

THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE

The Organ and Record of St. Aloysius' College

VOL. V

MANGALORE, DECEMBER 1912

No. 8

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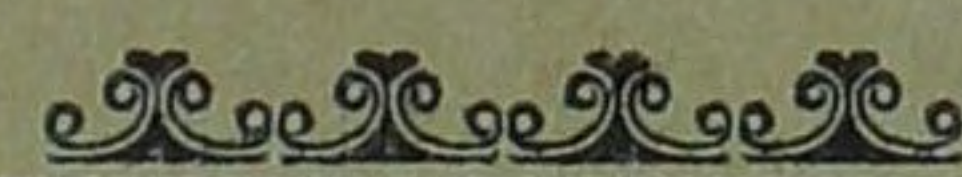
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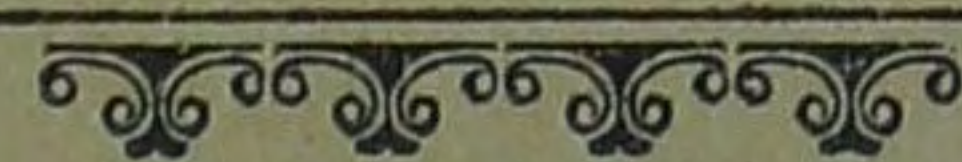
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ಜೆಜುಚೊ ಕುರೊವ್ ಆನಿ ಲಾನ್ ಸಾಂಗಾತಿ

'ಜೆಜುಚೊ ಕುರೊವ್' ಹಾಚೊ ದುಸ್ರೊ ಛಾಪೊ, ಪ್ರೊಲ್ಯಾಚಾಕೀ ತೀನ್ ಥರಾನ್ ಸುದಾರ್ಲೊ ಜಾವ್ನ್ ಆಸಾ:—

1. ಚಡ್ ಪ್ರಯೋಜನಾಚಿ ಆನಿ ಗರ್ಜೆಚಿ ಸಬಾರ್ ತಿಕೊಣ್, ನಿಯಾಳ್ ಆನಿ ನಾಗ್ಣಿ ಶೆರ್ಸಿಲ್ಲಿಂ 58 ಪುಟಾಂ ಚಡ್ಪಲ್ಯಾಂತ್.

2. ಫೊರ್ ಉತ್ತಿಮ್ ಆನಿ ತಗ್ಣೊ ಘಾಲಾ.

3. ನೋಲ್ ಚಡೊಂವ್ಡೆಂ ಸೊಡ್ಣ್, ಉಣೆ ಕೆಲಾಂ: 2 ಆ. 3 ಪು ಮಾತ್ರ್.

'ಲಾನ್ ಸಾಂಗಾತಿ' ಹಾಚಾ ತಿಸ್ರ್ಯಾ ಛಾಪ್ಯಾಂತ್, ಭುರ್ಗ್ಯಾಂಕ್ ಕಷ್ಟ್ ಮಾರ್ಚಾ ಸೊಬ್ದಾಂಚೊ ಅರ್ಥ್ ವಿವರ್ಸಿಲಾ. ನೋಲ್ ಆದ್ಲ್ಯಾ ಪ್ರಾಸ್ 6 ಪು ಉಣೆ: 1 ಆ. 3 ಪು ಮಾತ್ರ್.

ಮೊಲಾ ಪರ್ನಾಣೆ, ನಾಜೂಕ್ ಥರಾವೊಳ್ ಫೊರ್

ಹರ್ಯೆಕಾ ದುಬ್ಳ್ಯಾ ಧಾಕ್ಟ್ಯಾಚಾ ಹಾತಾಂತ್ ಹ್ಯಾ ದೊಂ ಭಿತರ್ಲೆಂ ಎಕ್ ಪುಸ್ತಕ್ ಪುಣೆ ಆಸಾಜ್ಯ್ ಮೊಳ್ಳೆ ಇಚ್ಛೆನ್, ಹಾಂಚೆಂ ಮೋಲ್ ದೆವೊಲಾಂ. ಕೊಡ್ಯಾಳ್, ಮಿಲಾರ್ಚಾ ಸಾಂತ್ ಆಂತೊನಿಚಾ ಇಸ್ಕೊಲಾಂತ್ ನಿಕಾತ್.

12 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊ ಕಾಣ್ಪೆಲ್ಯಾರ್, ಎಕ್ ಪ್ರತಿ ಫುಂಕ್ಯಾಕ್

ಕೊಂಕ್ಣಿ ದಿವೆಂ.

ಕೊಂಕ್ಣಿ ಭಾಸ್ ವಾಡೊಂವ್ಕ್ ಆನಿ ಇಂಗ್ಲೆಜ್ ಬೊ ರಾಪ್ ಯೆನಾತ್ಲ್ಯಾ ಕೊಂಕ್ಣಿ ಕ್ರಿಸ್ತಾವಾಂಕ್ ಕ್ರಾಂಪುಣಿ ವಾಚುಂಕ್ ಮೆಳೊನ್, ತಾಂಚೆ ಮೊತಿಕ್ ಉಜ್ವಾಡ್ ಯೆಜ್ಯ ಮೊಳ್ಳ್ಯಾ ಇರದ್ಯಾನ್ ಹೆಂ ಮಾಸೀಕ್ಪತ್ರ್ ಸುರು ಕೆಲಾಂ. ಲೊಕಾಚಿ ಕುಮೊಕ್ ಆನಿ ಆಸೊ ಮೆಳ್ಳ್ಯಾರ್, ವೆಗ್ಗಿಂಚ್ ತೆಂ ಸುಮಾನಾವಾರ್ ಜಾಂವ್ಚಿ ಪುರೊ. ಕೊಂಕ್ಣಿ ಭಾಶೆಚೆಂ ಹೆಂಚ್ ಪ್ರೊಲೆಂ ಪತ್ರ್ ಮೊಣ್ ಉಗ್ಡಾಸ್ ದೊವೊರ್ನ್, ಲೊಕಾಚಾ ಬೊರೆ ಪೊಣಾಚಿ ಹಿ ವಸ್ತ್ ಆಮಿ ಸಾಂಬಾಳೆಂ ನಾಜ್ಯ ಮೊಣ್ ಲೆಕುನ್, ಮಹಿನ್ಯಾಕ್ ದೇಡ್ ಆಣೊ ಖರ್ಚುಂಕ್ ಕ್ರಾಂಚ್ ಸಾಟಿ ಕರಿನಾಯೆ. ಹೆ ಪ್ರೊಶೆ ಬೊತ್ತಿಸ್ ವಾಂಟ್ಯಾನಿ ಭೊರಾಶೆ, ಉಮಿಣೆಚೆಂ ಇನಾಮ್ ಮೊಳೊಂ ಕೈ ಪುರೊ. ನಾ ಜಾಲ್ಯಾರೀ, ಹೆ ಕಡ್ತಿಲೆಚೆ ಸಕ್ಡ್ ಅಂಕೆ ಜಮೊ ಕೆಲ್ಯಾರ್, ಪುರ್ಸತೆಚಾ ವೆಳಾರ್ ವಾಚುಂಕ್, ವಸಂದ್ ಎಕ್ ಪುಸ್ತಕ್ ಜಾತಾ.

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Song-making

ooo

A THOUGHT that comes as a breath of wind,
With a kiss of joy on its phantom cheek,
And a smile on its face, as the mood may find
In tune with the tripping moment's freak;

Or one with the touch of a fancied woe
To fit with the Muse's graver spell—
If the fickle Muse will have it so
For reasons none but she can tell—

This with thy whole soul's pleasure take,
While the goddess lends her casual boon,
The ineffable THAT which alone can make
The grave man mad with a gay fool's tune.

Just let it lie a little space
On heart and brain, in the spirit's glow,
Till it ring and swing with a tuneful grace
And out at the lips in melody flow.

There! in a trice, all but divine,
Comes forth a song fair, fresh and fine.

ooo

Mgr. Benson's "Lord of the World"

AN APPRECIATION

ON its first publication a book ordinarily reveals but a part of its significance.

To assign reasons would, perhaps, be considered unskilful; yet, it may be held with some sense of certainty that our standpoint in regard to the events daily happening before us, though apt to impress us with their truth, is not far enough off to allow a mature judgement. It is, therefore, through the perspective of time that we are enabled to understand them in all their aspects. This is eminently true of literature; for, it is not an unfamiliar bias with readers to discern a higher note of perfection in authors of bygone times than in those nearer to our own, and the epithet 'classical' not rarely stands in the light of an apology for what is ancient. Here is what may be adduced to favour a review of Mgr. Robert H. Benson's *Lord of the World*—a novel which first appeared in 1907, and which, despite the lapse of four years, exercises an influence little short of the weird.

Of Mgr. Benson's unique position as a critic of modern social tendencies doubt can hardly be entertained. If proof were asked, we need only point out his work on the *Religion of the Plain Man* which, though slight in itself, has yet such a grip of its subject that the denial of its theme would mean the denial of common sense. In his rather than in any other living instance can it be affirmed that a novel is "transfigured experience"—with the sole difference that his experience has lain along the more privileged channels of human activity.

As a distinct kind of production, the *Lord of the World* may be called a political romance of a type, perhaps, not hitherto known in fiction. The frame of facts with which it

deals is constructed so as to suit conditions which, by a stretch of probability, will obtain in Europe a hundred and fifty years hence. The author, accordingly, has to project himself into the future, and describe a state of things which he conceives to be the inevitable resultant of the forces of modern thought. An explanation of anything so fantastic, as this at first sight would appear, may be that all the material which the past could afford has been utilized, and that the present is too changeful to be brought within the definite scope of a novel. This view, it may be urged, is inadequate to meet the question of light literature that has, in recent times, been threatening to overwhelm all other branches of inquiry: hundreds of books dealing with every aspect of human society are turned out week after week. Yet, there is nothing in them that is fundamentally different from either the gossipy or the sensational. It is, therefore, on a newer plane of ideas that the present-day writer has to move, if he aims at what is known as making an impression.

At the beginning of this story, if story it may be called, the situation is discussed by three men, one of whom, Mr. Templeton, embodies in himself the old-world spirit; Fr. Percy Franklin is, in his habit of mind, still essentially of the past, but he is so thoroughly surrounded by "modernism" that, but for his constant efforts of faith, he would barely be able to resist it; Father Francis, on the contrary, is shown as yielding before its steady onset. After having sketched out the political changes, that have come over Europe, Mr. Templeton examines the state of religious belief: "there are three forces—Catholicism, Humanitarianism, and the Eastern religions.

About the third I cannot prophesy, though I think the Sufi's will be victorious. Anything may happen; Esotericism is making enormous strides—and that means Pantheism; and the blending of the Chinese and Japanese dynasties throws out all our calculations. . . . It is perfectly true that Protestantism is dead. Men do recognize at last that a supernatural Religion involves an absolute authority, and that Private Judgment in matters of faith is nothing else than the beginning of disintegration. And it is also true that since the Catholic Church is the only institution that even claims supernatural authority, with all its merciless logic, she has again the allegiance of practically all Christians who have any supernatural belief left. There are a few Faddists left, especially in America and here; but they are negligible. That is all very well; but, on the other hand, you must remember that Humanitarianism contrary to all persons' expectations, is becoming an actual religion itself, though antisupe-
 natural. It is Pantheism; it is developing a ritual under Freemasonry; it has a creed, 'God is man,' and the rest. It has, therefore, a real food of a sort to offer to religious cravings; it idealizes, and yet it makes no demand upon the spiritual faculties. . . . Now, we Catholics, remember, are losing; we have lost already for more than fifty years, I suppose that we have, nominally, about one-fortieth of America now—and that is the result of the Catholic movement of the early twenties. In France and Spain we are nowhere; in Germany we are less; we hold our position in the East, certainly. . . . In Italy? Well, we have Rome again to ourselves, but nothing else; here, we have Ireland altogether, and perhaps one in sixty of England, Wales and Scotland; but we had one in forty seventy years ago. Then there is the enormous progress of psychology—all clean against us for at least a century. First, you see,

there was materialism, pure and simple—that failed more or less—it was too crude—until psychology came to the rescue. Now psychology claims all the rest of the ground; and the supernatural sense seems accounted for. That's the claim. No, father, we are losing, and we shall go on losing, and I think we must even be ready for a catastrophe at any moment." Here then is the reading of the riddle. The overthrow of religion is the overthrow of all conceivable morality and is, therefore, fraught with the gravest evils to men as units of the body politic. Under such conditions monarchy would be taken as a violation of the birthright of man—freedom. England is thus shown to have attained to self-government unshackled by any claims of sovereignty on the part of such as in the year 1917 might have upheld a divine sanction for the absolute exercise of power. Nor is Europe any longer under laws that men in former ages clung to with an almost superstitious awe; for as the poet has it:

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
 Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum,
 Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

Man is God sums up the new belief that has dawned out of the centuries of intellectual darkness, and whatever may stand in the way of its consummation must certainly be swept off the face of the earth.

