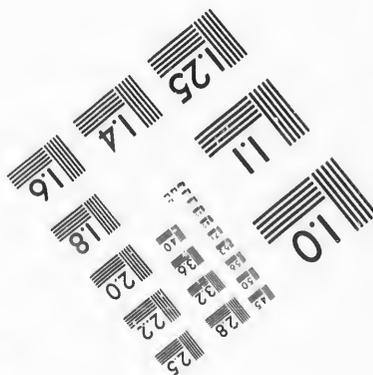
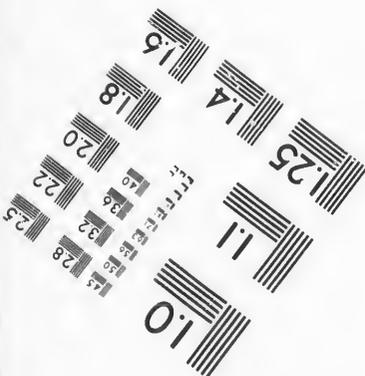
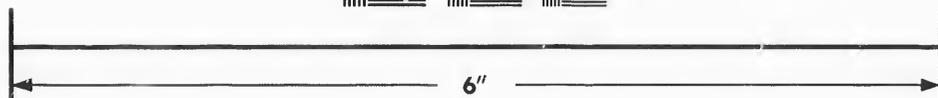
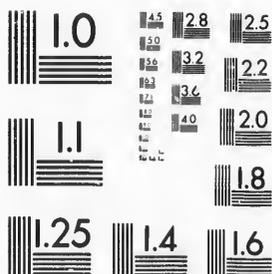


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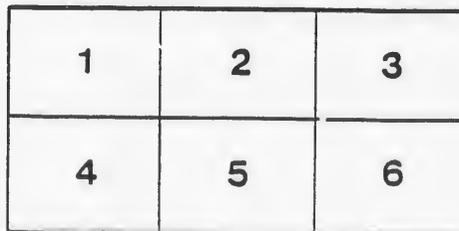
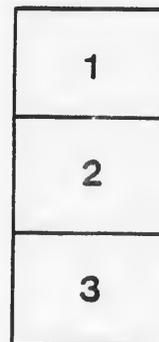
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# A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED AT MARGARETVILLE, TO THE

LOYAL ORANGEMEN OF WILMOT,

ON JULY 12, 1865,

BEING THE ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY  
OF BRITAIN'S DELIVERANCE FROM THE BONDAGE  
AND SUPERSTITION OF POPERY.

By REV. D. F. HUTCHINSON,

GRAND CHAPLAIN OF THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE GRAND LODGE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

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TO OUR FRIEND AND COMPANION

**SIR WILLIAM CALDWELL,**  
OF HALIFAX,

THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THE FOLLOWING DISCOURSE IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS FRIEND AND BROTHER,

D. F. HUTCHINSON.

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## DISCOURSE.

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*"This day shall be unto you for a memorial."*—EX. XII., 14.

ASSEMBLED as we are this day, my dear brethren, to celebrate one of the grandest achievements ever wrought by the power of omnipotence for the emancipation of his people, it behoves us to do so with religious joy, and with shoutings of rejoicing. As every one of you understands, the object of the present celebration is not to excite the vile passions of an ignorant Romanist, nor ostentatiously to display our own respectability and power, but by way of remembrance to celebrate the goodness of the great Head of our noble Institution in freeing us from the bondage and superstition and degrading tyranny of Popery, through our illustrious and heroic ancestry.

A time was, my brethren, when our fathers were groaning under the lash of the cruel and Romish task-master; when the Christian Sanctuary was polluted by a foreign superstition and idolatry, which was little more than the remnant of Roman paganism; and when our church and nation were under the iron heel of priestly and popish despotism. The Bible, which exposes to public view and to merited contempt the supreme arrogance of the Pope, was by him no longer permitted to be read to the people, but in the stead of which tales of Popish murderers and ruffians had been substituted, who had been sainted at Rome for their wickedness and cruelty.

The grand bone of contention between Popery and the holy Catholic Church, from the very beginning of the Romish apostacy, lay in the figment of the Pope's supremacy: that is, in the Divine right of the Bishop of Rome to the government

of the whole Christian world : the Popish party affirming, and the Catholics of protestant profession denying the claim of the Pontiff as contrary to the express direction of Christ, and the teaching of the New Testament.

