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JULES VERNE.

A celebrated Catholic writer of fiction has recently passed away. By the death of Jules Verne at Amiens, on March 24th, the world has lost one of its truest benefactors. In the region of novelized science and in the subtle combination of what may be called the scientific imagination with literary genius, Jules Verne, it must be admitted on all hands, holds a position at once unique and unchallenged. With the notable and solitary exception of Mr. H. G. Wells, whose glorious labours in the field of the scientific presentation of life and human activity have lately been crowned, as it were, by the publication of his wonderful work 'A Modern Utopia,' there is hardly any writer in the whole literary world, who can be said to belong to the Jules Verne type of novelists. Even Mr. Wells himself, though started on the track of the scientific story first followed by his French exemplar, should, in spite of it, be declared as distinct from him in the fundamental characteristics of his work. He builds upon hypotheses which are yet anticipations of the most surprising yet consoling kind, worked out with great logical force and literary power to conclusions no less convincing than astounding; while our Gallic Defoe lets his imagination take wing from the actual to the possible, from the realm of systematized phenomena to that of unknown yet not unrealizable forces. It may, therefore, be said, without the least reservation, that Jules Verne is the pioneer of the modern scientific novel.

Born at Nantes, February 8th, 1828, Jules Verne was the youngest of three brothers, all of whom

lived to an advanced age. It may be added that the eldest of them died fourteen years ago, at the age of a hundred and ten. After receiving at home a start on his education, Jules Verne was sent off to Paris by his father, a Breton advocate, to study Law. But the youth, whose favourite study hitherto had been Geography, found out in Paris that he had a pronounced liking for literature and science. His time was entirely devoted to the writing mostly of tragedies in verse, which, however, fell flat on the public. But he could count many musicians among his friends, and these would seem to have drawn him to the composition of operettas, two of which were produced on the Parisian stage. While in Paris, Verne had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Dumas *filis* and his famous father, with the latter of whom he collaborated on several works. A one-act piece entitled "Les Pailles Rompues" and written by him at the age of only twenty-one years, in collaboration with the younger Dumas, had the good fortune of being accepted and played at the Gymnase. Verne's connection with the theatre lasted for some ten or twelve years, during which numerous pieces were produced by him in conjunction with Charles Wallut and Michel Carré. Among these may be mentioned notably "L'Auberge des Ardennes" and "Onze Jours de Siège." But none of the novelist's writings which were intended for the stage are acted at the present day, or remembered with even a passing interest. During the period that Jules Verne worked as a hack-writer to the theatre, he was able to earn his living by a clerkship under Fernand Eggly an *agent de change* on the Paris Bourse. He was thus free from those early struggles 'which might have deepened his human touch, but which might, on the other

hand, have turned him altogether from the road he was to travel with such brilliant success.

The first fruitful promise of that splendid success was given to the world about the year 1861 in the famous "Five Weeks in a Balloon." The book took the popular fancy as if by storm, having been published at a most opportune time when all Paris was excited by the daring achievements of Nadar the aeronaut, and was absorbed in the subject of aeronautics. The story was so successful that Jules Verne was at once induced to enter into a twenty years' contract with his publisher M. Hetzel, which contract afterwards continued to the length of forty years to the immense advantage of both author and publisher. M. Hetzel was the publisher of Victor Hugo, De Musset and George Sand, and, therefore, the man of men in his line of work for a rising author to seek and stick to. Hence a contract with him was at once extremely desirable and assuredly honourable to Jules Verne. M. Hetzel fully appreciated the value of Verne's ideas and stipulated for at least two stories a year, promising to pay the writer a large sum annually in return for his services. Once the contract was made, Jules Verne retired to Amiens, there to live a life of continuous delightful work which he pursued almost to the end of his days.

A little incident which eventually led up to M. Verne's choice of a partner in life, would find fit place here. It was in the late fifties that our author, who was at the beginning opposed to the idea of love and matrimony for the reason that love and labour could not go together, was induced to travel from Nantes to Amiens to be present at a friend's wedding. When Verne, after some delay on the road, arrived at last at the house of the bride's parents, he could find none but a young widowed lady to entertain him. But the entertainment he received at her hands made him realize for the first time the beauty that there is in the friendship of a woman of culture and refinement. For Madame de Vaune was well versed in literature and the drama, and spoke with as much charm and sincerity as with knowledge and sense. The wedding party, however, returned long before either of these two new friends expected, but to neither of them was it plain that they would some day be

man and wife. Yet only a year later Jules Verne married Madame de Vaune and became a most devoted step-father to her two little girls. This happened a short time before the publication of his first novel which we have already mentioned.

At Amiens Jules Verne lived a life of literary activity. His total literary output, at the rate of two books a year, during the long period of his contract with his publisher, was no less than ninety novels of the most varied and thrilling description,—novels which have been the delight of French and English youth for the last fifty years. With an uncommon fertility and at the same time with the utmost care and completeness, he launched on the ever greedy reading public novel after novel, which with a few exceptions, were speedily translated into most of the languages of Europe. One of the characteristics of his stories is that they are essentially dramatic, so much so that "Round the World" and "Michael Strogoff" have been staged with brilliant success in all the notable towns of Europe and America. Who can forget "The Clipper of the Clouds," "The Mysterious Island," "A Journey to the centre of the earth," or "Round the world in eighty days"? Who is there that does not remember the titles of at least a score of the delightful stories that were the ardent love of his immature years, and remember them more easily than the names of the days of the week and of the months of the year? All material space, the earth, the sea and the air, and even the underlying regions and the regions beyond the sky are invaded by the heroes of our author's creation who communicate to us their wonderful adventures of travel, the secrets of nature, and the marvels of science. Was not the sub-marine vessel, the most formidable engine of naval destruction, anticipated in the "Nautilus" that voyaged twenty thousand leagues under the sea? Has not the modern flying-machine received perfection from the model presented in "Five weeks in a Balloon."? And is there not really a very great deal to learn from "The Voyage to the Moon."? And yet the innate modesty of Jules Verne would not allow him to claim for himself the fame of inventor or discoverer. It has been stated by some that the venerable author was much aggrieved at the refusal of the French Academy

to admit him to the Society of the Immortals. But a writer in *The Academy* for April 1, 1905, believes that "he never presented himself for election," and that "comparatively early in his life he turned his back on Paris and all that Paris would almost certainly have brought him." The same writer also says that Jules Verne led, at any rate during the last twenty years of his life, an existence of almost monastic seclusion, simplicity and austerity.

The founder of a literary school, Jules Verne has by some been charged with "perverting youthful minds with a specious blend of falsehood and science." It may, however, be urged in his defence that while his stories do not deviate from the known paths of scientific truth, the alleged falsehood they contain only amounts to the opening up of new fields to the youthful imaginative faculty in the direction of scientific speculation. The very idea of making science acceptable to youngsters, by dressing it up in the robes of fiction, seems to us to involve the impossibility of writing facts into fiction so that the result be all facts when read. But there can be no doubt that the reading of any one of the nearly one hundred books of Jules Verne will set the young mind a-thinking in a desirable direction and fill it with wonder not divorced from a natural curiosity to probe that wonder to the bottom. Thus on the whole it must eventually appear that the world owes a vast debt of gratitude to our author for his fruitful work, even in respect of the very manner in which that work has been accomplished.

Another point remarked upon in the writings of Jules Verne is the utter absence in his stories of a love interest of any kind. This curious fact seems strangely paradoxical, when we consider that the writer was essentially a Frenchman and that of all nations the French are an essentially chivalrous nation. This lack of the softening influence of feminine interest was often lamented by Madame Jules Verne, the only critic to whom her husband is said to have lent a patient ear. But "let it stand," says a writer in *The Academy*, "as a testimony to the fundamental health and freshness of France, that his romances were all clean and invigorating as the sunlight."

Jules Verne was a handsome person of vigorous health and a charming address, and possessed of an almost inexhaustible capacity for work. His recreation consisted chiefly in yachting, with a view, however, to getting information for his books. Only once did he visit America, but he had travelled all over Europe.

Jules Verne's method of work was admirably simple, and contains much instruction to those who are engaged in literary pursuits. "Until recently, I invariably rose at five and made a point of doing three hours' writing work before breakfast. The great bulk of my work was always done in this time, and though I would sit down for a couple of hours later in the day, my stories have really nearly all been written when most folk are sleeping. I have always been a very wide reader, especially of newspapers and periodicals, and it is my custom, whenever a paragraph or article strikes me, to cut it out and preserve it for future reference. It is in this way that I accumulate my ideas, and at the same time keep thoroughly abreast of the times with regard to matters of scientific interest. The task is, it is true, laborious, but the result more than repays the effort; and, if carefully labelled, there need never be the slightest difficulty in finding any cutting required, even after the lapse of several years."

Scott and Dickens were his favourite authors, though he considered the latter the greatest of England's novelists. He also loved Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and Marryat's works. "How the figures seem actually to live," he once said speaking of Dickens' works, "and their printed utterances to become transformed into audible speech! I have read and re-read his masterpieces again and again, and so has my wife. 'David Copperfield,' 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'The Old Curiosity Shop'—we have read them all." Among the greatest honours that Jules Verne ever received was the rosette of Officer of the Legion of Honor, which, by the way, was his only decoration. Curiously, too, he was the last man decorated by the Empire, for two hours after the graceful decree was signed the Empire was no more. This honour he was pleased to regard as some recognition of his merits.

Jules Verne's last years of life were somewhat troubled by defective eye-sight. But to the very end, his was a perfectly placid and happy existence, and when the end came at the good old age of seventy-seven, he could look back on the years of a simple, idyllic existence and contemplate them with 'a still and quiet conscience.'

Perhaps no other writer has given more profitable pleasure to a larger number of readers. Fondly cherished by the young and gratefully remembered by the old, the name and fame of Jules Verne will continue undimmed through the silent lapse of years till nature will have no more secrets to unfold and science no more wonders to reveal.

HOBBIES AND HEALTH.

The best thing in the world for nerves is sleep, the next proper food, the third proper dress. But as good as any one of these is a hobby.

How often does one hear the expression, "Oh, that is so-and-so's hobby," spoken rather disparagingly. It is the tendency of the average mind to regard a person who has a pronounced enthusiasm as a species of harmless lunatic, rather to be pitied.

The truth of the matter is that anyone who has any especial fad is greatly to be envied, as it probably provides more interest and amusement for its possessor than anything else. Any decided interest in life, whether it is dignified by the name of an occupation or is simply an enthusiasm, or even mentioned slightly as a fad, is eminently desirable.

"I have never seen a genuine collector that is not happy when he is allowed by circumstances to gratify his tastes," remarked a student of human nature, "and a bent in that direction should always be encouraged. It is a curious phase of our humanity that we will work diligently to make provision for our material needs when we are old, and quite neglect to store up mental resources that will interest and amuse us until we are called hence."

Hobbies help one to forget sorrow and give us pleasure in the present. They are among the best things in life—promoters of health, peace, and happiness.

MY OLD SEA-CHEST.

My Old Sea-chest! my Old Sea-chest! a servant tried, and long,
Right well dost thou deserve from me a sailor's rough-spun song.

I've puttied well each crack, received midst elemental jars,
And painted thee anew to hide thy many rents and scars.

We've shipmates been for twenty years; and many and many a mile

O'er ocean we've together sped: nay, reader, do not smile;
'Tis no exaggerated boast: for my old chest and I
Have braved, in almost ev'ry clime, each change of deep and sky.

And oft, the tedium to beguile of leisure hours at sea,
I found a sailor's strange delight in rummage wild of thee—
The till that some small nicknacks held, the cloth nailed to the lid,

That bore my scripts and scraps and, as portfolio, service did.

There were the letters sent to me—not one of them abused—
Epistles of paternal love, which often I perused;
There, too, the *billets-doux* from one whose name I'll not avow;

And there my mother's latest gifts, far dearer to me now.

Ah, twenty years have rolled by since that mother was no more;

Still, as I glance on thee, my chest, the dead past surges o'er,

And oft I think of her whose hand stowed that dear dunnage there—

A mother's sweet mementoes with a father's warmest prayer.

My sisters, too, with kindest love, have often placed in thee
Such comforts as would suit their brother when away at sea;
And last, not least, my own dear wife hath lent a helping hand

To cram thee well, my Old Sea-chest, before I left the land.

My Old Sea-chest! I love thee well, my mute companion still,

Where'er I fare through joy or care, and fortune good or ill;
And should we ever shipwrecked be, or should our ship go down,

Rather than part with such a friend, I'd gladly with thee drown.

MANGALORE,
APRIL 30TH, 1905.

H. S. B.

LIFE OF THE
VENERABLE FATHER JOSEPH VAZ,
Apostle of Ceylon.

CHAPTER II.

HIS ORDINATION. HIS CHOICE OF CEYLON
AND SUBSEQUENT APPOINTMENT TO CANARA.

(Continued.)

