

## THE FLAG OF MY COUNTRY

SISTER NELLIE P. NEGUS, St. Louis.

They lifted the folds of "Old Glory,"  
And as to the breeze it unfurled,  
There were thousands who cheered, as they whispered,  
"The most beautiful flag in the world."  
Perhaps they remembered the fathers  
Who fought for that banner, and died,  
That it might float freedom unhampered,  
And fill a great nation with pride.

But I, in a shadowy vision,  
Saw afar off on Calvary's hill,  
A cross, and the flag that it purchased –  
It sent through my being a thrill;  
I remembered there hung in the darkness,  
My Savior – unaided – alone  
That He might give Life to a nation,  
That His life for theirs might atone.

I knew that the banner He purchased  
Was floating today, far above  
The eyes of the world, though it covers  
Them all, and its emblem is Love.  
It is written in letters of scarlet,  
On folds that are spotless and white,  
And it hangs in the blue of the heavens,  
And soon it will float in full sight.

Who then will laud flags of a nation,  
Or care if they be white or blue?  
For only the crimson will cover,  
Which now can be seen but by few;  
But then, when the blind eyes are opened,  
They will see it, the great and the small,  
That wonderful "Flag of all nations,"  
And the King who will rule over all.

So if others would fight for the honor  
Of a flag, that is blue, white and red,

At the foot of the cross I would glory,  
Where my Savior for all mankind bled;  
And the banner that I would lift higher,  
That its beauty might not suffer loss,  
Is marked with the blood of the Master –  
The flag of my country His cross.