My brethren, it is not at all surprising that the Pope and his followers should hate the Bible : for there is not a single dogma in popery that it does not most positively contradict and condemn. Does the papist inform us that his religion was from the very beginning of christianity ? Jesus contradicts the assertion, and in his holy gospel declares the whole establishment of Romanism to be of the devil. Do they tell us in all gravity that our blessed Lord made St. Peter pope, and prince of the apostles ? Jesus declares the assertion a falsehood, and that he never contemplated popery in his church. Thus in the gospel of St. Matthew our blessed Lord utters the following language : “ Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great, exercise authority upon them, but it shall not be so among you ”—Matt. xx., 25–27. Do not these plain words of Christ, my brethren, give popery a flat contradiction ; for in relation to the dominion that the Gentile princes exercised over them, he says, “ *it shall not be so among you,* ” that is, there shall be no pope, or supreme ruler among you. Nor is this merely my own explanation of the passage, for in the 23rd chapter of the same gospel he mentions the very name of Pope, and says, “ Call no man your Father upon earth, for one is your Father which is in heaven.” It is perhaps unnecessary to tell you, brethren, that the word pope, or *papa*, is a Latin word, and signifies father, which word is found in our English translation.

Again, in addressing the apostles whom he had chosen, he says, “ Be not ye called Rabbi, for one is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren,” which if language means anything, this means—that neither St. Peter nor any other of the apostles were to be supreme ; for a brother is an equal ;

therefore in unmistakable language Jesus declares against the popedom. Now, in opposition to these plain words of Holy Scripture, the Pope and his satellites tell us that Jesus made St. Peter supreme head of the church; and in this very assumption, and in this contradiction to Christ, the Romish priesthood declare to the world that they are of antichrist, and that they have no connection with the true Catholic organization: precisely as the reformers understood it.

How extremely absurd, my brethren, in Romanists to claim St. Peter as their first Pope. Is it not a peculiar claim of the papacy that all Popes must necessarily be unmarried men; that by divine authority they must all live in a state of celibacy; but how unfortunate are they in the case of St. Peter,—for he lived in the holy state of matrimony. His wife's mother, the gospel informs us, lay sick of a fever, which certainly could not have been the case unless he had a wife; but we are told that St. Peter had a wife; therefore he was no papist, but lived in the very same state of the protestant clergy of the present day. The expression, *that the Pope's wife's mother was sick*, could only be uttered by a person grossly ignorant of popery; but this very expression, my brethren, was made by the evangelist; therefore had he lived in the days of a pope, he would have been a Protestant; for we have no idea that he would be inclined to change his religion for that of Rome. The Romish doctors have the goodness to inform us that their *hol*y church was built upon St. Peter; but this being the case, it must very evidently have been at the same time that Peter was *cursing* and *swearing*, saying, "*I know not the man.*" For St. Peter, we are free to acknowledge, was not the foundation of our Church—but Christ himself was, as were also his twelve apostles. This information we receive from Rev. xxi. 14: "And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb." Thus, my brethren, the teaching of the holy Scriptures in regard to

popery, and thus the expressed hatred of the Romish priesthood to the New Testament, which they are free to acknowledge is the book of the Protestant. Did the Divine Word but teach the superstition of his sect, the Pope would not be so determined to conceal it from the people.

With a serene face, and a hypocritical look, the Pope's hirelings in our country tell their ignorant followers that their church is the catholic church, the old church, the only true church, the first church, the church of apostolic institution out of which there is no salvation. If any one of the old apostles were present, in denying the vile immorality laid to their charge by these intruders, they would frankly tell you here to day that a greater lie than that was never uttered by Satan himself, the grand founder of popery. No indeed, my brethren, the Church of Rome even in its pure state, was not the first church, but the Church of Jerusalem was, as you may find recorded in the 41st verse of the 2nd chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

The first Roman Catholic church ever organized in England was in the year 1570, which was some time after the Reformation. Palmer says in his Church History, page 163: "There was no schism in England for many years after the reformation. The popish party in the church," he adds, "now began to separate themselves. Beddingfield, Cornwallis, and Silyard, were the first popish recusants," and he adds, "the date of the Romanist as a distinct sect or community in England may be fixed in the year 1570." "The separation," he informs us, "was fomented by Priests and Jesuits who were sent from abroad to pervert the people."