Side by side with these forces, science too has been working out her way, so that all nature has been brought to minister to the earthly happiness of man. Europe has her system of volors; time and distance that taxed the reach of bygone philosophy are now among the simplest accidents. Science has cast a halo over the routine of the workaday life; London, the type of a city, hemmed in by its grandeur knows not the difference between dark and light for, "artificial sunlight has carried all before it," the very streets are deadened with rubber, and the rumbling of

vehicles whirling along them "at a speed not exceeding one hundred miles an hour," so runs upon the tense nerves of the inhabitants that Government has engaged the services of experts to remove the vibration. The comforts of home have been multiplied a hundred-fold; noise and dust that played their part in its economy fifty years ago have entirely been done away with; the floor, the furniture, the walls and the hangings upon them all obey the soundest principles of science; the dining-room is placed right above the kitchen and the courses are raised and lowered "by hydraulic power into the centre of the table." Here is an up-to-date dining-room scene: "Oliver gulped his last mouthful, pushed his plate over the line to see if all the plates were there, and then put his hand beneath the table . . . Instantly, without a sound, the centre-piece vanished, and the three (diners) waited unconcernedly while the clink of dishes came from beneath . . . There was a clink, a soft sound like a push, and the centre-piece snapped into its place, bearing an admirable imitation of a roasted fowl." Despite this revel of luxuries where one has nothing but to press an electric button to have the least of one's wishes gratified, men often weary of life. To such opportunities are given, so that unquestioned they may put an end to their own existence, and merge themselves into essential Humanity: far from impeding its progress they can thus serve its best interests. For admission into a government "Home of Rest," they have only to apply to a magistrate who, on satisfying himself as to the merits of the individual case, issues the requisite orders. At the end of a week *Euthanasia* is administered to the patient, if he still continues in his resolve to do away with himself; the process is painless to a rapture—the turning of a handle, a smell of drugs almost overwhelming in its exquisiteness, a glimmer of the light between life and

death, and then into the Unknown. This state of things is, by no means, surprising; the belief in an after-world has been utterly broken down by the evidences of materialism. Life is given on trust to each one of us, and the principle of Humanity requires that it be turned to the greatest good of the greatest number, else the trust is forfeited to those who extend it. Any kind of suffering is, therefore, subversive of the world's order; true, that men in former ages did see in it a touch of the divine, but what is divinity? Has it not been exploded a hundred times over in the vast laboratories of scientific research? Was it not at the best only a vain longing after the ideal—man? And how otherwise can we compass this ideal than by placing him far out of the reach of suffering? Such is the brief reasoning, and seen through the matter-of-fact medium of science it bears conviction with it. Acting on this theory, Mabel Brand, the wife of a Parliamentary leader, seeks the last refuge that either surfeit or disappointment will suggest. Her faith in the Man-God has been shaken, and in a frenzy of doubts she sacrifices herself for what she imagines to be the right of mankind. Supernatural religion is now dead, and its place has been taken by another founded on the more tangible and, therefore, less debateable pronouncements of science; this attitude of mind is not without its influence on political questions. Europe in her monarchies of a century ago recognized a subtle form of the doctrine of "absolute authority" with the disappearance of which there has dawned an era of "absolute democracy;" the whole mass of European polity is gravitating towards it. Julian Felsenburgh brings with him the new belief, the new religion; he is the anointed of the nations, who alone can weld together the heterogeneous elements of their life; they, therefore, look up to him as to a saviour whose coming is the coming of a new order,

of new ideals to mark the triumph of Humanity over creeds that once seemed to have lost themselves in an unknown God.

Our story, if so we may take it, opens on the eve of his advent into Europe. Oliver Brand, the member for Croydon, has already caught a spark of his indomitable spirit; he is, however, most concerned with the greatness of England; the very best impulses of his heart and mind are offered at her shrine, for, in the glory of his own land he sees the glory of the world's great awakening. Yet to find him seated at his desk, bent eagerly on acquainting himself with the latest news from east and from west, and darting restless glances towards his rather matter-of-fact secretary, Mr. Philips, destroys our notions of what a hero should be. If this proves anything, it is, perhaps, that the means we make use of are exalted or degraded, according as the ends to which they are directed are noble or ignoble. His wife is, in a way, a finer character; her emotional nature has been so stirred by the overwhelming changes that they have drawn her into deep mysticism; while her husband sits brooding over them, she is for ever building out of these very materials a fantasy of faith in the illimitable splendour of the man, Julian Felsenburgh. Oliver Brand lives in action; Mabel in contemplation. To her the slow processes of time are insupportable; she cannot understand how coercion that had been thrown aside as an unworthy instrument may be taken up against the Catholics in the propagation of the Universal Faith; men, in spite of the refinements of science, are still petty tyrants striving for undisputed power, and whenever possible, ruthlessly following up their instinct of revenge. The annihilation of the few Catholics still left weighed sorely on her mind; and in a fit of despair that had shattered all her loftiest ideals, she betook herself to one of the Homes of Rest to appease

her mysticism with the holocaust of her own life. Her entire faith was founded on Julian Felsenburgh; she knew full well that his magnetic personality had drawn around him worshippers from every sphere of life; she readily yielded herself to its influence. But the instruments were so unworthy of the purpose he had set before himself that her faith stood shaken for a moment only to fall into sudden and hopeless ruin.

Felsenburgh worked for universal empire; his first attempts were, therefore, directed towards the east; his next move was to England where he was expected to remodel the State and to form a code of Public Worship. England is thenceforward to be a unit in the world-wide republic; Parliament is still the ruling organ, but its policy is controlled by Felsenburgh, the dictator. Statesmen of the type of Oliver Brand aimed at destroying Christianity and in keeping with this aim, it was decided to make the new form of worship compulsory throughout the country, so that men and women would have to declare themselves; but the infallible test of the difficulties urged against Catholicism, a test that had been forgotten in the whirl of changes lay in that "pure human reason could not contradict, yet neither could it adequately prove the mysteries of faith, except on premises visible only to him who receives Revelation as a fact, that it is the moral state rather than the intellectual state, to which the spirit of God speaks with the greater certitude." To such a man God's ways are consistently inconsistent; that toil and travail can come within the Creator's plan does not account for what the world is here, but for what it will be hereafter; that bread can be transubstantiated into the Body of God does not rise against physical truth but points to truth beyond the physical; that Hell can be the creation of Love can be understood only on the higher ground of reason that is akin

to the divine. On the contrary, the new religion strives to abolish human suffering, and yet would inflict it on those that hold bravely on to Catholicism; it tramples down all pontificalities, and still would set up masonic rites for the guidance of its votaries; and while it denies the supernatural, it would maintain the ideal; it is thus glaringly at variance with itself.

The Catholics are no less busy in drawing their forces together; numbers of them do, indeed, run over to the enemy, but those that are still left carry on a close conflict with the spirit of the times. Father Percy Franklin is their champion in England; he devotes the best of his energy to studying the portentous problems of the day. His despatches to the Vatican show how the situation of the Catholics can be saved by proselytizing the most prominent of their laymen to an assiduous practice of their religion. Priestcraft has so fallen in popular esteem that to expect any lasting good of it would be little short of the foolish; for, to combat secular influence what is required is not an army of unpractical theorists but an active body of *franc-tireurs* who would go out into the world taking with them the light of practical wisdom. It was not long before the Vatican appreciated the worth of Father Franklin's services; he was taken over to Rome. After a few weeks of patient waiting during which the Pope was elaborating this scheme, Father Franklin had at last the happiness of seeing all his hopes fulfilled. It was resolved to institute an Order under conditions that till then had not obtained together in any known religious Order. Seventeen years were fixed as the earliest age at which any one could be admitted into it; no badge, habit or insignia was to be attached to it; the three evangelical counsels were as usual the foundation of the rule; the bishop of every diocese was to be its superior within the limits of his juris-

diction and had to administer the revenues of the Order so as to keep its members free from the encumbrances of wealth that had, at various stages of Church history, found their way into the best regulated houses.

Father Franklin's removal to Rome was but the first step to ecclesiastical preferment; at the very next opportunity he was raised to the Cardinalate, and was entrusted with the work of establishing the new Order in England. But affairs here were rapidly coming to a crisis. A plot set on foot by a few wrong-headed Catholics to "strike the new faith in its very heart" had been discovered in London. The remedy that suggested itself under these appalling circumstances was no other than one of complete retaliation. Westminster Cathedral was accordingly sacked; the most revolting crimes were perpetrated in the sanctuaries of many a time-honoured Church; convents were pillaged and burned to the ground; in fact, "London was thoroughly cleansed at last of dingy and fantastic nonsense." In the face of such atrocities as these, it would be highly impolitic to abandon Rome to Catholic machinations; therefore, the Pope, the college of Cardinals and all the ex-royalties of Europe that had sought refuge there were to be annihilated at a stroke; a fleet of airships was sent down to Rome to complete the destruction begun in England; and Rome that till then had preserved her institutions free from the taint of modernism, that had offered the only resistance to the steady onset of European politics, and that, through strange vicissitudes of greatness and glory, had claimed for herself the title of the "eternal city," was in accordance with the decree of nations now razed to the ground. Catholics were hunted down in all parts of the civilized world, and they seemed as a race forsaken of the very God whose Providence, they had trusted, would work a miracle for them.

The scene changes to Palestine; the Catholic cause shall not die ere the last blow has been struck for it. At the time of the destruction of Rome, Cardinal Franklin was away from it; with two other Cardinals who had survived the tremendous shock he rallied together the scattered forces of his religion, and when they were brought to some manner of certainty, he was elected Pope by the common consent of his colleagues; as for the methods of safeguarding Christian interests they were virtually the same as the ones adopted by his predecessor.

The Pope's retreat in Palestine did not long remain a secret. Europe was flushed with victory, and one more decisive act would place her beyond the fear of a Catholic reaction: Europe decided upon it. Another fleet of volors was accordingly dispatched to the secluded village where the Pope had fixed a centre of operations. It arrived just when the last strains of the *Tantum Ergo* were being chanted amid the solemn stillness of departing day. It did its work quickly and effectively. And then the true world passed away with the glory that had been given her by the Lord on Mount Calvary.

Mgr. Benson feels the temper of the times keenly; therefore, he writes vividly; but in spite of the power that it openly wields, his book does not rise to the fine sense of proportion that should characterize true art; the incidents are grouped together without much heed to their inner significance; the persons weave in and out of the story as if in a maze; there is, moreover, an atmosphere of mystery which is out of place with the events described in the novel. Of the minor questions the adequate formation of the clergy seems to be the most important; indeed, the plan for founding a new religious Order is a broad hint to that effect: but have we outlived the days

of Cluny and Assisi? If, however, any such need arise it would be rather for an extension than for a curtailment of clerical privileges so as to allow a free interaction between the clergy and the laity.

We have tried already to state the crucial points of his theory; in the light of it one would hold that the material, at some turn of history, will completely oust the spiritual from the field of human activity. But perhaps Mgr. Benson does not advert sufficiently to the fact that religion will be able to keep pace with science. It is a well-thumbed piece of current information that the Catholic Church, far from thwarting the lawful claims of science, has, by her contributions to it, helped on its vital interests. If Catholic scientists have worked without any fear of the so-called Papal fulminations, will they not stand up for the Faith when Science shall have taken to itself the right of dictating the terms of our life's tenure? Will the millions of Catholics dwindle down to a mere handful within a hundred and fifty years—a period that is hardly long enough for any theory to have reached the unassailable? Will it be a period of stagnation for the Catholic Church? Shall not the Gospel be preached in those years to the ends of the earth? Is the sublime work of Faith, then, to be a failure? But can any failure be greater than the one that came upon the Lord Himself? And yet has He not triumphed most consummately? If, lastly, we have understood the tenets of our belief, may we not see therein the promise of their fulfilment on earth as in heaven? Hyperbole shall yield only to hyperbole: Mgr. Benson would seem to have it mainly for the champions of Science; we shall have it all for the promises of Revelation.

V. C.

Reminiscences of Childhood and Boyhood

THERE has always been and there will always be, unless human nature undergoes a thorough metamorphosis, a tendency in man to a retrospect of the past, not without a touch of regret and despair—regret for the past and despair of the future. A Democritus might deride it, the fond optimist of to-day might scoff at what he may contemptuously label, the 'preterite cant' as being fantastic, fanciful, with nothing to recommend itself, the stalking-horse of a modern Heracitus; further, that a view of this nature is out of gear with the constitution of modern society, that, therefore, a person of such views would be out of his element in it, that he would be a perfect anachronism in modern times and that to the ways of the day he would provide in his own person the butt of ridicule, and would not fail to provoke a pitying smile from the serious. He might add that such notions should at any rate be left behind in the lower classes, but should by no means long survive one's knickers. We could endorse this judgment if this supposed weakness were found only in a very few persons, when it would rightly be looked upon as idiosyncratic. But the case is far otherwise. If it is viewed in the light of a distemper—as of course an optimist would do—it is not endemic but epidemic in character. Even the busy parliamentarian who talks politics over his tea-cup and across his breakfast-table, if you just recall to him an incident from his school life by a happy quotation from Virgil or Horace, will suddenly stop in his disquisition, and his face will be lighted up as he indulges in a train of the pleasantest recollections. Go to the man in the street and ask him what he has to say about his childhood and he will tell you that that was the happiest period of his life, and a

heavy sigh will confirm his declaration. Go to the College student, and he will tell you that he cannot send a thought after his school life without tear-stained eyes. And in all conscience, can any one among us blame them for this? And how is this to be explained? A psychological explanation is beyond the scope of this paper. Perhaps it is to be found in the instinctive reverence that human nature has for all that is simple and beautiful; and the unmixed simplicity of childhood and school life approaches godliness. Perhaps because it is a time when we are in the world but not of it, when we are removed "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," and have nothing to do with the complex machinery of human motive and action.

It was Cardinal Newman who said that in our life, both as a matter of necessity and of duty, we daily pass from its poetry and attain to its prose. Indeed, he recognized that the transcendental simplicity which invests childhood with a sort of glory gives place to a labyrinthine complexity at a later time. The simple joys and sorrows, simple tastes, simple offices, simple scenes and surroundings, the primary affections and passions—these constitute the poetry of man's life.

Closely connected with the simplicity of childhood is that of school life. School! The very word conjures up a host of the pleasantest recollections. It was a cosmos in itself. It was interesting because there was everything to attract and nothing to repel. The Shakespearean picture of the schoolboy who, with satchel on arm crept to school at snail's pace, can be realized even to-day. But such reluctance is the outcome of the novelty of the school world into which he has been ushered rather than of conscious repugnance. What adds to his misery is the

peremptory and rather unceremonious manner in which he has been initiated into the mysteries of knowledge and compelled to relinquish his kindergarten box and toy railway to make room for such ungenial companions as primers containing the modern counterpart of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. He cannot but send a rueful sigh after the delicious jam and biscuits in the cupboard of his nursery days. Just the previous day his nurse had, in response to a demand for one biscuit too many, told him ungraciously and menacingly that from the morrow his naughtiness would be cured under the magic effect of the birch of the Schoolmaster. He certainly quailed beneath this dismal prophecy, and when to his unspeakable consternation he was sent to school on the morrow a little too suddenly, he began to tremble in his very shoes. Not even the patronizing smile of the pedagogue could relieve his mental discomfort which was, on the other hand, aggravated when the birch came slashing down on a slip of Arcadia. But all his misgivings were destined to be shortlived, and they certainly wore away within the next few days when, with growing familiarity with his altered circumstances of life, he picked up acquaintances who assured him that all would be right if only he would be 'well up.'

