THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE

The Organ and Record of St. Aloysius' College

VOL. VI. No. 7 MANGALORE, 1925 Edited by M. Coelho, S. J.

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Rural Education

BY F. A. C. REBELLO

IN his admirable introduction to the *Catholic Directory of India* for 1925, Fr. Houpert has drawn attention to the great amount of illiteracy among the Catholic population of India. 80 per cent. are illiterate in spite of the fact that 20 per cent. of the Catholics live in towns and that our educational institutions are fairly strong in *towns*. We have Catholic colleges and convents in important centres, but the large mass of the Catholic population, living as they do in villages, suffer from neglect. The work of conversion and attendance to the spiritual needs of their flock leave the clergy little time for the education of the rural population. In almost all the dioceses village education is left to the Local Board Schools. The parish schools where they exist touch only the fringe of the problem.

This defect is deplorable especially under the present circumstances when the representatives of the people on the Municipal and Local Boards, and Provincial and Imperial Legislatures, are elected by the votes of the people. These representatives have in their hands the distribution of grants and the shaping of the educational policy of the areas under their charge. The illiteracy of our people has a direct bearing on their economic and social improvement, and it is our duty both as citizens and earners of wages to stimulate rural education and give it a direction for the good of the community.

It is no use crying over our defects. At the present moment when educational improvements are being considered in all directions and in all provinces and in all communities, it behoves Catholics to consider how the blot of illiteracy could be removed.

The very first step would be the creation in each diocese of an Educational Board with the Ordinary at the head, with a certain number of clerical and lay members and a Diocesan Inspector of Schools as secretary. These members should be selected for their fitness for the work in hand, either because they have had previous educational and administrative experience or because they are actually employed in educational work or because they are in a position to organize the financial and other resources of the diocese. It is true

that the Catholic population in several of the Indian dioceses is so small that a large Board would be unnecessary. The numerical strength of the Board may be fixed in proportion to the population to be educated, remembering that schools are one of the agencies for conversion and that the backward and depressed classes specially need schools in their midst even though they are not Catholics.

The next step would be for this Board to study the local conditions of various places and the question of ways and means by enlisting the sympathies of the Govt. Local Bodies, the local parish priest and the local landlords. The aptitude and the intellectual standard of the population will likewise have to be considered. The Board should then prepare a scheme of primary education in the different villages and make arrangements for raising the necessary personnel. For primary schools the scholarship required is not much, but every teacher should have some training either in a Govt. or Local Board or special missionary institution. The most convenient course would be to take advantage of all the Govt. and Local Board scholarships and send the young men to public Training Institutions, but to arrange for a separate boarding house for them. Thus the cost of maintaining them will be less and they will get the stamp of the best institution available and will also be brought under religious influences, so that in their spare moments in their after life they could utilize their religious zeal in the interest of conversions. Religious Brotherhoods are the best, but it is not given to many of us to make the sacrifices required for a sacred calling. It will then be possible to have a number of trained teachers in the diocese whose presence in the schools will entitle the institution to maximum grants.

It is too much the fashion to have a school in each parish and as near as possible to the parish church. Very often it happens that the parish churches are not built in the centres of population and there are several populous villages where the schools are at the mercy of the School Board. It should however be our endeavour to have a school in every village where some Catholics reside, so that even if the Catholic children are not enough to support a Catholic school, the presence of other children will entitle the school to the prescribed grants.

Apparently this would mean a competition with Local Board schools. It is not disguised that there would be some sort of competition; but the very existence of Catholic education, under the present circumstances, depends on this competition honourable to both parties. The Local Board can save a good portion of the expenditure which would otherwise have to be incurred, while with two-thirds of the expenditure the diocesan authorities can maintain the school and carry on the duties of religious instruction.

The calling of a primary school teacher, though a very honourable one, does not attract the most promising men, and if we depend only on men to staff our schools, the work will soon grow beyond our means. Both on economic grounds and as a profession for our young ladies and widows, the organization of a ladies' teaching service is necessary. In this work the convents should assist. The training given in our convent training institutions is top-heavy. The teachers turned out are fit to take charge of schools in towns, but their ideas are hardly in keeping with village life. The training institution should therefore be in a rural area where the parents and the children are familiarised with their future life.

Agriculture is our staple industry, yet what instruction do our teachers get in that subject? In certain villages and among certain communities, for instance among weavers, the

instruction given should have a reference to their future calling. When parents find that their children take an interest in their every-day work, they will naturally appreciate the education given and the school-master and the school-mistress will be among the most appreciated members of society.

As the organization of primary education proceeds, the need for secondary education will be more and more felt. It is therefore desirable to have a few High Schools in the most convenient areas. But for this purpose we need not have special secondary schools of our own.

It is the present day tendency to educate all our children to a stage higher than the primary. This has the result of creating a number of discontented youths too proud to work with their hands and too poor to continue their studies to the full High School stage. The consequence of this is an emigration of half-educated youths unfit for any definite calling. The remedy for this disease is manual education even in the primary stage. A small garden or a small workshop should be attached to each primary school, and a larger one to a High School, and the pupils should be encouraged to show the results of their work.

I do not understand the present outcry against Board Schools. As long as we get the prescribed grants, say two-third or three-fourth, the budget of the school should be so arranged as to make up the deficit from other sources. The parents in the villages are always anxious to educate their children, and if properly approached, are most willing to contribute in kind or cash. One may give a piece of land, another some timber, and a third tiles and so on. Towards the expenses of maintenance, the villagers would be glad to contribute an anna or two a month, or a rupee a year. If they are encouraged to organize themselves into educational societies, the difficulty of proper management for each school would soon be solved, as the contributors would be in a position to select the fittest men among them to see to the administration of the school. A federation at head-quarters of such a network of societies will secure the necessary control and supervision. The whole army of the laity will thus be mobilized and the clergy will have more time to attend to religious ministrations.

To some people societies are a bugbear. The tendency of the Church is to encourage them so long as they are under proper ecclesiastical guidance. Bishop Schrembs of the United States has made a speciality of these and it is due to his initiative that as an encouragement to social organizations a special Directory has been prepared in Rome. May we not imitate in India the social organizations of America and Europe? 'Indians are not Americans,' it is said. But is the Catholic Church in America different from that in India, and are Indians to be debarred from rising to the level of the American institutions?

The urgent need of the hour is a religious order which will take up rural education as a speciality and train up indigenous material to take up the work. The Salesians of Don Bosco have successfully tackled this question in other parts of the world. Why should they be relegated to the Assam Hill Tracts, and not be encouraged to open one or two institutions on the West Coast, specially in Bombay and Malabar, from which they could make their influence felt in other parts of India? The Daughters of Our Lady Help of Christians would find most congenial work in the villages of Salsette and Bassein, in North and South Kanara, and in Malabar, where the material for training is going to waste for want of appropriate organization.

In religious orders provision is made for the old age of the teachers. It will be

necessary to create a Benevolent Insurance or Provident Fund for lay teachers in order to provide for their old age. This would have the effect of steadying the teaching staff and making them more faithful to the cause they have undertaken. This Provident Fund may be supervised by the Diocesan Educational Board.

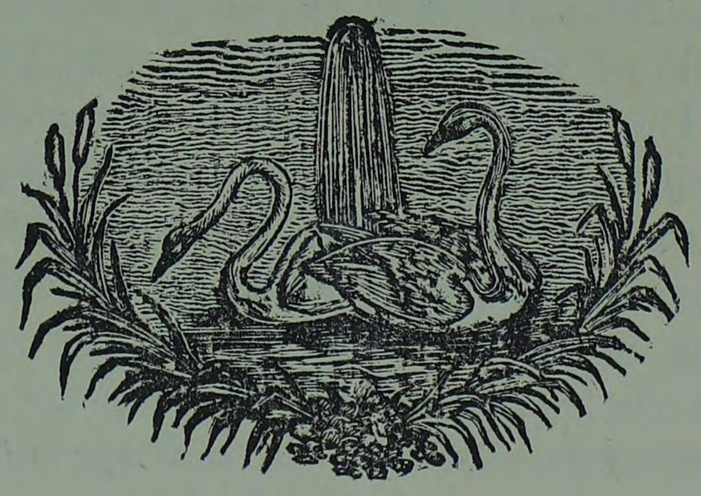
As a stimulant to good work it would be desirable to foster inter-village games, literary competitions and periodical conferences of the diocesan teachers. An annual retreat followed by discussions on subjects of interest would quicken the intelligence of the backward and lead to the real organization of an educational service.

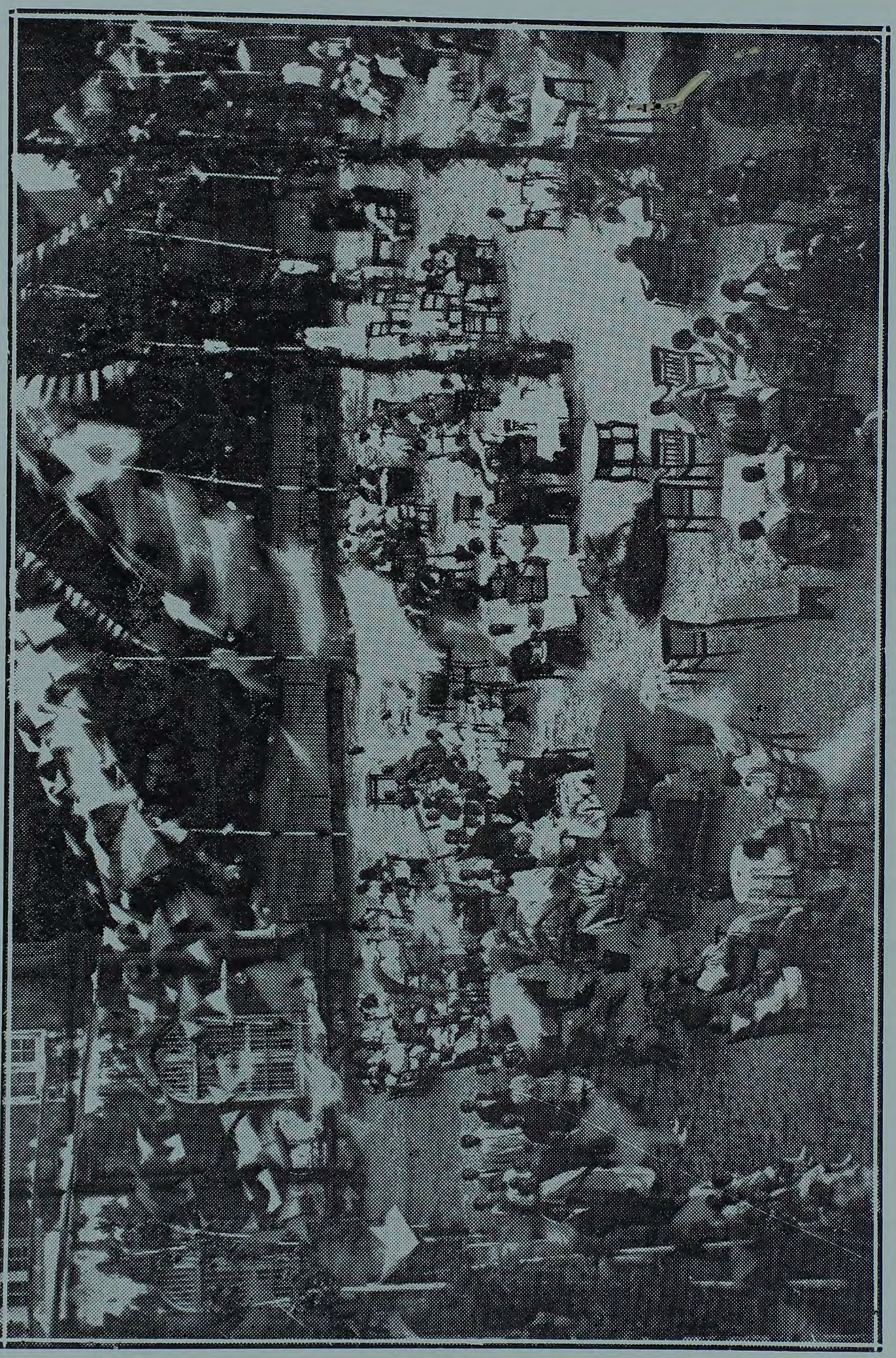
My Life

MY life is but a weaving
Between my God and me;
I may not choose the colours—
He worketh steadily.

