

Be French. The with the compliments of the 15th and 16th of
Mr

THE BRITISH FLAG.

Behold, my son, my father said,
That gallant banner bravely borne;
It made thy country prosperous,
And hath respected liberty.

That banner is the British Flag;
Without a stain, beneath the sky,
O'er almost every coin of earth
It floats unfurled triumphantly.

Over an eighth part of the globe
It waves, the ensign of command;
Covering a little patch of blue,
But nowhere dimming heaven's light.

It waves o'er every sea and shore;
And carries progress where it flies;—
Beyond the farthest ocean's verge,
And to remotest forest lands.

Leaving on all its proud impress;—
To wildest tribes of savage men
It comes the harbinger of light
And civilizing arts of life.

And in the march of intellect,
How often hath it shown the way,
Like the dove loosed from out the ark,
Or Sinai's guiding column's glow.

Of old that glorious flag with ours
A jealous rivalry maintained;
Deeming itself the only peer
Of ours in the race for fame.