In the schoolroom, the teacher was literally a veritable fountain of knowledge, science vitalized and humanized, a superhuman personage, or at any rate, one who transcended ordinary mortals, and whose presence was calculated to inspire reverential awe. A significant nod from this august personage was as awe-inspiring as the sphere-shaking nod of the Olympian Jupiter. The birch on the table was regarded with the same terror as the sword of the Destroying Angel. Our teacher, whose grave and wrinkled visage is still fresh in our memory, was literally our guide, philosopher and friend. He was, indeed, a

good preceptor, inasmuch as he was one who, in imparting knowledge, invariably '*miscuit utile dulci*.' Under his paternal eye and fostering care, we began little by little to fall in love with our books which, far from creating tedium, gave a pleasurable excitement.

But, after all, we were boys, and we shared fully in those freaks of naughtiness which seem to constitute an inseparable accident of the schoolroom, and although there was no 'barring out,' yet the mischievous propensity manifested itself in caricaturing the master behind his back, but when he would enter and show himself evidently pained at recognizing his own self handled in so unmercifully grotesque a manner, each one of the boys would be laughing in his sleeve. Any attempt at discovering the author of the joke would prove futile. For, 'telling' was, by common consent, considered a penal offence. The offender was tried in the Amphictyonic Council held in a corner of the playground, and the sentence was that the charity—so the boys looked upon it—of suggesting an unknown answer or as it was then known, 'prompting' was henceforward to be denied him. A solemn 'anathema' was then pronounced that the offender was to be cut dead by all.

In the schoolroom were sown the seeds of that enduring friendship by which, in later life, joy is doubled and grief halved. To suggest a missing step in the working out of a problem, to help in construing a tough Latin passage, a kind word, a sympathetic smile,—these were in a friend

"His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love,"

which formed the steelbands of friendship. Injuries, if any, were at once forgiven and forgotten. Consciousness of superiority of oneself over others was not then as now the source of vanity and contempt, but of sym-

pathy. In the playground was formed that part of character whose enduring strength stood in good stead when the boy was translated from the field of cricket and football into that of life in earnest. An unfair decision on the part of the umpire was received with the unreasoning submission with which an innocent person has perforce to receive that of changeful public opinion, self-styled critics, a prejudiced judge or a corrupt jury.

These were only a part of childhood and school life. And to-day, what are we? We may, indeed, burn the midnight oil in investigating intricate points of ethics, or the true rationale of human government, and speculate upon the interdependence of trade and the flag, of morality and civilization, whether industry is not a matter of negative merit seeing that the tortoise won because the hare slept, and the like questions which engross man's mental activity. We may, indeed, have gained in intellectual expansion, but we have certainly and irreparably lost that treasure of glorious simplicity the memory of which

is the delight of our youth and the consolation of our old age. And what have we gained? We have put on a veneer of refinement, the merest semblance of progress.

Yes, that period of life when "heaven lies about us" with its simplicity, godlike innocence, ignorance of evil, purity of thought, word and deed, is past. We are now on the threshold of the stern, prosaic matter-of-fact world of to-day, completely shorn of the little poetry and romance that might have attached to it.

There may be readers who may have to exercise no small measure of restraint to suppress a smile at this pitiable pessimistic cant of a '*laudator temporis acti*' who dotes upon the past, not because the present is bad, but because the past was good, a fantastic notion which ought to be outgrown when we have cut our wisdom teeth, and which is made of a weakness more than of anything else. But is not he the strong man who is not afraid of being called weak?

M. A.

Effect of Success upon Character

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

—Addison.

They never fail who die
In a great cause

—Byron.

TO every thoughtful mind, the momentous question must, at some stage or other of life, present itself: am I a success, or am I failure? By the measure of success and failure does the relentless world ever gauge the worth of man's efforts here below, and sample and sort accordingly babyhood, childhood, youth, manhood, old age and dotage. But despite all weights and measures, the ununderstanding multitude has only one ideal: the successful man who succeeds by hook or by crook, by means fair or foul, the man who ultimately emerges from the fight victorious.

Is, then, success the highest good, the be-all and end-all of life? If that were the case, what about those who from the cradle to the grave seem to be haunted day and night by the spirit of failure? And every one of us has his own frets and jars somewhere, which make life's wheels move heavily; and we must confess that we have felt all the better for the little knocks that fickle fortune has been giving us occasionally. Not only from the school of success but also from that of failure—and often to a greater extent—have we learnt the wise lessons which have pointed out to us the right path to be followed:—

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,

If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

The common notion that success is the true key to character is not to be accepted absolutely. And we have all known instances where success has marred where it ought to have made character. Success often dazzles, blurs the view, blinds us. It makes us oblivious of our limitations and our own weakness, for 'every man has his fault.' It kindles false hopes, it breeds extravagant ideals, and begets a surfeit of self-reliance. By constantly working on the credulous mind, and by ever presenting to the mind's eye gorgeous vistas, success tends to create in us a love of adventure, and tempts us to launch our feeble bark into unknown seas.

But surely, Heaven never intended success to be a snare or a lure. Administered in reasonable quantities, it lubricates the wheels of exertion, it helps man to overcome self-distrust, and creates in him a healthy love of work and enterprise. It nerves the weak, it upholds the despondent and the dejected; it gives verve to life. It is true that adversity 'bears on its head a priceless jewel.' But the number of Mark Tapley's is exceedingly limited. A sad spectacle is the unsuccessful student, 'the failed candidate' of our schools and colleges. But a successful man is an inspiring sight, by his very presence, lighting up the darkness of life, for he has seen 'all the beauty of the world and all the wonder that has been.'

J. C.

The Singer

[Not very long ago there appeared in this Magazine a poem entitled "The Singer," over the thinly-veiled initials of J. S. The lines must have pleased many, but none so intensely as a Canarese bard in Madras, whose modesty does not allow him to be known as other than "Servus Poetarum." We reprint the English poem which appeared in Vol. V, No. 2. The translation seems most exquisitely to have caught up the spirit and tone of the original. May we assure our modest friend that future contributions from his pen will be accorded the same warm welcome that is now accorded to his first. *Ed. M. M.*]

THEY gave him gold and made him sing—

Sing for their delight;

And he sang loud and he sang low,

And many a note on his pipe did blow,

Till they laughed for joy at the melody's flow;

But the joy with the song took flight.

Then they followed him in lonely ways

Where he sate and mused, apart,

Alone on the side of a desolate mound

Where wood-notes wove their magic of sound:

And he sang of the grief that his soul had found;

But the song—it still sings in their heart.

ಸುಖ ದುಃಖ

ಹೊನ್ನನಿತ್ತವನಿಗೆ ಹಾಡ ಹೇಳಿದರು,—
ಚನ್ನಿನಾ ಗೀತಗಳ ಪಲರು ಕೇಳಿದರು;
ತನ್ನ ಕೊಳಲನ್ನೊದಿ, ಗಾಯಕನು ಸುರಿದಂ,
ಉನ್ನತದ ಸಂತಸದ ಗಾನವನು ಕರೆದಂ.

ಪಂಚಮದ, ಮಧ್ಯಮದ ರಾಗಗಳ ಹಾಡಿ,
ಹಂಚಿದನು ಸಭೆಯೊಳುಲ್ಲಾಸವನು ಮಾಡಿ;
ಮಿಂಚಿದುದು ಸವಿ ಸೊಗಮದಾದೊಡೇನಂದೇ,
ಚಂಚಲಂ, ಜಾರಿದುದು ಗೀತಗಳ ಹಿಂದೇ.

ಒತ್ತಿ ಬಂದರು ಮತ್ತೆ, ಪೇರ್ಮರನ ಕೆಳಗೆ,
ಮುತ್ತಿದರು, ಸಂದಣಿಸಿ, ಏಕಾಂತದೊಳಗೆ,
ಸುತ್ತಲುಂ ಕಾನನದ ಕಲಕಲವು ಕಲಿಯೇ,
ಚಿತ್ತಚಿಂತನೆಯೊಳೆಹ ಗಾಯಕನ ಬಳಿಯೇ.

ಬಾಳಿನಲಿ ತನ್ನಯಾ ಜೀವಮದು ಕಂಡು,
ತಾಳಿದಾ ಚಿಂತೆಯ ಮನದಿ ತಂದುಕೊಂಡು,
ಗೋಳಿಡುವ ಗೀತವನು ಕೇಳಿದರು, ನಿಂದೂ;—
ಕೇಳಿಸುವುದಡಿಗಡಿಗದವರೆದೆಯೊಳೆಂದೂ.

“ ಕಬ್ಬಿಗರ ದಾಸ ”

A Co-operative Credit Society at Mangalore

ITS BASIC MORAL PRINCIPLES

By AN EXILE

ON May 8th, 1912, there took place in Mangalore an event trivial, indeed, to an outsider's gaze, but one fraught with much meaning to the Catholic community. It was the registration, in accordance with the laws of the land, of the Mangalore Catholic Co-operative Society, Limited. The Society has been regularly organized with the Hon'ble Mr. P. F. X. Saldanha as President, Mr. Simon Alvares as Vice-President, and Mr. J. M. Castelino as Secretary and Treasurer of the Managing Committee on which three other gentlemen are also working: Messrs. J. L. Saldanha, Manuel Sequeira and Albert Gonsalves, B. A., B. L. The bye-laws were drawn up with the assistance of Mr. Francis L. Silva, Superintendent of the Accountant-General's Office, Bombay, and under the personal supervision of Dewan Bahadur L. D. Swamikannu Pillai, M. A., LL. B., a Collector of the Madras Provincial Civil Service, and Registrar of Co-operative Societies in the Madras Presidency.

The interests of the Society are securely protected by a number of safe-guards under Act II of 1912, Co-operative Societies Act, and by a careful supervision of its management by the Registrar, by auditors appointed by Government, and by Revenue Officials locally selected. As pointed out in the introduction to the bye-laws, a Society duly registered is treated as a body corporate, enjoying special privileges in regard to (a) priority of its claims, (b) charge and set off as to shares or interest of a member, (c) non-liability thereof to attachment, (d) proof of entries in the Society's books, (e) exemption from compulsory registration of instruments relating to shares and debentures of the

Society and (f) exemption from income-tax, stamp-duty and registration fees. The capital of the Society amounts to half a lac of rupees divided into 5,000 shares of Rs. 10 each, payable in five equal annual instalments, which can be acquired by Roman Catholics residing within the town and suburbs of Mangalore. Each member is given a pass book with bye-laws, and will shortly be given savings boxes on the model of the penny boxes in use in England. The office of the Society is held in the Catholic Club, Hampankatta, Mangalore.

The object of a co-operative society is "the promotion of the economic interests of its members in accordance with co-operative principles," as provided for in section 5 of Act II of 1912, that is, acquisition and distribution of wealth, depending upon the practice of the virtues of "Self-help" and "Thrift," combined with mutual help and credit. Wealth is desirable for its excellent uses, though not as an end in itself. We pray to our Father in Heaven for our "daily bread," a term comprehensive enough to cover all that is necessary and desirable for our weal and happiness. Many and great are the dangers of wealth. But poverty has its pitfalls. "Blessed are the poor *in spirit*," not merely the poor in worldly goods, if they be not poor in spirit too. Many are the proud of spirit among the impecunious and, on the other hand, there is many a rich man who deserves to be classed among the gentle, meek and humble of heart. The perils of wealth arise from the unfair means resorted to in the acquisition of a fortune and the improper uses we put our acquired wealth to.

The surest and straightest road to fortune is "to labour and toil" for it, the well-ordered path of nature, which mankind is condemned to in a normal state of life outside the Earthly Paradise lost to us by man's first disobedience. God helps them that help themselves. "Let every man prove his own work" and "bear his own burden," as St. Paul advises us (Galat. vi). But the same Apostle adds: "Bear one another's burdens." This is the law of co-operation side by side with the principle of self-help.

Economy must go hand-in-hand with industry in order to preserve and increase what we have earned. It consists in the application of a spirit of self-denial and order in the gratification of the present for the purpose of securing a future good. "Every man," as Dr. Smiles lays down in his work on Thrift, "ought so to contrive as to live within his means. This practice is of the very essence of honesty.... Prudence requires that we should pitch our scale of living a degree below our means rather than up to them. Man must be thrifty in order to be generous. Thrift does not end with itself, but extends its benefits to others." Idleness, want of culture, extravagance, intemperance, trying to keep up appearances and neglect of trifles, are pointed out by Dr. Smiles as causes, among others, of ruin of not only wealth but too often of health of body and mind. Honesty, order, self-restraint, sobriety, culture and generosity are the pillars of economy. The law of economy is the expression of the spirit of Heaven, in which the Apostle St. Paul tells us to live and to walk. The inspired teacher of the Gentiles enumerates some of the vices which are opposed to this spirit:—"Uncleanness, immodesty, luxury, idolatry witchcrafts, enmities, contentions, emulations, wraths, quarrels, dissensions, sects, envies, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like. But the fruit of the spirit is charity,

joy, peace, patience, benignity, goodness, longanimity, mildness, faith, modesty, continency, chastity." These virtues ought to form the root-principles of the right laws of economy and co-operation, which would then tend to foster and advance the same virtues and to eliminate or, at least, lessen the vices against the spirit as above enumerated by the inspired writer. The right economic spirit would steady us in that golden mean within which the cravings of our nature and the desires of our passions must be contained in order that they may not sin either by defect or by excess. The true co-operative spirit will make us mindful of and sympathetic to our neighbour and bring their sympathy to our help, fulfilling thereby the great law of mutual love.

We venture now to mention a few of the many local causes that have been and are working against the fundamental and co-operative laws of economy:—

- i. Insanitary and debilitating methods of living which end in swelling doctors' bills, while reducing our bodily energies.
- ii. A combination of the extravagances of Orientalism and Westernism in diet, habits of life, marriage customs, funeral ceremonies, festivities, etc. For instance, our marriages combine the Christian nuptials in the church with western entertainments mixed up with quaint survivals of Hindu ceremonies of *tali*-tying and the investiture at home of a new *saree* after the Christian nuptials—a ludicrous mixture that must strike a sane spectator, be he Oriental or Occidental, as extremely farcical, and one involving a sad waste of time and money, not seldom productive of unseemly brawls

- and ill-feeling between friends and relations.
- iii. "The demon of drink" that is playing havoc in many a family. An old priest with a zeal born of a profound knowledge of facts writes: "A list of the many Mangalorean families ruined in health and in wealth by drink might make a powerful object-lesson for those still in time to retrace their steps from near the abyss. I very much fear that families apparently still standing on their legs are being slowly eaten up by the demon of drink."
 - iv. Family feuds, criminal prosecutions and civil litigation for the most trifling of trifles which are the source of profit to lawyers (mostly non-Christian) more than to either of the litigants.
 - v. Parochial and party spirit that tends to multiply rival institutions, shows, receptions etc.
 - vi. Wild enterprises without expert advice or expert managers and competent workmen.