Full oft he weaveth sorrow,
And I in foolish pride,
Forget—He sees the upper,
And I, the under side.

Father Tabb.





Garden Party in honour of His Excellency the Visitor Apostolic

Memories of Culoor

BY JOS. JUNGHENN

TO have known Father Muller was to have heard of Culoor, and if one were a *persona grata* with him an invitation to that place was sure to follow. For Father Muller, Culoor was the ideal place to spend the hot days of April and May. Others may prefer the Mukh or any other place, but for him, Culoor was most suitable for his health. A bit of coueism might have crept into his partiality for the place, but no doubt the excellent swimming in salt water to be had there, and the long reaches of the river that afforded unlimited sailing and rowing had much to do with his liking for the place. Good Father Muller being an expert swimmer was passionately fond of the water, and, with good reason, prided himself on his ability to captain and sail a boat.

When I first arrived in Mangalore I did not know how to swim and so I was not allowed to accompany his boating excursions as "he had no room in his boat for a landlubber." The true reason was that he was a bit reckless at times, and he knew it, and he did not wish any one to be placed in a dangerous situation. So I was obliged to learn the art of swimming, and when I was able to kick my legs free of the ground I was allowed to join the adventurous doings of Father Muller and his heterogeneous crew.

Father Muller used to spend the Culoor season in the house of the parish priest, but after a few years he persuaded my father to build a house for us, and following his own fancy and tastes, he built the strange open shed-like building that was airy, if nothing else. As regular as clockwork the day after Easter would see Father Muller and his *entourage* appear at Culoor, and there we would remain until the break of the rains.

Father Muller's great delight was sailing on the river. In a clinker-built jolly-boat we used to leave every afternoon at 3 o'clock, and return, when? That was known only to the gods. At times it was literally plain sailing, but at others, when the imp of mischief was working we had a time of it. There was never a fixed plan. We went as far as the captain's fancy would take us. Then came the question of returning home. Calculations were never made about the wind falling or the tide being against us. If any such event happened we simply had to take to the oars. Rowing is a pleasant and healthy exercise. But when it is against wind and tide, and in the dark night, as it very often used to be, it is no more an exercise you can look upon as exhilarating. Grumbling and subdued laughter were often heard among the crew, and the old man at the tiller would pretend not to hear, or he would smile and pass down platitudes. Never say die. Nothing is impossible to an American. (He prided in being an American, from *Noo* York). On one occasion we had gone as far as the Gurpur ferry when we had to turn back, as there was not enough water for the boat. The tide and wind were dead against us, and without reefing sail, Father Muller was determined to turn the boat round. Easier said than done. Some one tried to expostu-

late. There was no room to tack. Might as well have spoken to the wind that was blowing. We tried and nearly courted a disaster, until it was plain that we should have recourse to the ways of ordinary folks, bring down the sail and take to the oars. Then some one gave out the great aphorism that was repeated for many a day, that one could not go against the elements.

One afternoon we had sailed down the river as far as the Sultan's Battery. As the sun went down we turned homewards. It was a glorious sail. The wind astern and a flowing tide. I was told to be the lookout. So with my bare legs dangling in the water I sat astride the bow of the boat. The sound of the water rushing past us as we went racing along gave us an idea of the speed we were going. Darkness came on, lights began to appear in the hamlets on the banks of the river. After a short while I noticed that although we were going on at a fair rate a bright light on the bank seemed to be stationary. I brought to the notice of my neighbour this strange phenomenon. After a brief consultation we found out that the boat had struck a sand-bank, and although the sail was fully bent we were practically at a standstill. The sound of the rushing water was caused by the tide rushing past us. We were unaware that the *tide had turned*. When the state of affairs was brought to the notice of the old man, there was an explosion, not unexpected on my part, and the peace that reigned all the evening was followed by a storm in the boat. Many were the compliments that were hurled at my poor head on account of my incompetency. All of us had to go overboard and take a hand at pulling the boat across the sand-bank. Rather an inglorious ending of a pleasant outing. My companions did not spare me, and I came in for a good deal of good-humoured abuse. It was all in the day's work. It was a rule among us to go boating dressed in the oldest clothes we had, as we never knew when there would be an upset or when we would be called upon to drag the boat through shallow waters.

Of course, there were times when we youngsters would have liked to go by ourselves, away from the eagle eye of the old man. That was not always easy, but I soon learnt a way to get out of the difficulty. I used to give Father Muller a few of my boys' story books, and the old man used to be quite taken up with them. If he took up a volume of the *Boys' Own Annual* and start on a serial story it was hard for him to break off, and it was certain that when the time came for boating he would give us permission to go by ourselves, and he would remain at home. On one such occasion I, for some reason or another, had remained at home. After the company had left the house I waited for a long time to see if I could observe the boat pass within the view of the house. Nearly half an hour passed and finally one of the culprits, wet and bedraggled, came up the hillside. Although he tried to escape the notice of the old man, he was caught, and after a few incoherent sentences the whole story came out. They had all got into the boat at the landing stage, when some one, how and when no one could say, must have made a false movement, and in the twinkling of an eye, the whole outfit was in the water, and the keel of the boat turned towards the sky. Of course, there was a fearful row. Much was said of people who could not be trusted to be left alone without some mischief taking place. I had every sympathy with the unfortunates, as the boat on that occasion was not the ship's boat but a country dugout, made, not by orthodox boat-builders, but by the famous carpenter of Father Muller who was always ready to do anything that was asked of him by the old man. Well, this

dugout *was* a dugout, without shape or style. It simply rolled on the water. But it was the pride of the owner. Every mother is proud of her child.

One day Father Muller and my father with only two of us went a-rowing. The boat was anchored in the middle of the river in order that we might have a swim. The two elders were in the water at some distance, swimming and talking, and we two youngsters were left to come out at our leisure. Then of a sudden, a gust of wind came along, and, before we knew where we were, both of us were in the river, and the boat half filled with water. We looked at each other amazed at the state of things, and seeing the ludicrous situation, both of us started laughing. Father Muller turned round and saw, and, of course, there was a breeze, almost cyclonic. My father took the matter good-humouredly, but remarked that he had only one hat to go back to Madras, and that hat happened to be floating on the water in the boat. The water had to be baled out of the boat, but, unfortunately, there was nothing with which to do the work. So I started with my shoes. My father remarked that it was a good thing that I had a father who could supply me with shoes. To this day I do not know how the affair took place, but Father Muller would have it that it was due to the mischievous propensities of myself and my companion. These supposed traits very often got us both into hot water in after years.

One year a batch of the College Fathers came to spend a few days at Culoor, and I was invited to remain with Father Muller. There were no adventurous doings during those days, but one day I got into a rather serious scrape, if you will so call it. One afternoon, just before dinner, we were, as usual swimming in the river. There was a rock not far from the shore that one could just touch with one's toes when the tide was high. That time the tide was coming up and I went to the rock and managed to find a resting place for my feet. Father Moore, who was a proficient swimmer, was near me, and I shouted to him to come to my resting place. He started to come, having the tide against him. Half ways, he seemed to make no progress and I could see that he happened to be in some difficulty. With a shout I swam to him, and, giving him my hand, we both came safely to shore, which was barely two yards away. I got a wigging from the old one for tempting a man to do a foolhardy thing. Fancy, a youngster tempting a grown-up! Such is life.

Life at Culoor was a happy one. We had unlimited bathing and swimming in clean salt water. At noon before dinner, and in the evening before supper, we would spend an hour or so larking, and, often we had to be forced to leave the water. At times the evening boating and sailing outings were really peaceful and pleasant. On moonlight nights we would be for hours on the water, resting on our oars, and allowing the boat to drift with the tide. We would then chat and laugh, passing an interesting time. Our voices would often burst forth into song, and many a time, the surrounding country would hear familiar hymns and litanies rise up in the cool evening air. The days would be spent in harmless amusements of whatever kind, and when the fates were propitious, we had shooting parties in the neighbouring hills and fields. Although we were well off and contented we were always on the lookout for the first signs of the monsoon, when black clouds on the South-West would announce that the long looked-for rains were coming. Father Muller used always to pretend that the rains were far away, and with his usual insistence, would wait till the day arrived when he could no longer remain at Culoor, when the wind would drive the rain right

through the house. Then we would turn homewards joyfully. The stay of the few weeks there at Culoor, though irksome at times, made us feel all the better for it and the continual contact of a number of persons of different tastes and characters in a house did much in smoothing down the rough points of each one of us, and the old man knew it.

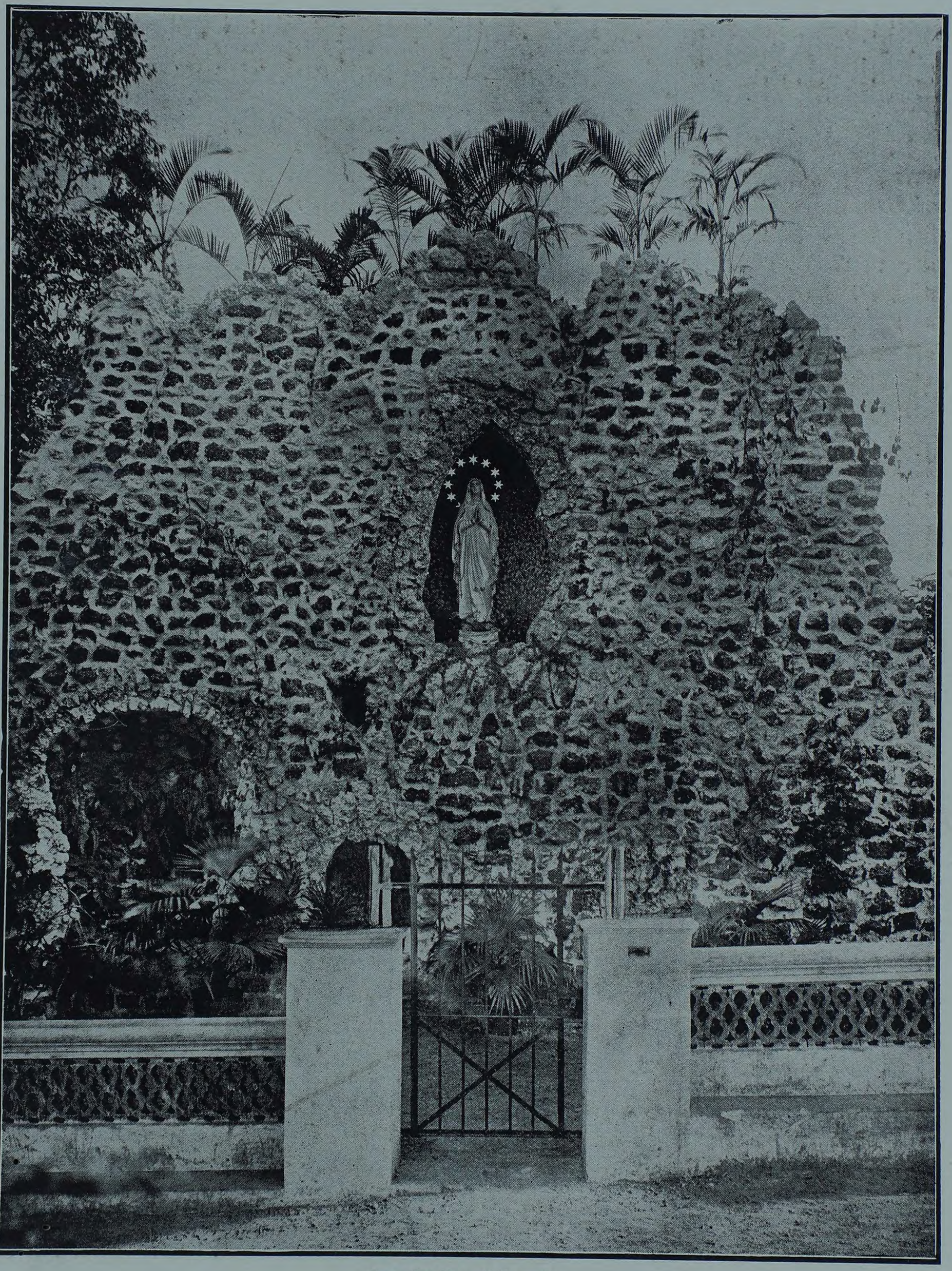
Faith

IF I can hold within my heart,
Through all the passing years,
My faith and trust in God and man
In spite of frets and fears,

