

MY FLAG

Nest to the love of mother in every human heart comes the love that is born in the heart of every native American for the flag of Our Country.

These two loves are different from all others.

They never die or flicker out.

Absent from home and journeying across the sea, when the flags of all the nations are displayed upon occasions, in the big ship's salon, how distinctly dear Old Glory rises above all others!

The sight of the Stars and Stripes at the masthead of a vessel in a foreign port stirs the heart of every true American to its deepest depths, as he stands with head bared, reverently recalling its solemn and glorious history.

Under the dear old flag every man is free to live, think, labor, and worship his God as his conscience dictates, and no power on earth can molest or prevent him. Amen.