These and other causes have conspired to bring about the utter ruin of many an individual and family, and are certain to ruin future generations in respect of health, wealth and happiness. Our reformers and preachers are more eloquent in word than in deed. The remedy lies in a full realization of the fearful abyss into which so many of us are blindly rushing and in making united efforts to arrest us in our downfall. Organization of co-operative societies is one of the surest and best means provided by a benign Government for our salvation here below. Co-oper-

ative societies under Act II of 1912 are, it is true, primarily intended for the promotion of thrift and self-help among agriculturists, artisans and men of moderate means. But even the rich need to save, at least, for charity and for setting an example to the poor. Besides our aristocrats or plutocrats are born and die with the suddenness of mushrooms, so rapidly does the wheel of fortune turn with us. Whether aristocrats, plutocrats, or democrats or any other—rats, we are sinners in some direction or other pointed out by St. Paul, and we need to practise economy in one way or another. A Co-operative Credit Society offers us the very facilities we want for saving as well as for aiding the less fortunate in need, by combining the advantages of a *Savings Bank* with a *Loan Bank*, relying on the honesty, industry and frugality as well as the mutual good will of all the members. How such an institution can be organized and worked has been ably shown in a masterly essay on Co-operative Societies by Mr Francis L. Silva in a former number of this Magazine.

In toiling, saving and aiding others on a co-operative basis, the main principles to be borne in mind are: (1) Honest and earnest toil is the surest road to fortune. "Whatever thy hand is able to, do it earnestly" (Eccl. ix), and that for the glory of God and for the benefit of mankind. Sweet will be our toil then. (2) Thrift is to be extended not only to rupees but even to pies. "Neglect of trifles is suffering a moth to eat holes in your purse. Mind your pence, and the pounds will mind themselves." (3) Sweet may be revenge. But sweeter still and even more economical in the end is forgiveness and forbearance.

The Navayats

AN ACCOUNT OF THEIR HISTORY AND THEIR CUSTOMS

By ALEXANDER PAIS, B. A.

IT was at a time when the country was under the mad sway of a mad monarch, that we had another Muhamadan race landing on the ever-hospitable shores of India. India was then undergoing one of her bitter experiences in her history—her frontiers unguarded, her people oppressed, her worst elements let loose on the helpless masses, Indian armies ordered to march through the Himalayan passes to conquer China, never to return, the capital transferred from Delhi to Deogiri, and then re-transferred to Delhi, the millions, who had taken refuge in jungles unable to pay taxes, hunted down by the soldiery, and to crown all, copper coinage substituted for gold coinage and paper money made the currency of the land only to leave the treasury empty and to plunge the country into a complete chaos. Thus was the famed land governed. While the central authority was thus destroying itself, the many turbulent races that people India declared themselves independent. Southern India was bifurcated into two hostile camps, each under an adventurer. The land to the north of the Vindhya was split up into a number of principalities bitterly hostile and ever warring with each other. It was a counterpart of that which was being acted in Italy in the latter part of the 13th century and the beginning of the 14th century, when the daring Norman enlisted under one petty state against its neighbour. A most opportune time that for an enterprising people to play a prominent part in these endless wars. Fleeing from their homes for political and religious reasons, the Navayats found themselves in circumstances which their wildest imagination had not

fancied. Soon after their advent in India they caught the spirit of the times, enrolled themselves under the banner of the various Indian Princes, fought bravely in their ever-recurrent internecine wars, and soon rose to such eminence as to be recognized as the nobility of the land. One of them, we know of as yet, succeeded in carving out a kingdom for himself, and established his rule so firmly as to withstand the very arms of the British for about half-a-century. This was Hyder Ali, the father of Tippu Sultan. The Navayats trace their descent from Nazar-bin-Kanana, the progenitor of the Prophet's family, and as such, are held in great veneration by the Muhamadans. They are also known as Quraishi, from Shaik-Quraishi, another of Nazar-bin-Kanana's names. Navayat is a general name given to three tribes, one of which descends from Fatimatuzzuhra herself, the youngest daughter of Muhamad by his first wife.

Historians are divided in their opinions as to how the three tribes came to be known by the general term Navayats. Several conflicting conjectures are put forth as the probable reasons for this appellation, but many of them do more credit to the imagination of the writer than to his historic research. The three chief theories given here may be considered nearer to the truth, as they are more or less borne out by historical facts.

(i) Navayat. (Banu=people; Vayat=a place about nine miles from Bagdad.) The people of Vayat, where they had settled for a time.

(ii) Navayat. (Banu = people; Vayat=sailors) a sailor people. Navayats are con-

stitutionally fine swimmers, a fact which stood them in good stead at a very critical period of their history, which will be narrated hereafter.

(iii) Navayat. (Banu=people; Vayat=united), a united nation. In the early stage of their history they were notably united under one leader, though now they are scattered in different parts of India, obeying no common head.

Medina is the original home of the Navayats. Their relation to the Prophet's family gave them a special distinction in the eyes of the people. Apart from this, their inborn habits of steadily cultivating the land, the progressive tendencies of the higher classes of the tribe, specially in the matter of the cultivation of the sciences of the day, all tended to make them the foremost people in the Hedjaz Province. The Navayats, further, were a marvellously united people and were lead by Sayyed Abdulla Vayat or Abdullanil-Vayat, a descendant of the Prophet and a man of supreme capabilities. He was thus able to make the Navayats a power in the land, whose opinions could not be neglected in matters touching the welfare of the people. At the time we speak of, Abdul Malik Bin Marvan of the Bani Marvani dynasty was the king of Arabia and Hujjaj Bin Yusuff Sakfy, the governor of the Hedjaz province, the capital of which was Medina. Hujjaj is said to have been a man of a very cruel and crafty temperament, and was wont to have everything his own way. This naturally brought him into conflict with the man of the people, Sayyid Abdulla, who made a bold stand against the high-handed policy of the governor and desired that he should conform to the wishes of the people as manifested in the *Munshoor*, a sort of parliament convened for political, religious and social purposes, and that he, Sayyid Abdulla, should be given a seat in the inner circle that ruled the *Mun-*

shoor. Hujjaj did not wish to have such a powerful man in the cabinet, which would be a death-blow to his mean intrigues. Finding that he could not parry the question any longer, he, on some public occasion, called Sayyid Abdulla, an inexperienced, ignorant, despicable upstart, and to throw discredit on him, put him a set of questions of political intricacy. The leader was a deep student of history and of almost every question that pertained to the good of his people. With the consciousness of his own knowledge, he boldly gave his answers and pressing his advantage thus gained over his enemy, he asked him a few questions of his own. The governor found himself driven into a corner, but concealing his discomfiture under a pleasant exterior, he yielded. Sayyid Abdulla was given a seat in the cabinet. Thenceforth, the *Munshoor* had a voice in the administration of the Province. But a man of Hujjaj's temperament would not take a defeat coolly. He secretly nursed his revenge. He knew that his strongest enemy was learning. At odd intervals the learned men of the tribe, one by one, mysteriously disappeared. Unobtrusively, as it were, the taxes were increased and cleverly manœuvred so as to make them fall heavily on the Navayats. Sayyid Abdulla called a meeting of the elders of the tribes, and it was unanimously resolved to leave Medina in a body. The Navayats migrated from Medina in the 60th Hizra (about 682 A. D.) and settled at Vayat, on the suburbs of Bagdad. It is from this place (Vayat) that the tribes take their name. It is not known, however, whether all the tribes migrated from Medina at one and the same time. Some historians say that all the three tribes left Medina in the 60th Hizra, while others, including Nawab Aziz Jang Khan Bahadur, the author of the history of the Navayats, and the great historians Abu Jafar Tabri and Navab Shanavaz Khan Samsamul

Mulk, are of opinion that the first two tribes left their homes in the 60th Hijra and the third tribe in the 152nd Hijra (about 774 A. D.) in the reign of the Abbassiah dynasty. However, it is certain, that the cause of migration was the political persecution of the Navayats.

In Vayat they lived in peace for some time, but it was not to last long. The governor of Bagdad, to whom Vayat belonged, was a Shiah and the Navayats were Sunnis. The governor wished to win over the Navayats to his religious persuasion. No amount of cajoling and favouritism could convert the Navayats. He then went to extremes. He persecuted them systematically and but for a handful of deserters, the Navayats, as a whole, stood up for the faith of their fathers. They prayed to God and the Prophet to deliver them from this tyrant. Strange to say, Bagdad, soon after, was visited by draught, famine and other calamities. The governor, conscience-struck, believed that the Navayats were the cause of the plagues that visited the city, made peace with them and begged of them to pray again for the city's deliverance. It is said that as they were an honest and law-abiding people and belonged to the Prophet's family, the Lord heard their prayers. The city once more enjoyed peace.

The governor thought himself a much-wronged man. He had delivered his people from a great peril at the expense of much self-humiliation, only to find himself practically dictated to by a stranger, the leader of the Navayats, for, during the recent visitation, these had risen high in the estimation of the people of Bagdad. They were held in great veneration, as being a people specially favoured by Heaven. In secret, therefore, he planned to get rid of them. One day, narrates the Muhamadan historian, Allamah Jelaludin Sewthy in Kashful-ansah, every Navayat was invited to a public dinner and at the

same time asked to get an egg or two with him. When the Navayats arrived, they were asked to heap up the eggs in a corner. After dinner every guest had to take the particular egg he had brought and eat it up. It was not possible, however, to pick out from the heap the particular egg one had brought, and when the governor enquired whether every one had got the particular egg he had brought, they replied in the affirmative, which was a lie. He publicly denounced them as liars, and as such, they were severely punished. The old persecution began, but when on bended knees they prayed to the Lord, the Lord heard them not. The only escape from the trouble was to flee the country, and so they did under their new leader Sayyid Abdul Rahiman Vayat, the son of Sayyid Abdulla Vayat. The whole tribe migrated once more and reached Basra in 752 Hijra (about 1334 A. D.) Hardly had they settled down here, when their leader died in 752 Hijra. Without a competent leader, they were like a flock without a shepherd. The sway of the governor of Bagdad extended also over Basra, and he pursued them even there. Once again they had to depart, and depart they did, despite terrible difficulties and privations. Ships were brought and everything was in readiness for them to set sail for the ever-hospitable shores of India. At the last moment the emissaries of the persecuting governor of Bagdad arrived and forbade the pilot and the sailors to man the ships, deprived the ships of their rigging and sails, forced the Navayats with their families and servants to enter the ships, and had the ships driven into mid-ocean. The poor people were helpless. One likes to draw a veil over the miseries these persecuted, homeless Navayats must have been suffering during this ill-fated voyage. The governor believed that the Navayats at the mercy of the winds and the waves would soon be at the bottom of the

deep, a prey to the fishes. The Navayats now showed their mettle. They made a superhuman struggle for life and for what they considered their greatest treasure—their wives, children and aged parents. They were the finest swimmers and sailors of Arabia. Nothing daunted, though driven away from their course by winds and ocean currents, they pushed on and on. Some touched the shores of Persia, but the majority of the ships reached India. Some landed in Bombay, Goa, Bhatkal, Malabar and Madras. Thence they spread over Bijapur, Ahmadnagar, Hyderabad, Javra, Guzerat, Delhi and other principal cities of India.

The Indian Rajas permitted them to settle in their kingdoms on the condition that they would not practise their religion openly, and that they would adopt the Indian mode of dressing. Since then the absorption of the Hindu customs has been carried on to such an extent that, writes the historian Nawab Aziz Jang Khan Bahadur, some of them are opposed to the very spirit of the Prophet's religion. The comparatively religious and political freedom the Navayats enjoyed in India gave them again time to divert their energies into their various walks of life. Though the favourite theme of the Navayats was theology, philosophy, and learned dissertations on the Quran, still we find among them able historians, wise ministers, successful doctors, intrepid warriors and enterprising traders and merchants. The plough was not neglected. We find among them great land-owners and jemmies. It is interesting to note that seventy-five per cent. of the population of Javra are Navayat tilling the soil.

Most of the Navayats are Sunnis; only a handful of them are Shiahs, specially, in Bagdad, as related heretofore. Of the Sunnis a vast majority follow Imam Shafi, and a very small minority follow Imam Hanafi. These

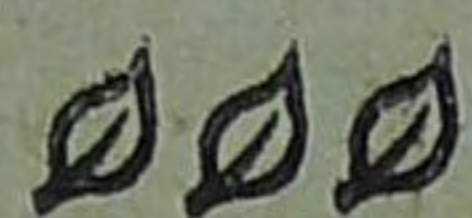
are known as the two chief schools of the Sunni sect.

Their present dress hardly resembles the original Arab dress, though we now and then come across a few rare exceptions. It may perhaps be said that a faint resemblance to the Arab dress might be detected in the women's dress. This is due to the circumstances under which they settled down in the territories of the Indian Rajas. The women wear *saries* and *dhawnies* mostly, but there is a great divergence in the modes of dress among men. In the matter of dress the Navayat has adapted himself to the place, climes and surroundings in which he found himself. Women who have their husbands alive, dress in coloured *saries*, wear ornaments, specially nose-rings, ear-rings and bangles, while those who have lost their husbands wrap themselves up in white or black *saries* and rarely, if at all, attend marriages and such like functions.

