

marked by some majestic ceremony, some picturesque pageant, by the inauguration or completion of some important work. The episcopate of his Eminence may be described as a series of historical pictures traced upon a field which will retain its colors fresh and vivid for ever.

'The monumental pomp of age
Is with this goodly personage'.

With the burden of eight and seventy years resting upon his shoulders with a lightness that is far from common, his Eminence has still, we trust, before him years and energy to crown his career with other great achievements for 'knowledge, freedom, and truth in Christ,' and thus (in the words of Arthur Henry Hallam) to fill

'With worthy thought and deed
The measure of his high desire'.

We bid his Eminence a cordial *adieu* to New Zealand.

Notes

Football

Cable messages in last Tuesday's daily papers record some pretty rough-and-tumble work in the professional football in which New Zealanders are engaged. We hope that these are only passing incidents of the game, and that they do not mark a drift towards the methods which, as set forth on p. 10 of this issue, characterise football under the Stars and Stripes.

A Mare's Nest

One Mr. Robert Dell, having failed to run a little paper (the 'Surrey Mirror'), into the sunshine of success, has been for some years past devoting his valuable energies to reorganising the Pope and running the Universal Church—chiefly through the columns of the Anglican 'Church Times'. A few weeks ago he, in an incautious moment, ventured to carry on his work in the limelight of the London 'Times'. He confided to the 'Thunderer' of January 2 how greatly he was shocked, that Pius X. should have said, in the course of his address to the members of the Anti-Slavery Congress recently held in Rome: 'A Government, in order to govern well, must be despotic and tyrannical'. Abbot Gasquet, writing from Rome, declared in a subsequent issue of the 'Times' that the Pope never made use of the words referred to, or expressed the sentiments attributed to him by the reorganiser. And, finally, the discredited story was blown to smithereens by the publication of the following Reuter telegram:—

'The Vatican has received many letters from England asking whether the report is true, according to which the Pope, while addressing the members of the Anti-Slavery Congress recently, said: "A Government, in order to govern well, must be despotic and tyrannical." On learning of the report the Pope expressed his indignation, and remarked that such words could not pass his lips, as the idea was totally opposed to his principles. His Holiness has given instructions for the issue of a categorical denial.'

Mr. Dell has found a good many mare's nests in his time—when the old mare was off them. But this is one of the prettiest of the whole collection.

A Foolish Commission

Despite a report to the contrary, the mystery of the missing Dublin Castle regalia is (as Artemus Ward would put it) 'mysterior' than ever. The most comical incident in the whole investigation was, no doubt, the manner in which (according to Tuesday's cable messages) the grave and reverend signiors of the Commission of inquiry allowed themselves to be fooled by an interesting collection of clairvoyants, fortune-

tellers, and such-like artful dodgers, who are always willing to get a cheap advertisement when there is a mystery about—from the theft of a mace in Melbourne to the horrors of Jack the Ripper. With portentous gravity, the Commission seems to have listened to and recorded the mouthings of a mountebank that threw unmerited suspicion upon an honorable and well-known Dublin citizen; and they took so seriously the 'second-sight' of a professional charlatan that they tore through the country and fossicked for the baubles in the weeds and tombs and long grass of two old graveyards in places that are 'remote, unfriended, solitary, slow'. Then, to crown it all, they, with apparently serene unconsciousness of their egregious folly, set these proceedings down in a report and presented it to the British Empire.

This ludicrous abuse of what may be termed in a way judicial functions is characteristic of an age which, shuffling off religious faith, puts in its place an unreasoning and stultifying belief in the silly occultisms of West and East. History repeats itself in the childish and credulous superstitions which overlay people and periods that are marked by scepticism or a decline in religious belief. Our day can ill afford to smile at the folly of the old pagan Roman, of the decadent imperial days, who spent his day in an agony of fear, because he had put on his right sandal before his left, or who would not buy a horse or take a bath till he had ascertained the moon's position in regard to the Crab. In no previous age, for instance, could the world have witnessed a more curious exhibition of gobe-mouche than that which is manifested in this present year of grace by the nation which, of all others, prides itself upon its advance. It is the spectacle that elicited one of the most scathing works of Mark Twain—a spectacle which, in the twentieth century, is the counterpart of one which Macaulay described as follows in the nineteenth: 'We have seen an old woman with no talents beyond the cunning of a fortune-teller, and with the education of a scullion, exalted into a prophetess, and surrounded by tens of thousands of devoted followers, many of whom were, in station and knowledge, immeasurably her superiors'.

Poison in Printer's Ink

By the majority of young people (says this week's 'Outlook') 'books are not regarded as sources of information, but as fountains of temporary pleasure. And among the innumerable authors who are catering for these legion devourers of fiction are many who are not patterns of delicacy in language or suggestion. And the insidious peril of their books is that they whet the increasingly insatiable appetite. Thus the prurient taste is being created; and increasing demand will mean increasing supply. This is one of the gravest perils of youth to-day.' The surest human safeguard against such dangers (adds our esteemed contemporary) 'is a sweet and exhilarating atmosphere in the home. Let the home be made attractive, and its interests satisfying to the boy, and he will not prefer the street. Let wholesome literature be provided in the home, and unwholesome books will not be so likely to be read elsewhere.'

In this age of printed poison and 'literary oleo-margarine' (as Twain calls it), the Catholic newspaper is one of the best and readiest antidotes and truest tonics for youth and middle and later age alike. In the course of an audience accorded some weeks ago to the editor of the 'Croix de Limoges', Pope Pius X. said:

'Ah, the press! Its importance is not yet understood. Neither the faithful nor the clergy make use of it as they should. Sometimes people will tell you that the press is an innovation, and that souls used to be saved without newspapers in other times. In other times! In other times! It is easily said, but they do not remember that in other times the poison of the

J. TAIT, Monumental Sculptor,
273 Cashel Street W., Christchurch.

Just over Bridge and opposite Drill Shed. Manufacturer and Importer of Every Description of Headstones, Cross Monuments, etc., in Granite, Marble and other stones.