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TO
THE ORANGEMEN
OF
KINGSTON.

What is the very meaning of the word
"Protestantism" but that there is a call
to speak out?

Cardinal Newman.

BY
THE REV. JOHN MACKIE, M.A.,

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH,

KINGSTON.

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Romish zeal and bigotry, that mint of woeful factions and combustions, of treasonable conspiracies, of barbarous massacres, of horrid assassinations, of intestine rebellions, of foreign invasions, of revenge, tortures and butcheries, of HOLY LEAGUES and PIOUS FRAUDS, through Christendom, and particularly among us, which as it without reason damneth, so it would by any means destroy all that will not crouch thereto.—DR. ISAAC BARROW.

Of all fatuities, the basest is being lured into the Romanist Church by the glitter of it, like larks into a trap by broken glass; to be blown into a change of religion by the whine of an organ pipe: stitched into a new creed by gold threads on priests' petticoats: jangled into a change of conscience by the chimes of a belfry. I know nothing in the form of error so dark as this, no imbecility so absolute, no treachery so contemptible.—RUSKIN.

I will not bate one jot of heart or hope, so long as the glorious principles and the immortal martyrs of the Reformation shall be held in reverence by the great mass of a nation which looks with contempt on the mummeries of superstition and with scorn at the laborious endeavours which are now making to confine the intellect and enslave the soul.—LORD JOHN RUSSELL.



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“Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.”—GALATIANS v. 1.

Orangemen of Kingston, known to its honour as the Derry of Canada, Protestants without wavering and without doubt, holding with clear mind and glowing heart the principles of the glorious Reformation, bound, every one of you, by a most solemn oath to uphold, to defend and diffuse against Romish pretensions and aggressions the most precious liberties of the Christian faith given to us by God, wrested from us by crafty and cruel men called priests, and fought for and won—won forever—by the brave hearts of old whose blood is ours, and the avenging hand of a God of truth and righteousness! listen to me to-day, whom you have chosen to address you, that, with hearts stirred up by awakened memories and souls set on fire as by a spark from heaven, you may go forth from the presence of God to the joyful celebration of the Twelfth—that blessed day, never to be forgotten, on which William of glorious memory crossed the Boyne, victorious champion of truth and liberty. Listen to me as to a brother who, though he has not subscribed to your oath nor wears your badges, is none the less a member of your great and noble brotherhood, whose heart beats time with yours, whose spirit and aim and object are yours, whose motto, immutable as the cry of beleagured hearts in Derry, immutable as the very voice of God, is that which is stamped upon—yea, burnt into—your natures and the natures of your children—“*No surrender.*” Listen to me as to a minister of God, Protestant first and foremost, Presbyterian last and least, who am bound by a vow as solemn as yours to be true to Reformation principles, to proclaim and defend fearlessly and fully, as occasion requireth, papacy a fraud and abomination, a slavery more degrading than flesh and blood have ever been or can be subjected to, and the Reformation, the voice of God saying again over a world this time sunk in the midnight of ignorance, error, superstition and crime—“Let there be light;” and the hand of God breaking by the hands of men bred in the very heart of the foul despotism, as Saul in the Sanhedrim, the galling fetters rivetted upon the bodies, minds and consciences of God’s people; and the mighty rushing wind of God’s Holy Spirit purifying the pestilential atmosphere, drying up the putrid streams and spreading through

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 to 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 house, 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

the Church of the Reformation has never had cause to denounce its doings or disown its connections with it. It is not a Home League, a Fenian Circle, or a Clan-na-Gael that the Protestant Church gives birth to and brings up. Did not O'Connel know this and despair of ever carrying out his popish and rebellious programme, either by intimidation or force, in the presence of Orangemen banded together true in heart and strong in hand? Did he not at last feign sympathy with them, admiration for them, and on every occasion use language regarding them the most laudatory, or adulatory? Yea! did he not on a great public occasion seize the Orange flag, tear open his vest and press the honoured colours to his patriotic heart and the medal of the society to his truthful lips? Yea! in the enthusiasm of his newly awakened devotion did he not plunge a glass into the Boyne at Navan and quaff the beverage in the famous toast "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who saved us from popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass money, and wooden shoes?" Doubtless, he received a prompt and full absolution from the sin if not a reward for truth and candour. But the Orangemen were Orangemen still, proof against flattery as against steel. Baffled and contemned by loyal men, did he not traduce them as disloyal and seditious, designing to alter the succession and to set aside our present most gracious sovereign? Did he not at last, through his evil machinations and the help of traitors, secure the temporary disarmament and disbandment of Orangemen? All this you know. All this let all men know. But let them know, too, that the Orangeman's principle lives not in his ribbon, his password, his sign; cannot be uprooted and thrown upon the dunghill even by royal hand, but lives in the heart's blood—and lives in spite of all—till at the touch of God that heart ceases to beat.