A great majority of the Navayats speak Urdu, while those in Bhatkal and Konkan, speak Konkani, a Mahrati dialect with a very liberal admixture of Arabic and Persian words and plenty of nasal twang. A few Navayats, who had settled in Kayilpatna, a village in Malabar, speak and write the Tamil language. Unlike the rest of the Navayat race, these are dark-skinned and observe customs quite different from them. Though originally they were of the same tribes as the Navayats, they have been so widely separated from the rest of their brethren, that they have even lost their original generic name of Navayats and are now known as *Labbais*. Some writers of repute consider them as the descendants of the lowest strata of the Navayat tribes, perhaps of slaves. It might be they are misled by the dark colour of the *Labbais*. As regards their origin, Colonel Wilks, the historian of Mysore, has the following: "About the end of the first century of the Hejirah, or the early

part of the eighth century A. D., Hijaj Ben Gusaff, Governor of Irāk, a monster abhorred for his cruelties even among Musalmans, drove some persons of the house of Hashem to the desperate resolution of abandoning for ever their native country. Some of them landed on that part of the western coast of India called the Concan, the others to the eastward of Cape Comorin. The descendants of the former are Navaiyats, of the latter the Labbai, a name probably given to them by the natives from that Arabic particle (a modification of labbick) corresponding with the English 'Here I am,' indicating attention on being spoken to [*i. e.*, the response of the servant to the call of his master. A further explanation of the name is that the Labbais were originally few in number, and were often oppressed by other Muhammadans and Hindus, to whom they cried labbek, or 'we are your servants']. Another account says they are the descendants of the Arabs, who,

in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, came to India for trade. These Arabs were persecuted by the Moghals, and they then returned to their country, leaving behind their children born of Indian women. The word Labbai seems to be of recent origin, for, in the Tamil lexicons, this caste is usually known as Sōnagan, *i. e.*, a native of Sōnagam (Arabia), and this name is common at the present day. Most of the Labbais are traders; some are engaged in weaving cōrah (sedge) mats; and others in diving at the pearl and chank fisheries of the Gulf of Manaar. Tamil is their home-speech, and they have furnished some fair Tamil poets. In religion they are orthodox Musalmans. Their marriage ceremony, however, closely resembles that of the lower Hindu castes, the only difference being that the former cite passages from the Korān, and their females do not appear in public even during marriages."



IN MEMORIAM
FATHER MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

Obiit September 12, 1912

"These to his Memory
I dedicate, I consecrate, with tears—"

—Tennyson.

YET one more man of heart lies cold in death—
Of heart supremely human, touched of Heav'n!
Only to bless, it seemed that he drew breath,
Only to love, that life to him was giv'n.
Not oft alas! in this harsh world are seen
Such souls as live the fuller life of love,
Who breathe the ampler atmosphere serene
Where self is raised all selfishness above.
Ah! where seek now the kindly word and deed
Still prompted by the kindest thought for all?
Where knock, in grief's or suffering's direst need,
That one may open, like him, at the call?
The voice that cheered, the hand that tireless wrought
At tasks whose fruit shall grow to more and more,
The teeming brain that poured the generous thought,
The heart that burned with love—their day is o'er.
Fled from earth's gloom, the poet-priest that wove
His wreath of rhyme with fall'n, celestial flow'rs,
His feet now walk the garden of God's love,
Where he culls blossoms in undying bow'rs—
The joys that bloom, his guerdon from his King
Who hears his pray'r, linked sweetly to his praise,
For them, in chief, that here his kindness sing
With tear-dimmed eyes at thought of his dear ways.
Oh, count me one of them, e'en me who hold,
Revered and Loved! Your bounties in my heart—
A debt too deep for words tho' grav'n in gold,
Where love and gratitude alone have part.

J. S.

1912

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

July 31st, Wednesday.—Feast of St. Ignatius, Founder of the Society of Jesus. The panegyric of the Saint was preached by the Rev. Francis X. Patrao, of the Diocese of Poona, a former student of the College.

In the evening an exhibition of sleight-of-hand tricks was given in the College Hall by Mr. James Marcus; the boys must certainly have received their money's worth out of the display, for they were allowed concession rates of admission, possibly in view of the subdued merit of the performance.

August 12th, Monday.—Exhibition of class-work by the pupils of the Primary Department. This scholastic function enters into the very texture of our work: it serves both to relieve the monotony of daily routine and to stimulate the teachers and their little wards to habits of industry. The programme included action songs, fancy drill and miniature dramas. Music, too, had a place allotted to it. The lady teachers who had the handling of these items must have devoted their loving care to achieve the perfect success which attended the efforts of our Lilliputians. Considering that the teachers have had their training at St. Ann's High School, we feel indebted to its staff for the efficiency of our Primary Department.

September 3rd, Tuesday.—Mr. W. Ransford, M. A., Inspector of Schools, Eighth Circle, and Rao Bahadur Rangunath Rao, B. A., L. T., Assistant Inspector of Schools, paid an official visit to the College. An inspection generally includes a looking-into the records and registers of an institution, a testing of the teaching and an examination as well oral as written of certain classes—from which a fair notion of the standard obtaining in a school is arrived at.

September 4th, Wednesday.—The Hon'ble Mr. P. S. Sivaswamy Iyer, C. I. E.,

Member of the Executive Council, Madras, who is touring in the districts of Southern India, paid an informal visit to the College. He was received by the Rector and the Staff at the grand staircase and shown over the College buildings and laboratories. Before leaving he photographed a view of the College.

September 11th, Wednesday.—Eve of the Rector's Day. At 4 p. m. presentation of addresses from the High School and College Departments.

September 12th, Thursday.—

6.15 a. m. The Rev. Father Rector's Mass.
8.30 „ Field Sports (School and College Department.)

10 „ Greetings from the Primary Department (College and Milagres)

2.30 p. m. Cricket Matches on the Maidan
4.30 „ Dramatic Entertainment

September 13th, Friday.—

9 a. m. Field Sports (Primary Dept.)
5.30 p. m. Address from the Aloysian Association)

6 „ Musical and Dramatic Entertainment

1. Overture.....The Boarders' String Band
2. Festal Greetings..... Primary Students
3. Violin Solo.....L. D. Vincent
4. Holiday Chorus..... College Choir
5. Recitations..... Primary Department
6. The Gypsies' Duet (*Verdi*).. { Humbert Pinto
Elias Lobo
7. "The Harvest Storm"..... A Drama in one Act

THE HARVEST STORM

A DOMESTIC DRAMA IN ONE ACT

By C. H. Hazlewood

CHARACTERS

John Garner (*an honest English Farmer*)... M. Mascarenhas
Dick Darrell (*a dissipated and unscrupulous Yeoman*)
..... Jos. Coelho

Mr. Lynx (*a Detective, and an honour to his Profession*)...Geo. Sequeira
 Barker (*his 'Assistant,' sharp and decisive in action*)...
 B. Shankara Rao
 Samuel Lexicon (*writing a new Dictionary of the English Language*)...Will. Fernandes
 Andrew Radford (*Clerk to a London Banking House—absconding, not from guilt, but from suspicion*)...Cuthbert Pinto
 Charley Cooper and Nat Lovel (*two Gypsies, with slight perception of the difference between "meum" and "tuum"*)... Vincent Pinto and William Colaço
 Mack (*Brother to Andrew, and in the service of John Garner*)...Humbert Pinto

Programme of Scenery and Incidents

Burton Farm near Oakham, in Rutlandshire! The way-worn fugitive seeking a refuge! Narrative of a bank robbery.

"Who goes a-borrowing, goes a sorrowing." Hiding from Justice. Honest Mack. The hue and cry.

Painful disclosure to a Brother! £100 Reward for the Apprehension of the Absconding Clerk! Plunder of the Farm! Alarm of the inmates! False Accusation! Capture of the Thieves! Exculpation of the Innocent!

"Short is the date in which ill acts prevail,
 But honesty's a rock can never fail."

GOD SAVE THE KING

September 14th, Saturday.—Cricket Match: College C. C. vs. Mangalore C. C. An account of the innings will be found on another page in this Magazine.

September 15th, Sunday.—At 5.30 p. m. the Boarding House and Hostels gave a charming Musical Entertainment in honour of Rev. Father Rector. The following was the programme of the evening:—

1. "Rejoice ye all." *Song of Welcome*Boarders' Choir
2. Address..... Thomas Makil
3. The Grand March (*Rossini*)..... Orchestra
4. The Phantom Chorus from "*Bellini's La Sonnambula*"....Boarders' Chorus
5. "Ballade et Polonaise" *Fules Varina*.Orchestra
6. "Faith's Welcome" or English Boys and Italian Wanderers
7. "See-Saw." Waltz (*Mozart*).....Orchestra

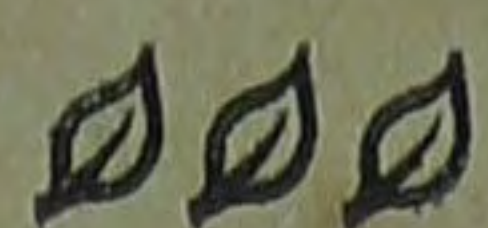
8. "Rataplan." *E Reinbult*.....Boarders' Choir
9. Monkeys' Court of Justice & Cats..M. Leonard, L. Castelino & J. Rodrigues
10. Castle Gate Mazurka (*W. H. Jude*).. Orchestra
11. God Bless our Rector (*Handel*).Boarders' Choir

The Rector's Reply

GOD SAVE THE KING

September 19th, Thursday.—The annual Social Gathering of the students of the College Department came off in the College Hall this evening and lasted from 6 p. m. to 8 p. m. It was social in the best sense of the term, and cordiality in word and action informed every detail of the programme. The musical items furnished by the students merited the applause they received, the speeches were worthy of the occasion, and the light refreshments were of the choicest.

September 22nd, Sunday.—Over two hundred and fifty Old Boys of the College assembled this evening in the Hall, the object of the assembly being a Social Gathering in honour of Rev. Fr. Rector. Among the guests who had responded to the invitation of the Managing Committee there were as many as thirty ladies and several of the highest figures from the Catholic community. Rev. Fr. Rector, who was accompanied by the staff of the College, was greeted by Messrs. Albert C. Gonsalves, B. A., B. L., and M. Roy, Bar.-at-Law, with speeches conveying the congratulations of the past students on the successes that were being achieved for and by the present students, and wishes for the continued prosperity of an institution which had for thirty-three years been training and sending forth hundreds for the battle of life. There is no need of alluding to the usual bill of fare, intellectual and otherwise, except to state that it was marked with unusual excellence.



PERSONAL AND PARTICULAR

1912
 DR. Lawrence P. Fernandes's eminent services in Fr. Muller's Charitable Institutions have merited for him from His Holiness Pope Pius X the distinction of a Gold Medal "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice." The medal was founded by Pope Leo XIII in memory of his golden sacerdotal jubilee in 1888. The medal is a cross made octangular in form by fleurs-de-lis fixed in the angles of the cross in a special manner. The extremities of the cross are of a slightly patonee form. In the centre is a small medal with an image of its founder. On the obverse side are the papal emblems in the centre, and in the circle surrounding the motto PRO DEO ET PONTIFICE is stamped. The ribbon is purple, with delicate lines of white and yellow on each border. The decoration is worn on the right side of breast.

♦♦♦

The Rev. Em. Coelho, S. J., has returned from the final year of a Jesuit's training, which he underwent in Florence. He is, at present, attached to the staff of St. Joseph's European High School, Calicut.

♦♦♦

The Rev. Rosario Saldanha, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Jeppoo, left it in August to join the novitiate of the Venetian Province of the Society of Jesus, at Cividale del Friuli, Italy.

♦♦♦

The Rev. Francis X. Patrao is among us recruiting his health after a severe attack of pneumonia. He is an old Aloysian and an alumnus of St. Joseph's Seminary where he was ordained priest for the Diocese of Poona in 1892. We have had the pleasure of hearing him preach in English and in Konkani, and have been only wishing he were able to appear oftener in the pulpit. The sphere of his apostolic labours is Alnavar, a missionary station in the district of Dharwar, which em-

braces Alnavar with 178 Catholics, and the sub-stations of Kenkery, Godoli, Godghari, Gundoli and Ningatmut, with a total Catholic population of 679 souls.

♦♦♦

Mr. Simon Alvares has been appointed by Government a non-official Visitor of the Sub-Jail at Mangalore.

♦♦♦

Mr. Aloysius Fernandes who appeared for the B. A. examination from the Presidency College, Madras, in April last, took the first place in the first class in Latin and in Zoology. He is working as a post-graduate student in the same College with a view to the M. A. degree. Mr. U. Kannappa, B. A., L. T., of St. Aloysius' College, intends appearing for the M. A. examination in Latin at the end of the scholastic year.

♦♦♦

Mr. Abundius Abreo, who recently passed the M. B. & B. S. examination of the University of Bombay, has taken up professional practice in Father Muller's Charitable Institutions at Kankanady. He is a valuable addition to the Medical Staff, and will be likewise welcomed by patients in Mangalore generally to whom he devotes half of his days.

♦♦♦

Mr. B. Dasannachar (F. A. '06) appears among the successful candidates for the Final M. B. & C. M. examination of the University of Madras. May the blessings of health and healing go with him.

♦♦♦

Mr. Alban Mascarenhas, B. A., has, after passing the LL. B. examination, entered on legal practice in Bombay. He contemplates other achievements literary and legal, which, we are sure, will be as bright as his previous ones. Messrs. Michael Alvares, B. A., Alex-

ander Pais, B. A., Paul Gonsalves, B. A., and Aloysius Albuquerque, B. A., have successfully finished the first year of their law, the former two in Bombay and the latter in Madras.

♦♦♦

Messrs. Alphonsus L. Lobo and Alexander J. D'Souza have passed the Advanced Examinations in Book-keeping conducted by the Midland Union Counties Educational Institutions, Birmingham, and by the Senior National Union of Teachers, London. The former has also scored a success at a similar examination held by the London Chamber of Commerce.

♦♦♦

Mr. Robert Charles Aranha has been admitted by the London Association of Accountants to a Fellowship of their Institution.

♦♦♦

We offer our hearty congratulations to the following who were recently married:

Mr. Albert Sequeira to Miss Helen Patrao, at the Church of our Lady of Dolours, Kasargod, on July 18th.

Mr. Venantius P. Coelho, B. A., to Miss Agnes Mary Menezes, at the Rosario Cathedral, on September 30th.

Mr. Francis Rego to Miss Brigid Tauro, at the Rosario Cathedral, on September 30th.

Mr. Alexander P. P. Saldanha, B. A., B. L., Munsiff of Coondapoor, to Miss Laetitia Stella Saldanha, at the Milagres Church, on October 1st.

Mr. Edwin Alvares to Miss Lucy Brito, at the Rosario Cathedral, on October 21st.

Mr. Louis D'Souza to Miss Euphrosina Coelho, at the Rosario Cathedral, on October 30th.

♦♦♦

The *Konkani Dirvem*, which we welcomed in our last number, has been steadily working its way on into popular acceptance. But to our mind the presentment of certain topics

of the day in it argues, on the part of the Editor, a want of confidence in the literary taste of his readers. For instance, the elaborate letter containing a lament over the decadence of Konkani as she is spoke seems to be the last refuge of a querulous *laudator temporis acti*. Then again the pseudonymous writers despoil themselves of much of their moral worth by appearing under such dubious names of *Panchali* and *Prasanghi Porob*. On examining the vocabulary and phraseology of some of the articles we were unpleasantly reminded of the principle involved in calling a spade a spade; for there is a group of words which may be eminently useful in the domestic circle, but which cannot aspire for a place in sane literature. But we are, by no means, blind to the merits of the Konkani Magazine, nor are we unaware of the serious difficulties which beset the pioneers of such a venture. In point of verse, the monthly deserves praise, and the shorter articles are remarkable for their polish and pithiness.