Joseph's religious training was nearly over when he attained the age of twenty years. About this time he received the Minor Orders, which were conferred upon him by Mgr. D. Custudio de Pinho (a native of Salsette "of Goa") Bishop of Hierapolis and Vicar and Commissary Apostolic in the Kingdoms of Idalexia and Golconda ruled over by the Great Mughal. In 1676, at the age of five-and-twenty, Joseph was solemnly ordained to the priesthood by Mgr. Antonio Brandão, the illustrious Archbishop of Goa and Primate of India, who also entrusted him with the ministry of preaching and of hearing confessions. These ministries were fulfilled by the youthful priest with such ardour and attractiveness that his services, whether in the pulpit or in the confessional, were always in requisition. Crowds of penitents flocked to his feet to be shriven, and crowds upon crowds of eager listeners gathered to hear him preach. He was sought after by the principal men of the Court for the relief of their consciences. Even the Portuguese Viceroy, D. Rodrigues de Costa, would have him for his Confessor; and de Costa's successor, the Most Honourable D. Louis Gonsalves Costa, not only followed the example of his predecessor, but used, it is said, to send his own carriage to fetch Father Vaz from his village to the city whenever the eloquent preacher was requested, as was invariably the case, to address the people on the occasions of the many solemn feasts, which the devout Viceroy was in the habit of causing to be celebrated. But the ascetical priest would always "walk it out" to the city, without foot-gear of any kind—a practice which he followed to the end of his life. That Father Vaz proved from the very outset both a great preacher and a great confessor need not excite any wonder. His own life was a

silent sermon exhorting his observers to works of piety and true Christian charity, while his thrilling words, which were fraught with divine unction and which he always made it a point to direct to the moral reform of his hearers, borrowed, both from his potent example and from his profound erudition, such force as seldom failed to produce the desired result. In the midst of his heavy religious labours, he found leisure enough to devote to a very useful and praise-worthy object—the starting of a Latin school for the benefit of the youth of his village. Thus were passed the first five years of his clerical life—a period of great activity, productive of abundant fruit.

It was during this time that Father Vaz strongly felt himself called to labour in Ceylon in the interests of the Catholics of that island, who suffered greatly from the cruel persecutions of the immigrant Dutch heretics. The idea entered his heart in this wise. A Canon of the Cathedral of Goa had been sent by the Archbishop to visit the Mission of Macao, which depended on the Metropolitan Church. During the voyage his ship became unseaworthy in consequence of which he was compelled to pass some time in Colombo while the necessary repairs were being done to the vessel. Here he saw and felt the misery and the heart-rending straits to which the Catholics of Ceylon were reduced; and the sorrowful tale he related on his return, of the hopeless condition of those islanders, made on the mind of Father Vaz an impression as deep as it was painful.

And it may easily be imagined that it could not have been different. For, the very first thing that the Dutch did after they had taken possession of Jaffna and Colombo, was to turn out of the country every Catholic priest they could find. This harsh measure was carried out with such rigour that an old Jesuit missionary, whom his advanced age and bodily infirmity had unfortunately prevented from following his companions, was publicly beheaded on the pretext that he had not denounced a plot revealed to him under the seal of the confessional. In thus beginning their reign of terror, the Dutch would appear to have acted of set purpose. They sacked and desecrated without the least remorse every Catholic Church they came across. A statue

of St. Thomas, the Apostle, after having been shamefully mutilated, was turned into a missile and fired from one of their mortars into the town of Colombo which they were besieging. Once the Dutch supremacy was established, persecutions became the rule. Catholic parents were ordered to send their children to Protestant schools; and all were compelled, under the severest penalties, to attend service every Sunday in Protestant places of worship. Nor was this all. An official proclamation was issued on the 16th September 1658, decreeing the penalty of death against any one who should conceal in his house, or even open his door to a Catholic priest. Grim and ghastly as this account appears, it is not, we may remark, taken from any Catholic writer; the facts are quoted from "Christianity in Ceylon," a work by a Protestant author, no other than the late Sir James Emerson Tennent, who was at one time Governor of Ceylon.

To return to our narrative. About the time of which we are writing, the Catholics of Ceylon had been deprived of priests for many years in consequence of the long continued persecutions by the Dutch settlers. All the missions, that under the benign rule of the Portuguese Crown were in a most flourishing condition, had thus fallen into decay. Every trace of Catholic public worship had been obliterated and the existing generation of natives had been thrown back into paganism, or had become practically Protestant. Still a few faint sparks of the ancient Faith were kept alive amid the general stifling atmosphere of heresy and idolatry. A small band of mixed blood of Portuguese and native for the most part, and a certain number of Singhalese Catholics, still used, after putting in their compulsory attendance at the Protestant service, to retire to some secret abode for the purpose of reciting the Rosary together, or of performing other devotions regardless of the dangers attending their being discovered by their rulers. Many Catholics, moreover, had gladly exiled themselves and sought refuge under the King of Kandy who allowed them to practise their religion, unmolested. But even these, after having been deprived of the ministrations of the Church for a long time, had sunk into a state of depravity, perhaps, worse than that of the pagans themselves.

From what has been said above it may easily be inferred how gloomy an aspect Catholicity in Ceylon, or rather the absence of it, must have presented to the Canon who in addition to being forced by circumstances to sojourn in Colombo, was, perhaps, compelled, to have recourse to concealment while there, in order to escape detection and danger, and how hopelessly sad must have sounded the story that he carried back with him. The effect, however, which that story had on the mind of Father Vaz, was certainly most beneficial to the interests of the much-needed Catholic revival in Ceylon, though the large-hearted priest was not able for a long time, to carry out the plan he had been led to form on hearing the Canon's account. It was this plan—the plan to regenerate the Catholics of Ceylon and confirm them in their holy religion—that won back for them, on its final execution, the priceless boon of Faith lost in the days of persecution and terror, and obtained for the heroic priest the worthy appellation of the "Apostle of Ceylon." As soon as Father Vaz was inspired with the desire of hastening to the rescue of the Church in Ceylon, he took some priests in Goa into his confidence and revealed to them his design, as he wished to have some companions who would labour with him. But they all deemed the venture impossible; for the Dutch were guarding all the coast with the greatest vigilance, so as to prevent any Catholic priest from gaining access to the island. Yet, all undaunted, Father Vaz persevered in his glorious resolution and daily matured his plan, when the tide of events drew him off to work in a different place and among different people. The Archbishop of Goa appointed him Vicar Forane and Superior of the Mission of Canara which was then in a critical situation.

This Mission had, for many years, been kept up by missionaries of various religious orders; but it leaned for support chiefly on the Archbishop of Goa, whose authority it acknowledged and who had never failed to reinforce it with priests whenever it was necessary to do so. But with the overthrow of the Portuguese empire in India the face of things changed. When the Portuguese were forced to abandon their last fortress on the Canara Coast, the Archbishops of Goa also, found it advis-

able to withdraw their priests from that part of their Archdiocese, as the safety of their person and property there could no more be guaranteed to them. Hence, it is clear that the Archbishops had no choice in the matter and that they deemed the withdrawal of their men an act of sheer necessity. But the consequences of that act proved extremely disastrous to Catholicism in Canara. There were not in the entire Mission more than three churches, and the largest of them which stood in Mangalore, was only a large shed covered with thatch. For want of a priest every one of them was, to use the words of Sebastian de Rego, like a house without a master. Hence the condition of the Faithful in these parts was utterly deplorable. They were left without the Sacraments, and were thus like a flock of sheep held together by the needs of existence, yet desolate in their heart of hearts for want of a shepherd who might lead them to more than earthly pastures and feed them with the manna of divine consolations. So removed were they from the possibility of having a priest to minister to their spiritual wants, even occasionally, that it sometimes happened that a priest from Goa, whilst paying a casual visit to that coast, was filled with a melancholy surprise at having to bless the marriages of the parents at the same time that he had to bless those of their children.

Gloomy reports of this deplorable state of things in Canara reached Rome, and the Holy See was moved to take energetic steps to set it to rights. Missioners were despatched without delay and Bishop Thomas de Castro, an Indian of Brahmin descent, born in Goa, but brought up from his infancy in Rome, was appointed Vicar-Apostolic of Canara. He arrived in India in 1674. But as soon as Mgr. Antonio Brandão, the Archbishop of Goa, came to know that the missionary Bishop had been sent to take charge of the diocese of Canara, he strongly protested against his delegation. He contended that, as a part of his archdiocese, Canara belonged to the Padroado, which owed allegiance to the Crown of Portugal. He went so far as to deny the authenticity of the Pontifical Brief with which the missionary Bishop was armed, and to declare that it had been obtained surreptitiously. He in consequence denounced the new Bishop as

an intruder and immediately sent priests from Goa to Canara, commanding them not to recognize the Vicar-Apostolic as such, but to prevent his missioners from exercising any ministerial functions within the limits of what he maintained to be his jurisdiction.

This was a very trying situation indeed for Thomas de Castro. But, confident of the unfailing support of the Holy See in the ultimate resort, and relying on the authority conferred upon him by the Pontifical Brief, he boldly declared the jurisdiction of the priests from Goa to be null and void, and threatened them with excommunication should they persist in exercising their powers.

While the prelates were contending in this manner, the consequences of their contention to the people were most lamentable. Everything fell into disorder, and the Faithful knew no longer which of the two parties engaged in the quarrel was their legitimate pastor. Bishop Thomas de Castro, however, bore his faculties meekly and even sent to Goa a copy of his Brief by way of coming to an amicable settlement with the Archbishop. But before Mgr. Brandão could get the Brief, he was no more. Soon after his death the missioners whom he had sent to Canara, returned to Goa. In consequence of this, Bishop Thomas de Castro would appear to have been freed from the obstacle that lay in the way of his exercising his legitimate authority. But the Administrator of the Diocese who had received the Brief would come to no decision until another Archbishop should be appointed, and rigidly adhered meanwhile to the existing *status quo*. But the chapter interposed, and being desirous to come to the aid of the Canara Mission, placed their eye on Father Vaz as the fittest missionary to undertake the work of reorganization in Canara. This choice ended, as we have already seen, in the appointment of Father Vaz as Vicar Forane and Superior of the Canara Mission.

(To be continued.)

All men have their frailties, and whoever looks for a friend without imperfection will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.—Cyrus.

Christ Appears to Magdalen.

(From Father Stephen's Purana, Part II. Canto 53, Stanzas 81-102.)

While stood she weeping, instantly
She turned about, and there did see
Before her Jesus' self; but she
Did not Him recognize.

"Why weapest thou?" of her He sought;
She looked; but doubt within her wrought,
Till straight the gardener Him she thought,
And answered in this wise:

"How shouldst thou seek, O gardener kind,
Of my lament the cause to find,
When Him, my Lord, the Jews consigned
Without a cause to death?"

"Was not His flesh with scourges torn?
And was His head not crowned with thorn?
To ask, then, whence my grief is born,
Were needless waste of breath.

"Did they not fix His hands and feet
Unto the Cross? His thirst not meet
With gall and vinegar? Did not fleet
The fell lance through His side?"

"Ah! torments such as these He bare,
Who, without fault, was made to share
A death most cruel! How dost thou dare
My welling grief to chide?"

"Those sacred feet—and death was there—
I washed with tears and wiped with hair,
With sharpest nails sore piercé were:
How should I, then, not weep?"

"The very sun and moon did mark
His death with mourning deep and dark:
What, then, shall bind a grief more stark,
A hush awhile to keep?"

"The death of Him that burst the rock,
And set earth trembling with a shock,—
The thought of that dread death doth knock
Still at my inmost heart;

"One stinging sorrow erst was mine;
But now a second makes me pine:
Of Him interred is here no sign,
And I with all must part.

"I know not who hath borne away
My buried Lord; but now I pray
That, if thou hast Him, thou wilt say,
Kind gardener, where He lies.

"Him will I fetch from wheresoe'er
He may be; nay, e'en tho' He were
In Caiphaz' courtyard hid, from there
I'd bring Him in bold wise.

"Could wealth obtain Him, I would spend;
Nay, earn more, should more gain my end,
By selling my own self to tend,
As slave, the Jews in power.

"And should e'en this avail not, I
By force or subtle trickery,
To have my Master back would try,
So fearless grown this hour.

"What greater mishap could there be,
Than my Lord Jesus' loss to me?
What reck I of what misery
I may on earth surmise?"

Thus she. But lo, distinct and sweet,
The old voice of Jesus doth repeat
"Mary, Mary!"—Assured complete,
"Master!" to Him she cries;

With scanning glance His garments eyes;
"I've found my Lord, indeed," she cries;
Then straight unto His feet she flies
In adoration meek.

As weeps an infant daughter, sore,
Her mother's going, nor knows more,
But smiles and laughs when she comes o'er,
Tho' tears stream down her cheek;

So Magdalen appeared to be,
When, knowing, by His voice, 'twas He,
She ran to worship lovingly
His feet, while tears did fall.

But thus the Lord unto her spake:
"Now speed thee, Mary, for my sake,
And to mine own a message take,
To tell my brethren all,

"That I will unto Him ascend
In whom all Fatherhood doth blend
With common Godhood without end—
Our Father and our God."

And Magdalen, with peaceful mind,
Blest Jesus, to His will resigned;
Then hied to others of her kind,
And spread the news abroad.

Joseph Saldanha.

IMAGINATION.

Imagination, in the vulgar acceptation of the word, is that sensitive power of the soul, which conjures up in the mind images seen before, or creates others similar to them. But imagination, in literature, signifies a far superior power, the faculty of creating images being only subservient to it. It proceeds in the same way as the intellect, and indeed it may be asserted that the man of the greatest intellect is just the man of the greatest imagination.