Why so? Because the principles of the Reformation are convictions, and these are the principles of Orangeism. Eternal convictions! No galleys, or bastille, or inquisitions, no rack or guillotine, or fire, or flood, or sword, though jewelled and blest by a thousand popes, can ever extirpate these convictions—this heresy of the Reformers and their followers. All these have been tried. In the name of God they have been tried. In the name of piety and of Jesus Christ, cruelties and atrocities more appalling than any that ear hath ever heard of in lands of heathen darkness, among the devotees of beasts and devils, have been perpetrated for the extirpation of these convictions, but they live—live more firmly rooted than ever—live with more abundant life—live in millions of hearts and rule men and kingdoms—yea, now rule the world.

Tell me, Orangemen, that we live in fear, that we are seized with the conviction that papacy is advancing upon us with stealthy, but with

conquering tread, that the truths of the Reformation are decaying and the effects and power of the Reformation are perishing—that soon the work of three centuries will be undone—and Protestantism in the corruption of the tomb and this epitaph written : “The deed of the devil !” As soon tell me and ask me to believe that the waters of Ontario are flowing back, leaping Niagara and rolling their waves inward, over the Rockies to the Pacific ; as well tell me and ask me to believe that the culture and civilization, the religious sanctuaries and happy homes, the fruitful fields and wealthy industries of this great Dominion, on whose infant face the smile of God’s favour is resting, are rushing back, and will be lost to sight, sunk in the wildness and tangled masses of the primeval forest, in the wigwams of untutored Indians, in the coarseness and brutality of heathen living, in the darkness and horrors of paganism ! Popery can no more return and rule the world than paganism can.

Why, then, these eyes of sleepless vigilance, these voices as if of alarm, this constant attitude of defiance—every man with his hand on the hilt ! For the very same reason and for no other that compelled the godly and patriotic in the days of Nehemiah, while raising the walls of their holy temple, every one with one hand to work in the work, and with the other hand to hold a weapon. Like Sanballat, and Tobiah, Arabians, Ammonites, and Ashdodites, papists in all their multitudinous orders are the *sworn and resolute obstructives* of that mighty movement issuing from the Word of God and divine, which gives every man mental and moral and spiritual liberty lifting him up by no churchly or priestly or human device or strength, but by the hand of Christ alone into the family of God, sons free to fulfil according to their conscience and Holy Scripture the will of a Father God. They are the determined and unwearied hinderers of this great building up of human lives into the divine, and *we are the workers equally determined* that we shall not be hindered, that our efforts shall not be relaxed, that if the trowel is not allowed to do its part, then the sword will be unsheathed—a sword blessed by God.

Protestantism as the divine truth must prevail, however malignantly contradicted, and deceitfully handled, and stoutly opposed, and treacherously undermined—must prevail over all refined idolatries, and perverted truths, and legendary absurdities, and doctrines of devils that stifle conscience and dwarf and degrade mankind—must prevail in spite of statecraft, tortuous intrigue, base bartering, and manœuvring policy—the weapons of to-day. Confidence in the right gives strength and courage, and God guides, and increasing millions of hearts o’er all the earth cry out with emphasis that sends a shuddering fear through the very heart of the Vatican, “No surrender.” We, too, can speak in Latin, if the Saxon tongue, like the Saxon liberties, must be suppressed,

and popes and papists understand it better, and say with all boldness to the Italian priest, arrayed by impious hands in the attributes and prerogatives of the Most High—*Non Possumus*. We stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and will not be entangled again with the yoke of bondage.