♦♦♦

Mr. Christopher Rasquinha, better known as Kistu Porob, died at Codialbail, in his eighty-second year, on July 21st. With him there passes away a notable link of the present with the long, long ago. Thirty years since, his little shop, where articles of daily consumption were always available at most reasonable rates, was a conspicuous landmark at the meeting of four roads at Codialbail. His tall figure was a familiar one. But the shop disappeared in the march of the times, and its keeper retired into private life. Through his many struggles of life, his trust in Divine Providence was unbounded and his simple faith ensured him quiet contentment. R. I. P.

♦♦♦

Mr. Alexis Albuquerque died at his residence in Bolar on August 10th. Though in

the seventy-second year of his age he was hale and strong to almost the last day of his life, but his death was due to a sudden affection of the heart to which he succumbed in a few hours. He had, however, ample time to prepare himself to meet his eternal Judge: he had gone to Holy Communion, according to his wont, in honour of the Assumption of our Lady, and after midnight perceiving that his end was nigh, he sent for the priest and received the last Sacraments. Fortified with every rite of the Church and comforted by the presence of his family he passed peacefully away at 3 o'clock in the morning.

The late Mr. Albuquerque belonged to a sturdy race of men who appreciate the dignity of labour and sanctify it with the aids of religion. He had attained to man's estate long before modern education and its advantages were known in Mangalore, but thanks to an inborn genius for administrative work, he was able to build up an extensive business on a solid basis. He was, indeed, the first among the Catholics of Mangalore to open a tile factory, and his example was followed by many of his contemporaries who have now risen to eminence in the ways of the world. Truly may it be said of him that the Lord blessed the labour of his hands and gave it increase an hundredfold. Faith in God and charity to his fellow-men characterized him throughout his long life. Three of his sons are now conducting the Coffee Plantations and the Tile Factory established by him forty-four years ago. The youngest is undergoing a course of studies in England. Another of his sons, the Rev. George Albuquerque, S. J., is on the staff of St. Aloysius' College, and his grandson, Mr. Leo Albuquerque, is a novice of the Society of Jesus, at Cividale del Friuli in Italy. R. I. P.

♦♦♦

Mr. Antony Augustine Saldanha died at Attavar in February last, of paralysis. His

original home was in Bolar whence he moved into Falneer—and here he was known for his simplicity of life. He bore his misfortunes like a true Christian and took his long illness as a preparation for the life to come. R. I. P.

♦♦♦

An esteemed correspondent writes to us: "Antony Joseph Rasquinha who died on the 17th of August last at the ripe old age of 72 years, had, till a couple of months before his death, been in the employ of the local Coffee Firm of Messrs. A. J. Saldanha and Sons, for nearly half a century. Intelligent, hardworking and honest to the core he had, from first to last, never failed to satisfy his masters in the discharge of his duties, and to earn their confidence and goodwill shown in the preferments he received, and the responsibilities with which he was entrusted. By his long continuance in the firm he had gained such experience of its practical routine of work that he came to be looked upon as an immediate referee in all matters connected with coffee during its passage through the garbling shed or the barbecue. As such he went on to the very end of his protracted period of service, his interest and earnestness unabated by advancing age. But while devoting his time and energy to the service of his earthly masters, he remembered but too well that he had also a Divine Master to serve. Naturally of a pious disposition he was very faithful and regular in the performance of his religious duties and would often turn his thoughts to his latter end. And right enough his end was full of peace and solace and edification, and he passed away after a brief illness.

The masters whom he had served so well and so long left nothing undone to render his funeral as grand and imposing as possible. His remains were buried in the St. Francis' cemetery, where they received their last earthly tribute of remembrance and respect

from a large number of relations and friends and conspicuously from his kind and beloved masters." R. I. P.

ooo

Mr. Jacob Rego died at Falneer, on October 23rd, of the infirmities of old age. During the eighty-seven years of his life he saw the rise and progress of Mangalore as few, perhaps, have had the privilege of seeing. Originally a parishioner of Urwa where, for

several years, he had enjoyed a place of popular trust, he migrated to Milagres to live with his son, Mr. Albert Rego. God blessed his children in remarkable ways. One of his sons was Vicar of Urwa and two of his daughters are Lady Superioresses of Convents in Malabar, while the other children are occupied in honourable callings in Mangalore and abroad. R. I. P.

ooo

SLEEP

AT evenfall my one last prayer
Is for a self-forgetting,
E'en as the day forspent with care
Now hastes unto the setting.

Still night broods o'er my fevered brain—
A strange unearthly vision
With voices mingling in refrain
Of gladness and derision.

Then sleep, as healing to my heart
Comes, breath of life's late sweetness,
While grief that memory bids start
Would break the day's completeness.

ooo

READING AND OBSERVATION

A TALK WITH MY YOUNG FRIENDS

“THE rule is, first think and then write: don't write when you have nothing to say; or, if you do, you will make a mess of it”—is the dainty advice Newman gives in the person of Mr. Black, “a man of education and of judgment.” With such as *do* find thoughts, you reply, it is well and good. But, as you add, there is many a school-mate of yours who has time and again sat a-thinking with no better result than catching at commonplace and often inadequate thoughts that might perhaps, with a few changes, do for an account of an excursion quite as well as for a description of a locomotive. Well, the fact you speak of is no new one, known to all and experienced by many.

Minds there surely are, unequal to the hard task of grappling with a subject and expressing thoughts in suitable diction. These may be aptly considered as victims to a mental infirmity. Doctors who have diagnosed this malady trace it to a triple cause: want of instruction; torpor of the mind, of the imagination and of the sensitive faculties; and difficulty of wording. It is my purpose, good friends, to speak to you of the first cause and the remedying measure you must take.

A want of instruction keeps our mind in lack of a something to say—we may always say something, may we not? and this lack itself results from the absence of the habit of observing and of reading. You see how the cause suggests the remedy.

A distinguished Professor of Rhetoric has commenced his text-book with a chapter on ‘Object-Lessons,’ dwelling long on the useful habit of observation. What, you ask me, should you observe? Briefly told, all that is within reach of your senses and of your mind. Avail yourselves of every opportunity

to enlarge your knowledge about man, nature and their works. To give but a few instances. You are out on a holiday ramble into the country, or out for a boating or a hunting; you go on a visit to a factory, to a museum or to some technical institute or to any institution—these are some of the many occasions for you to add to your notions. Again, entering your college chapel, what do you behold? How many have never cared to ask why the paintings are known as frescoes! If you have seen other painted interiors, you have scope for comparisons and thus to account, with what you know of painting, for the superiority of one over another. You are not architects, it is true—you may nevertheless observe the different parts of your house, of your college, of your church and at the same time know their respective names. Why, in your own class room can you account for each article you find there and call it appropriately?

That observation may be really useful to you, a sound method must be adopted. A half-distracted look or an informal query will not bring you a lasting profit. How will you go about it, then? With such objects as meet your eye, first bring your other senses, all or some as you need, to examine what you perceive and exact from each sense its frank and complete verdict. Stick to your resolve, and you will before long be the wiser and happier for it. You must, moreover, give the *precise* name of each part, quality, action, etc. that you find out and wish to remember. Mind, I am not confounding the first cause with the third, viz., difficulty of wording. This learning of the proper term is in order to preserve in your head the knowledge you acquire. If, however, you chance not to know the right

word, endeavour by all means, whether by enquiry or with the aid of a dictionary, to call things by their proper names.

Objects perceived by your eyes are not all that you have to observe. You are aware that you are often moved or impressed by a sight or a deed. Bring your mind to think—with effort if need be—to scan those movements and impressions. Ask yourselves, what is it that causes such a sensation in me? makes such an impression upon me? To the movements and impressions and their causes, as far as you can find them out, give their true appellation. Seek aid from your professors and friends in your conversations with them. This is, besides, one means to avoid small talk among you. To come to examples. You enter your college chapel and behold the beautiful frescoes that adorn it. Will you be satisfied with merely carrying away the impression that you saw something grand? You walk up to church early one fine morning and stop to view nature apparelled in varied bright colours. Do you find your soul communing with the outside creation? What aids that intercommunication, and what deprives you of it? In each of your fellow-men you perceive something characteristic of him: probe its nature and give it a name. What is it exactly that pleases you in some persons? What is it that you rightly blame in others? Try and explain the fact that one acts differently from another under the same circumstances. What was instrumental in the success of some and what in the failure of others? You are drawn to this game in preference to that other—why? The catalogue of queries may be indefinitely enlarged. Well, then, to sum up: set about earnestly to lay in a store of information and to express everything, as far as possible, in precise terms.

To come to the second remedy, reading. Is there really any lack of matter to read or

of readers? There is a world of print about us. In fact, as Professor Genung of Amherst College remarks, 'the present enormous multiplication of literature is a doubtful blessing.' What shall I read? thousands have asked themselves and most, not to say all, of them have solved the difficulty very summarily, with the result that they have turned out literary butterflies. With no principles they fell on what books chanced to be within their tenacious reach—but their acquisitions they could neither shape nor group to advantage of their own or their fellow being's. Several books give you able directions to conduct your reading. If I may make a special mention, I refer you to a thoughtful work entitled "Reading and the Mind and what to Read" by Rev. O'Connor, S. J. All directions may perhaps be summed up under two heads: choose well and read seriously. Spurn the trivial novel and the flimsy newspaper. If you desire newspapers, select such as enjoy a name among gentlemen. The first help to read seriously is to try and understand what you read. This applies to all and everything. Barring news-items, reference-readings and the like, the rest must be carefully and intelligently read. When you read for information, mistrust long readings. For as Rev. M. Bautin so naively observes, our mind is naturally so lazy and the labour of thought so irksome to it, that it gladly yields to the pleasure of reading other people's thoughts in order to avoid the trouble of forming any itself. In the course of your reading, trace the thoughts and weigh the sentiments; and if any vagueness occur, think it out of the subject. Try and make a mental synopsis of what you read and labour to retain it. Note down whatever you fear may vanish from your memory. Let your notes be not mere extracts, but a clear transcription of the thoughts you have grasped and assimilated.

COLLEGE CRICKET CLUB

OUR cricket season did not begin under very promising circumstances, which is as much as saying that the College Eleven had to put their best foot foremost to keep up their past reputation. The end of each year sees the exodus of students, and with them several of our best men have been lost to our team. A prophecy one way or the other would be the most gratuitous of errors; to predict a blaze of glory like the one of last year would be presumption indeed; while to forecast failure would border dangerously upon disloyalty. I will, therefore, content myself with wishing the most cordial wishes for the eleven, the heirs to the varied fortunes of a race of crickets that has run on for thirty years.

This was the first match of the season played out to a finish. Whatever the players themselves might feel on the subject, there is hardly any doubt that spectators of my age and attainments look upon such a match, as not far above practice at the nets, though with a little earnestness thrown into it. It was bound to be that, particularly because of the vagaries of the weather this year which allowed but few opportunities of stirring out-of-doors. College Past, which included three of our last year's men, played a feeble game excepting Messrs. Narnappa and V. Castelino who were the only ones to get into double figures. Curiously enough only two out of the College Present were able to secure a similar distinction, viz., Augustine Lobo, Capt., with 54 and G. Lobo with 43 runs which with the 38 contributed collectively by the rest of the players brought the total up to 135 runs. Of the bowlers the most effective ones were Augustine Lobo and Ed. Carlson on the Aloysian side, and M. Chandappa on the ex-Aloysian side. Score:—

COLLEGE PAST V. COLLEGE PRESENT
Played August 29th—College Present won

COLLEGE PAST

| First Innings | | Second Innings | |
|--|-----------|-------------------------------------|-----------|
| M. Narnappa, c. Vas, b Carlson | 14 | b Carlson | 57 |
| J. Mathias, b Carlson | 2 | b Carlson | 7 |
| V. Castelino, b Carlson | 19 | b Carlson | 1 |
| A. Sequeira, run out | 2 | A. Lobo, b Carlson | 10 |
| L. Menezes, C. Vas, b A. Lobo | 7 | | |
| W. D'Souza, c Madappa, b A. Lobo | 7 | run out | 1 |
| M. Chandappa, b Carlson | 3 | not out | 5 |
| W. F. H. Vas, b A. Lobo | 0 | | |
| Henry Vas, b A. Lobo | 0 | b Carlson | 9 |
| Will. Vas, c Vas, b A. Lobo | 1 | b Carlson | 0 |
| J. Abreo, not out | 1 | | |
| Extras | 6 | Extras | 4 |
| <i>Total.</i> | <u>62</u> | <i>Total (for 7 wks.)</i> | <u>94</u> |

BOWLING ANALYSIS

| | First Innings | | | | Second Innings | | | |
|-------------------------|---------------|----|----|----|----------------|----|----|----|
| | O. | M. | R. | W. | O. | M. | R. | W. |
| E. Carlson | 11 | 1 | 24 | 4 | 14 | 1 | 40 | 0 |
| G. Tellis | 5 | 0 | 24 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 26 | 6 |
| A. Lobo | 6 | 1 | 8 | 5 | 4 | 0 | 9 | 0 |
| J. P. D'Souza | | | | | 5 | 0 | 15 | 0 |

COLLEGE PRESENT

| | |
|---|------------|
| G. Lobo, b Chandappa | 43 |
| C. Subbaiya, b Menezes | 9 |
| A. Lobo, not out | 54 |
| D. Vas, c Menezes, b Chandappa | 0 |
| Ed. Carlson, b Chandappa | 1 |
| Jos. D'Souza, run out | 5 |
| C. Pinto, c Sequeira, b Chandappa | 2 |
| P. D'Souza, run out | 3 |
| C. Madappa, run out | 0 |
| G. Tellis, b Chandappa | 2 |
| J. D'Souza, b Menezes | 4 |
| Extras | 12 |
| <i>Total.</i> | <u>135</u> |

BOWLING ANALYSIS

| | O. | M. | R. | W. |
|------------------------|----|----|----|----|
| L. Menezes | 10 | 0 | 28 | 2 |
| W. D'Souza | 6 | 0 | 18 | 0 |
| H. Vas | 4 | 0 | 18 | 0 |
| J. Mathias | 1 | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| M. Chandappa | 10 | 1 | 41 | 5 |
| A. Sequeira | 5 | 0 | 14 | 0 |

It was with considerable trepidation that we marched to the Parade ground, for the face of the sky was far from propitious. The day, however, gave us sunshine enough for one complete innings. The Government College team was there right on the minute. They won the toss and elected to bat: what for is more than I can say. I have often speculated on the possible motives that may prevail on the captain of a team to choose to bat or to field: and I have been invariably caught in the tangle of my own thoughts. Many a time, I believe, it is the flimsiest of flimsy motives. I remember the captain of my school-days who, on this momentous matter, never would consult any one but his own sweet will and who, when remonstrated with, would retort lawyer-like that the die was cast. But to return to the match. Gerald Lobo and Vasudeva Rao were the first to face the Government College bowlers—and they did it unflinchingly. But to the critically disposed spectator there was something wanting in their manner—solemnity. Barring this, they played cricket in real sportsman-like fashion, as the score and the analysis abundantly reveal. Of those that followed Lobo, the captain, played exemplarily as in duty bound. Our innings closed for 140 runs after, what seemed to me, a delightfully steady play. The bowling was judicious, the fielding keen save on two occasions when the missing of catches altered the whole complexion of the game. The Government College opened their innings at 2 p. m. and the chief contribution to a total of 88 runs was by Panduranga Rao. "Needlessly nervous" was the comment I heard from a veteran cricketer who, like a modern Pepys, has cultivated a remarkable faculty for the critical study of cricket and other open-air games: I quite agreed with him. There is in them everything that goes to the making of a player, good and true. But why do they not

give a free scope for the exercise of these qualities? With the good-humour and the orderliness they displayed on this occasion they could, I believe, have come off with at least a moral victory to their credit. Score:

COLLEGE C. C. V. GOVT. COLLEGE C. C.