But the imagination is more penetrative and interpretative than the intellect, 'apprehending more than cool reason ever comprehends.' For, whereas an ordinary intellect does no more than see the agreement and disagreement between things, the imagination instinctively penetrates into the causes and effects of such an agreement or disagreement, and interprets them. It has an intuitive power to seize the general impression and the meaning of things. The ordinary Roman beheld the vast empire under the reign of Augustus. He saw, too, the men that lived in that empire. He found the empire was immense, and the men small. His intellect could see the inequality between the two, but it could go no further. But let Virgil, a man of imagination, look into the same facts. To him this inequality has a meaning. What can be its cause? Who can be the founders of the empire? In search of them, 'his poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,' and in heaven he discovers the gods who alone can be the founders of such a vast empire. Next, he plans in his mind the history of such a foundation, and 'as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown, the poet's pen turns them to shape and gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.'

Besides penetrating into the meaning of things, the imagination seizes the essential qualities of things and names them. How many have spent a 'beauteous, calm and free evening' on the sea-shore! But how many, though perhaps unconsciously impressed to some extent by its beauty, calmness and freedom, have analysed this their impression, much less been able to give expression to it in the striking epithets of Wordsworth?

But the man of imagination goes further than naming the essential qualities of things; he associates similar objects. These associations may be moral or physical, and may serve as comparisons or contrasts. The number of associations depends upon the extent of our knowledge, the retentiveness of our memory, and the intensity of our emotions. The comparisons of the 'holy nun,' of 'Abraham's bosom,' and of 'the inner shrine' would not have occurred to the mind of Wordsworth, if he had not known them before and remembered them. The emotions, too, have an important part in awaking associations; for the most uneducated village-woman is generally prolific in her associations, when her feelings have been aroused by the death of her son.

It must, however, be observed that when emotions are not controlled by reason, the imagination is apt to go astray and the associations may become extravagant. Thus the madman, who has no reason at all, 'sees more devils than vast hell can hold.' Thus the lover, 'sighing like a furnace,' 'sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.' Thus, too, a man, in the night and under the influence of fear, mistakes a bush for a bear. Such extravagance of associations is sometimes the case with the poet, generally with the lover, and always with the madman, and it is in this sense that we are to understand the lines:

The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.

But excluding such excess, associations are among the most valuable products of the imagination. They are of great help to the clear understanding of a subject, especially when they materialise the spiritual, or spiritualise the material. How much are we impressed by the shortness of life, when it is materialised by the comparison of a flower that blooms in the morning and withers in the evening! Still greater is the effect produced by the spiritualising of the material; and, indeed, the greatest works of art are instances of this. What is Shakespear's play of 'Henry VIII,' but an illustration of the truth that happiness is to be found only in a right conscience, proved from the material facts of history.

F. A.

COLLEGE SONG.

Comrades! raise a joyful chorus,
Loud and glad your hearts outpour,
While the love of Alma Mater
Bids our grateful song upsoar,
While we pledge to stand united
True to her for evermore.

Hers the glorious gifts we've treasured,
Love of faith and learning's store—
Sword and shield to strike and shelter
Till life's double fight is o'er—
Till from out the deadly combat
We come victors evermore.

Mother-like for all her children
Help of Heaven she doth implore,
Whether rest they 'neath her mantle
Or fare distant from her door
Like a kindly spirit watching
Over them for evermore.

High up on the hill of Edyah
Stands the home our hearts adore,
Proud above the pride of palm trees
And the far Sea's softened roar;
Hill and deep and palm abiding
Our examples evermore.

Louder, louder swell the chorus
For the happy days of yore,
For the hopeful toiling present
And the years that lie before,
For the name and fame and honour
Of our mother evermore.

By the God whose greater glory
Governs still thy life and lore,
By the love thou giv'st thy children
And the light that thou dost pour,
Prosper thou, dear Alma Mater,
Aye for ever, evermore.

—
An Old Boy.

KODAIKANAL.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget;
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
The heart from fainting, and the soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

Longfellow.

A comparatively unknown spot ten years ago, Kodaikanal is to-day one of the principal sanitariums in Southern India. Year after year, during the hot months of April and May, a large number of Europeans are attracted to these health-giving heights. Indeed, a trip to Kodaikanal is generally understood to be as good as a voyage to Europe. In the eyes of a recent French tourist, the Pulney* Hills are nothing else than '*l'Inde Paradisiaque.*' The charms of the meandering lake, the prettiest of Kodaikanal's ornaments, the romantic grandeur of the lofty peaks and the torrential cascades, the magnificent view of the plains stretching as far as eye can reach, fascinate a poetic soul, and have been the theme of many a Wordsworthian effusion. A few words in plain prose on this favoured region will, it is hoped, prove of interest to the readers of *The Mangalore Magazine.*

The traveller to Kodaikanal generally alights in the afternoon at the railway-station of Ammayana-

*Pulney (Palani; also called Varahagiri, Vadagiri and Kannandenan). Mountain range in Madura District, Madras Presidency; lying between 10° and 10° 15' N. lat., and between 77° 20' and 77° 55' E. long. It extends in a north-easterly direction from the great mass of mountains known as the Western Ghats, with which it is connected by an isthmus or ridge of hills about 8 miles in width, being completely isolated on every other side. The Pulneys are divided into two groups, the higher and lower, or the west and east ranges. The mean elevation of the former is about 7000 feet; of the latter, from 3000 to 4000 feet. Six *ghats* or passes lead up to the lower range, all of a rough description. The lower range is generally known to the natives under the designation of Tandigudi and Virupachi. The higher range, which has plateaux of over 100 square miles, is said to reach an elevation of 8500 feet in one of each of its peaks. The rocks (of gneiss with quartz and felspar) are covered with heavy black soil, and traversed by numerous streams.—*Hunter's Imperial Gazetteer of India.*

yakanoor, which is thirty-five miles from the foot of the hills. Availing himself of the services of one of the transit companies, he stretches his length with what grace he can in a cart roofed over with matting and drawn by bullocks. The road stretches endlessly under arches of banian trees, alive with whole families of monkeys. They are of all ages, from the hoary-headed grandfather to the baby in arms, and are carrying on their antics with perfect impunity. As they claim a distant kinship with the god Hanuman, they are held as sacred beings and thrive on the land. Some years ago, Madura was infested by them, and they became such a nuisance by their monkey tricks that people who valued their lives were anxious to be rid of them. At last an occasion presented itself, when a monkey threw a tile from a roof, and killed a boy. The Collector of the District was a born ruler of men, and knew well how dangerous it would be to run counter to the religious prejudices of the people. So he took the law of the homicide, and had the criminal brought to court. He was found guilty, and was with all his family condemned to perpetual banishment to some distant mountains.

The shades of night are falling, but the jolting of the cart makes sleep fairly impossible. The *vandikaran* sings a song on an old *raga*. He is extemporising couplets to his bulls, to the gentleman in his custody, and to the Queen of Night lighting up his way with her soft effulgence. The peon sings responsive to the *vandikaran*, and the sleepless tenant of the cart finds relief in the inimitable melody, broken ever and anon by vigorous expletives to the trotting bulls.

At last the cart halts at the Krishna Tope at the foot of the hills. Here the traveller alights and trusts himself to the coolies encamped under a wide-spreading tree. The headman appoints each carrier his or her fifty pounds of luggage. The traveller can have himself chaired up in triumph amid the flare of torches and the mysterious chant of *ahóben handoben, nahum-da-doben!* Or else he may engage the humbler service of a horse, rather a sorry specimen of the equine race. For a good half of the way he will have to climb up a zig-zag bridle-path, where sometimes the horse's nose is over one precipice, while his tail is over

another, and one false step might cast man and beast a thousand feet below. But the best course is probably to let the horse have his own way, and if anything, to pull a tight rein to keep him from the verge of the precipice.

It is dawn at last, when a new world begins to reveal itself to his eyes and

He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature; and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own;
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers.

The abyss beneath becomes deeper and deeper, while the lofty mountain rises right over-head. At each turn of the winding-path the horizon widens more and more, and the plains appear like an expanse of gold bathed in the rays of the morning sun. Groves of bamboo, rattan, rhododendron, teak and ebony cover the slopes in profusion. The luxuriant vegetation is alive with innumerable birds and insects. Their morning song of varied melody is in striking contrast with the monotonous gush of cascades, which bounding from rock to rock go to unite their waters into a common torrent. Conspicuous among these is the Great Cascade whose waters fall from a height of 1,500 feet.

After riding nearly nine miles and ascending 5,000 feet, the traveller comes in view of a large building looming out of a plantation of eucalyptus trees. It is the Sacred Heart College in the humble village of Shembaganoor. It is well-known that the Society of Jesus directs in India the Missions of Madura, Bengal, Bombay and Mangalore. The young religious belonging to these Missions begin their formation at Shembaganoor. Placed above the miasmatic exhalations of the feverish zone, Shembaganoor recommends itself by its solitude and the excellence of its climate, delightfully cool to the European and not unpleasantly cold to the Indian. It is at a height of 6,338 feet, with a temperature varying from 48° to 82° Fahr. The spacious quadrangular edifice that serves the purposes of Novitiate and Scholasticate, lodges at present more than eighty Jesuits, hailing from

many a country of Europe and many a province of India. The seven years of formation at the Sacred Heart College, are spent in a ceaseless round of prayer and study. In pursuit of the same end, and with a levelling of distinctions which Faith alone can effect, the future missionaries of India are united in one bond of Christian charity that clasps West to East.

But the traveller is still three miles from his destination. Yet an hour of ride, and he is at Kodaikanal, the loveliest valley in the immense undulating plateau which the Pulney Hills sustain at a height of 7000 feet. The large lake that occupies the centre lends enchantment to the view. A pleasant walk follows its tortuous course all round, while graceful bungalows stud the rising ground on its sides. One of these, true to its name and commanding a fine view of the lake, is the Belvedere villa, where the Sisters of the Cross working in Trichinopoly pass a few weeks during the scorching month of May. The other bungalows generally bear the name of some dearly-loved spot in England or Scotland. To row at early morn on the still waters of the lake is one of the principal pastimes of the Europeans in the station.

Buttresses of porphyry-veined gneiss, plunging into the plain down to a depth of thousands of feet, support this gigantic platform. It is girt around with a number of peaks. The loftiest is the Fort Hamilton, which reaches the height of 8256 feet. On another at a height of 7209 feet stands a chapel dedicated to Notre Dame de la Salette. It was erected, in the face of great difficulties, by Fr. Saint-Cyr, who speaks of it as 'a white star fallen from heaven in the midst of the eternal verdure of these undulating hills.' This valiant pioneer of the New Mission of Madura was taken ill during his voyage to the Missions of Bourbon and Madagascar, in the capacity of Visitor. "Being unable to stand on his legs," says Monsignor Fava, the illustrious bishop of Grenoble, who was Fr. Saint-Cyr's companion during the voyage, "he made a vow that he would build in Madura a chapel in honour of Notre-Dame de la Salette, if he obtained his cure through the intercession of this afflicted Mother who had wept tears on our mountains. . . . His prayer was heard." The foundation-stone was laid by Fr. Saint-Cyr in March 16, 1863, with the following inscription:—

D . O . M
HOC . SACELLUM
UNO . TRINOQUE . DEO
SUB . VOCABULO
NOSTRAE . DOMINAE . A . LA . SALETTE
DICTAE
NUNCUPATUM
PIO . NONO . SUMMO . PONTIFICE
FELICITER . REGNANTE
ILLUSTRISSIMO . AC . RR . ALEXIO . CANOZ
EPISCOPO . THOMASENSI
ET . VICARIO . APOSTOLICO . MADURENSI
HAC . DIE . 17 . MARTII . 1863

Among the many generous contributors to the building of the chapel, Madame la comtesse d'Oultremont deserves the first place and is justly looked upon as the Foundress. The handsome statues of Notre-Dame de la Salette on the altar, and of St. Joseph to the right of the altar are the munificent gifts of Monsignor Fava, while that of St. Michael to the left is a souvenir from the Rev. Fr. Michael Fessard. The chapel shares all the indulgences and privileges granted to Notre-Dame à la Salette in France. In 1888, Fr. Saint-Cyr passed to a better life, and his remains were interred in the portico of the chapel he had built. His memory is still held in benediction in the surrounding country.

On either side of the chapel and at the distance of about half a furlong, lies a spacious bungalow, owned by the Jesuit Fathers. The one to the West is occupied by the *pangouswamis* and that to the East by the Fathers of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, during the short holiday-time they yearly spend at Kodaikanal. The terrace of the latter bungalow commands a glorious view of the valley. It is, perhaps, one of the most charming sights from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, and is well apt to send up the missionary's thoughts to Heaven as he contemplates it of an evening in the mellow light of the setting sun.

Not far from this bungalow, a handsome Celtic cross is erected to the memory of a great benefactor of Kodaikanal. During the time he was Collector,

he strove to do all that nature had not done to make Kodaikanal beautiful and attractive. The following inscriptions on the four sides of the pedestal briefly sum up his life-history.

IN MEMORY OF
SIR VERE HENRY LEVINGE, BARONET
OF KNOCKDRIN CASTLE, WESTMEATH, IRELAND,
AND FORMERLY OF THE MADRAS CIVIL SERVICE
BORN 28 NOVEMBER, 1819,
DIED AT MADRAS, 22 MARCH, 1885

AFTER A LONG SERVICE IN THE
DISTRICTS OF TINNEVELLY AND
MADURA WHERE HE
WON THE SINCERE RESPECT AND
AFFECTION OF THE PEOPLE
HE SETTLED IN 1867 AT KODAIKANAL,
AND LIVED AT PAMBAR HOUSE
UNTIL WITHIN A FEW WEEKS
OF HIS DEATH.