If I can struggle through the maze
Of grief and doubt and woe,
And keep within my tortured soul
This radiant light aglow,

I will find life much sweeter here,
And at its close for me,
Faith's shining light will guide my soul
Across the eternal sea.

Katherine Edelman.



Our Grotto of Lourdes

A Praelectio on Chaucer's Prologue

BY THE REV. JOSEPH SEQUEIRA, S. J.

THE *Praelectio* is the characteristic feature of the Jesuit method of instruction; not that it was invented by the Jesuits, not that it is exclusively theirs; but it has ever been in vogue among them as answering their purpose, which is *education*—far removed from, almost the antithesis of, much that masquerades under that name.

The basal principle of the *Praelectio* is the direct action of the teacher's mind on the *mind* of the taught. Its object is to stimulate *thought*, to draw the pupil's mind out (*educere*, educate). Thought develops judgment, and judgment forms character. Hence, if I comprehend all knowledge and have not judgment, it profiteth me nothing. And therefore is it to be desired that the men our Colleges send forth be remarkable not so much for *having* something (be it knowledge or piety, though these are good,) but for *being* something *i. e.* men of sound judgment, men who think. This is the quickening spirit of Jesuit education.

Two directions which St. Ignatius has laid down in the Spiritual Exercises, for the spiritual life, hold just as well, in the intellectual life, and press home our argument: (1) that a single thought that the exercitant finds out for himself is more precious than many which he has borrowed from others through reading or instruction; and (2) that it is not a flood of new ideas hastily acquired, but the full intent of a word or a work grasped, relished, absorbed, that nourishes and satisfies (even examiners!). It is the '*inner tasting*' of a thought that makes a mind.

By way of introduction, it may be worthwhile to observe that though we are now primarily concerned with Chaucer's *Prologue*, it is nevertheless impossible to separate this piece from the whole of which it is a part; that in a *Praelectio* one should hear as much as one can of the poet's own words, for good literature works better on the mind than any second-hand information; and further, that Chaucer must be studied both on the national side, for one cannot understand Chaucer aright unless one knows the men he wrote for and the men whom he made speak, and on the personal side, for literature being so very personal, one cannot understand it until one has some personal understanding of the men who wrought it. So the *praelector* should talk the subject into the students till they are *taken up* with it themselves and *think* about it with relish. To expatiate on Chaucer would be superfluous. Dryden declared him the Father of English Poetry; and we need not quarrel with Dryden, for, waiving aside the early "rym doggerel"—which is not Poetry,—and *Beowulf*—which is not strictly 'English,'—English Poetry begins with Chaucer.

The Prologue to The Canterbury Tales is the topic of our discourse. It is remarkable how intimately the *Prologue* and the *Tales* are bound up; they comment on and complete

each other. The *Prologue* gives each tale its full narrative and pictorial effect. In the *Prologue* we have the plan of the whole work sketched, the characters delineated and the 'action' set on foot.

A *Praelectio* must start with an argument. "Here beginneth the Book of the Tales of Canterbury," says Chaucer. The *Prologue* explains the occasion and the circumstances that led to the Pilgrimage and to the Tales. It opens with a description. Listen to Chaucer:

"Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale fowle maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open ye,
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages):
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.....

In that season, it happened that Chaucer fell in with a motley party of pilgrims on their way to Canterbury, as he lay, one night, at the Tabard in Southwark.

"But natheles, while I have tyme and space,
Er that I further in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
To telle yow al the condicioun
Of ech of hem,.....
And at a knight than wol I first biginne."

Following up this intent, Chaucer paints, in life-like colour, this gay company of 'nyne and twenty of sondry folk.' This ended, as he has

"told you shortly, in a clause,
Th'estat, th'array, the nombre, and eek the cause
Why that assembled was this companye"

he thinks

"now is tyme to yow for to telle
How that we baren us that ilke night
Whan we were in that hostelrye alight,"

and he tells us what happened there, that night.

The host's heart glowed within him at the sight of such company; he warmed up to the occasion.

"Greet chere made our hoste us everichon,
And to the soper sette us anon;
And served us with vitaille at the beste."

After supper, he drew nigh to talk and to amuse:

"I ne saugh this yeer so mery a companye
At ones in this herberwe as is now.
Fayn wolde I doon yow mirthe, wiste I how."

Suddenly he hits upon a bright idea. He unfolds his plan with as much ado as a hen might make on a new-laid egg.

"Lordinges.....
This is the poynt, to speken short and pleyn,
That ech of yow, to shorte with your weye,
In this viage, shal telle tales tweye,
To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so,
And hom-ward he shal tellen othere two."

But he is less disinterested than he appears to be:

"And which of yow that bereth him best of alle,
. . . . . .
Shal have a soper at our aller cost
Here in this place,.....

He offers to accompany them: the more the merrier. Again the wine goes round; and they retire.

Next morning,

"..whan that day bigan to springe,
Up roos our host, and was our aller cok,
And gadrede us togidre, alle in a flok,
And forth we riden,....."

Soon the host halts:

"Lat see now who shal telle the firste tale."

So they draw lots; the lot falls to the knight.

"And with that word we riden forth our weye;
And he bigan with right a mery chere
His tale anon, and seyde in this manere."

'Here endeth the prolog of this book;' and here begin the *Canterbury Tales*.

The *Prologue* is a masterpiece. Its descriptions are delightful; it is so cheery;

and its style (a dangerous word!) is so surprisingly simple withal. Besides, note Chaucer's keen observation when, for instance, he mentions "the smale fowle, That slepen al the night with open yë;" or when he is careful to inform us that the Host waxed lively only

"Whan that we hadde maad our rekeninges."

But Chaucer's great triumph is in describing man: there he is at his best.

Consider the men and women he brings to life before our eyes. First comes the knight, a worthy man.

"He was a verray parfit gentil knight."

And then the Monk,

"A manly man, to been an abbot able,"

who heeded not the saying

"that a monk, whan he is cloisterlees,
Is lykned til a fish that is waterlees;"

and who

"Lat Austin have his swink (*i. e.* work) to him reserved."

In fine,

"He was a lord ful fat and in good point."

A Clerk there was of Oxenford also, whom

"was lever have at his beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
Than robes riche....."

A man of few words, and those "ful of hy sentence."

"And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

The Persoun (Parson) alone comes in for unstinted praise; he is Chaucer's model shepherd of Christ's flock.

Poor,

"But riche he was of holy thoght and werk."

His parish was wide; yet he failed not

"In siknes nor in meschief, to visyte
The ferreste in his parisshe, muche and lyte,
Up-on his feet, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte."

For he was wont to ask himself

"That if gold ruste, what shall iren do?"

Reluctantly I pass by the Nonne

"That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy;"

the Frere, who lisped

"To make his English swete upon his tonge;"

the Frankeleyn "who was Epicurus owne sone;" the Doctor of Phisik, who

"For gold in phisik is a cordial,
Therefore he lovede gold in special;" (naughty Chaucer!)

and the Summoner, of whom Chaucer, chuckling to himself the while, remarks:

"And whán that hé wel drónken hádde the wýn,
(note the smooth music of the verse)
Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn,"—

a practice not wholly unknown even in our day;—and the rest of that jovial company at the Tabard in Southwark that April night.

The principal charm of the *Prologue* and of the *Tales* lies in the characters; they live and move with the dialogue. Chaucer gives free play to his dramatic power; and with sure dramatic instinct he fixes upon a journey, and a pilgrimage too, when men are most themselves, (sine fuco ac fallaciis)—which is therefore calculated to bring out his characters in bold relief—for the setting of his poem.

Imperceptibly, behind it all, the figure of Chaucer himself has crept into our minds—Chaucer, the incomparable story-teller, who believed that

"Who-so shal telle a tale after a man,
He moot reherce, as ny as ever he can,
Everich a word, if it be in his charge;"

bright and joyous Chaucer, ready-witted, keen of observation, with an infections good humour, and above all, with a kindly interest in man and a genuine sympathy for him, notwithstanding an occasional poke at his foibles, for

"He may nat spare, al-thogh he were his brother;"

and the mischievous twinkle in his eye—Merry Chaucer!

Pray consider, in passing, how full of life is poetry; how personal, how very human is all literature,—so our taste be not vitiated,

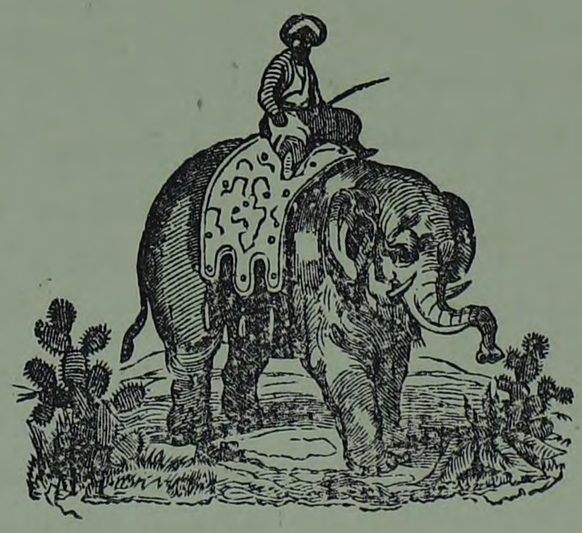
and our mind's eye be not too dull to perceive it.

We may now append a few remarks, gleaned by the way. This would seem to be their proper place, their interest and importance being secondary, not primary. And those books on criticism—often poor superficial second-hand stuff—that crop up like the warriors, in the fable, from the dragon's teeth, and are shot out upon the student world from every corner of our Presidency and beyond it; books that while saving the young their due of labour, draw away their attention from the essential, the thing that matters,—the work of art—to fix their mind on notes and annotations to be swallowed down, enfeebling their minds, unfitting them to think, disabling them to answer a few plain questions in an examination, are egregiously wrong and misleading.

