

across the mind. But above all, standing out in bold relief, throwing a lustre of beauty and dignity and romance around, there are the name and figure of Mary Queen of Scot. The grandest monument to her honour is the hold her name has secured in every heart, and the crowds of pilgrims who stand in awe, year after year, in Holyrood witness the influence of that name. Poor Queen Mary! little understood, less appreciated in her day, betrayed and slandered by those who fawned on her, belied and misrepresented by those who differed from her, persecuted even to death by her nearest friends! Time will yet do her justice. Even now the film of prejudice is melting from the eye, the noise and confusion of angry strife are wearing away, the dust and mist of the struggle are disappearing, and the day is coming when Scotland will rejoice in the vindicated honour of her Queen."

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL, DUNEDIN.

THE Feast of the Most Holy Rosary was celebrated by a procession of school children, which took place at 3 p.m. The children, neatly clad and carrying banners, marched from their respective schools to the Church. The fifteen mysteries were recited—the verses being sung, with the assistance of the Dominican Nuns' choir, and the boys and girls alternatively repeating the prayers. Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament was afterwards given.

In the evening the choir was reinforced by the presence of Miss Fisher (of Wellington), Miss Rose Blaney, and Mr F. L. Jones. Miss Fisher, who possesses a very fine contralto voice, sang Gounod's "There is a green hill far away" and Weiss' "O Salutaris," in both of which she delighted the congregation. Miss Blaney sang, with her accustomed sweetness and expression, Garcia's "Salva Maria," with violin obligato by Mr E. Parker. Mr Jones sang, with admirable effect, "Waft her, angels." The choir were quite up to their usual excellent standard, and Mr Vallis was at the organ.—

The Bishop, who preached on the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, quoted the following passage from Lecky:—"The world is governed by its ideals; and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised a more profound, or, on the whole, a more salutary influence than the mediæval conception of the Virgin. For the first time woman was elevated to her rightful position, and the sanctity of weakness was recognised as well as the sanctity of sorrow. No longer the slave or toy of man—no longer associated only with ideas of degradation and of sensuality—woman rose in the person of the Virgin Mother into a new sphere, and became the object of a reverential homage of which antiquity had no conception: Love was idealised. The moral charm and beauty of female excellence was, for the first time, felt. A new type of character was called into being; a new kind of admiration was fostered. Into a harsh and ignorant and benighted age this ideal type infused a conception of gentleness and of purity unknown to the proudest civilisation of the past. In the pages of loving tenderness which many a monkish writer has left in honour of his celestial patron; in the millions who, in many lands and in many ages, have sought, with no barren desire, to mould their characters into her image; in those holy maidens, who, for the love of Mary, have separated themselves from all the glories and pleasures of the world, to seek in fastings and vigils and humble charity to render themselves worthy of her benediction; in the new sense of honour, in the chivalrous respect, in the softening of manners, in the refinement of tastes displayed in all the walks of society; in these and many other ways, we detect its influence. All that was best in Europe clustered round it, and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of our civilisation." The most rev preacher also quoted the following lines from Longfellow:—"Prince Henry (on gaining a view of Italy after passing the Alps).

Oh, had I faith as in the days gone by,
That knew no doubt, and feared no mystery!

* * * * *

This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!
All hearts are touched and softened at her name,
Alike the bandit with the blood-stained hand,
The priest, the prince, the soldier, and the peasant,
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present!
And even as children, who have much offended
A too indulgent father, in great shame,
Penitent, and yet not daring unattended
To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak with their sister and confiding wait
'Till she goes in before and intercedes;
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
And yet not venturing rashly to draw near
With their requests an angry Father's ear,
Offer to her their prayers and their confession,
And she for them in Heaven makes intercession.
And, if our faith had given us nothing more

Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world had known before.

NEVER MIND THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Don't worry your brain about the man in the moon, but study the man in your own suit of clothes.

If every individual person took the best possible care of himself, institutions of charity would soon go out of fashion. There's a deal of sense in the saying that "Charity begins at home." When a man has got to swim or drown, he will at least make a laudable effort to swim. Perhaps we coddle one another too much. As in an army, so in society—we depend individually upon the commander and the multitude. It's a bad thing, because it induces a man to trust to luck and to numbers and not to his own courage and wits. Consequently, when trouble comes, it finds us not ready; ignorant how to fight and conquer it.