TO HIM ARE DUE NEARLY ALL
THE IMPROVEMENTS WHICH
THIS SETTLEMENT POSSESSES.

A TRUE FRIEND TO THE POOR,
NO ONE HOWEVER HUMBLE APPEALED
TO HIM IN VAIN,
WHILE HIS UPRIGHT CHARACTER,
HIS LOVE OF JUSTICE AND
HIS KINDLY HEART
ENDEARED HIM TO ALL CLASSES
OF THE COMMUNITY,
EUROPEAN AND NATIVE,
AND THUS HE BORE WITHOUT ABUSE
THE GRAND OLD NAME OF GENTLEMAN.

THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED
BY A FEW OF HIS FRIENDS
AS A MARK OF
THEIR ADMIRATION AND ESTEEM.

The famous Peak of Perumal soaring into the sky to a height of 5810 feet closes the valley of Kodaikanal on the North. A limpid stream

gradually gaining in strength, accompanies the way leading to it. It is shaded all along by wild mango-trees, white cedars, and gum-trees. It gathers its waters from a number of cascades, of which the well-known 'Silver Cascade' deserves more than a passing notice.

The Pulney Hills have, perhaps, nothing grander to present to the view of the traveller than this mighty cataract. From the bridge opposite the waterfall, he may after a heavy shower be seen gazing with admiration on the roaring torrent, as it washes the broad flat surface of a lofty pile of rocks. The torrent is the result of the waters of a great many streams and rivulets, which join together into a powerful current on the top of the cascade. The precipice breaking their onward flow, they roll down with a roar till they reach the basin at the bottom. The stillness of the basin contrasts singularly with the gushing impetuosity of the cataract. Vase-shaped, it extends from the foot of the precipice to the bridge, under which through six wide arches it discharges its waters. The current resumes its impetuous rush on the other side of the bridge, where the smooth surface of a wide sloping rock is washed by the expanded waters. On they flow till they gather into the smaller compass of a stream, which, after many a winding, is lost to view in the far extending valley.

The hills are covered over with luxuriant ferns growing to a height of several feet. In the dry season a mere spark will set a whole mountain on fire. No bonfire blaze could be so magnificent as the sight of the mighty flames playing havoc over a vast area. For entire days and nights the fire travels from hill to hill. At night the conflagration lights up the surrounding country with its lurid light. The crackling of the flames is heard far away during the silent hours, and it redoubles whenever a neighbouring copse falls a victim to the relentless element. And all this may be the work of a match-stick that first lit an innocent cigar, or the more deliberate doing of some mischief-loving elf. Sometimes, however, a wiser wight following the principle laid down by Virgil, will set fire to a hill in expectation of a better crop of grass.

On the grassy plateau near the peak of Perumal, large brown stags may occasionally be seen grazing.

Some of them brook the hunter's approach until they are nearly within gunshot; but before he can fairly take his aim, they are pretty sure to snuffle vigorously and flash into the wood below. At the foot of Perumal, across the bottomless abyss, opens the plain of Coimbatore, which further to the North is succeeded by the ever blue mountains. Far away to the West, the summits of the Ghauts are lost in the clouds. To the East stretches the boundless plain, studded with hills, which seem to emerge from out a sheet of fire. The best time to enjoy the glamour and witchery of the surrounding country from the lofty peak is early morn. The great aim of picnickers to the peak is to witness the sun-rise from its heights. 'The glory and freshness of a dream' pales before that of the morning sun gilding the fleecy clouds on the horizon and lighting up the panorama with his own splendour. A son of the Muses is said to have died of emotion while climbing up the Alps. So far the revelations of nature have not been equally powerful over any poet while on his way to Perumal. But the soul must be dead indeed, that is not awakened to higher thoughts and nobler feelings at the sight of so much magnificence, that does not rise from nature up to nature's God, that does not see in the beautiful scene the vestibule of Paradise.

In the deep valleys of the Pulney Hills flourish plantations of tea, coffee, eucalyptus and plantain. They are surrounded by giant aloes, but are not free from the ravages of the wild boar and the stag. At night all the woods are astir with life. The tiger then is on the prowl. Since the settlement of Europeans at Kodaikanal, the tiger has made himself scarce in its vicinity. But who could believe himself safe from the attacks of an enemy that can roam over thirty miles in a single night? Unpleasant encounters are not unheard of even in our days, though a youthful imagination is very apt to magnify an innocent individual of the canine species into the dimensions of a tiger:

Such tricks hath strong imagination
That, if it would but apprehend some *fear*
It comprehends some bringer of that *fear*.

During daytime an awful calm hangs over the immense region. The mountain slopes are lined

with forests of rhododendron, as old as the world. They are denser than moss, and from them mounts up, with its monotonous rhythm, the deafening concert of millions of merrycicadas, chanting in unison. But the evening is the most delightful time of all. The plain is then asleep in the shade, while the light of the sun is still playing on the mountain tops. A perfect calm reigns over the plateau. The day is dying out with exquisite tints of blue. A gentle breeze begins to blow, which mingles the light fragrance of the rose and the lily with the heavy scent of the flowers of tea and cardamoms thriving in plantations far away.

Such is a brief description of this garden of Eden, where nature has perhaps been more lavish of her charms than anywhere else in India. Kodaikanal, it is said, has of late years been attracting public notice to an unusual degree. The erection of the Government Observatory has added to its prestige, and the rights and privileges of a Municipality lately conferred on it are an unmistakable sign of its progress. It is worthy of note that the votes of its Municipal Councillors had the honour of deciding but a short time ago the election of a member of the Legislative Council of Madras. And yet Kodaikanal, with its excellent climate, its beautiful scenery, the European fruits and flowers it offers in profusion, cannot be said to enjoy the patronage of the great ones of the earth. Europeans of wealth and rank, following the lead of the Governor of Madras, generally spend the hot season at Ootacamund. Barring the permanent residents of Shembaganoor and the Jesuit missionaries and professors of whom mention has already been made, a large part of the Europeans that yearly climb these heights for a breath of fresh air, is made up of Protestant missionaries of various sects. The Tinnevely Anglican Mission and the German Mission are pretty well represented, but the American Mission has the strongest hold of all. A handsome chapel has been erected by its members in the centre of the fashionable quarter of Kodaikanal. The extensive lands which they hold as a free gift from Government are dotted with a good number of commodious bungalows. Most of the Europeans deceased up to date have been interred in their cemetery. Many a monument has been

erected in it, and some of the inscriptions date as far back as the middle of the last century.

The difficulty of access to Kodaikanal explains in great part the comparatively scanty proportion of public favour it has been enjoying. The day when the traveller will alight from the train at the Krishna Tope instead of at Ammayanayakanoor, Kodaikanal will enter upon a new epoch of prosperity. Then, possibly, Kodaikanal will prove a formidable rival to Ootacamund, the summer Capital of the Governor of Madras.

C. M.

TWELVE RULES FOR A LONG LIFE.

Professor Laynard in his "Chart of Life," gives these twelve rules for those who desire to live a healthy and long life:—

I. Avoid every kind of excess, especially in eating and drinking.

II. Do not live to eat. Select those aliments most suitable for nourishing the body, and not those likely to impair it.

III. Look upon fresh air as your best friend. Inhale its life-giving oxygen as much as possible during the day, while at night sleep with the bedroom window open at the top for a space of at least four or five inches. Follow this out even in the depth of winter. It is one of the great secrets of long life.

IV. Be clean both in mind and body. "Cleanliness is next to godliness." It is a fortification against disease.

V. Worry not nor grieve. This advice may seem but cold philosophy and to be easier to give than to follow; nevertheless I have known persons of a worrying disposition almost entirely break themselves of it by a simple effort of the will. Worry kills.

VI. Learn to love work and hate indolence. The lazy man never becomes a centenarian.

VII. Have a hobby. A man with a hobby will never die of senile decay. He has always something to occupy either mind or body; therefore they remain fresh and vigorous.

VIII. Take regular exercise in the open air; but avoid over-exertion.

IX. Keep regular hours, and ensure sufficient sleep.

X. Beware of passion. Remember that every outbreak shortens life to a certain degree, while occasionally it is fatal.

XI. Have an object in life. A man who has no purpose to live for rarely lives long.

XII. Seek a good partner in life, but not too early.

MACBETH.

The play of Macbeth belongs to the third period of Shakespeare's literary life, when disgusted with his profession as an actor, and oppressed by public and private ill, he passed from comedy to write of the sterner side of the world, to tell the tragedy of mankind. In the tragedy under consideration, the poet traces the power of temptation on man in its beginning, growth and extremes. This was the one great phenomenon that absorbed the imagination of Shakespeare, on reading 'The Historie of Macbeth' in Ralph Holinshed's Chronicle of Scotland. And by writing his play on Macbeth, he undertook to point out to his fellow-man the deep moral lesson that lay hidden in it.

Macbeth is introduced to us in the play as a brave general and loyal subject of Duncan. Though always high in the esteem of Duncan, the bravery displayed by Macbeth in the late battle wins him golden opinions of the king. Macdonwald having proved himself a traitor, Duncan creates Macbeth thane of Cawdor in Macdonwald's stead, and bids the news be conveyed to the brave general. The witches, who always 'hover through the fog and filthy air,' come to a knowledge of this fact, and make of it a source of temptation to Macbeth. We are not able to gather from any passage in the play that before the announcement of the 'weird sisters,' Macbeth had entertained hopes of the imperial crown. He might indeed have aspired after royalty, for from his own lips we learn that he is a man of 'vaulting ambition.' But it is not likely that Macbeth, who had no 'spur to prick the sides of his intent,' even when 'fate and metaphysical aid' seemed to promise him the crown, should have thought, before he met the witches, of becoming king by slaying Duncan. The witches, however, are aware of the ambition that lurks in the heart of Macbeth, in spite of his 'nature too full of the milk of human kindness,' and they determine upon working on this passion. They meet Macbeth and Banquo upon the heath, and hail him successively as 'Thane of Glamis,' 'Thane of Cawdor' and 'Macbeth that shalt be king hereafter.' The credulity of Macbeth, joined to his ambition, leads him to put faith in this prophetic announcement of the witches. He is all bewildered by their greeting, and 'seems rapt withal.' Not so Banquo, whose

shut and noble nature 'neither begs nor fears their favour nor their hate.' When the witches are vanishing out of sight, Macbeth solicits further information from them, and says 'stay you imperfect speakers, tell me more.' If Banquo questions them at all, it is more out of incredulous curiosity than anything else, to see if they 'can see into the seeds of time, and say which grain will grow and which will not;' and when they are actually fled, he coldly tells Macbeth: "the earth has bubbles as the water has, and these are of them." Macbeth however, instead of profiting by this wise remark of his companion's, and dismissing all ideas of royalty as a temptation, tries to confirm Banquo in his own dear belief.

Up to this, however, Macbeth has only entertained hopes of the royal crown, but not thought of violent means of coming at it. Before long, he will see the first part of the prophecy fulfilled, and instead of taking the sage warning of Banquo, how

"Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence,"

Macbeth allows himself to be thoroughly confirmed in his belief of the witches. He has already seen the 'happy prologues to the swelling act of the imperial theme,' and he is sure that the crown is to be his. But he sees Duncan in the quiet possession of the kingdom; nor is he void of issue. The Prince of Cumberland will in all probability succeed his father as King. Murder then seems to be the only way open to Macbeth. It is properly here that the temptation begins, and the life of Macbeth from this moment up to the murder, is to be one of fearful struggle between his ambition and humanity. This contest cannot be better expressed than in the words of Macbeth, when he speaks of

"that suggestion

Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:

My thought whose murder yet is but fantastical
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not."

Though highly ambitious, the gentler feelings of Macbeth would ultimately get the mastery, if he

were left to himself. But the terrible strength of Lady Macbeth's character will come to his aid. "Her obdurate strength of will and firmness of character," says Hazlitt, "gave her the ascendancy over her husband's faltering virtue." She at once seizes on the opportunity that offers for the accomplishment of all their wished-for greatness, and never flinches from her object till all is over." As soon as she reads the letter of Macbeth, she forms the bold resolution. She fears, indeed, the too gentle nature of her husband, but is determined on 'chastising with the valour of her tongue all that impedes him from the golden round.' Her first step on seeing Macbeth is to calm the fears that betray themselves in his face, which is 'as a book where men may read strange matters.' She holds out great hopes of seeing the witches' prediction come true and goads on Macbeth in every possible way to the murder of Duncan. In spite of it all, the moral weakness of Macbeth can hardly determine on the cruel death of his king. When Lady Macbeth thinks that he is thoroughly armed for the deed, she is, to her great surprise, told by her husband, "We will proceed no farther in this business." Lady Macbeth has now recourse to taunt and irony. She calls him a coward, and contrasts her own fierce resolution of character, with the unmanliness of Macbeth, until, thoroughly overcome by his wife, he exclaims:

"I am settled and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

He is settled indeed, but the fierce struggle in his soul is not ended. His distorted imagination conjures up before his eyes,

"A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain."

Fright seizes everyone of his limbs, and he implores the 'earth not to hear his steps, which way they walk, for fear the very stones prate of his whereabouts.' In this frame of mind, he obeys the bell that summons him to the murder of Duncan.

After the commission of the first murder, bloody deeds will become far easier to Macbeth. He will go on from crime to crime, all on account of having yielded to the first temptation, and will verify the words of Banquo that, the 'instruments of darkness tell us truths...to betray us in deepest consequence.'