Played August 29th—College won

COLLEGE C. C.

| | |
|--|-----|
| G. Lobo, b Shiva Shanker | 21 |
| K. P. Vasudev Rao, c Narsing, b Shiv Shanker | 1 |
| A. Lobo, c Narsing, b Shiv Shanker | 23 |
| C. Subbaiya, c Shanker, b Shiv Shanker | 3 |
| Ed. Carlson, b Narsing | 13 |
| D. Vas, c Narsing, b Shiv Shanker | 30 |
| P. D'Souza, c Kini, b Shanker | 5 |
| J. D'Souza, b Shanker | 11 |
| C. Pinto, c and b Shanker | 17 |
| C. Madappa, c and b Shanker | 2 |
| G. Tellis, not out | 0 |
| Extras. | 14 |
| <i>Total.</i> | 140 |

BOWLING ANALYSIS

| | O. | M. | R. | W. |
|----------------------------|----|----|----|----|
| Narsing Rao | 16 | 1 | 37 | 1 |
| M. Shanker Rao | 19 | 3 | 41 | 5 |
| Mandappa | 6 | 0 | 19 | 0 |
| Shiv Shanker Rao | 15 | 3 | 29 | 4 |

GOVERNMENT COLLEGE C. C.

| | |
|---|----|
| Deva Rao, run out | 1 |
| Ekamber Rao, c Madappa, b Tellis | 4 |
| Gopal Kini, b Carlson | 0 |
| Basappa, C. D'Souza, b Carlson | 5 |
| Mandappa, b Carlson | 0 |
| Narsing Rao, c Vas, b Carlson | 0 |
| Shanker Rao, c Madappa, b Carlson | 1 |
| Panduranga Rao, not out | 50 |
| Leslie P. W., b Carlson | 7 |
| Mangesh Rao, b Carlson | 11 |
| Shiv Shanker Rao, b A. Lobo | 2 |
| Extrass. | 7 |
| <i>Total.</i> | 88 |

BOWLING ANALYSIS

| | O. | M. | R. | W. |
|-----------------------|----|----|----|----|
| Ed. Carlson | 13 | 0 | 34 | 7 |
| G. Tellis | 6 | 1 | 15 | 1 |
| Aug. Lobo | 7 | 0 | 30 | 1 |

COLLEGE C. C. v. GOVT. COLLEGE C. C.

Played September 5th—College won

COLLEGE C. C.

| | |
|--|------------|
| Gerald Lobo, b Narsing Rao | 1 |
| Denis Vas, b Shanker Rao | 21 |
| Aug. Lobo, b Shivshanker | 15 |
| K. P. Vasudev Rao, b Shivshanker | 27 |
| Ed. Carlson, b Shanker Rao | 14 |
| C. S. Subbayya, c and b Narsing Rao | 1 |
| Cyprian Pinto, c Basappa, b Narsing | 1 |
| Jos. D'Souza, c Shivshanker, b Shanker | 52 |
| M. Madappa, lbw, b Narsing Rao | 4 |
| G. Tellis, b Shivashanker Rao | 20 |
| U. Poovayya, not out | 3 |
| Extras | 7 |
| <i>Total.</i> | <u>166</u> |

GOVT. COLLEGE C. C.

| | |
|---|-----------|
| B. Narsing Rao, c Tellis, b A. Lobo | 3 |
| G. Narayen Rao, run out | 5 |
| Ekamber Rao, b Carlson | 4 |
| M. Gopal Kini, c Carlson, b Lobo | 6 |
| Pandurang Prabhu, b Carlson | 5 |
| A. Basappa b Lobo | 18 |
| U. Deva Rao, b Lobo | 0 |
| M. Shanker, b Carlson | 6 |
| Maindappa, b Lobo | 2 |
| P. W. Lislle, not out | 21 |
| Shivshanker Rao, c D'Souza, b Lobo | 4 |
| Extras | 13 |
| <i>Total.</i> | <u>87</u> |

COLLEGE C. C. v. MANGALORE C. C.

Played September 14th—College won

M. C. C.

| | |
|--|------------|
| H. R. Morgan, c A. Lobo, b Carlson | 20 |
| H. F. Heycock, lbw, b Tellis | 43 |
| L. Minezes, b J. D'Souza | 8 |
| E. Parry, b Carlson | 0 |
| N. Subba Rao, c G. Lobo, b Tellis | 10 |
| S. Morgan, b J. D'Souza | 3 |
| Narsing Prabhu, lbw, b J. D'Souza | 14 |
| M. Buckler, c G. Lobo, b Tellis | 5 |
| M. Nowrojee, b Tellis | 0 |
| B. Mahabala Hegde, b Tellis | 7 |
| M. Brewer, not out | 0 |
| Extras | 11 |
| <i>Total.</i> | <u>121</u> |

COLLEGE C. C.

| | |
|--|----|
| D. Vas, c Buckley, b C. Morgan | 31 |
| G. Lobo, b Minezes | 27 |
| Aug. Lobo, b H. Morgan | 0 |
| K. P. Vasudeva Rao, c Heycock, b H. Morgan | 4 |
| Jos. P. D'Souza, c and b H. Morgan | 1 |
| Ed. Carlson, c Heycock, b Morgan | 36 |
| Cyprian Pinto, b Heycock | 19 |
| G. Tellis, b Brewer | 10 |

| | |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| Piedade D'Souza, not out | 1 |
| M. Poovayya, b C. Morgan | 0 |
| U. Madappa, st., b Brewer | 0 |
| Extras | 18 |
| <i>Total.</i> | <u>147</u> |

Inter-School Gymkhana Matches

COLLEGE C. C. v. GOVT. COLLEGE C. C.

Played October 3rd—College lost

COLLEGE C. C.

| <i>First Innings</i> | <i>Second Innings</i> |
|--|-----------------------------|
| Gerald Lobo, c Panduranga Pai, b Narsing Rao | 0 c and b Shivashanker 32 |
| Denis Vas, b Narsing Rao | 2 b Shivashanker . . . 13 |
| Cyprian Pinto, c and b Narsing | 5 c and b Shanker . . . 14 |
| Aug. Lobo, b Shivashanker | 13 b Shivashanker . . . 11 |
| Edward Carlson, run out | 0 c and b Shanker . . . 24 |
| Joseph P. D'Souza, not out | 19 run out. 0 |
| J. Rasquinha, b Shivashanker | 1 b Shanker 1 |
| Th. Alvares, b Shivashanker | 0 not out. 32 |
| Gregory Tellis, b Narsing Rao | 8 b Shanker 7 |
| Madappa, b Maindappa | 8 b Narsing Rao. . . . 4 |
| Ponappa, b Maindappa | 0 Extras 14 |
| Extras | 12 |
| <i>Total.</i> | <u>68</u> <i>Total.</i> 152 |

GOVERNMENT COLLEGE C. C.

| <i>First Innings</i> | <i>Second Innings</i> |
|--|-------------------------------|
| Narayana Rao, stumped out, b Carlson | 2 b Tellis 2 |
| Narsing Rao, c Tellis, b Carlson | 2 b Tellis 13 |
| U. Deva Rao, c Carlson, b Tellis | 35 c and b Tellis . . . 14 |
| Maindappa, run out | 1 c Vas, b Tellis . . . 30 |
| Gopal Kini, b Carlson | 9 not out. 46 |
| Pandurang Prabhu, b Carlson | 2 c Lobo, b Carlson . . . 1 |
| A. Basappa, c Vas, b Tellis | 5 c Carlson, b Lobo. . . 11 |
| M. Shanker Rao, c Lobo, b Tellis | 0 b Augustine Lobo. . . 4 |
| Ekamber Rao, b Carlson | 11 b Tellis. 0 |
| P. W. Leslie, b Carlson | 8 run out. 9 |
| Shivashanker | 0 c. Tellis, b Carlson . . 10 |
| Extras | 15 Extras. 9 |
| <i>Total.</i> | <u>90</u> <i>Total.</i> 149 |

S. A. C. JUNIORS v. C. H. SCHOOL JUNIORS

Played October 5th - College won

COLLEGE JUNIORS

| <i>First Innings</i> | <i>Second Innings</i> |
|--|-------------------------|
| C. S. Mudappa, lbw b Chickappa 2 | c and b Krishna Rao . 1 |
| Joseph Coelho, c and b Krishna Rao 1 | c and b Chickappa . 10 |
| K. U. Ganapathi, c and b Krishna Rao 2 | b Chickappa 0 |
| Pascal Coelho, b Chic- kappa 5 | } did not bat. |
| K. K. Mudappa, b Kri- shna Rao 2 | |
| Mahabala, b Chick- appa 4 | |
| Francis Vas, b Chick- appa 15 | |
| Benj. Brito, b Ragh- vendra Pai 12 | |
| Stephen Viegas, c and b Raghvendra Pai . 4 | |
| Stanis. Pinto, not out 0 | |
| Bertie D'Souza, run out b Raghvendra Pai 1 | |
| Extras 9 | |
| <i>Total</i> 57 | |

CANARA H. SCHOOL JUNIORS

First Innings

Second Innings

| | |
|---|---------------------------|
| Raghvendra Pai, b B. Brito 9 | b P. Coelho 0 |
| N. Manjunatha, b B. Brito 0 | b P. Coelho 3 |
| Chickappa, c Brito, b P. Coelho 1 | b P. Coelho 0 |
| Vasudeva Naik, b P. Coelho 0 | c Viegas, b P. Coelho. 1 |
| N. Krishna Rao run out 10 | b Brito 5 |
| Thimmappa Shetty, c Viegas, b P. Coelho 1 | stumped 0 |
| Panduranga Shenoi, stumped 5 | stumped 3 |
| Varada Rao, c J. Co- elho, b S. Pinto . . 11 | b Brito 1 |
| Krishna Naik, c and b S. Pinto 9 | b P. Coelho 0 |
| Keshava Rao, c Viegas, B. Brito 2 | not out. 0 |
| Mukunda Pai, not out | c and b P. Coelho . 1 |
| Extras 9 | Extras 1 |
| <i>Total</i> 57 | <i>Total</i> 15 |

A Veteran.

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BOOK NOTICES

1. TANGLEWOOD TALES, PARTS I AND II: EDITED BY J. H. FOWLER, M. A. *Macmillan & Co., Ltd.* (Price 2 shillings.)

These two books enter thoroughly into the scheme of the Secondary Schools series. They aim not so much at imparting philological learning to their readers as at developing a taste for sane literature. Consistently with this idea, exercises are set apart, the careful carrying out of which would ensure a spirit of research, even among schoolboys and a capacity for collecting literary information. Such a course must needs obviate that radical error in the study of text-books, namely, the "cramming of unessential facts." Bearing this well in mind, we recommend the present edition of the *Tales* to the students of S. S. L. C. class.

2. THE CHILDREN'S CLASSICS: THREE TALES FROM ANDERSON, STORY OF SYLVIC AND BRUNO. *Macmillan & Co., Ltd.* (Price 6 d.)

Delightful in themselves these stories will be all the more acceptable to children through the manner of their presentment. The faithfulness with which the illustrations bear out the details of the text forms a real attraction. It is not too venturesome a remark to say that the handling of such books as these by children will be productive of the happiest results.

3. A HEALTH READER FOR INDIAN HIGH SCHOOLS: BY PERCIVAL C. WREN, M. A., I. E. S. *Macmillan & Co., Ltd.* (Price Re. 1 as. 8.)

The book is opportune, for stress laid on the right knowledge of the principles of hygiene has not been sufficiently firm. The

lessons are short, and therefore easily assimilable. More than a half of these is taken up with a description of Indian surroundings. Part V treats of *Accidents and Injuries to the Body* and the remedies suggested are quite within the reach of the poorest.

4. SHAKSPEARACHEA KHELLANCHI MALL: BY XANNAI W. R. VARDE VALAVLIKAR, BOMBAY. (Price 6 as.)

This Konkani version of three of Shakespeare's plays is based on Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, and is a laudable attempt at introducing the Poet into Indian homes. Though written in Goan idiom, the language is not so unfamiliar to the Catholics of Canara as to need elucidation. We notice the presence of a large number of Marathi words which may, with palpable advantage, be brought into vigorous use by our own writers of Konkani. We hope that the welcome accorded to the present instalment will be an incentive to the translator for larger enterprise in this direction.

5. CHILDREN OF THE DAWN: OLD TALES OF GREECE, PARTS I AND II: BY ELSIC F. BUCKLEY. *Macmillan & Co., Ltd.* (Price 2 Shillings.)

