

No Cross, No Crown.

M. L. Stanton in *Albion's Constitution*.

I sometimes think when life seems drear
And gloom and darkness gather here—
When hope's bright star forsakes my skies
And sorrow o'er my pathway lies,
It would be sweet, it would be best
To fold my tired hands and rest,
But then God sends an angel down
Who sweetly says: "No Cross, no Crown!"

Last night I heard the river moan
With sad and melancholy tone;
I saw its waters flushing free
And dashing headlong in the sea!
I would have plunged beneath its tide
And on its friendly bosom died,
But then God sends an angel down
Who whispered still: "No Cross, no Crown!"

I said: The world is dark and lone—
There is no hand to hold my own
I cannot bear the howling blast;
The thorns so pierce my bleeding feet!
"Behold!" he cried, "where, so afflicted,
Shine the red, bleeding wounds of Christ!
And fill his tears of mercy down,
While still he said: "No Cross, no Crown!"

Then turned I from the river shore
And sought the lonely world once more;
With aching heart and burning head
To battle for my errand of bread!
But Hunger came, and I grew weak,
And fainting by the wayside fell,
But still the angel flitting down,
And whispering: "No Cross, no Crown!"

No Cross—no Crown?—As I stand there,
The cross too heavy seemed to bear;
And for the crown—I could not see
That it was ever meant for me!
The words I could not understand.
Even while I pressed the angel's hand,
But still he looked with pity down,
And still he said: "No Cross, no Crown!"

Back to the world I turned again
To feel its grief, endure its pain;
But all the sweetness that it gave
I followed weeping to the grave;
And from the cold and quiet sod
I lifted my eyes and to God,
And saw the angel coming down,
And in his hands a golden crown.

Then I forgot my earthly loss
And kneeling lifted up the Cross;
Though all at once made life so sweet
Lay 'neath the lilies at my feet!
A radiance from the realm of Light,
Flash'd for a moment on my sight;
A still small voice came fluttering down—
"It is enough. Receive the Crown!"

An Old Irish Manuscript.

At a meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, held recently at the Academy House, Dublin, the Rev. J. H. Bernard, D. D., read a paper on "The Fragments of the Latin Gospels Contained in the Domnach Airgid." Dr. Bernard said the fragment of the Latin Gospel contained in the Domnach Airgid had been in the possession of the Royal Irish Academy for forty five years. It came into the possession of the Academy through Lord Rossmore, who bought it for £300 from Mr. George Smith, a Dublin bookseller, who obtained it from an old woman who lived in Fermanagh, its former possessor. When it became known that Lord Rossmore had possession of the Domnach Airgid a subscription was set on foot by members of the Academy and the manuscript was secured for their library in 1848. A paper by Dr. Petrie describing the manuscript, and the beautiful shrine which contained it, was printed in their transactions. In the paper it was suggested that the manuscript might have come down from St. Patrick, and this theory was adopted by O'Curry, and it had frequently been put forward since as if it were well established. In "Early Christian Art in Ireland" Miss Stokes, in her appendix put it at the head of the Irish manuscripts, and as its date gave 60 A. D., and in South's dictionary of the Bible, on O'Curry's and Petrie's authority, its date was given as the fifth or sixth century. First of all they should try to get some knowledge of the history of the case. It had been known for a long time in the County Fermanagh as the Domnach—the Domnach Airgid—or Silver Reliquary, and they had definite evidence from the inscription on the case to show that it was in Clones in possession of the See of Clogher, in the fourteenth century, and Petrie showed

that they could trace its history further back. But they were not justified in attributing it with certainty to be the age of St. Patrick. There was a possibility, and that was all. So much for the shrine.

They should next turn to its contents. No tradition associated the Domnach with any book whatever, and up to the year 1619 no suspicion whatever existed to the effect that it contained any manuscript at all. Indeed up to that time, and even later, its principal treasure was thought to be a lock of hair of the Blessed Virgin that it contained. No doubt the manuscript was there the whole time; but however the manuscript got into the shrine there was no evidence to show that the manuscript itself was associated with St. Patrick, or was ever given by him to the See of Clogher. They knew that the manuscript was in the possession of the See of Clogher since the fourteenth century, at least probably since the eleventh, possibly since the fifth. The date of the manuscript should be learned from the character of the writing and other internal evidences. Up to about a year ago not more than eleven pages could be examined—fragments of the Gospel of St. Matthew—because the other pages were so glued together from damp that they could not be attempted to be opened without great danger to the manuscript.