B. A.

THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE.

MANGALORE, JUNE, 1905.

This Magazine is published chiefly to further the interests of the College, its graduates and undergraduates, and incidentally those of Mangalore and the District of Canara. It is intended to serve as the organ of the College and the record of its doings, as well as a bond of union between its present and past students. Being principally devoted to matters of local interest, it must rely for patronage on the alumni of the College and the people of Mangalore, and these are urged to give it substantial support.

The Editor's Chair.

THE slight delay in the publication of the June number of the Mangalore Magazine is easily explained, when it is remembered that our quarterly has had less than a quarter between its last and its present appearance to get ready alongside of equally important matters which render the Editor's position, at times, very apologetic. It is hoped that our readers with their wonted kindness will just overlook the delay as they have often done in the past. On our part, however, we should be somewhat circumspect in our assurances as regards the absolute avoidance of delays in future, lest a discrepancy between our promise and its performance should throw us unawares into a false position again. But our readers may take us at our word when we say that it shall be our ceaseless endeavour to see that the quarterly does not importune them for quarter once again.

The Honorary Secretaries of the College Silver Jubilee Celebration Committee have sent us a copy of the List of subscriptions received up to date, with a request for its publication in our columns. Old Boys and kind friends are requested kindly to note that the List will remain open till the end of this year. The amount in hand is not sufficient to found a Scholarship for the B. A. Course, but we hope that the deficit will be made good by the generous contributions of those who desire to help forward the cause of College education. The mural tablet to the memory of the late Rev. Fr. Joseph Willy, the first Rector and Principal of St. Aloysius'

College is patiently biding its time, when the elements will be more propitious and grant us fine weather. As it is not permissible under the Rubrics to erect Cenotaphs of any description within the precincts of a church, it has been decided to place it in an appropriate place outside the College Church.

We have to thank the Rev. Denis Luis of St. Joseph's Seminary, Jeppoo, for the quarterly instalments of the Life of the Venerable Father Joseph Vaz, that are appearing in this Magazine. From letters received from such distant places as Jaffna, Pondicherry and elsewhere, we are glad to learn that the Life is certain to supply a desideratum. To meet the prospective demand, we have made arrangements with the Codialbail Press to have a reprint of the work at an early date. The translation of Father Stephen's Christian Purana is a graceful essay in a difficult metre. It has also the rare merit of absolute fidelity to the original.

The following from The Redwood, *Santa Clara College*, is not devoid of interest:—"There is much consolation mingled with the cares and woes of the ex-man. One abundant source of it is the interesting view of College life, so like and yet so unlike in different parts of the world, that is laid open to him by the exchanges. "The Mangalore Magazine" exemplifies this very peculiarity. It is published by a College which, even as the name implies—St. Aloysius' College—is essentially familiar to us, but which is cast in circumstances altogether strange and foreign. It is replete with College news and local history. "The Martyrs of Salsette" is a very well written account of a stirring series of events."

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges since Easter:—*The Georgetown College Journal, The Notre Dame Scholastic, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Beaumont Review, The Dial, The Pilot, The Fordham Monthly, The Fleur-de-Lis, The Xavier, The Malabar Quarterly Review, The Harvest Field, The Cochin Argus, O Vinte e Tres de Novembro, Catholic Opinion, La Revista Catolica, O Anglo-Lusitano, The Bombay East Indian, A Lua, The Concanim Magazine, The St. Ignatius Collegian, The Redwood, The Stylus, Malabar Herald, The Madonna.*

College Chronicle.

April 23rd, Easter Sunday.—Freddie Pinto had the happiness of making his First Communion to-day.

April 30th, Sunday.—Fr. Baizini undertook the direction of the College Senior Sodality during the absence of Fr. Ghezzi on the Mukh.

May 2nd, Tuesday.—Pontifical High Mass of Requiem in the Cathedral for the late Rt. Rev. N. Pagani, S. J. Frs. Zerbinati and Gioanini were Honorary Deacon and Sub-deacon. Fr. Minister returned to the College from St. Joseph's Seminary whither he had gone for his annual Retreat.

May 7th, Sunday.—The monsoons were ushered in by a heavy shower of rain.

May 14th, Sunday.—Patronage of St. Joseph. Fr. Noronha sang High Mass at the Cathedral.

May 17th, Wednesday.—Rev. Fr. Rector returned from the hills; and Fr. Minister from Ullal, whither he had gone for the Parish Feast.

May 22nd, Monday.—Classes for the Lower Secondary Department were opened to-day, a week later than the registered date on account of the lateness of Holy Week this year. Holding schools from 8-30 A. M. to 12-30 P. M., with a break of twenty minutes in the middle, has now become a fixture for these classes during this season. Every minute of this interval is utilized by the small boys in playing a nameless game of their own invention, which is as exciting to the players as it is amusing to the on-lookers.

May 28th, Sunday.—Fr. Ghezzi sang High Mass in the Cathedral, it being the closing day of the Devotions of the Month of May. Both the Senior and Junior Sodalities were present in a body in the evening for the torch-light Procession that winds up the festivities.

June 2nd, Friday.—Classes and Lectures were resumed to-day in the High School and College Departments respectively.

June 4th, Sunday.—A new departure was made to-day by the enthusiastic Director of the Senior Sodality, by inaugurating a Variety Entertainment to be got up by the two College Sodalities combined. A detailed account of it will be found elsewhere in this number of the Magazine.

June 14th, Wednesday.—Till now, there used to be every Saturday evening three instructions given simultaneously but in different places, viz., one in English, in the College Church, to the High School and College Classes; another, also in English, to the Middle classes; and a third one in Konkani to the small boys of the Lower Secondary Department,—the two last being held in two of the larger class-rooms. But as it was judged that this system had several inconveniences of its own, it was decided to have in future, only two instructions, one in English, as before, to the higher classes, and the other, in Konkani to all the other classes, but on Wednesday evening, and that in the church. We earnestly hope that the new system will work more smoothly than the previous one.

June 21st, Wednesday.—Feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, Patron of the College. The Very Rev. E. Frachetti, S. J., Vicar General and Superior of the Mission sang the High Mass, with Frs. Noronha and Chatagnier as Deacon and Sub-deacon. At the afternoon service Fr. Chatagnier preached the panegyric of the Saint after Solemn Vespers. Twenty-two candidates were then received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. On the same day began the Novena of the Sacred Heart, which took place during the Community Mass, which during the days of the Novena, was anticipated by a quarter of an hour for the convenience of those that attended it. A Telegram of festal wishes was received by Rev. Father Rector from Dr. C. Fernandes, President of the Kanara Catholic Association, Bombay.

June 22nd, Thursday.—Feast of Corpus Christi. Father Gioanini sang his first High Mass at the Cathedral. On account of the threatening weather the Procession was conducted indoors.

June 25th, Sunday.—A treat was given to the members of the College Choir and the Sanctuary Society. As the "small boy" was vastly more in evidence, his tastes were specially catered for, and he demolished the delicacies set before him with his accustomed zeal.

June 26th, Monday.—The King-Emperor's Birthday. The College Cricket Eleven played its first outside match this afternoon. After wearisome days of heavy rain, there was a brief spell of fine weather which permitted of a friendly encounter

with our last year's redoubtable foe—the Ex-Aloysian Team. It ended in a draw, with 132 runs to our credit, and 84 to theirs for 8 wickets.

June 27th, Tuesday.—At 5.15 P. M., the students assembled in the College Hall to greet His Lordship the Bishop on the occasion of the ninth anniversary of his Consecration. Mr. George Coelho, Prefect of the Senior Sodality, stepped forward, and in a neat little speech, expressed, in the name of his fellow students, the sentiments uppermost in the minds of all on the occasion. His Lordship made a short reply and ended by granting a holiday. Shortly afterwards he met a number of College students who hold Bishop's Scholarships and who had assembled to express their gratitude for his kindness to them.

June 29th, Thursday.—Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. Rev. Father Rector's onomastic day.

June 30th, Friday.—Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Father Basil Rosario celebrated the Mass at 7 o'clock and preached a touching discourse on the devotion of the day. Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament from 11 A. M. to 4 P. M., during which the different classes as well as students from the neighbouring schools took turns at adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. In the evening there was admission of new members into the Apostleship of Prayer, followed by Solemn Benediction.

The rainfall from April 1st, as recorded by the College rain-gauge, was as follows:—April 0, May 8.92, June 52.50, making a total of 61.42 inches.

July 1st, Saturday.—The following important notice has been issued by Dr. A. G. Bourne, from the Office of the Commissioner for Government Examinations:—"It is hereby notified that, under orders of Government, the Primary Examination as at present conducted and the Lower Secondary Examination have been abolished with effect from the date of this notification."

July 2nd, Sunday.—The students of the College Past and Present were most kindly treated to an excellent Gramophone entertainment by Mr. D. S. Cama, Inspector of Bridges, Madras Railway. He is the possessor of a superb instrument, and his selection of music evinced rare taste. Mr. Cama gave similar entertainments at the Episcopal Seminary, and St. Ann's High School.

College Societies.

CECILIAN AND PHILODRAMATIC SOCIETY.

ON the first Sunday of June, the Senior and Junior College Sodalities made a new departure by giving a musical and dramatic entertainment to their confrères as also to the College Students. The Town Sodality, too, mustered strong and occupied the right half of the Exhibition Hall. We were also honoured by the presence of His Lordship the Bishop. Subjoined is the programme which, as will be observed, was an attractive one.

PROGRAMME

PART I.

"Mary Queen of May."

1. Prologue
ABUNDIUS ABREO.
2. Chorus "Laudate Mariam" *Perosi*
COLLEGE CHOIR.
3. Recitation "The Month of May"
ALBAN MASCARENHAS.
4. Recitation "Enfant de Marie"
CALLISTUS SALDANHA.
5. Song "Salve Regina" *Pasini*
GREGORY CASTELINO.
6. Recitation "The Madonna of the School-room"
MARK NORONHA.
7. Recitation "Our offering"
FELIX COELHO.
8. Duet "Immaculate" *Meluzzi*
BASIL FERNANDES & ALBERT MASCARENHAS.
Violins: CALLISTUS & THEOBALD SALDANHA.

INTERVAL.

PART II.

Variety Entertainment.

1. Piano Solo "Silvery Echoes" *Blake*
JOHN FERNANDES.
2. Chorus "Comrades in arms" *Adams*
COLLEGE CHOIR.
3. Recitation "Ole Mudder Hubbard"
4. The Blind Beggars. Operetta in one Act
Written by H. B. Farmie.
Composed by Offenbach.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

- Mr. Zachariah Morgan LOUIS VAS.
 Mr. Buffles LAW. GONSALVES
 A Pedestrian DENIS CASTELINO.
 5. Magic Lantern Slides MARCEL LOBO.

God save the King.

The proceedings commenced with a Piano Solo followed by the Rev. Director's appearance on the stage to introduce the young actors to the audience and to crave indulgence for any shortcomings incidental to the beginnings of all things. He also announced that Master Gerald Lobo, one of the actors, having suddenly taken ill, his place was, at the last moment, supplied by Master Alban Mascarenhas. He wound up by expressing the hope that if the present trial turned out well, the Sodalities would be encouraged to get up similar entertainments in the course of the year.

The Vocal Solo was one that needed the art of a first-rate singer, and a competent vocalist was found in the person of Mr. Gregory Castelino who sang it remarkably well to Mr. John Fernandes's graceful accompaniment on the Piano. Part I concluded with a Duet in which the tiny singers and brother-violinists gleefully sustained their parts. Part II opened with Blake's "Silvery Echoes," a Piano Solo, played by the deft fingers of Mr. John Fernandes. Shortly after Fr. Ghezzi appeared on the stage and treated us to a serio-comic recital of "Ole Mudder Hubbard," which evoked the heartiest applause. The next item was 'The Blind Beggars,' an operetta, acted by Messrs. Lawrence Gonsalves and Louis Vas. The former is known to fame as having taken part in the College Dramas, but the comedy of the latter in the character of "The Beggar born blind" was quite the hit of the evening, and showed histrionic ability of a high order.

Our heartfelt thanks are due to Mr. E. B. Palmer, who kindly favoured us with his excellent Gramophone which was accorded a cordial welcome. His comings in among us have, we regret to say, become "like angels' visits, short and bright," but we trust that the railway will soon bring him within easier distance of Mangalore.

At parting, the feelings of every one present were of gratitude to those who had gone through

so much trouble to provide them with such a dainty programme; and the genuine success which had crowned the entertainment made them wish to see it become a permanent fixture, for the benefit of the Marian Sodalities in Mangalore.

GEORGE COELHO,
Prefect, Senior Sodality.

PROLOGUE

RECITED BY MR. ABUNDIUS ABREO.