For hundreds of years after Christ there was no popery even in Rome itself. The Church apostatized in that country by blending Roman paganism with our common christianity, and by the Bishop of that city endeavouring to usurp the title of Pope. But in Britain popery had no existence as a sect until over a thousand years after Christ. The proof of this,

brethren, I have already given ; and should a further one be required to substantiate the historical account, it may be found in the fact that the Protestant Church in England, Norway and Sweden, and many other countries, still own the property that was owned by the church antecedent to the glorious period of the blessed reformation. Nor could the learned judges do otherwise than decide in favor of the old church that always owned the property, the proofs having been given that the Romish sect in the kingdom was but of yesterday.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century John Hus was condemned and burned, and his ashes thrown into the Rhine, because he denied the right of the Pope to rule the Church of England ; and the bones of the celebrated Wickliff were dug out of their grave, where they had lain for thirty-four years, and burned with his invaluable writings. In the following century, Bucer, Phagius, John Rodgers, Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer, with several others, were burned under that instrument of satan, bloody Mary, and for no other offence than that they belonged to the religion of the nation, and contended against foreign innovations. To detail the many instances of popish persecution against the followers of Christ would be too painful for human nature to endure. The murder of ten thousand Protestants in one night, the horrors of Smithfield, and the Romish inquisition, are reflections the most appalling.

But, my brethren, upon the present occasion it becomes my duty to dwell especially on the times of James and William. No king ever mounted the throne of England with greater advantages than did James : but by openly declaring in Parliament his intention of abolishing the tests, he struck a universal gloom and alarm throughout the nation, and infused terror into the church which was the chief support of the monarchy, and he even disgusted the army, by whose means alone he could now purpose to govern. About this time Louis XIV. in France, having long harassed and oppressed

the Protestants, eventually revoked the Edict of Nantes, which had been enacted by Henry IV. for securing them the free exercise of their religion. Every iniquity capable of being invented by Jesuitical inquisitors was now put in force against this unhappy people, and above half a million of the most useful and industrious subjects deserted France, of whom fifty thousand took refuge in England, and among whom was my own maternal ancestry. This instance at that time tended much and very naturally to increase the animosity against popish predominance.

Men now saw clearly that to gain favor and confidence with James was but to sacrifice their religion and country; and, with shame be it said, too many, as at the present day, scrupled not to advance themselves at this price. But it was in Ireland that the mask was wholly thrown off, and that James thought himself at liberty to proceed to the full extent of his bigotry and violence. The Protestant Duke of Ormond was recalled, and one Talbot, soon after created Earl of Tyrconnell, a man, who from the blindness of his prejudices, was transported with an unmeasurable ardor for the popish cause. He at once proceeded to disarm all the Protestants, on pretence of securing the public peace, and keeping their arms in magazines for the use of the militia. He next remodelled the army, and upwards of three hundred officers, most of whom had purchased their commissions, were broken; and about five thousand private soldiers were dismissed, simply because they were protestants, and being stripped of their regimentals were turned out naked to famish in the streets. The unhappy Protestants now saw all civil authority, as well as the military force, transferred into the hands of their most inveterate enemies, who were influenced with hatred, and stimulated by every motive which the passion for power or religion could inspire: even the barbarous banditti were let loose to prey upon them in their defenceless condition. A

renewal of the ancient massacres was apprehended, and great multitudes struck with terror, deserted the kingdom.

Roman Catholics were now in full possession of the council table, the courts of judicature, and the bench of justices. Protestants were expelled and Romanists introduced and invested with the whole power of the kingdom. The Pope's Nuncio resided in London, and four Roman Bishops were publicly consecrated in the King's chapel, and sent out under the title of vicars apostolical to exercise their episcopal functions among the people. The pastoral letters of these intruders were published at the expense of the king, and they regularly appeared in court in their canonicals, and some of them boasted that in a little time they would walk in procession through the capital.

In Scotland, all the ministers the king trusted were Romanists, and every office in the three kingdoms was transferred from the Protestants and given to the professors of the new sect who acknowledged the Roman Pontiff as their supreme head.

Nothing more remained but to open the door of the Church and of the Universities to the intrusion of Papists; and it was not long before the foolish king made this very attempt, by which he eventually left himself in an awkward predicament. The imprisonment in the Tower of the seven dignitaries of the church, viz: the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of St. Asaphs, Ely, Chichester, Bath, Wells, Peterborough and Bristol, was the first blow that kindled a spark that set all England on fire. The people now saw how deeply the design was laid, and with what violence carried on by the king to overturn the Protestant religion and the government of the state, by contriving a malicious and illegal prosecution, with a view of extinguishing the brightest luminaries of the age, so that the benighted and ignorant might be the more easily misled into the pitfalls of slavery and popish idolatry.