Orangemen! if any of you think that I am too sanguine of success, and am closing my eyes to the power and progress of the papacy, I ask you to turn away your eyes from the convulsing extremities of the smitten carcass, to its head and heart rotting and dying disregarded, disowned, scorned by the very people that of all the peoples of the earth we would have expected, from their intimate knowledge of its heavenly character, its benign and beneficent reign, to be true as steel to it—to cling to it with fervency and undying devotion, though all men everywhere else should forsake it. Turn your eyes for a moment to the seat of the great apostacy, and what do you see? The triple tiara, which is assumed at the sound of these arrogant words, “Take thou the tiara adorned with the triple crown and know that thou art the Father of princes and of kings, and art the Governor of the world,” and before which every crown in Europe used to be doffed and laid upon the ground, now packed up to be seen no more in the world till laid as an interesting historic relic on the shelves of some antiquarian museum. What do you see? The head of that arrogant despotism which claimed and claims to-day the right to depose and set up princes as it wills, preparing to leave that throne of usurpation and blasphemous tyranny on which forever more the wrath of a holy and righteous God is resting—and leave that city—the metropolis of his pomp and pageantry, and the birthplace of his impious and basely enslaving doctrines—with no blessing of Roman Italians following him, and every gate ready to be barred forever against his return. Judge not of the power of popery by what you may see at the extremities of the body. *The hand of God is laid upon the head, and absolutism is dead.* The voice of the Reformation has rung through the halls of the Vatican as the voice of the dominant power when Signor Zanardelli, Minister of Justice, said recently in the Legislative Chamber of Italy: “The state wishes to give equal liberty of conscience to all, but ought also to determine to keep undamaged its own prerogatives. It will always exercise great forbearance towards the clergy, but it cannot renounce its patriotic rights and duties.” Fancy liberty of conscience in Rome! No wonder the Pope utters his jeremiads and hastens to go. Orangemen, it is a liberty that will remain! Hear this from the new penal code, passed by an overwhelming majority in the Chamber of Deputies on the 9th of June of last year: “Any minister of religion who shall, by writing or by preaching, or by conversation in the confessional, or in the family, speak against the unity of the

kingdom of Italy, shall be liable to fine, imprisonment, and dismissal from office." Yet these are the very things the Pope enjoins his priests to do. Italians and Roman Catholics, the whole nation, in direct opposition to the once mighty Roman pontiff, and the arm that once could smite the mightiest is paralyzed!

In a despatch of Mr. Odo Russell, from Rome, to the Earl of Clarendon, dated February 8th, 1866, we read: "Travellers visiting the Pope's dominions should be very careful not to bring English, Italian, or other Bibles with them, the Bible being strictly prohibited." To-day, not only are the Holy Scriptures from the British and American Bible Societies scattered through Rome and expounded without let or hindrance from Anglican, Presbyterian, and Methodist pulpits, but Italy now publishes the Bible herself, and sends it through her own agencies as the voice of liberty and life to all the dwellings in her lovely but long darkened land. The hand of God hath done it! The dogma of Terracina, the bayonets of Civita Vecchia, the sentry of the Porta San Giovanni, the Swiss Guards of the Vatican, the bull endorsed by the papal Sanhedrim—yea, even the seal of the fisherman availed naught to stem the current of those events which have rushed onward with resistless force in obedience to the will of God and to the foreshadowings of His inspired Word.

In June of last year the voice of joy and rejoicing rushed from every home and gondola, through every canal and piazza of fairy Venice, filling the cloudless sky, and sounding as the shout of triumph over the blue waves of the Adriatic and the Umbrian hills, to Pecchi on his pontifical chair and his cardinal conclave round him, when the Communal and City Councils of Venice resolved that in the Campo Foscala, on the very spot reddened with his blood, should arise a national monument to the undying memory of Paolo Sarpi. And who was he? A priest who in 1607 had the boldness to burst his fetters, and spake out of the abundance of his patriotic heart, and with tongue and pen denounced with vigour, and resisted with success, all Vatican interference with the liberties of the Venetian republic; and who, simply for asserting his rights and the rights of his country, was, according to documentary evidence carefully preserved in the archives of the city, handed over by the Pope and his abettors in crime to the stilettoes of masked assassins. Do you hear his voice, for he being dead yet speaketh? Listen, for he knows with accuracy the life and work of those of whom he speaks? Listen, for no Protestant minister in the land can give you and your legislators sounder and more seasonable advice than that Roman Catholic priest—"the man whose eyes are open." What does he advise? This:—"There is nothing more essential than to ruin the reputation of the Jesuits: by the ruin of the Jesuits, Rome will be ruined, and if Rome is

ruined, religion will reform of itself." No wonder the Vatican hated Sarpi and laboured that his memory might rot! But in vain they laboured. The grateful Venetians, in defiance of papal opposition, have canonized and immortalized him, and the Vatican bites the dust.

