

with high honours. Seven of the 14 also qualified for matriculation. Two obtained University Medals for first places in Latin and Greek. We have mentioned a few of the many distinctions obtained by the students. Uniformly excellent results presuppose thoroughness in system. It is gratifying to note the continued progress of Catholic colleges in Australasia. Effective teaching as shown by brilliant public results is a decided protest against the general injustice to Catholics in the matter of education.

A CORRESPONDENT in Australia is desirous of ODDS AND ENDS, obtaining items in connection with ex-priests.

Here is an extract from the Boston *Pilot* that will give him pleasure:—"Father Leon Bouland, a priest well known in New England, who left the Church seven years ago for the Protestant Episcopal communion, made his retraction of heresy and profession of faith in the hands of the Very Rev William O'Brien, S. J., Provincial of the Jesuits. He is now making a retreat, and hopes thereafter to be restored to the exercise of his priestly powers, and to minister to American Catholics of French origin, repairing by his zeal and virtue the scandal which his defection had caused. While separated from the Church, Father Bouland was made much of by Episcopalians, and employed in various positions of trust. His experience of the dissensions among Protestants seems to have rectified his mind, convincing him of the need of a supreme, infallible teaching voice in the Church. A few weeks ago, 'stricken with remorse,' as he puts it, 'for the rash and unintelligible step' he had taken, he applied to Mgr Satolli to be received back to the bosom of the Church. His Excellency gave the case into the hands of Father Pardow, and satisfied with the distinguished Jesuit's report, authorised him to receive Father Bouland's retraction, and admit him to the Sacraments. Father Bouland, in his statement of the case, says:—"It had been stated that after leaving the Church I married. This I declare to be absolutely false. I retract fully and unreservedly the letter I wrote to the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., on April 12, 1888, in which I stated my so-called 'Reasons for leaving the Church of Rome.' These reasons were all false. I have met with great kindness on the part of Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and other non-Catholics, and I hope that my return to the Church will cause some of them, at least, to consider the ground on which they stand and their adherence to a Church which I have tested practically for seven years and found wanting."

Mr John Morley, at a meeting in Newcastle-on-Tyne, said:—"The Irish cause has nine lives and more." A defeat, with Mr Morley, does not spell ruin.

The hero of the 310 mile sick call ride turns up again. A writer in the *Antigonish* (N.S.) *Casket*, referring to the famous ride of Father Begley across the Texas prairies, says:—"We have heard of the actual riding only; we know nothing of its after effects upon brave Father Begley. A friend of mine tells me he once, a great many years ago, rode 70 miles for a doctor. Up to that time he thought he never could get enough riding, but he has never cared to sit in a saddle since. His feet were sore for 12 months afterwards. After hearing his story I can better appreciate the magnitude of Father Begley's performance."

A number of the colliers were discussing trade prospects in a Yorkshire inn when one of their number, known to his pals as the Cockney, with a scowl at his *vis à vis*, "a man free Greece," thus delivered himself: "Tell you what, mates, we'd ave plenty work and good wages in this England if less Scotchmen cum'd south." To this the Glaswegian made a ringing retort. The men sprang to their feet, and once more the Thistle and the Rose wrestled. At length, during a pause in the fight, the Cockney remarked, "Well, I be a great fool to be foightin' on this ere subject, for I'm Irish I am." "Are you?" replied his opponent. "That bates all, for I'm Irish, too."

Most of the churches in Paris were crowded long before the hour or the midnight Mass last Christmas. At St Eustache, St Roch, and a few old churches the familiar strains of Adams's "Nû." were heard; but for these had been substituted in many other churches a new Christmas hymn composed by M. Roussau, organist of St Clotilde, in the Faubourg St Germain. This is a very simple song, set to plain music, and is intended to illustrate better than more elaborate compositions of the kind the story of Bethlehem. On Christmas Day the churches of the Madeleine, St Augustin, the Trinité and St Roch, as well as Notre Dame, were well attended.

The picturesque and historic Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, in the Rue de la Légence, Brussels, is about to be restored. It was founded early in the fourteenth century by the Guild of Crossbowmen, and contains several ancient monuments, notably those of Counts Egmont and Hoorn, who are represented on their way to execution. The statues of these patriotic noblemen are still to be seen on the square opposite the Hotel de Ville, the very site of the spot where they were done to death.