By cruel Popish politics were Protestants affrighted,  
 When to convert the heretics, new Smithfield fires were lighted;  
 But hope soon sprang out of despair, by Providence commanded,  
 Our fears were all dispersed in air, when God-like William landed.  
 Then let us sing, while echoes ring, the glorious revolution,  
 To William's praise, your voices raise, who saved the constitution.

And, my brethren, as "*the Great I am*" began their disappointment in eluding their subtlety and malice by the deliverance of the seven renowned sufferers from the jaws of their oppressors, so the utter dissolution of their arbitrary power and command under the conduct of the same Being was fully completed, by the deliberative prudence and undaunted courage of WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE, of glorious and immortal memory, whom the English nation with one voice invited to their aid and protection, to rescue a distracted and distressed land, whose liberty, laws and religion were doomed to be trodden down by the heel of French tyranny and Popish superstition.

Our immortal hero was at length forced to yield to the entreaties of the English, and to embrace the defence of a nation that regarded him as its sole protector. The time when the Prince of Orange entered on this enterprise was chosen of Providence, as the people were then in the highest ferment on account of the insult which the imprisonment and trial of the bishops had put upon the Church; and so well concerted were William's measures that in three days 400 ships were hired to facilitate his enterprise.

William's army of German Protestants fell down the river and canals from a place called Nimiguen. The artillery, arms, stores and horses were embarked, and the Prince and his brave followers set sail from Kelvoetsluice on the 21st of October, 1688, with a fleet of nearly 500 vessels, and an army of 14,000 men. William landed his army all in good spirits in Torbay, on the 5th day of November following,—a grand day, a significant day, the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. All England was now in commotion, and the

Prince's declaration was spread far and wide over the kingdom, and it met with universal approbation. The English convention of Parliament was immediately assembled, and the thanks of both houses were given to the Prince, and it was unanimously resolved that King James, having endeavored to subvert the constitution of these Kingdoms by breaking the original contract between King and people, and having by the advice of Jesuits and other wicked persons violated the fundamental laws, and withdrawn himself out of the Kingdom, has abdicated the government, and that it is therefore declared vacant. And it is here hardly necessary to tell you, brethren, that the British crown was offered to William and Mary, and accepted on the 11th day of April, 1689.

But the Protestants of Ireland were yet in bondage, and the time for their deliverance drew nigh. James placed himself at the head of 5,000 French Papists, and sailed from France to Ireland. Their first expedition was to a place called Coleraine, which immediately surrendered, and they were now in sight of *Londonderry*. By this time the Protestants of Ulster gained courage, and they determined to resist every encroachment upon their rights and liberties. The brave men and true collected in that renowned city, and although sold by their leader, and a fearful death apparently awaited them, a few young 'prentice boys met the enemy, and slamming the city gates right in his face, they shouted the patriotic cry of "*No surrender.*" And surrender they would not, and thanks be to heaven surrender they did not, for amidst famine, fire, and death, they shouted NO SURRENDER!

But hark! in the midst of their peril they hear the notes of distant music. Our patriotic sires listen with intense interest as it advances nearer and nearer, until finally in the dim vista appears the fleet over which gallantly floated the royal cross of St. George, the union flag of Britain. And as the vessels near the shore the men appear arrayed in

Orange colors in honor of their Prince, while the King's band apparently electrifies all with the sweet music. And what do you think, brethren, was the tune that the Orange band played that day? "*The White Cockade?*" No indeed, it did not sound like the music of rebels. Why, God bless you, my brethren, it was the very same tune that King William played on the banks of the Boyne on the 12th day July, 1690, by which he led his soldiers to victory. It was the Protestant Boys, then known as *Lillibullero*, and which you were all delighted to hear this morning.

The lamented Duke Schomberg, who fell while crossing the river, about this time landed at Carrickfergus, and proceeded by Newry to Drogheda. King William in person commanded his invincible army of 36,000 Orangemen, who were full of heart and zeal, and as brave as ever drew a sword for right, truth and liberty. He lost no time, but advanced in six days from Belfast to the Boyne river, where the memorable battle was fought which we celebrate here to-day.