The author has kept the object of these tales well in view: for the simplicity of diction combined with the interest inherent in the stories renders the books "suitable for young readers." A glance at the table of contents would show how carefully the selection has been made. But to readers of more mature years the books suggest the not very happy question whether Kingsley and writers of his class have not had their brief hour of popularity.

THINGS GRAVE AND GAY

How shall I get a position?

"A good many years ago, a young stranger from the West who was anxious to become a journalist, but was without friends or influence, appealed to Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) to help him to a position on some metropolitan newspaper," relates Orison Swett Morden. Mr. Clemens, who had ideas of his own about how to get a situation, replied as follows:—

"If you will obey my instructions strictly I will get you a situation on a daily newspaper. You may select the paper yourself; also the city and state."

Back came a grateful answer from the young man, naming the journal of his choice, and promising that whatever his benefactor's instructions might be, he would follow them to the letter. Then Mr. Clemens wrote in this wise:

"You will only apply for work at the office of your choice. You are to go without recommendations. You are not to mention my name, nor any one's but your own. You are to say that you want no pay. All you want is work—work of any sort. You are so tired of being idle that life is a burden to you. All you want is work, and plenty of it. You do not want a penny's worth of remuneration. You will get the place, whether the man be a generous or selfish one.

"When you have got it, do not sit around and wait for others to find work for you. Keep watch and find it for yourself. When you cannot find it, invent it. This will make you needed friends among the members of the staff. When you see a thing that is worth reporting, go to the office and tell about it. Soon you will be allowed to put such things on paper yourself. Thus you will drift by natural and sure degrees into regular reporting, and you will find yourself on the city editor's

staff, without any one quite knowing how or when you got there.

"Meantime, though you have made yourself necessary, possibly even indispensable, you are never to mention wages. You can afford to wait, for that is a matter that will take care of itself. By and by, there will be a vacancy on a rival paper. Some reporter of your acquaintance will speak of you, and you will be offered the place at current wages. You will report this good fortune to your city editor. He will offer you the same wages and you will stay where you are. After that, when higher pay is offered you on another paper, you are not to take the place if your original employer is willing to keep you at a like price."

The young man, though much surprised at their character, faithfully followed Mr. Clemens' instructions. He got the situations for which he applied—that of general utility man—and within a month was on the city editor's staff. Before the end of the second month he was offered a salaried position of another paper. His employers duplicated the offer, and he remained with them. His salary was twice raised by the same process during the next four years. Then he became chief editor of an important daily in the South, and he still holds that position. Five other young men who subsequently applied to Mr. Clemens for aid were furnished with the same letter of advice, followed it, and found the positions they were seeking. One of the five is now the chief leader writer on one of the most widely known and successful daily journals in the world. He has never served but the one employer. The same man pays his large salary to-day who took him, an unknown youth, at "nothing and find himself" less than twenty years ago.

The young man mentioned in the fore-

going article was no doubt surprised when he received Mark Twain's reply. It is usually a surprise to the beginner to find that earnestness and work are really the two things of importance in the business world. Were more young men ready to appreciate this fact, there would be fewer out of employment, waiting for friends with a "pull" to secure the coveted position. If stenographers, out of work, were willing to begin in this manner, they might soon hold responsible positions. Our readers who are unable to secure employment, may find in Mark Twain's advice the receipt for success.

—*The Pernin Stenographer.*

o o o

If you want to be loved

Don't contradict people, even if you are sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't jeer at anybody's opinions.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile.

Few care whether you have the earache, headache, or rheumatism.

Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.

Do not try to be anything else but a gentleman or gentlewoman, and that means one who has a consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the

golden rule—'Do unto others as you would be done by.'

o o o

Much Ado

When you think of it, friends, the worries,
The troubles that wear you out,
Are often the veriest trifles
That common sense would flout;
They write the forehead with wrinkles,
They bow the shoulder with care,
Yet a little patience would show you, friend,
Just how their weight to bear.

It's somebody late to breakfast,
And the coffee growing cold;
It's a button that isn't fastened,
Or a string too light to hold.
And time and temper are wasted,
And fun is driven away,
And all for want of gentleness,
The home is spoiled for the day.

And the children make a litter
Of toys upon the floor;
And Johnny forgets to wipe his feet,
And Susie to shut the door;
And who that hears you scolding,
Which after a while you'll rue,
Would deem them heedless little ones
Just all the world to you?

'Tis well that God and the angels
Know far better than we,
That our conscience and our conduct, friends,
So seldom quite agree.
'Tis well that the Lord is patient,
And sees not what we are,
But what at our best, we are fain to be,
Unmoved by strife and jar.—*Madonna.*

o o o

An Extraordinary Address to the Viceroy

When the Viceroy and Lady Hardinge visited The Retreat at Mashobra on the 6th May they found awaiting them the following

address of welcome from the Private Secretary to the Rana of Koti :—

“To His Excellency the Right Hon. Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, etc., The Retreat, Mashobra.

“May it please Your Gracious Excellency,

“Let us first of all be most thankful to our Almighty Father whose grace has to-day enabled us to offer our hearty welcome to your Excellency and her Ladyship in the territory of the Koti State.

“O! Lord, these northern Himalaya eternal snow peaks on which invisible Nymphs play merrily to and fro, and on which the rising and setting sun exhibits an extraordinary beauty of nature as if small diamond pieces glittering with the greatest lustre, these beautiful mountains covered with lofty trees clothed in the finest lichen embraced by good many kinds of wild creepers bearing the leaves and flowers of every hue and colour, tossing their branches in the balmy wind yielding the nourishment to the eyes of the travellers passing by these scattered villages and hamlets almost surrounded by the admirable wheat and barley fields with dew drops decorated resembling the most pretty galleries of green velvet set with costly big pearls, these silvery streams and the picturesque waterfalls that have been reduced by the hot weather to merely a thread gently and clearly flowing down here and there along the valley; these lovely iris flowers of the sweetest fragrance that exhibited the full beauty of the summer season and these attractive finest sceneries of which the most picturesque and the best of all is that of the Retreat forest, do welcome your Excellency and her Ladyship by the soft voice of cuckoo, green pigeon, dove and the chirping of the black bird.

“O! My Lord! the iambic verses of your Excellency's stainless glory, of the praiseworthy simplicity, the love of honesty, sincerity, impartiality and the benevolence to

the poor people which are the most venerable ornaments of human beings, and which your Excellency has so wisely displayed in many European Imperial Courts, are cheerfully sung by the Heavenly Nymphs in Paradise.

“May your Excellency's administration of India be most glorious, pleasant and peaceful, and that God may bless your Excellency and her Ladyship and the Hon. Miss Hardinge, is the most humble and constant prayer of—

“Your Excellency's most loyal and obedient servant.”

♦♦♦

Thoughts for Business men

Your brain has a capacity limit. Don't overload it. Don't fill it with details. Don't burden it with worry. Get a system. Make your system your storehouse. File therein the little cares that wear and tear—the important details that annoy. Make your system the guardian of the necessary, the grave of the needless. Leave your work at night free and unshackled. Your system will bring your duties before you the next morning—the next week—the next month.

There is one excuse for every mistake you make, but only one. When a fellow makes the same mistake twice, he's got to hold up his hands and own up to carelessness or cussedness.

Some houses carry system so far that the work of compiling statistics actually prevents the accomplishment of deeds from which to gather statistics. It is like pulling up a sprouting plant to see how much its roots have grown.

Every business man who has tried it agrees that it is a good thing for his business and a good thing for him, to get away from his business once in a while, to size it up from the point of view of the outsider, to dismiss the details and allow the main currents to sweep past him in review.

The man who is thoroughly interested in his business will soon have a business that will be interesting to other people.

If you don't like work, get out of business. If you do like work get in deeper. If your business is standing still, learn the cause. Dig down into it. Dig deep even if it hurts. Get at the roots of the plant and remedy the trouble.—*Weekly Scotsman*.

♦♦♦

A Child Story

A little girl wrote the following essay on boys: "Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be ladies by and by. When God looked at Adam he said to himself "Well, I think, I can do better if I try again," and he made Eve. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way the world would be girls and the rest dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy. Man was made, and on the seventh day he rested. Woman was then made and he has never rested since.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

♦♦♦

Error in Punctuation

Loss—two million dollars

An interesting story is told of an inserted comma which cost the U. S. Govt. \$2,000,000. When Congress was drafting the tariff bill, it enumerated in one section the articles to be admitted on the free list. Among these were "all foreign fruit-plants." The copying clerk, in his superior wisdom, omitted the hyphen and inserted a comma after "fruit," so that the clause read "all foreign fruit, plants, etc." The mistake could not be rectified for about a year, and during this time all oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes and other foreign fruits were admitted free of duty, with a loss to the Government of about \$2,000,000 for that year.

Be careful

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own,
Remember, those with homes of glass
Should never throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those that sin,
'Tis better we commence at home
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults; and who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may for aught we know
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well.
To try my own defects to cure
Before of others tell,
And though I something hope for me
Nor more than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of a harm a word will do
To those who little know;
Remember, curses, sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home."
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.—*Madonna*.

♦♦♦

Mistakes in Teaching

It is a mistake to avoid the concrete in teaching. Wed the abstract with it, but always give the former precedence.

It is a great mistake to avoid the composition lesson in the lower classes.

It is a great mistake to imagine that the teaching of morality can only be done in the

Scripture lesson. Every act might be a sermon.

It is a mistake to give any nature study lesson without copious pictorial illustrations on the blackboard. We are not all artists, but however rough the drawing is, the children are interested in it.

It is a mistake not to try to co-operate with the home influence of the child. Encourage him to talk over his lessons with his parents.

It is a mistake to punish a child while in a temper. Stand him on one side, but see that he is punished if he deserves it. You will be far better able to judge when calm, and there is much less likelihood of insubordination.

It is a mistake to provide the objects for the object lessons yourself where the pupils could do it. Make a list of all the flowers, etc., brought, and promote a spirit of rivalry among them. Some successful teachers obtain specimens every day, keep a record, and give a small prize for the hardest worker in this respect.

It is a mistake to take anything from a child without saying "Thank you."

It is a mistake to gossip with your pupils.

It is a great mistake to have a favourite in the class.

It is a mistake to teach singing by playing over the air of the piano. Teach from the blackboard or books, by note. The piano is useful for accompaniments.

It is a mistake to teach hackneyed poetry. Encourage the love of literature by using best specimens of the standard authors.

It is a mistake to reprimand a pupil teacher, or other subordinate, before the class, and then expect that teacher to have respect shown him by his pupils.

It is a mistake to neglect beauty in the schoolroom. Beg, borrow or buy pictures, prints, flowers, etc., to brighten the walls.

Keep your eyes open for the numerous offers that many of the leading publishers make of supplying these things gratis.

—*Teacher's Aid.*

ooo

Parody on Hamlet's Soliloquy

To fly or not to fly: that is the question:
Whether 'tis better for a man to crawl
On the bipedal shanks the gods bestow
Or to make wings and fly through windy
space

At sixty miles an hour? To fly, to fall:
Aye, more: to break your blessed neck, and
end

These flying moments men call life—in Death.
When you have shuffled off this mortal coil,
And made mad mincemeat of your mimic
wings

It may be that you'll get a pair above—
It may be that you won't. Ah, there's the
rub.

For who would face the gusty, flawing wind,
The motor troubles and the petrol risks,
The numbéd fingers and the broken stays,
But for the hope that in that land beyond,
That bourne from which no aeronaut returns,
The problem of the air's a problem solved,
And men will fly as do the fowls of heaven?
To fly: to fall! To fall? perchance for aye;
For in that other world no wings may grow.
Or you may fall and fall as those who dream
And kick and shriek and find themselves abed!
Better to stay on earth than tempt the sky,
To tolerate our slow-paced, jog-trot legs,
The mode of motion tried and trusted long,
To traverse solid earth and fluid sea
By boat and rail and swiftly-moving car,
Than fly to regions that we know not of.
Thus danger doth make cowards of us all,
And human yearnings for high-flying feats
Are scotched and hampered by the fear to fall,
And lose the name of action.

—*Tit-Bits, Dec. 1911.*

A Judge's Sayings

There is nothing certain about a lawsuit except the expense of it.

It is needless to make the speech long because the case is weak.

A policeman is only a citizen dressed in blue clothes and brass buttons.

On appeal it is not sufficient that God knows a thing, but the record must show it.

Lawsuits are frequently ended without having determined anything except, possibly, the costs.

Woman has always been a favourite with equity, and it always throws its willing arms around her.

Those who shoot at their friends for amusement ought first to warn them that it is mere sport.

The quality of the advice of counsel may be such as to warrant the presumption that it was obtained gratis.

ooo

The will of Mr. Thomas Andrew Armstrong, of Pilot View, Harbour-road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, who died on June 23, aged 43, leaving personal estate in the United Kingdom valued at £ 1,359, of which £ 562 is in England, is as follows:—

“All earthly goods I have in store
To my dear wife I leave for evermore;
I freely give, no limit do I fix;
This is my will and she executrix.”

ooo

Oh, weep not for the dead!
Rather, oh rather give the tear
To those that darkly linger
When all besides are fled!
Weep for the spirit withering
In its cold, cheerless sorrowing;
Weep for the young and lovely one
That ruin darkly revels on;
But never be a tear-drop shed
For them—the pure, enfranchised dead.

ooo



OBITUARY

PETER LOUIS D'SOUZA, a student of the Sixth Form, died of the plague at the Municipal Segregation Camp at Urwa, on August 1st. His days at the College were marked by a rare aptitude for work. What adds a pathos to the untimely close of his life is that, within a few days of each other, his father and mother were carried off by the same fell disease.

EDMUND FERNANDEZ, for a short time a student of the Fifth Form, died of typhoid in Tellicherry on the 17th August.

CONSTANTINE GONSALVES died of the plague in Poona on October 24th. He was a student of the College in its pioneer days under the late Fr. Joseph Willy, S. J., from whom he received his first musical training. Of his pupil the Father used to say that in all his experience he had rarely come across one more musically gifted than Constantine. A regular professional education would doubtless have opened out to him a brilliant career. But he did not seem to have been fired with such an ambition, and we find him taking an ordinary College course right up to the graduation class. It was only in Bombay and latterly in Poona that he be-thought himself of turning his musical talents to good account. At the time of his death he was a teacher in St. Vincent's High School, Poona, and organist in the Cathedral. He leaves a widow and three children to mourn his loss.

R. I. P.