Let us hasten back to the *Prologue*. The verse is highly musical and gives unfailing pleasure in the reading; the decasyllabic couplets are not monotonous. The language is clearly transitional; it is Chaucer who gave shape to its limbs—both Saxon and French—and formed it. Again, the *Tales* are the product of their times, and mirror them faithfully; which fits in well with a remark thrown out at the outset about the historical side of literature. All England is Catholic to the core, though there are abuses—when were there not? Friàrs and Monks are held in high honour. Society is feudal, wherefore the Knight takes precedence over all others. Foreign influence is patent, Italian and French especially, whether in the words, or in the themes, or in the metre.

Dryden voiced an objection to reading Chaucer: How few can read Chaucer so as to understand him? How few, may we not add, to enjoy him? The chief difficulties are in the grammar, in the accents, and even in the spelling. Some broad hints may be useful: the vowels a, e, i, o, u, are open, as in Latin; the consonants are as in Old English, e. g. the guttural aspirate "ght" as in German; "r" is strongly trilled as in Scotch. The accents are generally on the last syllable, as in French.

Most of us are familiar with Bacon's words: Studies serve for delight; and studies in literature, above all, we feel, ought to serve for delight. But *do* they, indeed in the way they are generally conducted? It might be put to our Under-graduates; and may be, they will not let Bacon's dictum pass unchallenged.



Going to Canterbury

Brother Bastian Proposes

Shembaganoor, June 3, 1925.

Dear Father Editor,

I was admitted here as a novice on the feast of St. Stanislas. I am quite happy. It is a fine day as I am writing and a villa day too. Br. Justin went out for a long walk with two other scholastics early in the morning—they call it *prima profectio*. Lay-brothers have no villa, but they have more free time and so I asked Father Master's permission to write to the editor of the *Mangalore Magazine*. He looked daggers at me. "What do you take yourself for?" he asked. "A lay-brother writing to an editor!" "I don't mean a literary contribution, Father," said I. "I only mean to place before him a proposal relating to our College which Br. Justin made to me when we were out for a walk to Perumal. The scheme is so pretty and so easy of execution that the editor has but to mention it in his next issue. "*Bien, Bien,*" said the Master softening down and suffusing his beard with a pinch of snuff—you know how I have hated that article ever since my crash in Bombay, but then one has to put up with many such trifles in the novitiate; "let this be the first and the last time you ask for such a permission. Go." This stiffness is but put on to try the novices. For Fr. Master loves us all like a mother, and whatever may be the use of a snub for a young man like Br. Justin, an old screw like Bastian can see through it all as clear as crystal.

"But who is this Br. Justin?" you will ask. It is the same that wanted to marry my niece Natalie and shoot me. When I last wrote for your paper, I called him Barkis just for the fun of it and also because I was afraid he might feel I had betrayed his confidence. But less than fun or fear has changed a name. Rhyme has done it. I remember an epitaph in a corner of the Sewri cemetery—

Here lie the bones
Of Dhoby Jones.
His name was Smith,
We called him Jones
To rhyme with bones.

Justin may now have his own name as I am not writing these scrappy notes for your Magazine. For goodness' sake, don't let them into print. If you do, I might get a *dicitur culpa* i. e. a public reprehension in the refectory. Before coming to Justin's proposal I think I'd better give you a bit of his history that you may understand his real character and value his plan the better. You remember the diamond necklace he had meant as his first gift to Natalie. He had taken quite seriously my suggestion that it should be sent to the Poor Girls Marriage-Aid Fund, and brought me the jewel the next day that I might send it in my name. But it was a job to reach my cottage in Bijei for all the directions I had given him. In particular I had cautioned him against treading on Isparasbai's brinjals. But is it any use talking of such things to a gentleman and scholar who has put in terms at Oxford and who might have ridden by the side of the Red Cross Knight? Isparasbai was angry. If only Justin had said, "*Tchukloñ Maushe,*"

all would have been well. Instead of doing so he just touched his Curzon hat. It seems this is considered at Oxford a universal apology for all blunders of life. But has Isparasbai ever seen a Curzon hat? Her ire rose at what she thought was utter indifference on the part of her reckless trespasser, and she abused him worse than the witch in Macbeth. Poor Justin was quite red in the face as he held out his hand to me on reaching my house. I told him it was not enough to be deep in Shakespeare—he must be a little more practical in daily life. Fr. Torris too was deep in theology but not equally deep in buying and selling. When he was Vicar at Tellicherry he found the milk at breakfast every morning so profusely baptized that he thought it best to have a cow at home. He went to the market himself and bought a fine cow. But when the sexton went to milk her the next morning, he discovered she was a bull.

Handing me the necklace was but a small part of Justin's business. "Then let us both fly to the Seminary!" had he said to me at our first interview, the moment he saw I was no stranger to the wound he smarted under. I had thought it might be no more than a passing whim—how many a heart-broken swain has dreamt of the Seminary and yet been prosperously married within six months! But Justin was made of sterner stuff. "Do you think I could make a good priest?" said he with charming frankness. To be a humble lay-brother was all the ambition of *my* heart, and here was an Oxford man treating me as his Fr. Confessor. But I was not dismayed. Was not St. Alphonsus Rodriguez helpful to St. Peter Claver in maturing the vast plans of his apostolate in America? And might not Bastian be instrumental in fitting Justin to do great things in Mangalore? The latest issue of the *Konkni Dirven* was lying on the table before me. "Have you read this notice?" said I, handing the paper to Justin. He read: "A three-days Closed Retreat for Men will be given in St. Joseph's Seminary. It begins on Friday next." "You mean to say this Retreat will help me to settle my vocation?" he asked. "Yes, my friend," I answered; "nothing like the calm and the seclusion of a Retreat to settle a grave matter. Vocation is not an affair to rush through in a transient hour of gloom created by a nightingale's flight into a convent and accentuated by Isparasbai's shower of billingsgate. I intend going to the Retreat myself, though my own decision is already taken. I'll be glad to take you with me."

To the Retreat both of us went. "A slice of the Garden of Eden"—that is how the poetic soul of Justin summed up his description of the Retreat. Quite so; but there was one difference. In the Garden of Eden there were no mischievous young people to play pranks on Adam and Eve. Please ask the Fr. Rector of the Seminary to arrange a separate Retreat for *youngsters* and to put them under strict discipline. The idea of reopening all the rents in my *kutaũm* which Natalie had so neatly darned, when I had gone down for my coffee—and that only because I am a jolly good fellow who never gets angry! Luckily Br. Visvanathan came to my rescue with his deft needle and a hand shaking more with pity than age. Who was the Moplah who said, "Don't bury me where you bury children?"

But for that rift in the lute, the three days at the Seminary were, both for body and soul, days of golden music. Justin was just in the Retreat when he seemed to be another man. The change went on deepening with time. On the evening of the third day I met him coming out of Fr. Zarolino's room where he had been in close conference for an hour and a half. I thought of the Transfiguration on Mount Tabor. He took no notice of me but



IV University Class—History Section, 1925



IV University Class—Mathematics Section, 1925

went straight to the chapel. I followed him—God pardon my curiosity. The sobs that welled up from his heart and broke his prayer of *Sume, Domine, et suscipe,*—the prayer that culminates the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius! I knew what had passed in his soul these three days. It was not yet time to see him. I would wait.

His instincts of a poet led Justin during the after-supper recess to the spacious lawn behind the grotto of Lourdes. 'If you will view that meadow right, go, visit it by pale moonlight.' As I opened the wicket to enter, I was suddenly arrested as by an invisible force. The ground appeared to me too sacred to tread on. At a distance of about forty yards, bathed in the soft effulgence of the moon stood Justin leaning against the wall, his face turned towards the imposing edifice of the Carmelite monastery. In accents of the deepest emotion he was reciting a noble strain of verse which only half reached me, but with which I thought I was familiar. Gradually his voice rose like a steam of rich perfume and I clearly caught the thrilling words of *The Hound of Heaven:*—

They beat and a voice beat
More instant than the feet—
"All things betray thee who betrayest me."

And you would have thought he was actually clasping the hand of the Divine Lover as with a quaver on the verge of ecstasy he ran through the last notes of the diapason :—

Halts by me that footfall :
Is my gloom after all,
Shade of his hand outstretched caressingly?
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest
me."

When the rapture was ended and Justin's face wore a more human look, I emerged out of the dark shade in which I was hidden.

"O Bastian, is that you?" Justin began.

"I hope I am not trespassing on your privacy?" said I.

"Not at all."

"Well, how do you like this place?"

"O, don't talk of it. There's no place like this on earth. I have walked the cloisters of Oxford where Walter Pater sauntered alone refining his over-refined periods. I thought it the climax of felicity then. But how all my previous experience pales beside the happiness I feel to-night!"

"Why, I didn't know moonlight and meadow's green could have such charms for you."

"Yes, when the heart is all for God."

"And your heart is all for God?"

"Thank God it is! Fr. Zarolino has solved the problem you dared not solve. One thing alone grieves me. To leave her—perhaps never to see her again..." And here a dark cloud flitted across Justin's face.

"What!" said I. "Still harping on my niece?"

"No, Bastian," said Justin with a blush. "Hamlet harps no more on Ophelia. I am thinking of my poor mother. It is not a year since my father died. Lucy is to be married in a couple of months. True little Georgie and Mary will still be left to mother. But will she be able to bear in her shattered state of health the departure of her eldest son whom she dotes on?"

"But here at the Seminary she can see you as often as she chooses."

"The Seminary is not to hold me beyond to-day. I intend climbing up to the Jesuit novitiate of Shembaganoor with you. The sooner we go the better."

After a slight pause Justin continued: "But what power Fr. Zarolino has to console and comfort! Those simple words uttered with an accent all his own—'Do you think Jesus did not feel His separation from his

mother?'—these words hearten me wonderfully."

The news was a terrible shock to Ritabai; but she was too good a Christian Mother to oppose her son's vocation. The only favour she asked for and obtained, not from Justin whose ebullient fervour would have carried him to Shembaganoor by the next train, but from Fr. Superior was that her son should not leave her before her daughter was married. Whether this permission was granted for good or evil, you will judge for yourself in the light of subsequent events. For after all Bijei is Bijei and Farnil is Farnil. But who can read into the fûture?

It happened this way. One afternoon when Ritabai's asthma was troubling her more than usual, I told Justin that my aunt had a specific for the ailment which had worked wonders in our quarter. Justin instantly ordered his *Fiat* and in five minutes we were both at my aunt's. The good woman had never stepped into a motor car, much less entertained the idea of being asked to doctor to an aristocratic lady of Farnil. But ever since she had heard from me on whom Justin had chosen to rest his eyes in preference to all the heiresses in Hindustan, she had felt for him like a fond grandmother. She had no doubt he must be a perfect jewel of a youth endowed with the most princely qualities of heart and mind. And if the son was such a pearl, how pearly must be the mother that gave him birth? Providence was now offering my aunt an excellent opportunity of seeing all that for herself. After the usual *porpont* which in such cases is considered an essential mark of good breeding in Bijei, my aunt arrayed herself with the best *saree* in her wardrobe—the very *saree* I had sent her from Bombay ever so long ago—and followed Justin into the car. The drive from her house to Justin's took only three minutes, but before the chauffeur had pulled up they were *vodlimaiñ* and *puta* to each other.