For example, here is our good friend, Mr John Wilkinson, of Norbury, Whitechurch, Salop, who not long ago said to an acquaintance: "Lad, I am done for." Why did he think so? Because the doctors had given him up to die of consumption. Enough to scare him if he really had consumption. But did he? Ah, that is the question.

He tells his story thus: "I come," he says, "of a strong, healthy family, and up to the spring of 1885 I was always well. I could lift, run, and jump with anyone, and walk thirty miles a day with ease. About April of that year I felt something coming over me which gradually fastened upon me. At first I felt dull, heavy, and tired, with a sinking, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, and pain in the side and between the shoulder-blades. My skin grew sallow, and the whites of my eyes were tinged with a yellow colour. I had a foul taste in the mouth, particularly in the morning. My mouth and teeth were covered with a thick slime, and a thin watery fluid came up from my stomach 'into my mouth.'

My appetite failed, and what little food I managed to eat gave me great pain. I had a tight feeling in my chest and round both sides as if I was held in a vice, and I got weaker and weaker and very low in spirits. There seemed to be no life or soul left in me.

"By-and-bye I began to have a hacking cough, which made me lose a deal of sleep. Indeed, I could not rest at night on account of it. I would lie awake all night long coughing and spitting. As time went on I became so reduced I could scarcely get about. When I did venture outdoors I had to be constantly stopping to rest, as I walked along the lanes, for fear of falling.

"I tried all kinds of medicines, and was under the doctor, but without getting relief. In this miserable way I dragged on for six months. All my friends and neighbours thought I was breaking up and was not long for this world.

"One day a friend of mine, Mr Thomas Bateman, gamekeeper, Marbury, seeing me so bad, asked me how my complaint came on. I replied: 'I am done for; I shall never get well again, lad.'

"Then he said, 'Don't say that until after you have tried Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.' And he went on to tell me how this medicine cured him after he was at death's door and given up by the doctors as being in a consumption. So, to leave nothing undone, I sent to Whitechurch and bought the remedy. After taking three bottles *all pain and sickness left me; I could eat anything, and the cough and the spitting, as well as the pain in the chest, left me, and I was a well man.*

"I tell everybody how Mother Seigel's Syrup saved my life, and you are at liberty to publish my statement in order that other sufferers may know what to do.

(Signed) "JOHN WILKINSON, Shoemaker,
Norbury, Whitechurch, Salop."

The cases of these two men, Bateman and Wilkinson, were almost identical in symptoms and character. Both had indigestion and dyspepsia, both apprehended consumption, and both were happily cured by the same medicine. How many others, situated as they were, are there in this country! Hundreds of thousands! Ah, the dreary, dreadful days they have to pass through, right on the road to the grave, for unhelped they must surely die.

Are you, who read these lines, one of this suffering multitude, or do you know anyone who belongs to it? We say but a word to you—don't expect to get well through waiting and vaguely hoping. Study the man in your own suit of clothes. Otherwise, act on your own good judgment and on the reputation of a remedy which has such evidence to prove its power.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge had the temerity the other day to tell the son of a duke that the people had certain rights, and that if a commoner were assaulted by a duke on the public highway, there would be trouble for the nobleman. The case which elicited this remarkable pronouncement was that of a workingman against the Duke of Rutland, the plaintiff complaining of having been knocked down by one of his Grace's gamekeepers for being in the way when the latter was driving grouse for his Grace's shooting. The evidence given during the trial of the suit showed that the gamekeeper knocked the plaintiff down on the highway and that when the plaintiff complained of this treatment to the Duke's son, Lord Edward Manners, the latter (who belies his name) replied: "Go to the devil. If you are shot your life will be on your own head." This, the Lord Chief Justice said, could not be tolerated from any person, duke or other. Lord Edward Manners, interposing at this point in the remarks of the Lord Chief Justice, said that his Lordship's words seemed to hold him (Lord Edward) up as a prospective murderer. To this Lord Coleridge replied: "I only said what I considered it my duty to say."