonably reliable prophecy. That every dozen years of our future growth will surpass any preceding dozen, is proved by our progress hitherto.

These things all foretell for the Order a splendid future—a future more radiant and embellishing than any preceding epoch of the Order's history.

The Orangemen of to-day have been greatly benighted by the experience of the past. I am not aware of anything in our past history or present position to induce serious misgivings as to our future success.

I come now to the question of permanency, or whether the Orange Order can be made perpetual. Reasoning a priori, I might declare this part settled. But, unfortunately,

we are not allowed in this instance to predict the future by the circumstances of the past. The fact that the Order has existed for many years is no proof that it will always exist—in only a proof that it would exist provided the same circumstances which characterized the past shall distinguish the future.

But how different are the circumstances of the present from those which in the past encouraged our Order. It is impossible to contemplate the change without awaking the liveliest apprehensions in every patriotic mind.

When to burst a ray of the purest effulgence,
The vapors of night round the human soul curled,

As William, advancing in kindest indulgence,
Bade Union, Love, and Truth encompass the world.

'Twas the lodge! 'Twas the lodge! in its potency rising,

To rend the Pope's power and sunder his chain;

'Twas the work of a Prince, and the Protestants all praising,

With gratitude echoed again and again.

Before thee the patriot flame shall be nourished—

Around thee the prisons of freedom shall throng,

While Britain boasts a flag or a blade to be scorched,

As William's great name rises high in the song.

Rebels shall tremble and Papists shall fear thee,

Till the Pope and Priests in Britain shall cease,

And the true and the pure of the nation shall cheer thee,

Their banner in war and their guidance in peace.

As free as the nephyrs that kiss the broad ocean,

As bright as the sun-rays that dance in the sky,

The Lodge in its greatness shall calm each commotion,

Enlarge the true heart and illumine the bold eye.

Then speed the engine of might and of glory,
Muses and Sages shall hallow thy name,

When the present is wrapt in the legends of story,

And the future is borne on the bosom of time.

A gentleman remarkable for his breadth of view, sharp insight into the character of men and institutions, and for his singular candor, one year after his institution into Orangemen observed to me—"I desire to put Mr. Gowan that, with propensities extremely favorable to Orangemen, the reality has proved to be far beyond these propensities. I have found in Orangemen that which, despite any inclination to admire everything, I did not expect to meet with; and that in perfect calm, honesty, eagerness to be of service if not wealthy, life comfortable, easy and regular, in fine an habitual inter-contact by all classes of society, which neither soils, wounds, nor chills any one. I have been struck and touched with the chivalrous order of Orangemen; and I am satisfied that the elements of vitality which the Order has within her, will give her strength. I also argue the future perpetuation of the Order from the fact that it is founded upon immutable principles, not upon casual emergencies." The "good time" for Orangemen as King Frederick, is actually coming at last, if it has not already arrived. We are on the very eve of its inauguration. Romanists themselves are convinced of it, and Loyal Protestants rejoice accordingly. If there were no true basis for this hope in the actual state of affairs, the very conviction of impending prosperity which permeates the heart of every member of the Order would be almost sufficient to bring about the consummation so devoutly wished for.

But there are the most substantial grounds for assuming that a time of unexampled activity and progress lies in the door of the Orange Institution. Notwithstanding the crawling distortion of facts on the part of Romanists, the Orange Order is surrounded by the most propitious circumstances, and I am confident that Orangemen is keen sighted enough to perceive, and wise enough, to take advantage of those circumstances. The bright geniuses who do the scribbling in the infallible sheets of Romanism by their monstrous discrepancies out Britain, while setting forth the approaching dissolution of the Order. But they will shortly learn that Orangemen is to-day greater and better than ever before. I would like to come back to earth in one hundred years from next 12th of July to see an Orange procession. Oh what a glorious sight it will then be.

A hundred years hence!

What changes will be made,

In politics, morals,

Religion and trade?

In statesmen who wrangle,

Or ride on the fence—

How things will be altered

A hundred years hence.

The heads of the Ladies

Such changes may find—

We do not speak now

Of revolutions of mind

...the great work of the Order, which we have already accomplished... the great masses of loyal-loving men... the peace and unity of the Order...

The time shall come when the people shall be free from the yoke of the Pope's decrees... Till brotherhood is our and freedom is won...

Tell brothers, tell, till the work is done, Till brotherhood is our and freedom is won...

The time shall come when the people shall be free from the yoke of the Pope's decrees... Till brotherhood is our and freedom is won...

The time shall come when the people shall be free from the yoke of the Pope's decrees... Till brotherhood is our and freedom is won...

The time shall come when the people shall be free from the yoke of the Pope's decrees... Till brotherhood is our and freedom is won...

The time shall come when we shall be A song of joy from sea to sea... Till brotherhood is our and freedom is won...

The great masses of loyal-loving men... the peace and unity of the Order... the great masses of loyal-loving men...

and its friends. In a united phalanx, meaning the decks of Protestantism, we cannot be conquered, we can scarcely be retarded in our victorious course. Ignorance may rise up against us with stolid front; Republicanism may turn upon its heel and walk away with undiminished disgust; the skepticism of those who should long ago have "discovered the signs of the times" may meet ourselves and our principles with heartless and indifference. Romanism may hurl against us all its thunders of hatred; still, panting with truth and led on by principle, we know that our advance will be irresistible and our conquests speedy and sure. Even now the mountain tops of the Orient are bright in the beams of morning. The new day which is so big with new and glorious issues, so rich in

new and mighty facts, so adorned in the light and love of Bible religion is upon us. A beautiful sun is just before Orangeburg—a time of the bling of Protestantism and of the returning of Romanism. A period when the whole realm shall put on her robes of beauty. Already the glad waters reflect the imagery of Heaven—already the "sweetness turns to her God" and man looks up with confidence in the face of his father. Yes, brethren, Orangeburg expanding in beauty and in wisdom, and crying in the light and love of truth, will live and bless until its glowing intellect and quickened affections shall form a truthful mirror, whose polished surface shall reflect the light that flashes from the brow of God himself.

...the signs of the times... the new day which is so big with new and glorious issues... the mountain tops of the Orient are bright in the beams of morning... the new day which is so big with new and glorious issues, so rich in

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