Such was the all-conquering personality of my aunt that within twenty-four hours her sway over Justin's house was as complete as that of Mrs. Mackenzie over Clive Newcome's. But whereas Clive could just forbear shooting his mother-in-law, Justin seemed to revel in his might-have-been-grand-mother-in-law's absolute monarchism. Owing to his mother's illness he had feared there might be disorder in the house on the occasion of Lucy's wedding, and he thanked Heaven for the Strong Woman's timely intervention. The marvellous effect of my aunt's specific on Ritabai filled her heart with gratitude and transferred the keys from her hand to her physician's. Lucy was too busy with the puffs and pomatums, the attars and lavenders that the buxom engineer of Musulipatam sent her, to resent the change in domestic government, while Mary was too young to understand it. Not so Georgie. In spite of his mischievous tendencies the boy was passionately fond of his mother and hated to see another woman queening it in her place. "Mamma, mamma, send that *nadkarn* away," would Georgie say ten times a day. But his mother had only one way of meeting all the boy's protests—she would curve her forefinger on her lip and smile unperturbed. Gradually the endless variety of exquisite *ladu* that my aunt made for the children day after day won over even Georgie's heart. No wonder they did, for his mother's health had obliged her practically to retire from the kitchen, and Lucy was a hopelessly clumsy hand at matters culinary. Indeed Georgie had never felt any esteem for his elder sister. He knew the lozenges she occasionally gave him were not made by her but bought from Moidin Kutti. Just once Lucy had tried her hand at *peraad* and then Georgie had thrown it out of the window and my aunt had proclaimed it

worthy of a convent girl. Lucy's piano bored Georgie and if ever she ventured to scold him he would cry out: *Purogho, Purogho, teñ sākkăd izneragher vorn dhovor!*

But an event was soon to happen which was destined to show what stuff Lucy was made of and to raise her all over Farnil and beyond from the reputation of a butterfly to that of a heroine. There are some great souls whom great occasions alone can reveal. Lucy's father had left her five thousand for her dowry. To this Ritabai had added three thousand of her own money. She had done this at the suggestion of my aunt who is of opinion that rich parents should *of their own accord* dower their daughters handsomely, and deplores the outrageously uneven distribution of goods between sons and daughters which we sometimes see among us. She flares up every time you mention Pedrunaik who left forty thousand to each of his three sons, and only fifteen hundred to his only daughter. Ritabai's bounty, however, led to a bit of close reasoning on the part of the buxom engineer of Musulipatam who had just come down for the wedding. "If *without* a word from me," thought he, "five thousand has scaled up to eight, *with* a word eight thousand would surely rise to ten." And the gourmand sent his messenger to say that until and unless the eight thousand was raised to ten, he would not *budge*, and in technical phrase much in use in engineers' documents he added, "That is my *sine qua non*." Lucy happened to be next door perusing for the twentieth time a flaming sonnet such as bridge-builders alone can construct for their mistress' eye-brow, when the ultimatum was delivered to her mother. She heard it and crushed the sonnet under foot. Musulipatam serenely confident of success, called in the evening to see Lucy. He might have rightly gauged the goodness of Ritabai's heart, but it had not occurred to him that the calf is sometimes slightly different from the cow.

"Why did you *budge?*" asked Lucy rising to the altitude of Cleopatra of the Egyptians. "For the eight thousand has not scaled up to ten, nor shall it as long as I am my father's daughter."

"I never meant it, goddess thrice divine!" responded Musulipatam. "The dust that clings to your feet is more to me than all the gems of Golconda!"

"Why then did you say what you did not mean?" quoth the goddess thrice divine.

"You see," said Musuli, "I was sure your mother would not object to two thousand more, and just to bear down opposition on the part of relatives, and particularly a certain rustic intruder—"

"And to disgrace me forever in their eyes," went on Lucy, "you held me cheaper than two thousand with your *sine qua non!*"

"But it was all for your own sake, Seraph," pleaded Musuli. "You have been nursed in the lap of luxury. Supposing you fancy a motor car—"

"Excellent!" said Lucy. "Rather than cross my fancies you would not have me at all. O ideal husband, how I worship you!"

"O Sacharezza, Sacharezza," sang out the languishing lover sinking on his knees, "if only you knew my heart!"

"Bestow your heart on the first motor car you meet, Sir Harpagon," answered Lucy, "offer it not to me. I'd rather marry the honest street-sweeper that loves me than the first engineer in the British Empire who loves my gold more than me."

With this she wrenched off her finger the diamond ring which Musuli had sent her, and flinging it at him bowed him out of the room like a tragedy queen. She had meant no injury. But the diamond went flashing across the room and struck the engineer on the bald forehead. I hear the poor man bears to this day the mark of his extra-two-thousand and

is likely to bear it as long as the Marquis of Stein bore the brand imprinted on him by Rawdon Crawley.

When the scene was reported, it affected different people differently. Ritabai curved the forefinger on the lip and smiled her smile of the Pacific Ocean. Justin was beside himself with exultation, and in a wild fit of chivalry threw down his Oxford University cloak across Lucy's path as Raleigh had



"Bestow your heart on the first motor car you meet, Sir Harpagon."

thrown his across Elizabeth's. My aunt's rapture was equally intense, though more reasonable. "Give me half-a-dozen such girls and I will settle the dowry problem forever," said my aunt snapping her fingers as she had never snapped them before, and she instantly forgave Lucy all her curries. Georgie could only half understand the situation. But he had seen Justin fling down the cloak and he felt it wouldn't do to slight

Lucy any longer. He whispered into Mary's ear: *Bāyen sārsārīth thāpoilañ khāiñ.* Mary asked Lucy what she had been boiling:

A smart medico from Bezvada succeeded to the aspirations of the engineer from Musulipatam. Art for art's sake, said Oscar Wilde; love for love's sake, said Bezvada. Lucy being satisfied there was no motor car in the show said 'yes' to mamma. Mamma was sure she was doing the right thing in asking Lucy, because my aunt after a careful diagnosis of the new aspirant had whispered to her: "This Bezvad will be a true *uzvad* to Lucy." When not actually mixing medicines, the medico was a poet after Justin's own heart, and but for one failing might have been loved by him as Jonathan was loved by David. But Bezvada had not yet made his Closed Retreat and retained a perverse fondness for the fripperies of fashion. His

own model was the Prince of Wales whom he followed in all clothes details down to the hat tilt and the high-neck orange sweater. For Lucy on her wedding day he was determined to procure the most up-to-date Parisian bridal dress, and the most up-to-date Parisian bridal dress *was* sent by Spencer & Co. It only cost Rs. 375.

It was the wedding eve. Justin and I were busy counting the cakes in the store-room when all of a sudden there appeared at the door——! Before I could make out who this Pre-Raphaelite Damsel might be, impulsive Justin had sprung up to her like a tiger-cat. Slapping her on the face he roared out: "Back to your room, Lucy, and tear up that horror in pieces." When you are struck by lightning you don't speak, you don't move. Neither did I. When I recovered speech, I sternly said to Justin: "If this is the fruit of your Closed Retreat, you'd better not make another. Most probably the poor girl had come to ask what you had to say and would have readily obeyed you. It wasn't necessary to be savage to her." Justin was red with shame and I knew amends would follow. I discovered later that I was not wrong in my interpretation of Lucy's conduct. Having put on the bridal gown Bezvad had sent her she had first presented herself to her mother expecting to be greeted with the usual smile and the usual finger on the lip, but had been alarmed at seeing neither. Her mother had turned pale and only told her to go and show herself to my aunt. Not feeling the courage to do so she had thought she would first see her brother.

"What shall we do for a *Christian* wedding gown?" said Justin to me. "I'll see my aunt about it," said I and went in quest of her. I found her in the spacious back pandal where royal preparations were ahead for the morrow's dinner. More than a thousand guests would sit down to that dinner; for the number of Ritabai's friends and relatives is legion. I had no idea of my aunt's organizing power until I came on the scene. I don't think the division of labour is more perfect in the Mint of Bombay. My aunt filled the whole pandal with her presence, every cook and every assistant cook and every sub-assistant cook being kept within his sphere of work by her all-pervading eye. As she moved to and fro, her feet kept time to the music—Sr. Euphrosyna, you know, had taught her music in the grand old days—that came from half a dozen sturdy men who worked at the fire under an enormous cauldron of *sarpatel*, to the vigorous refrain of:

Hala mala jamse,
Isparasa Maushe.

Another melody came in sweet confusion from a remote corner where a dozen tenants from Kuloor eased their toil of scooping out cocoanuts on the *kanne* with a lofty strain borrowed from the *Mahabarata:*—
Panchi Pandu dharma rai khelonchak gelole.

My aunt liked the martial air. But when the choir drifted from the exploits of the Pandus and the Kurus to the more familiar juice of the palmyra tree:—

Thirti riti, thin kuchulyo thaltya mada chi, the woman frowned; for she had sworn that the whole wedding should be conducted without a drop of liquor being served to any one and would not brook the mention of it in the pandal. "Would this do just to give flavour to the *sarpatel*?" asked Ladram, the headcook, holding a glass of brandy to my aunt. She took the glass and pitched it out of the pandal, saying never a word. Ladram swallowed his mortification, but not without the half suppressed imprecation, "*Matthi podũn thuka*!" "Not even Fr. Cullen would object to that—he has told me so expressly," said I coming up to my aunt impatiently. "Tell Fr. Cullen to legislate for his Sodality, *I* legislate for *my* pandal," responded the

Queen of the Persians and the Medes. I really felt that with my aunt as temperance reformer, with Lucy as dowry reformer and with Justin as dress reformer, our community might hopefully look forward to the speedy solution of a knotty threefold problem.

Lord! how time flies and I have not yet come to my proposal. In half an hour I am due in the scullery. I must therefore skip many an interesting detail—what my aunt said when she held up to the light that neckless, reckless, sleeveless, shameless, transparent, abominable-to-the-Christian-parent gossamer of Lucy's wedding gown, how she sat through the live-long night and embroidered—she had won the first prize in embroidery under Sr. Euphrosyna—the Parisian frivolity of the gown with Christian modesty, until the full-necked and full-sleeved garment was modest enough for a nun on the eve of her vestition and gorgeous enough for a queen at her coronation, how Bezvad who had not seen the gown before—for he held with Chevalier Bayard that clothes should never be examined before they were actually worn—congratulated himself hugely on the correctness of his order when he saw Lucy at the altar, what a fine turn-out of ladies and gentlemen there was at the wedding, what a golden lyric of a sermon was preached by Fr. Ferdinand, how Lucy wept and Bezvad said: "Bless my heart! that's a sermon for Farm Street," what an awful blunder my aunt made as mistress of ceremonies just before the bride's departure when she called Fulabai to bless the bride before Sobinbai who has married the elder brother of Fulabai's husband, how Sobinbai would not bless at all but vowed she would 'make curry' of my aunt, how the guests going home said it was the prettiest and the merriest wedding they had ever seen, and how a couple of veteran topers alone sang out of the choir: "A pest on temperance workers!"—"they suck the mirth out of our weddings"—"give that milky punch to babies"—"it didn't scratch my throat at all"—"a plague on Fr. Cullen!—"the ten plagues of Egypt on him!"