Three weeks ago all Rome was *en fete*; her streets were thronged with rejoicing citizens and deputations from all the important cities of the kingdom, and deafening cheers rang out and filled the air and penetrated to the innermost recesses of the papal dwelling when the canvass dropped from the marble face of Giordiano Bruno. The syndic of Rome, the government officials, senators and deputies crowded round the statue, and an eloquent voice in eulogizing the dead declared that there was born to them a new religion of free thought and liberty of conscience which would be worse for the papacy than the loss of temporal power. Who is this Bruno whom Rome and all Italy thus honour in the face of the Pope? Simply a native of Nola, the friend of such men as Sir Philip Sydney and Greville, who dared to think for himself and to write his thoughts, and who for such a heinous crime was handed over to the inquisition at Rome and at command of an infallible pope was burnt alive on the Campo de Fiore on the 17th February, 1600. "Such," says the Latin historian Scioppius, who witnessed the martyrdom, "is the manner in which we at Rome deal with impious men and monsters of such a nature." The manner of dealing with such men is now changed, and all Rome and Italy, to the disgust and grief of Pope Leo XIII., bless and honour to the utmost of their power the name cast out as a heretic and a reprobate, and the man whom Pope Clement VIII. cursed and burnt as a monster. Anathemas, excommunications, once the fulminations of heaven and the terror of human spirits, are now threatened and hurled, and Romans regard them as much as they do the benedictions.

In June of this current year King Humbert I. presented 5,000 francs to the Church of the Waldenses celebrating the Bicentary of the Glorious Return, and along with the royal gift this significant letter:— "The event which is so justly the cause of exultation to many citizens who have set the example of many virtues is also hailed with joy by our king, who knows well the steadfast devotion of the Waldenses to the house of Savoy. This devotion to the dynasty, accompanied by warm love to their country, has supplied to Italy brave soldiers, and deeply attached sons and daughters. His Majesty testifies what are his sentiments towards this devoted people by the accompanying gift."

Need I ask you who were, who are the Waldenses? At the very mention of their name does not your blood course hot through every vein and artery, and your heart burn and bound with admiration of the truest heroism, purest devotion to truth and Christ, the saintliest living

and sublimest faith this earth hath ever seen? That people from the morning of the Church till now clinging to apostolic simplicity of doctrine, as limpet to the rock; whom Pope Pius IV.—what a misnomer!—butchered to his heart's content in their Christian homes in Calabria; whom Pope Paul III., of brutal nature, ordered the Parliament of Turin to persecute throughout the valleys of Piedmont and the Alpine heights as the most pernicious of all heretics; whom Pope Clement VIII.—clement indeed!—for the preservation of the papal authority, and in honour of all the saints, and the ceremonies of the Church of Rome, robbed of their children, murdered, and cast with their dangerous Bibles into the flames; whom Pope Alexander VII., by the sword of Savoy and brigades of Irish, did his utmost to exterminate, shrinking from no atrocities, till all England shook with horror, burned with indignation, swore to avenge if the hand of the persecutor was not instantly removed, and poured from every hamlet and town heart sympathy and generous aid to the poor driven mangled creatures—remember Milton's sonnet, the prayer of Protestant Britain shot hot to heaven and long since answered!—that people every letter of whose history was written in blood and every step of whose heavenward march was through the fiery furnace, till at length that same heroic spirit that shed his blood for you on the banks of the Boyne, and crossed that stream the restorer of your civil and religious rights and liberties, even William of Orange, received for them on February 8th, 1691, the right to live, to think, to worship God according to the dictates of conscience and the teaching of holy writ; that people, the Waldenses, are now exalted by God, while the papacy is abased, and the voice of no seer is needed to declare that God in His own good time will make the once persecuted and almost annihilated Church of the Waldenses the Church through the rest of time of a liberated evangelical Italy.