The manuscript consisted of four fascioli. The fascioli of which a portion has been opened, was part of the Gospel of St. Matthew and it was supposed as it turned out correctly that the remaining fascioli were concerned with the Gospels of Saints Mark, Luke and John. In 1832 Sir William Betham examined some of the Gospel of St. Matthew but it was not until 1891 that the rest of the book was able to be got at. Last October, when visiting the British Museum he (Dr. Bernard) consulted the librarian Mr. Morgan Thompson, as to how pages of vellum glued together by damp could be opened. He stated that it could not be done except by skilled and expert workmen, and with proper appliances, and in the most generous manner he offered to supervise the operation if the manuscript was entrusted to him. He (Dr. Bernard) reported this to their secretary Dr. Wright, and he took the matter in hand, and, having obtained the sanction of the British Museum last March. They had received back their three fascioli opened, and the leaves pressed flat, so that it was possible to read a large portion of the writing, but, as the manuscript was with the binder, it was not possible to exhibit it yet.

The book, no doubt, was one of about one hundred and fifty folios—it was difficult to state the date of the manuscript, from the form of the writing—it was probably not earlier than the thirteenth century or the beginning of the ninth, and the scribe was both ignorant and careless. He (Dr. Bernard) had arrived at the following conclusions, and several excellent authorities had agreed with him: First, the shrine might be with some probability identified with the shrine in possession of the See of Clogher in the eleventh century, possibly earlier. Secondly, there was no evidence whatever to show that in early times the shrine contained a manuscript of any sort. Thirdly, the manuscript might be pronounced with confidence not to be as early as the days of St. Patrick—from the character of the writing and from the text of the Gospels which the scribe followed, and it might be assumed as extremely probable that it was an eighth or ninth century production.

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Then and Now.

There was a time when the truth and grace which went out from Canterbury and York cathedrals spread throughout the whole of England and bound it together in a perfect unity of faith and communion, of Christian intelligence and Christian charity. There was but one jurisdiction reigning over all the people of England, guiding them by a divine voice of changeless faith, and sanctifying them by the seven Sacraments of grace. But then the grand old churches were the majestic tabernacles of the World made Flesh. Jesus dwelt there in the Divine mystery of the Holy Eucharist. His presence radiated on every side, quickening, sustaining, upholding the perpetual unity of His nuptial body, the Church. But now the light of life has gone out of them. There is no Holy Sacrifice offered morning by morning. The Scriptures are read there, but there is no Divine teacher to interpret them. The Magnificat is chanted still, but it rolls along the empty roof, for Jesus is no longer on the altar. They stand like the open sepulchre, and we may believe that angels are there ever saying, "He is not here."

An Incident of the Scapular.

A short time since a young man was preparing to go on a fishing excursion. While dressing he thought he would leave off his scapular, as the cord was considerably frayed. He mentioned the fact to his sister. She expostulated with him, and after a good deal of persuasion induced him to wear them. During the day the boat in which were the young man and his companion capsized. The companion could swim, but the other could not. The first named said he would bring him safe to the shore. He took a cramp, however, and went down to rise no more. Our young man was rescued after going down once or twice. When he was brought in and his clothing removed, it was found that although his apparel was soaked through and through the scapulars were perfectly dry. This was noted not by Catholics, but by Protestant rescuers. It is safe to say our young man will never think of leaving off the scapular again.

Lukewarm Souls.

Why does God, who is mercy itself, so detect the lukewarm? The reason is that the lukewarm soul is guilty before God of treachery, because it professes to be engaged in God's service whereas in reality it is but serving itself and the world; it does not wish to offend God mortally, yet repeatedly does so venially, without any remorse; it makes profession of following Christ, but without being willing to deny itself and take up the cross. It is guilty, moreover, of hypocrisy, because lukewarm souls, as a rule, outwardly appear and are looked upon as saints, whereas in reality they are far from being such. Tepid souls are therefore in a lamentable state, and the more so since they are not always fully aware of it; they have lulled themselves into a kind of spiritual lethargy, and nothing seems to effect them. In fact, it requires a strong grace to restore them to a state of fervor.

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