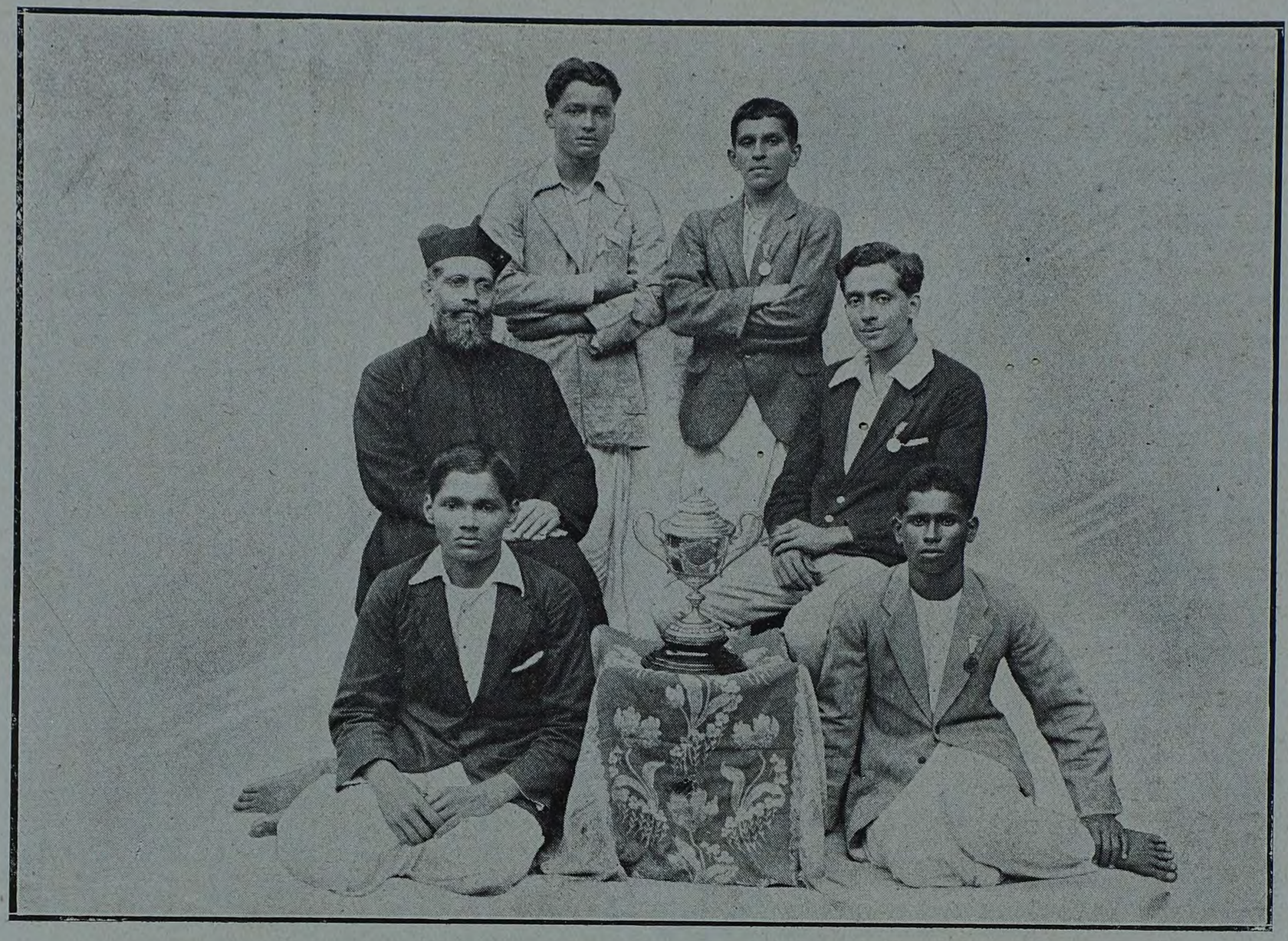
To business. As I said, Br. Justin spoke to me of it during our walk to Perumal last Friday. Strangely enough we had both asked permission for that walk—I on the plea that I had an important letter to communicate to him, and he, an important page of printed matter to me. My letter was a Konkani epistle from my little friend Georgie, written in large Canarese characters, the sprawl covering a foolscap page. Its charm is untranslatable. I'll attempt a literal version:—

My dear Bostumam,

I am well. How are you? Do they make *kailolyo* there? Yesterday Bai came with Bavoji and mamma made *kailolyo*. I ate six. Mary ate two. I got stomach-ache. Mary did not get stomach-ache. This morning mamma put castor-oil in a glass and told me to drink. Then she went to Mass. I don't like castor-oil. I told Mary there was nice honey in the glass. She pulled the glass and drank. I did not pull back. When mamma returned Mary was sick. Mamma asked Mary: What did you eat? Mary said: Georgie gave me honey, it was nasty. I was running, but mamma caught my *kobai*. She told Moku to bring the big broom. Moku loves me. She brought the small broom. Tchik, tchik, tchik, how many cuts? I did not cry. Mary cried and mamma stopped. I like Mary and chocolates. Send me many chocolates and two rubber balls. Many kisses to Justiab.

Your affectionate,
GEORGIE.

I had thought Justin would have enjoyed this letter. Not a bit. He sharply told me it was frivolous on the part of a novice to call such a boyish trifle an 'important letter,' that I should have torn it up and said nothing



Winners of the Senior Athletic Cup



Aloysians and Staff of Grant Medical College, Bombay

about it. I submitted to the reproof, for whatever be my faults, I have one good quality—I always take correction well. But I could not help feeling that though Justin was an Oxford B. A., *I* had taught him the A. B. of religious life. I asked him to read to me his page of printed matter. He did so in his beautiful Oxford accent—he is our best reader in the refectory—and I must own it *was* an 'important' page and a golden one into the bargain. He opened *The Mangalorean Review, X'mas 1924*, edited by my friend Mr. Arthur Sequeira, B. A., LL. B., and read on page 21 :—

"*Our Alma Mater*, by P. C. Lobo, B. A. (Cantab.), Bar-at-law, District and Sessions Judge, Anantapur—How much our community owes to the College is more than can be said in a page or two and I take it, can be said in halting language only. The material prosperity of a large number of old boys is not so much an index as the high ideals that have been always set before us,—ideals of Truth, Charity, Service and Humility. My thoughts have often gone back in the loneliness of my mofussil life to the half hours of weekly instructions on Saturdays, the brilliant sermons on the feast days of our Patron Saint and the reverberating echo of the hymn "God of mercy and compassion" amidst the encircling gloom of twilight during the annual Retreats. The minds of most of us have looked out on the world, at the threshold of life, from our class rooms through the high serried arches of our College; and when in all prayerfulness we have knelt in our chapel, our thoughts have soared to the vaults of Heaven along the lines of the stately arch of the High Altar."

Here Justin paused for a breath and I instinctively exclaimed, "Good music well rendered!" recalling to mind the phrase with which Lord Pentland had expressed his appreciation of Fr. Marco's playing on the piano at his visit to our College. Justin next went through the various suggestions which Mr. Lobo makes as to what Old Boys might do towards the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the College in 1930. But from the tremolo in his voice I could see he was most interested in the following :

"Apart from ideals, our College has done a very great charitable work of incalculable value. Education has been broad based. Hundreds of poor boys have received their education more or less free and the torch of knowledge has shone in the remotest villages of the district. The collection of a substantial "Poor Boys" fund to be used up at the rate of about Rs. 1,000 per annnm during the next few years is something that can be done to significantly co-operate with the altruistic work of our Jesuit Fathers, European and Indian."

"These last words," said Justin, "have been haunting me ever since I read them."

"Have you any definite plan to propose?" I asked.

"Mr. Lobo speaks," said Justin, "of a sum to be used up in a few years. But if, as he suggests, Old Boys should be asked from now to make their contribution, it would be quite easy, I think, to raise a capitalized fund of Rs. 20,000 yielding an interest of not less than Rs. 1,000 a year."

Justin looked at me.

I only hung down my head muttering to myself: "Utopia, Laputa, Treasure Island, Houyhnhums...."

"You mean to say I am talking nonsense?" said Justin colouring.

"Not quite, my son," I replied. "I only mean that your twenty-thousand is a large order. Not every Old Boy is as large-hearted as your mother. You are accustomed to see her giving alms by the hundred."

"But I don't want alms by the hundred. At least 3,000 boys have been sent out into the great world by our College. If each boy gave but Rs. 10 on an average we should have much more money than we want. Supposing we divide the whole world into definite regions and appoint a collector over each part?"

I once more hung down my head and muttered: "Don Quixote, Rinaldo, Orlando Furioso....."

Justin this time burst into a hearty peal of laughter which scared away the pretty birds that had settled on the peak of Perumal which we were approaching.

"For God's sake, Bastian," said he when the fit was over, "hear me out to the end and then call me a fool if you like."

I promised.

"Let the division of the world alone," said Justin, "for we are not Napoleons. But there is nothing absurd in enlisting the services of 50 enthusiastic workers who are to collect subscriptions during a course of five years. Of these 10 are to work in Mangalore, 20 in Bombay and its suburbs where the largest number of Old Boys congregate, and 20 in the rest of the world, if that expression does not frighten you. The work assigned to each collector is the enrolment of 10 subscribers in one year, which makes a total of 50 in 5. If all the collectors succeed in doing the allotted work, 2,500 subscribers will have been enrolled in 5 years. This is not at all an unreasonable total to expect, for there are to be four classes of subscription, the lowest being within easy reach of every Old Boy:—

I class—Rs. 100.
II class—Rs. 50.
III class—Rs. 10.
IV class—Re. 1.

Over the first class stands the class of Patrons with a contribution of Rs. 300. Subscribers of over Re. 1 may pay the amount in one lump sum or in five equal instalments. Those that pay the full amount in 1925 will have the rare advantage of paying three-fourths of the sum only; for Rs. 75, Rs. 37—8—0 and Rs. 7—8—0, invested in Post Office Cash Certificates will yield in 1930, Rs. 100, Rs. 50 and Rs. 10 respectively. A Patron will in this manner have to pay Rs. 225. Well, Br. Bastian, do you still think my scheme Quixotic?"

I really did not know what to say. Certainly the plan was not so bizarre as a Napoleonic division of the world. But I was a sceptic still "Have you any thing in your scheme." I asked, "which might serve to attract subscribers?"

"Well," said Justin, "the names of all the subscribers, the fourth class included, should be published in the Golden Jubilee Souvenir which the College will no doubt make as magnificent a production as possible. The Souvenir should contain the photos of the Patrons and the First class subscribers. The Patrons, moreover, should be honoured with the presentation of a candle at the High Mass to be celebrated on the Jubilee Day. But the principal attraction for a Catholic subscriber should be the Requiem Mass to be said in perpetuity on the anniversary of the opening of the College for all the deceased subscribers to the Poor Boys' Fund. Well, what do you think of it all?"

"Less and less Bonapartian," said I. "Still I doubt if you would collect half the sum you expect to."

"I know a Father of the College," resumed Justin, "who alone has collected more than five-thousand for poor girls with whom the College has nothing to do. Where then would be the difficulty in all the College Fathers using their influence for one common purpose and collecting twenty-thousand for poor boys with whom the College has a vast deal to do? If the South Kanara Catholic

Association and the Mangalorean Catholic Association of Bombay were to back up the College in the great cause, the thing could be done in no time."

"Not so fast, my boy," said I. "People gave money for the Poor Girls Marriage-Aid Fund because they *understood* the crying need there was for such a fund. But your appeal for scholarships for boys is likely to fall flat. People have apparently lost their faith in scholarships. 'Why can't the Fathers educate the boys free?' is what they ask. They only look on the blaze of colour and light in chapel and hall, and they conclude with my friend Purpuro—I hope his arm is all right by now—'The College is rolling in a sea of gold!' ಒಳಗಿನ ಗುಟ್ಟು ಶಿವನೇ ಬಲ್ಲ. How many boys are actually educated free or half free, what is the debt burdening the College, what the terrible drain on its resources, thanks to the salaries of the lay staff, what the ever pressing need for extension—of building, of laboratory, of library etc., etc., these are questions that seldom occur to Purpuro and company."

"Their attention should be drawn to such things," said Justin becoming very thoughtful. "Quite so, my son," said I. "Do that when you are somebody in Mangalore. Till then—for deep-rooted prejudice is not dispelled in a day—you would do well to introduce a change in your scheme. Speak not of scholarships only. Say the interest amounting to a thousand a year will be spent largely on poor boys in supplying them with their immediate needs. Especially should I like to feed up the poor boys that pine away for want of food."