The year is splashing on from May to June,
 In the soiled vesture of the glum monsoon;
 While we return, refreshed with restful days,
 To class-room toil that brooks no truant ways.
 But ere our battle with our books we start,
 We'd end our holidays in right good part,
 With merry music, elocution, glee—
 Fit echoes of the double Jubilee
 We held of late to honour her our Queen,
 The Stainless One, and her to whom hath been
 Entrusted our up-bringing here at school—
 Our Alma Mater kindly wise in rule.
 But not as pupils merely, we invite
 Your gracious presence, Gentles, here to-night:
 Sodalists, too, we are, and even so
 To you from us the merry call would go.
 Then welcome! ay, thrice welcome to our feast,
 First of its kind—hence pardonable, if least;
 But great our wish and high our hope to raise
 Our venture of delight, in future days,
 To something better, worthier of applause,
 While, if mirth look for one, there *is* a cause:
 Sodalities, for joys like this, would grow
 More cheerful, nor less pious, as you know;
 Besides, 'twere meet to leave no side of man
 Unfed, and chiefly in the highest plan
 Devised for his best betterment; nay, more,
 Such innocent mirth is loved the wide world o'er.
 Now add our boyish instincts to the rest,
 And you must find a reason at its best.
 I've done my task; no, somewhat still remains:
 To crave your kind indulgence for our pains,
 And offer you our thanks, and promise, too,
 If cheered by you, in future more to do,
 Supplying still, with care, whate'er we miss,
 And proving what advance we've made on *this*.
 Welcome and thanks! once more, good friends; and now
 I take my leave, and you receive my bow.

Literary and Debating Society,

ST. ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE.

THE Literary and Debating Society held its first meeting, after the mid-summer vacation, on the 6th instant, with the Rev. Ch. Ghezzi, S. J. as its new President. We may note in passing that his immediate predecessor was no other than the present Rector of the College who had conducted the society so ably and well. The new President, after introducing himself to the members, remarked that it was with great pleasure that he accepted the office. During the last five years he had been connected with several Debating Societies and had found ample opportunities of acquainting himself with the nature and the importance of the work that such societies were doing. That the work was calculated for the immense mutual benefit of all who were concerned in it, he was most thoroughly convinced. He concluded by expressing the hope that the Society would endeavour to keep to its splendid traditions, every member evincing a keen interest in all that concerned the Society.

In the election which followed, Mr. John Fernandes was voted Vice-president, Mr. Emmanuel J. Vas Secretary, and Mr. R. Shenkar Rao Under-secretary, the following being elected Committee members:—

Mr. Baptist D'Souza,	IV	Year	University	Class.
Mr. Marcel Lobo,	III	"	"	"
Mr. N. Kannappa,	II	"	"	"
Mr. Abundius Abreo,	I	"	"	"

The subject of the first Debate was:—
War *versus* Arbitration.

A detailed account of the Weekly Debates will appear in future numbers of the Magazine. For the present, it will suffice to state that the first debate of the Term, owing to the uncommon interest it excited, lasted two sessions, and that it was characterized by earnestness and warmth. The speeches gave evidence of care and diligence. The animated discussions that followed showed that a thorough and painstaking study had been made of the subject.

E. J. VAS,
Secretary.

Cricket Notes.

FROM the real business of College-life, we turn to Cricket which deserves more than a passing notice in the June number of the College Magazine. It is quite refreshing to see that there is no lack of interest or training, and with a vigorous team, so regular and so assiduous at the nets, the outlook is full of promise. The place of six of our cricketers who left College, has been taken by batsmen who have proved a distinct support to the enfeebled energies of the team. The first match of the season was played between College Past and Present. The ex-Aloysians are to be congratulated on having secured the services of the very best men eligible for admission, except, perhaps, a few whom the exigencies of business have excluded from 'cricket's manly toil.' It was, therefore, not without some trepidation of heart that we ventured to play our first outside match. We lost the toss and were sent in to bat on a slow, easy wicket. There had been some rain during the night and in the morning, but by noon the wicket had completely dried up. The Collegians contrived to run up the handsome score of 132 runs, for which a fine innings by Stanislas Coelho, who never gave a chance and hit six 4's, and a dashing display by Emmanuel Vas the Captain, were chiefly responsible. Only two out of the Ex-Aloysian team, namely, Messrs. Rosario Tauro and Marian Tellis got into double figures. Of the bowlers of the day, the palm must be given to Stanislas Coelho, and his 5 wickets for 19 runs was a very creditable performance. Denis Castellino's left-hand bowling captured three valuable wickets. Mr. Basil Saldanha was not so destructive with the ball as of yore; yet, despite his recent illness, we are sure he is destined to do yeoman service to his team during the season.

The match ended in a draw. Though public opinion pronounced that we had decidedly had the better of it, and that time alone had robbed us of the victory, we will not venture into the realm of possibilities, especially as our friends had begun to give us a very lively display of batting towards the close; and cricket prophecies are always dangerous things to make. The following is the Score:—

COLLEGE C. C.

E. Vas, b T. Castelino .	17	L. Gonsalves, b. T. Castelino	15
L. Rebello, b T. Castelino	10	T. Soares, not out	5
B. Pais, b B. Saldanha .	0	J. Rasquinha, b T. Castelino	0
F. Pereira, b L. Sequeira	6	L. Vas, b B. Saldanha .	4
S. Coelho, b T. Correa .	59	M. D'Souza, b B. Saldanha	0
D. Castelino, b L. Minezes	11	Extras	5
		<i>Total.</i>	132

EX-ALOYSIAN C. C.

R. Tauro, b D. Castelino.	16	L. Saldanha, b S. Coelho.	2
A. Castelino, b D. Castelino	2	W. Vas, b D. Castelino.	2
B. Saldanha, b B. Pais .	6	T. Castelino, b S. Coelho.	3
M. Tellis, b S. Coelho .	20	L. Minezes, not out	9
V. Castelino, b D. Castelino	2	T. Correa, not out	6
		L. Sequeira, did not bat	
		Extras	16
		<i>Total.</i>	84

DENIS CASTELINO,
Secretary.

What is a Lady?

What is a lady? An angel of light,
Toiling for others from morning till night;
Modest, retiring, wise, thoughtful, and kind,
Gracious, benevolent, pure, and refined;
Bearing her gifts to the cottager's door,
Honoured and loved in the homes of the poor;
Too sacred her smiles for the fool, or the rake,
Though wise men and true men would die for
her sake.

Dignified, sensible, patient, and brave,
Simple and natural, tender and grave;
Greeting the weary, with soft loving words;
The friend of the children, the flowers, and the
birds.

There is love in her glance, there is balm in her
smile;

Her lips breathe no scandal, her heart knows
no guile;

By the side of her cradle she trills her sweet song,
Busy, industrious, all the day long.

What is a lady? A blessing to life,
All worthy the title of Mother or Wife;

Trained in the school of religion and truth,
A comfort to age and a guardian to youth;

Black, brown, or golden-haired, she must be fair;
Empress, or peasant, her life is a prayer;

Be she in satins or homespun arrayed,
This is the lady that Nature has made.

—*The Weekly Scotsman.*

Personal Paragraphs.

OUR thanks are due to those who have loyally responded to our request for notes. We trust that many more will do likewise, so that there may never be dearth of items in these columns.

The Madras Mail, April 15, says: "We understand that a studentship under the Tata Education Scheme has been awarded to Mr. B. Sanjiva Row, B. A., a student of the Presidency College, Madras, to enable him to undergo a course of studies in England. Mr. Sanjiva Row is a native of South Canara, and is only twenty years of age. He had a distinguished career in the University and was to have gone up for the M. A. Degree Examination this year. Mr. Sanjiva Row intends competing for the Indian Civil Service and will start for England in a fortnight." Our hearty congratulations to Mr. Sanjiva Row, whose scholastic achievements in the College are still fresh in our minds. His University career will be watched with keen interest by his Professors and friends on Edyah Hill.

Dr. P. P. Pinto, B. A., has been winning his way to high fame in the medical world by his valuable researches into the specific nature of Snake-poison.

Mr. John Pereira who left Mangalore in 1900 for the Medical College, Madras, has passed the final Examination and is now an Assistant Surgeon in the Military Department.

Mr. Elias Coelho holds a position of trust and responsibility at Secunderabad as Head Master of St. Mary's School, which is conducted by the Fathers of the Foreign Missions of Milan.

Old Boys will be glad to have news of former Professors. Father Sergeant is *Operarius* in the Church of the Holy Cross, St. Helen's, Lancashire. He is also Director of a vigorous Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. Father Martin is Minister, and *Operarius* in the Catholic Church, Accrington. Father Allchin is mostly occupied in the ministry of preaching, and is quite a familiar figure in the pulpit. He is at present stationed at St. Mary's College near Chesterfield.

Mr. F. X. Vas, Police Inspector, has been transferred to Coondapoor, after a three-years' term of very efficient guardianship of law and justice in Beltangady. His memory still lives in class-room

and corridor, where he was much in evidence not many years ago.

The following extract from Mahableswar notes in the *Anglo-Lusitano* will be read with pleasure by the many friends of Father Rebello: "With the zeal of the Reverend Father Rebello, the Vicar, vast improvements have been effected in the Church of the Holy Cross, including the highly-finished side-altars, the bedecking of the façade, and the purchase of a sweet-toned Europe-made bell,—all these embellishments being the outcome of local subscriptions from a shifting Catholic congregation."

Since the issue of our last record, there have been a good many accessions of O. B.'s to the band of Benedicts. At Kallianpur, Mr. Jos. Ant. Saldanha of the Upper Secondary Department of the eighties, was married on April 8th, to Miss Rita Pulcheria Fernandes. Yet another of the same class, Piedade Farias was married at Puttur, on April 24th, to Miss Flora Natalie Mascarenhas.

In the merry month of May, Mr. Albert Minezes and Miss Mary Ellen Vas were married in the Milagres Church, and Mr. Joseph Rego and Miss Marcelline Saldanha at the Cathedral. The same Church witnessed the nuptials of Mr. Emmanuel Pais and Miss Amy Saldanha, as also of Mr. Lawrence Mathias and Miss Bridget Vincent Mascarenhas, while his brother Mr. Casimir Mathias led to the altar Miss Helen Brito the same day at the Chapel of Our Lady of Dolours. On June 7th, John J. Brito of Mango Villa, Jeppoo, gave "a hostage to Fortune" when he wedded Miss Ignatia Saldanha, daughter of the late Mr. John Saldanha of the Bloor Coffee Works. The Chapel of Our Lady of Dolours witnessed a double wedding when Mr. Sylvester Saldanha, B. A., was married to Miss Adeline Saldanha, and his brother Albert to Miss Marie Rebello. The wedding of Mr. Denis F. S. Vas and Miss Pauline Brito took place on May 15th. The bridegroom is the energetic Chief Agent of the deservedly popular Oriental Life Insurance Company.

Mr. Raymond Xavier Domingo, a student of the Upper Secondary Technical Department was married on May 3rd to Miss Lucy Flora, daughter of Mr. Francis Salvador Coelho. The wedding which took place at the Milagres Church was blessed

by the Rev. H. Buzzoni, S. J., and a short discourse was delivered by the Rev. Salvador Vas.

Mr. Philip D'Cunha is a Teacher in St. Stanislas' Institution, Bandra, Thana.

His Excellency the Governor of Bombay has been pleased to appoint Dr. C. Fernandes, J. P., to be Honorary Physician in Skin Diseases at the Jamsedji Jijibhai Hospital, Bombay.

We were just able to catch a glimpse of Father Corti, late Professor of History in the College Department, as he was hurrying to Narol, where he intends to open a new mission-station. His retirement of a couple of years from the lecture-room has enabled him to equip himself fully for the arduous task that is awaiting him, and he can now discourse fluently in the three vernaculars of South Canara. Our fervent prayers go with him in his new sphere of work.

Mr. Shabas Fernandes, B. A. Class, '04, is now a clerical student at St. Joseph's Seminary, Jeppoo. We should have mentioned in the *Easter* issue that three students of the Matriculation Class of '04, viz., Messrs. David Coelho, Cyril Lobo and Emmanuel Mathias had entered the Seminary in January.

The "*Alexandra Institution*" Hyderabad, Decan, founded by Dr. E. J. C. Pereira under the Patronage of the officers of the Station, has now been recognised as an Upper Secondary School by the Local Government. Dr. Pereira, Principal and Medical Officer of the Institution, has been elected a Fellow of the Society of Arts, Commerce and Manufactures, London. It is noteworthy that he is the first Mangalorean who has been honoured with the title.

Mr. Antony John Cutinha and Miss Mary Magdalen Fernandes were united in matrimony in the Church of Our Lady of Dolours, Udipi, on May 27th.

Mr. Piedade Vaz, L. C. E., Overseer, Bombay Improvement Trust, has taken up an appointment as Engineer in the Sangli State.

Mr. Lawrence D'Souza, (F. A. Class '97), who was a signaller, Government Telegraphs, Akyab, has been transferred to Calicut.

Messrs. William Fernandes and Dominic D'Souza (F. A. 1904) have left for Madras to study medicine.

Mr. Cholpadi Rama Kamath, F. A. '98, has passed the M. B. & C. M. Degree Examination and Messrs. Ullal Ganapathi Rau, B. A. '00, and Bola Shama Rao, the L. M. & S. Degree Examination held at Madras in April 1905.

Messrs. Mangalore Narayana Kini, B. A. '02, and Utchil Ramappa, B. A. '01, who had passed the B. L. Degree Examination held in January last, have applied for a Sanad to plead in this District.

Mr. Kotekar Rama Rao, B. A. '01, has been appointed 1st Assistant in the Local Government Training School, which has been doing so much to raise the standard of teaching in the District.

Do it now.

When you've got a job to do,
Do it now!

If it's one you wish was through,
Do it now!

If you're sure the job's your own,
Don't hem and haw and groan—
Do it now!

Don't put off a bit of work.
Do it now!

It doesn't pay to shirk.
Do it now!

If you want to fill a place
And be useful to the race,
Just get up and take a brace,
Do it now!

