

German army that when new colours are presented to a regiment the German Emperor first, and then his Princes and chiefs in their order, each drive a nail into the staff. I have sometimes been reminded of this practice in connexion with the banner of our Empire. Elizabeth and her heroes first drove their nails in, and so onward through the expansive 18th century, when our flag flashed everywhere, down to our own times, when we have not quailed or shrunk. Yesterday it wrapped the corpse of Tennyson; to-day we drive one more nail in on behalf of Sir John Macdonald. But this standard, so richly studded, imposes on us—the survivors—a solemn obligation. It would be nothing were it the mere symbol of violence and rapine, or even of conquest. It is what it is because it represents everywhere peace and civilisation and commerce, the negation of narrowness and the gospel of humanity. Let us then to-day, by the shrine of this signal statesman, once more remember our responsibility and renew the resolution that, come what may, we will not flinch or fail under it.



*Homeward Bound.*