Look at that man who, wherever he goes, in Rome or throughout all Italy, is followed by crowds of Italians, listening as for their life, that they may learn a religion they can believe in. Who is he? and what does he say? He is Enrico de Campello, who for conscience sake has sacrificed a splendid ecclesiastical career, thrown down his canonry of St. Peter's at the feet of the Pope, and walked forth into liberty with no venomous smirching over his character, wonderful to relate! He is telling the thousands of Italians that hang on his eloquent lips that he has left the Vatican because he was weary of hypocrisy and slavery; because therein it was utterly impossible for him to be both a true Christian man and a loyal subject of the king. He is urging them to drive the papacy from their consciences, and minds, and hearts, and homes, and to rest not satisfied till they have chased the vampire from every corner of their country. He is entreating them to put Christ in

the place of the Pope and the blessed Gospel in the place of the Syllabus ; to fear God and honour the king ; and as he speaks there bursts from his immense audience deafening applause, and the reiterated cry is heard far away—"We will."

Shall I speak of others ? of Girolamo Savonarola, John the Baptist, in a generation of vipers, who simply for favouring democracy and inveighing against the corruptions of the clergy, against whom not a shadow of political crime was proved, on whose private character not a stain was detected, who, as George Eliot most truthfully says, "not because of his sins but because of his greatness, not because he sought to deceive the world, but because he sought to make it noble," was at the command of Pope Alexander VI., the wickedest of the popes, and that means wickedness in the superlative degree, shattered on the rack, strangled, and burnt to ashes in Florence on the 23rd May, 1498 ! Shall I say that to-day no name is more fragrant to the Florentines and no memory more lovingly cherished ; that throughout all Italy Savonarola is regarded as one of her noblest and best sons sacrificed on the altar of malice and envy ? No. I have said enough to show you that where the papacy is known best, where she has fulfilled her own sweet will the longest, where her seat has been from the beginning, she has lost all power, temporal and spiritual ! she is nothing. That liberty wherewith Christ maketh his people free is now the sweet and precious possession of Italy. It has cast down deep its roots, and it is developing as it must into the beauty and eternity of Protestantism, life religious from within, and one with Christ's in its manifestation to the world.

But, Orangemen, to the last gasp papacy will not cease to disturb the nations of the earth and pervert the ways of the Lord. Wherever her cloven hoof is seen there are contention and strife, pride and arrogance. She will not be quiet, she cannot be, unless upon the throne and the rod of iron in her hand and her hoof on the neck of Protestantism. That phantom she ceases not day and night to pursue ; that golden dream she seeks with unwearied energy and unremitting exertion, and chiefly by fawning flattery and blandishment, the tactics of the spider with the fly—to realize. One stratagem she has found to be not altogether without success, that suggested by Baalam to Balak, king of Moab—seduction through their daughters of the sons of Israel. But we have often observed that the delirium of such men is short, and that they come to themselves, and find to their consternation and disgrace that, like Samson from the lap of Delilah, they are shorn of their strength. Knowing their tactics, be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.

On all sides of your social, political, and religious life she meets you, cozens you to crush you. Which way you turn or look throughout your glorious Protestant empire, glorious and blest preeminently by

God above the nations of the earth, because she is Protestant, you find her asking for toleration, then equality—then undermining the constitution and grasping the sceptre. Lord Palmerston said with truth: “Wherever the Roman Catholics have gained a preponderance there the utmost of intolerance is invariably the practice. In countries where they form a minority they demand not only toleration, but equality, but in countries where they predominate they allow neither toleration nor equality.” But why quote Lord Palmerston or any one else, when in addition to the mighty voice of deeds we hear the infallible Pope himself, Pius IX., declaring so recently as December 8th, 1864, that the following are deadly errors: “*In the present day it is no longer expedient that the Catholic religion shall be held as the only religion of the state to the exclusion of all other modes of worship; whence it has been wisely provided by law, in some countries called Catholic, that persons coming to reside therein shall enjoy the public exercise of their worship.*” Ponder these words and say whether toleration granted to such a sect is not fraught with danger to the liberties of those who grant it? Yet it is granted most fully wherever that sect is in the minority. I know no Protestant country where toleration alone is granted, but where equality in its length and breadth is given as of right to all irrespective of religious belief. But I know no Protestant country in the world where Roman Catholics have been satisfied with toleration or equality. They must be the dominant party, and this, according to their changeless creed, and the order of their infallible head.

