

It flutters in triumph o'er ocean,
As free as the wind and the wave,
The bondsman from shackles unloosened
Neath it cowers no longer a slave.

It floats o'er Newfoundland* and Malta,
O'er Canada, the Indies, Hong Kong ;
And Britons, where'er that flag's flying,
Claim the right that to Britons belong.

We hoist it to show our devotion
To our King,* to our country and laws ;
It's the outward and visible emblem
Of advancement and liberty's cause.

You may say it's a small bit of bunting,
You may call it an old colored rag ;
Yet freedom has made it majestic,
And time has ennobled the flag.

What Lord Byron did to revive the memories of the glories of ancient Greece, Lord Macaulay has done for ancient Rome. Who has not been thrilled with the legend of Horatius? Again and again, in imagination, have we flung back the curses of false Sextus and joined in the prayer of Lars Porsena, the great hearted enemy of Rome. We have watched with breathless interest the in-

(*) The words marked with an asterisk differ in the original.