Oh, brethren, this was a moment of great excitement. The battle now commenced in earnest. The Romish army of James, consisting of French, Irish and others were thoroughly disciplined and well prepared for action. King William had not much over one half their number. But his men were true Orangemen, they knew no fear, they scorned every danger, and they had one standing word given them by the 'Prentice Boys of Derry. A word which still causes traitors to tremble, a word which when spoken with Orange authority will make the Fenian Croppies lie down, and which can be spoken to advantage now as well as in days of yore. The word was "*No surrender.*" The battle still increased in all its fury, and for a moment the final decision seemed doubtful. But no doubt existed in the minds of the brave Orangemen as to the result of the conflict. William's voice was heard through the din and smoke, in the sweetest of accents, giving

the word of encouragement to his men, "Be not dismayed, my boys, for God will fight the battle." The crimson flag of England, dear to the heart of every Briton, still fluttering in the breeze of heaven the emblem of British triumph and the pledge of future freedom. And although these brave Orange heroes were inferior to their enemies in military strength, prayer must prevail. It has, for the French General St. Ruth is slain, the enemy now flies in all directions while shouts of triumph are heard from the ranks of the brave men who fought for us this battle, and the song of Moses is once more sung: "Sing unto the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath he cast into the sea."

This glorious victory of William over James at the Boyne we meet to-day, my brethren, to celebrate, and pointing our children to our banners of liberty which we have unfurled, we exclaim, behold what God hath wrought. From the 12th of July, 1690, to the present one in 1865, this blessed day has been observed by loyal Orangemen all over the world. And we do heartily thank God, my brethren, that wherever the British flag waves throughout the universe, the glorious flag of King William waves by its side. And it is destined to wave over a free and happy people long after Popery be numbered with the things of the past, and when Romanism shall be known only as associated with the history of past generations.

Thousands, it must be admitted, do not fancy the loyal Orange Association. This, brethren, is very natural. The forest of Orange bayonets which we place around the Queen and the British Constitution cannot be very congenial to Romanists or any other class of traitors, for rebels of every grade dread our influence as they do that of grape shot and the gallows. Loyal men have nothing to fear from us, and to a man they are our friends, while all disloyal and disaffected men naturally, very naturally feel that to them and their cause the loyal Orange is a dangerous institution. We

don't like your Loyal Institution, says the Philistines, nor we, cries the Amalekites. It is an unnecessary order, exclaims the Hittites; away with it from the land, shouts the Jebusite; you are just as bad as the Fenians, croaks the Amorite; we always hated the Orange for its loyalty, groans the Rebelites; well perhaps we had better please them all and give up, and forget the past, exclaims the time-serving Israelites.

But, my brethren, in spite of all this croaking and grumbling, to the praise of God's great name, we still exist, as a memorial of the past, and as determined as ever to declare to our children what noble works God did in our time, and in the time of our fathers: and we do expect that this day shall be observed as a memorial by our children and children's children unto the end of the world. Indeed, my brethren, in this age of time-serving politicians and luke-warm loyalty, we can ill afford to spare our noble Association. We need the memorial of the dangerous journey our fathers passed through when travelling the wilderness of this world. No, brethren, God says "this day shall be unto you for a memorial," and with his help we shall keep it as such, according to his own special direction, and the example of our fathers.

We need such celebrations. They are very useful, not only as a day of recreation on which friends can meet and exchange words of friendship, but also they are evidently designed to teach and instruct. The human mind, where unassisted, is naturally disposed to forget the goodness of the Lord, which accounts for the institution of symbols by Divine Providence as a means of remembrance. Thus we are told when the Children of Israel crossed the Jordan on dry ground, they were commanded to take up twelve stones out of the bed of the river to remind them of the miracle. "That this may be a sign among you," saith the Lord, "that when your children shall ask their fathers in time to come, what mean ye by these stones? Then shall ye answer them that the waters

of the Jordan were cut off before the ark of the covenant of the Lord ; when it passed over Jordan the waters of Jordan were cut off ; and these stones shall be for a memorial unto the children of Israel for ever."—Josh. iv. 6, 7. So again, by Divine authority the feast of Purim was kept among the Jews to commemorate God's delivering them from the power and malice of Haman, the Aggagite. Thus we read in Esther, x. 27 : "The Jews ordained and took upon them and upon their seed, and upon all such as joined themselves unto them, *so as it should not fail*, that they would keep these days according to their writing, and according to their appointed time every year." In this passage just quoted, we learn that God directed the Jews to celebrate this feast yearly, so as to be a remembrance to them of the past : and that the children in the time to come might know the power of God in delivering the fathers when they trusted in him.