Perhaps there is no country in the world where they have been compelled to be quiet and at least to appear satisfied with the dower of equal rights than in Presbyterian Scotland. It takes a long time to silence the voice of our martyrs—to dry up their precious blood—to dim the lustre of the birthright their bravery and unswerving allegiance to truth and conscience bought for every son and daughter of Scotland. It is impossible to live in a land where the spirits of the heroic dead chased in their shroud of blood to the side of Christ seem hovering over you in every church and churchyard, in every burn and river and loch, in every glen and strath and mountain side; where the voices of those that in the might of God snapped the fetters and set the captive free forever seem to fill the air and stir the soul and pour their nature of loyalty to God and country through you, it is impossible to live and breathe in such an atmosphere and not feel that in giving equality to Roman Catholics you are indeed giving as God gives to all of us, *not according to their deserving*, and that domination there they can never obtain. They know it, and are hopeless.

Here in this fair Province, this great Dominion, this valued jewel in the British crown—for it is valued—things are far otherwise. They lift

up their voice in loud assertion and arrogance; they make the most audacious claims and inroads on the rights of others; they obtrude their religious rites in every conceivable form upon us; they seek by mediæval pomp and half-pagan pagentry and self-assumed titles to overwhelm us with a sense of their divine majesty. They at every turn and through every government are forcing their way to ascendancy.

And why is this? Because the voice of Protestantism has not been round and clear and emphatic, and the policy of concession, begot by party exigence and distrust of each other's fidelity to Protestant principles, has been adopted and systematically carried out, instead of the invincible voice of Derry, "No Surrender."

Surely at long last the culmination of that system has been reached, when Jesuitism, the fiercest head of the hydra, speared from every country in the world but Egyptian Ireland, has been incorporated as a useful and desirable society in the Dominion, and handsomely endowed out of the nation's purse. At long last the voice of Protestantism has been raised, and Protestants have been shaken from their guilty policy. From every quarter all over the land, from Halifax to Victoria, denunciations have been hurled against the governments, both the Conservative and the Liberal.

Orangemen, the government is the creation of the country. It must carry out the will of the people, and had the will of the people been clearly pronounced on this policy, no government would have dared to act against it. Denounce yourselves. The blame is your own, every particle of it. You have been Protestants winking at every concession to insatiable papacy, privately bewailing it as a political necessity, or with fleeting flush of indignation protesting and threatening retaliation, but when election day came all these concessions and fervent protestations and threats were buried in oblivion, and rancorous partyism stifled your Protestantism, and the same chariot rolled on, with the Pope on the box and your governments in the traces. But, thank God, there is now such a firm planting of the foot, and such a bold attitude of determined resistance, that no doubt is left lingering in the mind of the dullest that the brake has at last been put upon the wheel; that the government understands that henceforth and forever there can be in Canada only a Protestant government, inasmuch as the heart of Canada believes that a Protestant government alone can maintain intact the civil and religious liberties of the people, the integrity of the empire, the prerogatives and honour of the crown.

You Orangemen at Goderich, the Citizens' Convention at Toronto, the Methodist Conferences, the Anglican Synods, and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church cannot be set aside by any cabinet, whether Conservative or Liberal. Your statesmen understand you now, and

very thankful they would be if only they could find a way of undoing their ugly deeds. Your enemy understands you and fears.

Jesuits are no terror to us. We fear them no more than the Prime Minister of Canada fears them. We know them, their oath, their artifices, their morals, their ends. Their history will be repeated. They will be foiled, and beaten, and driven from our midst as the emissaries of satan; but we are determined that, knowing them, we shall not exemplify the fool, and grant permission, and invest them with power to harass and annoy and hinder us in the diffusion of the pure gospel of Jesus Christ, the only and all-sufficient Saviour and one Mediator between God and man, and so retard for centuries the true prosperity and glory of the land and the coming of the Kingdom of Christ.

Orangemen! all you Protestants in the full enjoyment of the civil and religious liberties, the birthright of the glorious Reformation, be true to the Reformers, be true to your consciences, and be implicitly obedient to the apostolic precept—"Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ maketh His people free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

On returning to Victoria Hall the following resolution was passed:—

Resolved,—That the thanks of the Orangemen of Kingston are due and are hereby given to the Rev. Mr. Mackie, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, for his very able and instructive sermon, being, as it were, in direct harmony with the principles of the Orange Association."

July 7th, 1889.





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