"What?" said Justin. "Do you mean to turn the College into a Udipi *mhut*? I thought our College was an educational institution, not a charity eating-house."

"Boy, don't be flippant, don't be heartless," I answered sternly. "If your mother were to hear that, she would be ashamed of you. I know better than you how many poor boys depend on her bounty for one square meal a day. I know a little of what is going on at the College. To mention but one that is dead, I know—though stupid people will never believe it—what a heart of melting pity the late Fr. Noronha hid under a rigid exterior and how many five-rupee currency notes slipped into his hands by friends would slip again into the hands of poor boys in order that egg-flip and chicken broth might keep them from consumption. Just a few days before I left home I stood by the grave of a brilliant boy who had been revolving great things in his mind for God's glory, but whom much study and little food had rushed into tuberculosis. I happened to mention it to your mother. O the hot tears that ran down her cheeks as she wrung her hands saying, "My God, my God, if only I knew!"

Justin's eyes filled.

"Never fear," I went on, "I won't change your College into a *mhut*. But what harm is there in Fr. Rector calling Johnny—God knows how often he has already called him—to his room and saying: 'You look pale, my boy; you ought to feed up. Here is something for you from the Jubilee Fund. Ask the Director of the Boarding House to give you the noon meal until you go through the Intermediate exam.' Another day he would call Jerry and say: 'I know your sight is dim and you are looking for a pair of glasses. Take this—it's from the Fund—and go to M. Vas, Hampankatta.' Yet another day he would call Jimmy and say, 'You won't get over your hooping cough until you cover yourself better against the land breeze. Here's for a flannel shirt—it's from the Fund. P. Machado & Sons have excellent flannel.' I don't suppose this is *mhut*-like?'

"Lord, no!" said Justin.

"Put in this way," I continued, "your scheme is sure to appeal to Old Boys. I know our people well enough. Touch the heart of one of our rich men on behalf of a noble enterprise, and you have tapped a mine of gold. To make the scheme yet more attractive a rule might be made that under ordinary circumstances the help given to a boy in the course of one year should not exceed Rs. 10, so as to enable at least 100 poor boys to be helped every year. This means 5,000 boys helped in the course of 50 years. O Justin, Justin, when the College comes to celebrate her first century of existence, what a grand thing will it be for her to look back on such a host of Christ's poor children helped, thanks to a hint thrown out by Mr. P. C. Lobo and taken up by Br. Justin!"

"And matured by Br. Bastian," added Justin slapping me tremendously on the back and forgetting in his enthusiasm the rule of touch.

Dear Father, will you kindly consider the Jubilee Fund, and pray for

Yours sincerely,
Br. Bastian, N. S. J.

Woman's Rights

A right to tread so softly
Beside the couch of pain,
To smooth with gentle fingers
The tangled locks again,
To watch beside the dying
In the wee small hours of night,
And breathe a consecrating prayer
When the spirit takes its flight.

A right to cheer the weary
On the battle fields of life;
To give the word of sympathy
Amid the toil and strife.
To lift the burdens gently
From sore and tired hearts,
And never weary of the task
Till gloomy care departs.

The right to be a woman,
In truest woman's work,
If life should be a hard one,
No duties ever shirk,
A right to show to others
How strong a woman grows,
When skies are dark and lowering,
And life bears not a rose.

A right to love one truly,
And to be loved again,
A right to share his fortunes,
Through sunlight and through rain.
A right to be protected
From life's most cruel blights
By manly love and courage—
Sure, these are Women's Rights.

The Lamp.

James Scurry on the Canara Christians

THE
CAPTIVITY
SUFFERINGS AND ESCAPE
OF

JAMES SCURRY

WHO WAS
DETAINED A PRISONER DURING TEN YEARS
IN THE DOMINIONS OF

HAIDER ALI AND TIPPOO SAHIB

Written by himself.

"No flowery words adorn this artless tale,
Here simple truth alone is to be found."

LONDON
Henry Fisher, 38, Newgate Street
1824.

THE foregoing is the title-page of a most interesting book published a century ago and rarely seen now-a-days. In the course of the pathetic story James Scurry tells of himself, there occur three passages referring to the Canara Christians whom Tippoo led as captives to Seringapatam. The author calls them Malabar Christians using the term Malabar in the wider sense of the West Coast. We reproduce the passages as they must prove of much interest to our readers.

I. Having related the tragic end of General Mathews, Scurry adds by way of a foot-note :—

"One Smith, a deserter from the Company's service, was sent for one morning, to read what was written on the bottoms of four pewter plates or dishes; but not pleasing the *killadare* in deciphering the words, he was sent away, and another who could read better, ordered to be brought to the durbar, or place of justice. I was selected, and approaching with fear I made my salam with as much reverence as I could to one of the greatest men in his kingdom. He ordered the *buxar*, or paymaster, to give me one of the dishes. It was very legible and I read it to his satisfaction, interpreted by a youth who was taken with the general;* the other three were put into my hand successively and I read them all. The purport was, that he knew he was poisoned, and by order of Tippoo; that his time was short; that he must submit to his fate; that he had borrowed 330,000 rupees from the Malabar Christians, for the support of his army, since he left Bombay; closing with a sincere request, that those who read what was written, (or engraven rather, for it appeared to have been done with a fork or a nail) and should be so fortunate as to reach any of the presidencies should make it known to the governor and council, when they would be amply rewarded. When the passage relative to the money was first mentioned, the *killadare* appeared quite sanguine, under an idea that it was attainable; but when he understood the meaning of it, he, with the most sovereign contempt, cried, "Ah!—," the meaning of which I cannot with decency

* General Mathews.

explain; those who know the Moorish language will understand it. One of the general's servants suffered with him. The other, George Madan, was with us some years after; he was not removed till the general was taken away by night; where he was buried, we never could learn, but no doubt, in some dirty hole."

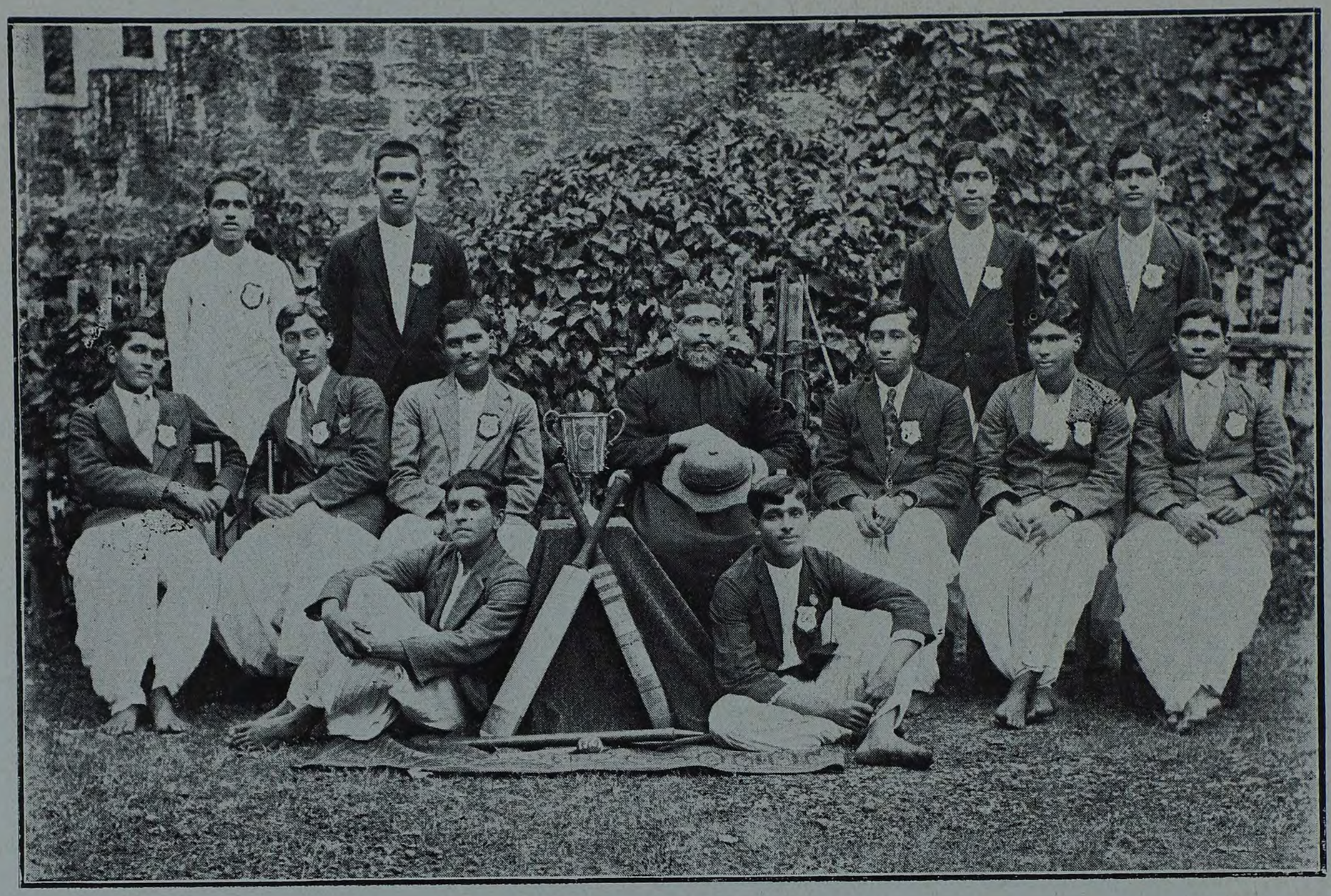
2. Speaking of the treatment given to the Christians of Canara, the author notes:

"Now followed the fate of the poor Malabar Christians, of which I shall ever consider myself the innocent cause, in reading what was written by General Mathews as stated in the preceding note. Their country was infested by Tippoo's army, and they were driven, men, women and children, to the number of 30,000, to Seringapatam where all who were fit to carry arms were circumcised and formed into four battalions. The sufferings of these poor creatures were most excruciating: one circumstance which came under my immediate notice, I will attempt to describe. When recovered, they were armed and drilled, and ordered to Mysore, nine miles from the Capital, but for what purpose we never could learn. Their daughters were many of them beautiful girls, and Tippoo was determined to have them for his seraglio; but this they refused; and Mysore was invested by his orders, and the four battalions were disarmed and brought prisoners to Seringapatam. This being done, the officers tied their hands behind them. The *chumbars* or sandal-makers, were sent for and their noses, ears, and upper lips were cut off, they were then mounted on asses, their faces towards the tail, and led through Patam with a wretch before them proclaiming their crime. One fell from his beast, and expired on the spot through loss of blood. Such a mangled and bloody scene excited the compassion of numbers, and our hearts were ready to burst at the inhuman sight. It was reported that Tippoo relented in this case, and I rather think it true, as he never gave any further orders respecting their women. The twenty-six that survived were sent to his different arsenels, where, after the lapse of a few years, I saw several of them lingering out a most miserable existence."

To the last cited passage James Scurry appends the following foot-note:—

"No doubt, many of them survived the downfall of Tippoo, and I should have been proud to hear that the Company had done something for those brave unfortunate men, and particularly so, as all their miseries originated from an English general. The prison from whence the Malabar Christians were brought to have their noses and ears cut off, for refusing their daughters when Tippoo demanded them for his seraglio, was a horrid dismal hole, which we named the Bull, as there was an image considerably larger than life, of that animal, on the building, which was originally designed for an Hindoo place of worship, but by Tippoo converted into a dungeon. This prison we frequently passed, and expected sooner or later to occupy some part of it. Very few who were so unfortunate as to be confined here, escaped with less punishment than the loss of their nose and ears. The *chumbars* by whom this operation was performed, are held in abhorrence by the Mohammedans, and on that account, they were consigned to this office, and such was their brutality, that they frequently cut (or sawed, rather) the upper lip off with the nose, leaving the poor unfortunate wretch a pitiable object, to spin out a most miserable existence, being always sent to Tippoo's arsenals to hard labour on a scanty allowance."

