



May it ever wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave!

The red in that flag is redder than the sun rising on the eastern horizon with a face of ineffable splendor. Redder than the carnation flower whose colors were brewed in the workshops of heaven. It typifies the blood that flowed in rivulets down the slopes of Bunker Hill and stained the snows of Valley Forge.

The white in that flag is whiter than the driven snow as it falls uncontaminated from the matchless hands of God. It typifies the purity of that patriotism that animated American manhood in a thousand blood-fought fields and a hundred crimson seas.

The blue of that flag is bluer than the arch dome of heaven; bluer than the modest violet that blossoms in the wooded glen on the sunny side of the old log. It typifies the sacrifice of the mother who gave her first-born on the altar of his country, and kneeling at his vacant chair asks God for strength to comfort her aching heart; takes the sword from the nerveless hand of the dead hero and buckles it to the wrist of her stripling son and bids him go forth and conquer.