Here is a profitable item for the "new woman's" consideration:—"The Queen of Portugal is setting a noble example to her subjects by devoting herself to the study of medicine. She is skilled in botany and familiar with the marvels of the microscope, and is confident that her appearance as a careful student, and no more fastidious than a Sister of Charity, will widen the sphere of usefulness of her sex. She is a better educated woman than most of the upper class in her kingdom, and speaks fluently French, English, Spanish and Italian."

A shrewd old farmer, full of fun and mischief, once overreached a jeweller in some transaction, and the jeweller complained of the way in which he had been treated. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do with you," said the farmer; "I'll sell you my live stock at half-a-crown a head, and I'll let you come and count them yourself." The bargain was struck, and the day was appointed to count and hand over the stock. The grasping jeweller and his assistants in due course arrived at the farm. They totalled up horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and the rest. The jeweller then asked when he would remove the stock. "Bide a wee, bide a wee," said the keen old farmer. "You haven't seen them all yet." He then led the party close up to a dozen beehives, overturned one of the hives with his foot and, amid the yells of the flying party, the farmer was heard shouting:—"Count now, you rascals."

The new Rector of the American College, Rome, is the Rev William H. O'Connell, one of the younger priests of the Arch-diocese of Boston. He was an alumnus of the College where he is now Rector. Father O'Connell was ordained in 1884. After his return to America he did parochial work in a couple of parishes. His masterly lectures last year at the Plattsburg Summer School gave him great prominence. He is a polished speaker and an enthusiast in educational matters.

Mr Thomas Alva Edison, with a view to coming war, has turned his attention to the manufacture of new life-destroying machines. The object, of course, is to play an important part in the new inventions. He can, with a few men, control a machine by which water, charged with 5000 volts, can be made more deadly than bullets. Report has it that he has invented electric cables to draw round a beleaguered city, dealing death to all who touch them; also guns for firing dynamite, balloons for dropping infernal machines, and other destructive appliances which will revolutionize modern warfare.

Ridiculous answers to easy questions are frequently to be met with in newspapers. Readers, amused for the moment, have generally a feeling that the ben trovato element is not wanting. "Decidedly amusing, but really too good to be true," is often the verdict. One sometimes, however, comes across answers that illustrate the saying that truth is occasionally stranger than fiction. The *Western Mail* of England, as we learn from the London *Tablet*, gives its readers a case in point:—"Boys were advertised for as if to fill a certain post, and out of the deluge of replies, all in the handwriting of the applicants, eight were selected for an examination by a Government official. The ages of the lads ranged from 13½ years to 15 years 11 months; not one had been to school for less than eight years; one was in the sixth standard on leaving school, five in the seventh; the others are not specified; all of them were bright looking, intelligent lads. The examination was merely a simple test of elementary knowledge in the four subjects of handwriting, spelling, arithmetic and geography. One was marked "fairly good" in handwriting, three were "good" in spelling, all were "weak" or with "practically no knowledge" in arithmetic; the best in geography was "fairly good." But it may be argued (says the *Western Mail*) that the questions were too far advanced for boys of the above age. In reply we may say that we have seen both the questions and the answers, and can vouch for the simplicity of the former, not in some, but in all cases. Indeed, the absolutely elementary character of the examination may be inferred from the fact that the candidates were examined only in four subjects. The fact is, incredible as it may appear, the boys showed a want of knowledge and training simply astounding in lads of their age and advantages. Below are given two of the questions set in geography, with the answers of one of the boys, which are a fair specimen of most of the others:—

Describe the position of the following seaports:

Question	Answer
New York . . . .	In West of England
Hamburg . . . .	In South of Scotland.
Melbourne . . . .	In South America.
Alexandria . . . .	Lies near the coast of England

Of what country is each of the following the capital:

Question	Answer
Belgrade . . . .	Russia
Madrid . . . .	Italy.
Athens . . . .	New Zealand or France.
Ametedam . . . .	America.
Brussels . . . .	Ireland.

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