Don't linger by the way.
Do it now!

You'll lose if you delay.
Do it now!

If the other fellows wait,
Or postpone until it's late,
You hit up a faster gait—
Do it now!

Frank Farrington, in METHOD.

Funny Messages to Teachers.

QUITE a row was raised in a Brooklyn (N. Y.) public school not long ago by an angry father, who threatened to smash a teacher's nose because the teacher had misunderstood a note. Here is a copy of the note that caused the trouble:

MY DEAR MISS BLANK—My son Louis has been so bad in his books that I desire you to treatise him for conduct and lessons if possible to do so after school hours. Please be so kind and 'blige his father.

JACOB CULLENBOCKER.

The teacher read the note carefully. She had taught school so long in the Pickleville district that she believed herself fully capable of comprehending the meaning of Mr. Cullenbocker's note. She argued the matter with herself. Little Louis' report card showed that he had only attained 57 per cent. as the month's average. His conduct had been marked "poor."

"By 'treatise him,'" said the teacher, "his father means chastise him after school hours."

Then she began the work of chastisement. Louis was kept in after the other boys had been dismissed. The teacher gave him a severe lecture, and ordered him to study at home. Then she threatened to whip him if he did not do as he was told. She had also kept him in the class room while the other boys were enjoying the recess hour, and Louis was compelled to stand with his face against the wall while he listened to his comrades romping in the play ground.

When Louis' father got home from work that night he questioned his son about the note. Louis explained that the teacher had scolded him, turned his face toward the wall, and kept him in school after the class had been dismissed.

Cullenbocker was very angry when he heard his son's tale of woe. He had been very careful in writing the note, and had copied it over three times. He had taken the trouble to look up the meaning of "treatise" in a dictionary, and he concluded that "to treatise" meant to talk to and explain, and to teach by discourse. He wanted the teacher to take particular care of the boy, and see that everything was fully explained to Louis, whom he

considered a very good boy. But the teacher had turned Louis' face toward the wall. She had been accustomed to getting queer notes from Pickleville parents, and of deciphering them to suit herself. But in this case she had made a grave mistake, and when Mr. Cullenbocker got through telling her what he thought of her he said:

"If you talk back to me I'll smash your nose."

The teacher, of course, knew better than to "talk back" to an angry Pickleville parent. She apologized for her nose's sake, and Cullenbocker went away declaring that if she ever dared to turn Louis' face toward the wall in the future there would be a vacancy in that school. In speaking of the matter the teacher said:

"I think there ought to be some guarantee against the killing of teachers in the Pickleville district. It's worth a teacher's life to cross some of the complaining parents who rush to the school for the purpose of doing the punching act. They come in and declare that their boys are the only good ones in the city, and that something awful will happen if their boys are harmed. The notes they send are often preserved for the amusement of the school principals. This man who wanted me 'to treatise' his son shook his fist in my face, and would have struck me if I dared to reply to him. He wouldn't give me a chance to explain how we are bothered with queerly worded notes, and in this respect he was like the mother of a boy in the second primary grade of this school. She created a circus here a few years ago. Here is a copy of a note she wrote.

"Miss _____ Please give the money this month to my girl Minnie and not to Fred, for two months he got 95 per cents, and he brought not one cent home, altho his father and Me licked him.

MRS. S."

"After receiving that note, a boy was sent to Mrs. S. with a message explaining the meaning of the 95 per cent. The next day the mother of Fred called at the school and raised a big fuss. She said she was a poor woman, and that she needed what little money she could scrape up by doing washing. When Fred earned 95 cents at school she thought she ought to get the money. She was told that Fred did not receive 95 cents. Then she said:

"You, then, are keeping it, because the law says the Board of Education gives out these cents to the smart children every month."

"Even when she went away she refused to believe the story of the real meaning of 95 per cent."

Some of the Pickleville parents don't understand Superintendent Maxwell's method of sight reading, and the notes they send to the teachers are amusing. Here is a fair sample:

"Teacher—I dink you are a fool you want my boy to read when he dont't no no alferbits. please teach him some."

Similar notes are received by the teachers in the Brownsville schools. Over in Gowanus there are many parents who object to the new course of study in the schools. One father in the "Slab City" district wrote:

"Teach my daughter readin' and 'rithmatick and not those new-fangled yankee notions about cutting paper dolls with sizzors."

The fact that the "Slab City" parents object to clay modelling in the schools is illustrated in the following note sent to a teacher in one of the Tenth Ward schools:

"Miss _____: John kem home yesterday wid his clothes covered wid mud. He said you put him to work mixing clay when he ought to be learning to read an' write. Me man carries th' hod, an' God knows I hev enuf trouble wid his clothes in th' wash widout scraping John's coat. If he comes home like this again I'll send him back ter yez to wash his clothes. MRS. O'R _____"

Here is one from a Brownville mother who objects to physical culture:

"Miss Brown—You must stop teach my Lizzie fisical torture she needs yet readin an' figors mit sums more as that, if I want her to do jumpin' I kin make her jump. MRS. CANAVOWSKY."

The number of parents who object to the temperance plank in the educational platform is greater than the number of objectors to any other class of study in Williamsburgh. Here is a copy of a note sent to a teacher in the Stagg Street School:

"Miss _____: My boy tells me that when I trink beer der overcoat vrom my stummack gets to thick. Plese be so kind and don't intervere in my family affairs. MR. CHRIS _____"

Here is a sample on the same subject sent to a teacher in the Maujer Street School:

"Dear Teacher:—You should mine your own bizniss an' not tell Jake he should not trink bier, so long he lif he trinks the bier an' he trinks it yen wen bill rains is ded, if you interfer some more I go on the bored of edcation. W. S."

Here is one which has a touch of sadness in it.

"Miss Blank—Please excusen my Paul for bein absent he is yet sick with dipterry and der doctors don't tink he will discover to oblige his loving aunt Mrs._____. I am his mother's sister from her first husband."

The Pickleville parents, as a rule, never omit the "obliging" end of a note, as will be seen in the following, sent to a teacher of the Wall Street School:

"Dear Teacher—Pleas excus Fritz for staying home he had de meesells to oblige his father.

J. B."

The child mentioned in the following note was neither German nor Irish. But he is back in school after a battle with the doctors:

"Miss_____: Frank could not come these three weeks because he had the amonia and information of the vowels. MRS. SMITH."

The notes sent are sometimes written on scented paper, and, as a rule, these are misspelled. Here is a scented paper sample:

"Teacher—you must excuse my girl for not coming to school, she was sick and lade in a common dose state for tree days. MRS. W."

When a child is absent on account of sickness in the house the rule is to refuse to take the child back into the class until a board of health doctor gives a permit and certificate that the house has been fumigated. A teacher in one of the Williamsburgh schools sent a little boy home to get one of these permits because she had learned that a doctor had been visiting a patient in the house. The child went home and returned at 1 o'clock in the afternoon with a note that read as follows:

"Teacher—Georgie's mother got no catching illness. She got a girl. Very respectfully,
HIS AUNT."

There was a laugh over this note, the teachers passing it from one to the other about the school house. In the same school a teacher received the following:

"Miss_____: Please let Willie home at 2 o'clock. I take him out for a little pleasure to see his grandfather's grave. MRS. R."

Some of the parents who write to the teacher are unable to control the child at home, and beg the teacher to give the youngster a thrashing. Here is a sample received at the Brownsville school:

"Teacher—What shall I do mit Charley? Me and my man can't nothing make of him. When we want to lick der little devil he gets the bed far under, where we can't reach for him, and must put a hook on der bedroom door to hold him for his licking. Please soak him in school shust so often as you got time. MRS. SNEDIVELT."

Charley's teacher receives many notes like the above. One woman wrote: "Der only way to behave Oscar is to take your shoe off when he's bad and gif him a coupler hard ones."

In some of the notes written by the Pickleville mothers there is a certain amount of affection shown for the father. This was the case in the note received one day last week by a teacher in Public School No. 24. The note read as follows:

"Teacher—If Louis is bad please lick him till his eyes are blue, he is very stubborn, he has a great deal of the mule in him, he takes after his father. MRS. P."

The teacher who received the note from the brewery horse doctor received another from the brewery wagon driver, which read as follows:

"Teacher—You think you no it all an no else one nose any but you. My children nose more and so do I than you have forgot. Please smoke this in your pipe an' don't be so educashuned that no mans nor womans can talk with you. I am only a prewery driver, but I know my buzness.

S. D."

This note was sent after the teacher had reported one of "S. D.'s" children to the truant officer. In Brownsville one of the teachers who had cross-questioned an absentee, sent a postal card to the father and in return received this note:

"Teacher—When Georgie told you he had to stay home to mine the gooses he lied because he was on the hook, his mother mines the gooses.

JOHN ZINER."

—N. Y. Sun.

A Golden Alphabet,

FROM THOMAS À KEMPIS.

All things pass away, and thou too along with them.

Blessed is he who shall have lived well and have made a happy end.

Covet not that which thou mayest not have.

Do what thou canst, and God will be with thy good will.

Ever keep in mind thy end, and that time lost returneth no more.

Fire trieth iron, and temptation a just man.

Give all for all; seek nothing, call for nothing back.

He doth much who doth well what he doeth, and regardeth rather the common good than his own will.

In the morning make thy resolution, in the evening examine thy conduct.

Judge it a great thing to be even the least in Heaven, where all are great.

Keep thyself as a pilgrim and a stranger upon earth.

Let go all transitory things; seek the eternal.

Man's happiness consisteth not in many temporal things; a moderate portion sufficeth.

No man can safely speak but he who loves silence.

Oftentimes we are quite unconscious how utterly blind we are.

Put thyself always in the lowest place.

Quench thy inclinations in the beginning, and break off evil habits.

Relinquish thy desires and thou shalt find rest.

Study to do the will of another rather than thine own.

Thou wilt always rejoice in the evening if thou spend the day profitably.

Use temporal things but desire eternal.

Vain it is to hope in man.

We must not trust too much in ourselves.

Xt. was willing to suffer and to be despised, and darest thou complain?

Yea, leave vain things to vain people.

Zealously strive, habit is overcome by habit.

Some Superstitions with regard to Schools.

IT is a superstition to suppose that most boys will like school better than home. It is not meant that they should. School is the discipline, the rule, the learning, the breaking in of the little wild ponies. Home is the relaxation, the sweetmeat, the doing as one likes, the turning out to grass of the little wild ponies. It is recommended, therefore, to mammas and papas, especially to mammas, not to take their children away from school because they cry for the first day, or even for the first week, or even whimper a little occasionally for the first month. They would be very wooden children if they didn't cry at leaving home. Poor little wretches! I often think that, really among the sorrows of life, that first parting from home must be one of the keenest. I don't wonder that the little breast heaves, and the whole body is shaken so pitifully with those convulsive sobs. It is very hard, but it is very good. It is the first step to manhood, the first setting the face to the troubles and the sharp bracing storm of life.

2. It is a superstition to suppose that children are never to be ill at a boarding-school, or if they are ill it is a fault of the school. At home it is lawful for children to have all illnesses; and if they have them, it is, of course, no fault of papa or mamma who never underfeed or overfeed, who supply neither too much meat, nor a surplus of pudding, but who are a faultless papa and mamma. But at school it is not lawful; no body may be ill at school and any boy who is ill is so through the fault of the school. Entire freedom from illness for all boys is not one of the privileges of a boarding-school.

3. It is a superstition to think that a boy of thirteen years will acquire all learning in six months, and be open to any situation anywhere; learning is not snapped up in a moment; and it is possible that a lad who has been used for some ten years to running about the streets at his own sweet will, may not sit down to A B C and pothooks, with that greediness for scholarship, which his parents might desire. Boys should not be sent to be

"finished off" in six months, unless they have beforehand mastered at least the alphabet.

4. It is a superstition to suppose that shoes, trousers, and other garments do not wear out at boarding-schools. This was a miracle worked for the Israelites in the wilderness, but it is not granted to boarding-schools.

5. It is a superstition to suppose that boys playing all kinds of games can be laid hold of at any moment by mamma, and brought out of the play-ground as clean as a new pin. There are many things in this world worse than dirt for boys. Womanishness is one of them, softness, idleness, sneakishness, meanness, selfishness, lying, trickery: get rid of them, mamma, but never mind the dirt that comes of football and rounders and the rest.

6. It is a superstition to suppose that when Gregory gets caned, it is because the master spites him, or some other boy did it, or at all events not because Gregory deserved it.

7. It is a superstition to suppose that mamma's darlings like writing home to mamma better than playing cricket or lounging about, or doing nothing. One letter a month should be enough.

8. It is worse than superstition to send boys huge parcels of cake, jam, apples, nuts, lollypops, eggs, rashers of bacon, puffs, pies, and prayer-books, begging Johnny to be very good, to do all his masters tell him, to eat all the parcel himself lest he should be hungry, not to let the other boys have any, and to say his prayers well.

9. It is a mistake to visit Johnny more frequently than once a quarter. Let the boy alone to learn his lessons and get his conceit knocked out of him.

10. It is a mistake to ask Johnny, whenever you see him and in every letter, whether he gets enough to eat. Boys never get enough to eat.

11. It is a superstition that he requires a week at the sea-side while the rest of the scholars are hard at work, because the rest of the family is going, because grandmamma wants to see him, because Uncle Tom has come back from India. Let him wait till the holidays; he can see Uncle Tom then.