Now, my brethren, let us just apply God's method of teaching the people to the case presented before our delighted visions here to day. The rising generation see flags fly, and they hear music. They see men arrayed in Orange, Purple, Blue and Scarlet, and naturally being pleased with the proceedings, they enquire of their parents, What are they doing ? why do they wear these colors ? Who is that on horseback represented on the flag ? Why all this expression of joy and gladness ? Then must the information be given them : all this is to remind us that our fathers were under the galling yoke of Popery, and that upon the 12th day of July, 1690, God delivered them with a high hand and stretched out arm, through his servant King William and his heroic followers. Thus, brethren, by this simple July celebration, by the music and banners of this glorious day, the people can receive useful information, which thousands never would receive if the information was confined to the written history of the country.

But, says the objector, why celebrate this day so publicly ? why with music and colors, and with such military spirit ?

This, we are told, is contrary to the spirit of the gospel. We reply: We celebrate the day publicly, because God gained the victory for us publicly. We celebrate it with music and banners, because God gained the victory for us with music and banners; and we never think it unchristian to do what God himself has done and sanctioned. We therefore celebrate the victory precisely as God gained it; for every thing around us here to-day refers us back to 1690, and says, see what God hath wrought? And we are doing to-day, brethren, just what God commanded us to do when he said, "Lift ye up a banner upon every high mountain," that is, so that it may be seen, and the cause of it known to the surrounding inhabitants.

But why celebrate the day in these Provinces? Why not confine such celebrations to the British Islands, where the battles were fought? demurs the objector. Simply because as British subjects we know no sections of our great Empire, but regard it as one glorious whole; because King William was a British Sovereign, and at the time of the great victory he ruled this side of the Atlantic as well as the other; because the history of the day is connected with our rights and liberties as British freemen; because the people of these Provinces are the descendants of those English, French, Irish and German Protestants that fought for us this battle; and because we in the Provinces are now reaping the blessings of civil and religious liberties which was purchased by the blood of our fathers on the plains of Anghram and on the banks of the Boyne: for were it not for that victory, my brethren, we should now be under the iron heel of the Pope, and by him deprived of the blessings which we now possess.

But, the objector replies, all this may be very well, but God's power was not limited to King William and the Boyne, for if James had been successful God would have resorted to other means for the preservation of his Church. But, my Brethren we have nothing to do with that other means which

God might have adopted. Had he adopted other means we might have celebrated that other means here to-day. But as our liberties were secured to us and our children through the immortal William at the Boyne, and as our deliverer was Prince of Orange, so we are Orangemen and wear the Orange colours in grateful remembrance of the past.

But it is asked, why is the Institution necessary now? I have already given the answer to remind us of what God did for the fathers. We cannot forget the past without committing the sin of ingratitude. Go where there are no Orange celebrations and there the masses of the people are in blissful ignorance of the source through which their blessings came. Indeed, persons well informed on many other subjects have been perfectly astonished when I informed them that every particle of political as well as religious liberty which we now possess have been purchased for us and bequeathed by the Orangemen of 1690 and their successors.

Romanists at the present time are making desperate efforts to gain power and dominion over us. To this end they have scattered their Jesuits over the whole length and breadth of Britain. There are Jesuits in our midst avowedly hostile, and there are Jesuits concealed in all the Protestant denominations, all working right heartily for the interest of the Pope. The Orange Organization is indispensable to watch and guard our liberties. Believe me, brethren, if the Orange Institution was blotted out of existence to-day this Province would feel the withering effects of the calamity in less than three months.

Our numbers are for the defence of the country in which we live, and we are ready on short notice to defend our Queen and country against all traitorous conspiracies of all and every foe.

It is not true, as you my Orange brethren, full well know, that we meet either in our lodges or in procession to aggravate the Papists. No indeed, my brethren, we meet to cele-

brate the praises of our God. And the glorious twelfth of July we should celebrate if there was not a Romanist in existence, if they were all converted and sitting at the feet of Jesus.

Protestant Brethren, be strong in the Lord. Well may you rejoice upon this glorious day. You all look happy, and so well you may, for we are still free men and have the privilege of unfurling our Orange banner among our own people in this Province, none daring to molest us, and in spite of Jesuitical knavery and Popish plotters. And, brethren, should the time arrive when the Protestant government of Britain shall require our services,

Then shall our Orange banners wave  
As they have never waved before,  
And bravely we'll maintain the cause  
As did our veteran sires of yore.

Finally, brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Fear God, love the Brotherhood, honour the Queen, respect and obey the laws, and the God of your fathers will still be with you. By living true Orange and Christian lives you will remain an honor to the nation; and having the satisfaction to know that your lives were spent in the service of your God, your Queen, and your Country, your death will be peaceful, and your heaven glorious.

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