

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.



Schraudolph.

Dalsiels.

“Now, Christians, hold your own—the land before ye  
Is open—win your way, and take your rest.’  
So sounds our war-note; but our path of glory  
By many a cloud is darken’d and unblest:  
And daily as we onward glide,  
Life’s ebbing stream on either side  
Shews at each turn some mould’ring hope or joy—  
The Man seems following still the funeral of the Boy.”

*The Christian Year.*