—*St. Andrew's Magazine.*

Book Notices.

PUNCTUATION SIMPLIFIED. *By T. Bridges.*

This is a neat little work published and supplied by Mr. T. Bridges, 37, Maclise Road, West Kensington. The Press notices of the booklet, and the personal testimonials to its author, printed on its opening and closing pages, are a sufficient guarantee of its worth, and we need only add that it is bound to supply a desideratum in an important department of the Fourth Estate, besides being of immense value to all who have to put anything in black and white in the English language. The numerous interesting examples furnished in the book show at once the large experience of the compiler, and the wide range of his reading and research. That Punctuation has always been a matter beset with peculiar difficulties and that it has, therefore, been greatly neglected by men in general, sometimes to the utter bewilderment of their readers, is a fact too patent to call for any mention here. In these circumstances a simplified presentment of it, such as has now been given by Mr. Bridges for the trifling cost of seven pence (post free), must be a boon and a blessing to all who read or write. The book is already in its second edition, and will, we hope, soon command a yet wider publicity, and have a set place on the writing-table in every homestead where English is known.

PERNIN'S PHONOGRAPHY. To such as have, in sheer despair, given up the acquisition of the useful art of Phonography, after having made a trial of several systems of short-hand and have been baffled in their attempts at mastering any one of them, we would, without hesitation and with an expression of unqualified encouragement, recommend the Short-Hand Text-Books written and published by Mr. H. M. Pernin, 45, State Street, Detroit, Michigan. *Pernin's Universal Phonography*, *Pernin's Phrase Book*, and *Pernin's Dictation Book* are three that belong to a set of some six or seven text-books, and of which, as having had a careful perusal enabling us to form a comparative estimate of their work, we wish to make particular mention here. We are glad to be able to say, at the outset, that these books have hardly been surpassed in the

desiderated combination of simplicity, brevity and legibility. In brief they are marvels of instruction in stenography, combining in themselves all the good points of existing systems, and carefully eliminating every difficulty in the way of a smooth and rapid progress in the art. But by this we do not wish it to be understood that Pernin's system is a mere eclectic compilation. Nothing of the sort. It is as new as a new-born babe, having for its birthright the surpassing American knack of simplifying and facilitating things. The *Universal Phonography*, which is in its eighteenth edition and costs only \$ 1.50, contains a complete system in itself, with extensive drill upon Business Letters, Speeches and Court Work, adapted for both schools and self-study. The *Phrase Book* intended for teachers, students, reporters, etc., contains 3000 engraved phrase outlines, guiding the student to the formation of more than 50,000 phrases in common use; while the *Dictation Book* is a compilation of actual dictated letters, covering all departments of commercial work. These books cost only 75 cents and 50 cents respectively. In addition to the advantages already mentioned, there are those offered by the author of getting thorough instruction through the post and obtaining free a Certificate of Accuracy from him when the necessary degree of proficiency has been acquired by the student. These special facilities should enhance the value of the Pernin system to all who may be prevented from undergoing a regular course of training in Phonography at a Shorthand School. Did space permit us, we would gladly add to this brief notice. But we hope, however, that we have said enough to make all intending students of Stenography who may happen to read this paragraph, to choose Pernin's system as an easy road to stenography.

RECORD OF AN ANGELIC LIFE. *Mangalore: Codialbail Press.*

We have received an advance copy of this elegant brochure which is the record of the life of Vincent Saldanha of the F. A. Class, '04, son of Mr. Hilary F. Saldanha. The story of the life of this pious and earnest young man is as sweet as was the odour of his virtues, though as sad, at the same time, as was the event of his tragic death. We

would heartily urge our students to follow in the footsteps of this noble exemplar of Christian perfection cultivated in the common sphere of life at College.

NEW CANARESE COPY-BOOKS: NOS. 4, 5, 6. *Mangalore: B. M. Press.*

The sample copies of this series sent us by the Basel Mission Book and Tract Depository, Mangalore, are adapted to the requirements of the first three Forms of Lower Secondary Schools. We are sure they will easily find favour with all schools where Canarese is taught. The arrangement of all the three numbers is simply excellent, and the get-up is one more confirmation of the neatness and thoroughness of the work done by the local Basel Mission Press. We should emphasize one particular feature of the sixth number of this set of copy-books, which consists in a collection of very useful models of letters, receipts, promissory notes, etc. The books are wonderfully cheap, the price not exceeding one anna six pies per copy of any of the series.

A Business Man's Advice to his Son.

Begin each day's work with a memo. of what has to be done in order of urgency.

Do one thing only at a time.

In any business interviews, note in your diary the substance of what takes place for corroboration in any future difficulty.

Be scrupulously exact, down to the smallest item, in money matters, in your account of them.

Be careful to keep your papers in neat and orderly fashion.

There is no need to confess ignorance to a client, but never be above asking for advice from those competent to give it in any matter of doubt, and never affect to understand when you do not understand thoroughly.

Get to the bottom of any affair entrusted to you, even the simplest, and do each piece of work as if you were a tradesman turning out the best sample of his manufacture, by which he wishes to be judged.

Always be straightforward and sincere.

Cricket Slang.

AN important question in cricket circles is—who is responsible for the flowery language used in describing the game? Journalists declare that they are not to be blamed for the “journalese” invented by the cricketers themselves, and emphasize the fact that if their reports did not contain the words common on the field, their descriptions would be voted stale and uninteresting. On the other hand, there are many people who take a deep interest in cricket, but as they do not play the game, or even mix with cricketers, they are naturally nonplussed by the “technical” terms used in the reports of matches. It is for their benefit that Mr. Gilbert Jessop has compiled an interesting and concise glossary of the words in every-day use on the cricket field:

- “Along the carpet.”—A drive along the ground.
 “Aunt Sally.”—A not inappropriate name given to a wicket-keeper.
 “Bagged the fruit.”—See “a pair.”
 “Ballooner.”—A “skier”—*i. e.* A lofty hit.
 “Blob.”—Nought, a “duck.”
 “Boxed.”—Easily caught.
 “Butter-fingers.”—Said of fieldsmen who drop catches.
 “Buckets.”—See “Pair of carpet bags.”
 “Cow-shot.”—An exaggerated pull.
 “Dolly.”—An easy ball.
 “Donkey drops.”—See “Googly.”
 “Daisy cutter.”—Before the era of overarm bowling, the type of delivery was underarm, and all fast bowlers of that description were known as “daisy-cutters,” on account of the ball clinging to the turf. For the same reason the delivery which rarely left the ground was known as a “sneak” or a “grub.”
 “Duck’s Egg.”—Out for no runs.
 “Fat.”—Luck.
 “Feeder.”—A length bowler merely.
 “Fizzer.”—A ball which rapidly rises from the pitch.
 “The furniture.”—The ball reached the furniture”—*i. e.* the seats on the boundary.
 “For Keeps.”—Steady batting.
 “Googly.”—A word imported from Australia, denoting a bowler of the leg-break description. It corresponds to our term “donkey drops,” which is generally applied to slow bowling.

“Goose Game.”—Slow batting.

“Grub.”—See “Daisy-cutter.”

“Lob.”—Underhand bowling. Hence he who undertakes this species of delivery is known as a “lobster.”

“Making it talk.”—Said of a bowler who is making the ball break to the batsman’s discomfiture.

“Making it kick.”—Said of a ball that rises dangerously high.

“Put on the floor.”—Said of missed catches.

“Rabbits.”—A term applied in a disparaging sense to a cricketer who is weak in any particular branch of the game.

“Shot.”—A hit.

“Sat on the splice.”—This is of somewhat recent origin, and is used to denote cricket of an ultra-careful description.

“Sneak.”—See “Daisy-cutter.”

“Sitter.”—An easy chance of catching.

“Swimmer.”—A swerving ball.

“Skyscraper.”—See “Ballooner.”

“Snorter.”—Any ball which by reason either of its excellent length or accurate break proves unplayable to the batsman.

“Skier.”—A lofty hit.

“Skimmer.”—A ball that goes hard and straight to a fieldsmen.

“Swerver.”—A ball that has an erratic flight in the air.

“Stonewaller.”—A very slow scoring batsman.

“Timber-yard.”—The wickets.

“Timber-watcher.”—Wicket-keeper.

“Yorker.”—Any ball just short of a full pitch which finishes its flight within the batsman’s crease.

—*Daily Mail.*

ENIGMA.

Vera cano, quamvis cordato mira videntur :

A toto vinci vir mulierque solent.

Litera prima absit : reliqui virtute suevit

Impatiens, freni sponte inventa regi.

Desit et altera : vi tali qui praeditus exstat,

Is ducit populos, agmina cum ducibus.

Nunc age, literulam voci iam tolle sequentem :

Quod signat reliquum cuncta creata domat.

L. Z., S. 7.

Solution of the Enigma in the Easter number :—

Clavis, Clavus, Clava.

Silver Jubilee Celebration
Fund.

ST. ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE,
MANGALORE.

	Rs.	As.	P.		Rs.	As.	P.
Mr. Simon Alvares	100	0	0	The Rev. A. J. D'Souza	7	0	0
„ E. C. M. Mascarenhas	100	0	0	„ A. Colaço	6	0	0
Dr. R. Row	100	0	0	Dr. Bonaventure Colaço	6	0	0
Mr. F. X. D'Souza, I. C. S.	50	0	0	Mr. E. Alvares	5	0	0
„ E. B. Palmer	50	0	0	The Very Rev. B. Aranha, V. F.	5	0	0
The Rev. G. Bartoli and G. Pozzi- chella, Rome	48	0	0	Mr. M. L. Aranha	5	0	0
Mr. Edward Mc. Donough, Dublin	45	0	0	The Rev. M. C. Barreto	5	0	0
„ J. A. Saldanha	30	0	0	Mr. A. F. Coelho	5	0	0
„ Joseph Junghenn, Rangoon	25	0	0	„ George Ed. Coelho, Burmah	5	0	0
The Rev. A. Muller, S. J.	25	0	0	„ X. Colaço	5	0	0
The Rev. S. Frank Pereira	25	0	0	„ Marcel D'Cunha	5	0	0
The Rev. Mother M. Angela	20	0	0	„ L. F. B. D'Sa	5	0	0
Mr. S. L. Mathias	20	0	0	The Rev. S. D'Souza	5	0	0
„ A. G. Saldanha	20	0	0	Mr. S. D'Souza	5	0	0
„ B. S. Saldanha	20	0	0	An Ex-Aloysian	5	0	0
„ C. F. B. Saldanha	20	0	0	The Rev. E. Fernandes	5	0	0
„ L. J. Saldanha	20	0	0	„ Jos. P. Fernandes	5	0	0
„ P. F. X. Saldanha	20	0	0	Mr. Evarist E. Gonsalves	5	0	0
N. N.	15	0	0	The Rev. Rosario Luis	5	0	0
Mr. Sylvester Pinto	15	0	0	„ F. M. C. Lyons	5	0	0
„ J. L. Saldanha	15	0	0	Mr. T. I. F. Mascarenhas	5	0	0
„ R. L. Nazareth	13	0	0	„ P. Minezes	5	0	0
„ F. S. Brito	10	0	0	„ J. S. Noronha	5	0	0
„ Alfred M. Coelho, Burmah	10	0	0	„ Sylvester J. Noronha	5	0	0
The Rev. Cyprian Coelho	10	0	0	„ S. L. Noronha	5	0	0
Mr. Balthassar D'Sa	10	0	0	„ A. M. Peris	5	0	0
The Rev. J. G. D'Souza	10	0	0	„ A. J. Rebello	5	0	0
Mr. P. F. Farias	10	0	0	The Rev. E. Rebello	5	0	0
„ S. J. Gonsalves	10	0	0	Mr. Jos. P. Rego	5	0	0
The Rev. Rosario M. Lobo (R. I. P.).	10	0	0	„ S. P. Rego	5	0	0
Mr. Utchil Manjappa	10	0	0	„ Bonaventure Sequeira	5	0	0
„ M. S. Mascarenhas.	10	0	0	„ Jos. C. Sequeira	5	0	0
The Rev. Raymond Mascarenhas.	10	0	0	„ N. Shrinivas Rao	5	0	0
Mr. N. F. Noronha	10	0	0	„ P. A. Vaz	5	0	0
Messrs. J. Pais & Brother	10	0	0	The Rev. Salvador Vaz	5	0	0
Dr. P. P. Pinto	10	0	0	An Aloysian	4	0	0
Mr. D. J. Rego	10	0	0	The Rev. C. Fernandes	4	0	0
„ Jerome A. Saldanha	10	0	0	Mr. B. Mahabala Heggade	4	0	0
„ J. M. Saldanha	10	0	0	The Rev. C. Pereira	4	0	0
„ F. L. Silva	10	0	0	The Rev. Jos. M. D'Souza	3	0	0
Messrs. D. F. S. Vaz & Brothers	10	0	0	Mr. B. Fernandez	3	0	0
Mr. P. F. X. Vaz	10	0	0	„ E. Minezes	3	0	0
The Rev. Sebastian Noronha	9	0	0	„ Joseph Saldanha	3	0	0
„ E. Vaz, Jaffna	7	8	0	„ J. S. Sequeira	3	0	0
				„ A. Aranha	2	0	0
				„ J. F. Brito	2	0	0
				„ P. L. Brito	2	0	0
				„ J. S. D'Souza	2	0	0
				„ Alex. Fernandez	2	0	0
				„ V. M. Lobo	2	0	0

