

of the morning, we see dimly beneath us great ocean liners and scores of cargo vessels speeding from shore to shore, "unhasting, unresting," and observe that two out of every three of them fly the red or the blue ensiga with the Union Jack in the corner.

Two hours and forty minutes elapse, and then we sight the shores of Newfoundland, and the flag is seen ascending at St. John's.

Now we are on the threshold of our own persion of the Empire, the great Dominion of Canada, and during the next four hours the Union Jack will go aloft over the government buildings of the provinces and of the Dominion—Halifax, Charlottetown, Fredericton, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, and Victoria, and over the public buildings of many other cities and towns as well. From ocean to ocean it will rise over half the continent of North America, the richest and most promising part of the British Empire.

Meanwhile the flag will also be hoisted at Georgetown in British Guiana, on a host of lovely West India Islands, including Trinidad and Jamaica, and at Belize, in British Honduras. Now Esquimalt on Vancouver Island hoists its flag, and we sweep out above the Pacific, and watch the familiar bunting hauled aloft as we pass island after island. Two hours elapse, and we see it rising on the Friendly Islands. Half an hour later sunrise bursts upon Fiji once more, and the Union Jack is again unfurled to greet the beginning of a new day.

We have put a girdle round the earth, and for twenty-four hours we have witnessed the ceaseless hoisting of the Union Jack on continent and island all round the world. Think of it! Somewhere or other on the earth, year in year out, during every hour of the day, British hands are hoisting the Union Jack. The sun never sets on it, and we may travel the whole world round and never touch land on which it is not flying.