A few words on the life of the author of the memoir we have quoted from, may here be added. James Scurry was born in Devonshire in the year 1766. It appears that at a



Cricket, 1925



Hockey, 1925

very early period he went to sea. His widow and son believed he could not have been much above seven years old, when he entered on his first voyage. He was a considerable time on the coast of America and in the West Indies. He was employed to carry powder during the time of action, and he amused the sailors with playing the fife when they were disengaged.

When a boy of about fifteen years of age, Scurry was ordered to India with despatches to Admiral Hughes. The ship that carried him was within five days' sail of Madras, when it was captured by a French fleet, and he, treated with great inhumanity. Scurry, however, would not be beaten. With nothing but a silk handkerchief and two rupees tied to a corner of it, the prisoner under cover of darkness, lowered himself into the sea, and swam towards the nearest shore. But he was pursued and retaken. He was threatened with death, gagged and kept in irons. Six months after, he was landed at Cuddalore and given up to Hyder Ali.

It is painful to narrate in detail the barbarities to which Scurry and his unhappy companions had to submit, at the hands of Hyder and his terrible son Tippoo Sultan. Suffice it to say that they were several times imprisoned, put in irons, and nearly starved; their heads were shaved and they were compelled to submit to the Mohammedan rite of Circumcision. Later on, their ears were bored and they were marked as slaves. The strong constitution of James Scurry sustained all these marks of despotic cruelty, till better days dawned on the English in India, when he escaped from his prison hole and sailed for England in safety.

On landing at the Downs, Scurry and his companions repaired to London, where the singularity of their dress, their manners, and their colour, so far excited attention that they were followed by troops of boys as objects of curiosity. From his long confinement in India and his involuntary conformity to Asiatic manners, he had nearly forgotten the customs of his early years, and the delicate refinements of his native land. To the wearing of English clothes he felt the greatest aversion; nor could he even sit, except according to the manner to which he had been so long accustomed. Of a knife and fork he had almost lost the use, nor could he eat anything with comfort, except in the style to which stern necessity had compelled him to submit. He died aged 57, and was buried at St. Thomas's, near Exeter, December 14th, 1822.

The Philosophy of Common Sense

BY
THE REV. TH. SEQUEIRA, S. J.

IT is not the purpose of this paper to go into raptures over common sense as being the least common of all sense, or to pooh-pooh it as the refuge of fools and dunces who have neither science nor letters to boast of. Much has been written on this subject since earliest times, and much remains to be said on what must always be the foundation and justification of common sense—man's rational-animal nature. In these days, when philosophers seek notoriety by strange statements, and vie with one another in supporting theories which the ordinary 'man of sense' would at first sight feel to be absurd, though he might not know why, it is useful to know what common sense just is, what its assets are, and what value should be attached to its conclusions. The present paper, therefore, tries to arrive at a fairly satisfactory definition of common sense as a philosophy, and to ascertain its value and importance.

When all is said, it must still be very hard to say just what common sense is. 'Every man,' said Dr. Johnson, with an insight and a solemnity equally characteristic, 'is of importance to himself.' Sure enough, therefore, whenever one man discusses with another and disagrees with him, each claims common sense on his own side; and it is not the least amusing aspect of philosophic disputations, especially when, as with the classical parson, the foe is imaginary or absent, to see how either party seems to be persuaded that it has the monopoly of brains to understand things, or at least of that precious Talisman and final court of appeal—common sense.

What, then, is common sense?—For a definition is necessary to any further inquiry. Common sense is used in this paper not in the popular sense of 'Can't you get a little common sense into your head?'; neither does it quite correspond to what in accurate Latin is called *sensus communis;* nor does it mean simply 'agreement of opinion.' We here take common sense in its strict philosophical meaning, from which all the other meanings have in one way or another been derived. As understood in this paper, common sense may be thus defined: "It is that natural inclination implanted in men's rational nature, by which they are drawn to know those truths which are necessary to the living, or at least to the starting to live, a rational life.' It is reason itself in so far as it spontaneously and unhesitatingly admits those truths which appear evident, although it cannot explicitly prove them or explain them, for the simple reason that they are clearer than any explanation of them can be. It is called 'sense' because, though it is a quality of intellectual life, it is natural (it is to men what instinct is to animals), and embraces those truths which are *felt* rather than understood to be conformable to rational life, and which make a very vivid impression on the mind. And it is called 'common' (with unconscious irony), because it belongs to the very rational nature of man as man, and is, therefore, to be found, or should be found, in all men as the foundation and reason of universal agreement on certain propositions. From the subjective point of view, therefore, common sense is a natural inclination of human reason to admit

without proof certain truths which are immediately necessary or useful to life,—physical, moral, religious, social life. And objectively it is the sum total of such truths as are unhesitatingly and spontaneously admitted by all sane, unprejudiced men. These truths are admitted instinctively by even the most learned, and are therefore not mere idols of the crowd, or of the platform, or of the market place. They are accepted because of their own practical clearness and necessity. They are not arrived at by philosophical or scientific enquiry, but strike us on the barest analysis and reflection. That every existing contingent being requires a cause, that means must be taken in proportion to a desired end, that parents and elders are to be respected, that whatever is cannot at the same time not be that which it is—these are some of the truths which common sense admits.

It is evident from these examples that, according to the subject on which they are made, the judgments of common sense may be metaphysical, if they are directly and necessarily connected with the essence of things, or physical, if they deal with facts and events, or moral, if connected with free moral actions. It follows that the fundamental certitudes of common sense are not all of equal value. The law of gravitation has clearly not the same degree of certitude as the principle of contradiction, nor the affection of parents for their children the same certitude as the existence of God: for, while the whole will be always greater than its part and two and two will always make four, the law of gravitation may be suspended in a given case by divine intervention (and we call it a miracle), and moral laws are, by their very nature as bearing on free will, liable to exceptions in individual instances.

But it is not on the value of common sense so much that thinkers seem to vary, as on its very definition. If this variance is once pointed out, the reader can draw the other conclusions for himself. For the value of a thing depends on its nature and follows from it. The importance of common sense has of late years been more and more emphasized by the cry of learned and ignorant alike: 'Return to Common Sense': the learned see in it an Ariadne's thread after losing their way in veritable Minotaur's dens of philosophical systems; and the ignorant hail it as the only common ground there is between them and the sophisticated, on which to stand and discuss important problems. Since common sense is admitted on all hands to be nothing but spontaneous or primitive reason, that is, reason unadulterated and unspecialised, it is natural to expect as many theories of common sense as there are theories on human reason. And in truth we find three great schools, with many sub-divisions—extreme conceptualism, extreme realism, and moderate realism or realistic conceptualism. It is noteworthy that, whatever be their theories, all give to common sense a position of vantage, superior on the one hand to all philosophies, and on the other quite within the reach of the unphilosophical, though not of the sheer animal. Speaking against the Scotch school of Thomas Reid and Dugald Stewart which is commonly known as the Common Sense School, M. Le Roy says: "*Faudra-t-il donc remettre aux esprits non critiques, ignorants, incapables de démêler les influences qu'ils subissent, le soin de definir 'le systeme' de sens commun?*" On the other hand, it is not science, whether mathematics or biology or philology, that can rise to the transcendent generalisations of common sense. Hence, if we would avoid begging the question, we must start from the real datum immediately afforded by our intellect.

1. The agnostic or pure conceptualist says that we know only phenomena or appearances, and that, as God is not a

phenomenon, He is absolutely unknowable—*Grenz begriff*. He grants to common sense only a confused knowledge of the phenomenal order and despairs of ever giving any acceptable meaning of objective value to the ordinary notions of being, substance, cause etc. Such are Kant and Herbert Spencer.

2. The evolutionists, who maintain that the fundamental reality which is the source of all appearances is a process of 'becoming' which never stops and is ever putting on new forms, regard common sense as a rudimentary philosophy of the *Devinir Pur*. What stability or fixity there may be in dogmas or principles is simply due to the practical needs of action, the result of a utilitarian knowledge in view of action, and is essentially superficial, for the reality is ever changing. Life is a running stream. You cannot dip twice into the same water. Permanence and stability in the principles of common sense are, therefore, in their opinion, merely pragmatic, not true. In a famous passage M. Le Roy says that, to avoid all illusion, he is forced to define common sense, in itself and for itself, not as an aproximation to a metaphysical system or as a science or rudimentary philosophy, but simply '*comune une organisation utilitaire de la pensée en vue de la vie pratique*.'* The dogmas of faith, then, are to him merely practical formulae, and when we say : 'Christ is God,' we only mean 'Behave towards Jesus Christ as you would towards God,' without affirming that He is really God. M. Bergson who practically belongs to the same school laughs at the judgments of common sense as having at best some practical utility but no objective intrinsic value, since it commits a '*morcelage*' on the ever moving contineum of sensible matter and on the equally indistinct and moving intellectual world of Being. The two great faults of common sense are, according to him, the cutting up and distinction of matter and the materialisation of immaterial things.†

3. At the very antipodes of Nominalism and Conceptualism lies Extreme Realism, which can be subdivided into the Platonic Realism and the Ontologistic Realism of Malebranche, both of which systems affirm the mind's direct intuition of the Intelligible. This school in general holds that the first act of the natural intellect, first in the order of nature and in the order of time, is an intuition, be it ever so vague and confused, of God the first Being, the absolutely immutable One. It then tries to trace this intuition to common sense, thus making out the notion of Being to be univocal as applied to God and to creatures.

A short refutation of these theories is necessary before we can give the true one which has stood the test of time and criticism.

1. Agnosticism (including Kantiansm) in its numberless forms—destroy one and ten crop up in its place, like Hydra's heads!—considers the concept of Being as equivocal when applied to God and to creatures, so that common sense can never know the intelligible reality beneath the sensible appearances which are alone perceived. To this we answer by a question : Is it the intellect that sees these appearances, or is it only the senses? If only the senses, no *idea* is formed or can be formed; only *images* are mechanically created as in dogs and cats. If we apply *a priori* forms as Kant would have it, how do we know which forms to apply in a given case, unless we already know intellectually, in some way at least, the nature of the things whose phenomena we see? How can we perceive the similarity between certain things? How do we place certain phenomena in the same category and distinguish one category from another, if we do not know Being intellectually at all? Besides, experience even of the most backward

* Cf. *Dogme et Critique.*

† Cf. *L'Evolution Creatrice.*

races and of children shows that we do not use the idea of Being in the same way of God as of creatures.

2. In order not to beat the air or twice slay the slain, I take Bergson and Le Roy as specimens of Pragmatists or Empirical Nominalists. The chief flaw in their beautiful and therefore popular theories, which lend themselves to a literary treatment which the hard truth of Aristotelianism cannot afford, seems to me to be that they mix up the intellectual with the sensible side of knowledge. M. Rabier in his *Logique* complains that common sense has erred in regard to Galileo, Columbus, Harvey and others. Yes; but it was ony current popular opinion that erred, not common sense as we have defined it. And, certainly, common sense has never yet confounded the formal object of the senses (resistance, colour, smell, sound, taste) with the formal object of the intellect,—the Being in the concrete, το ὀν that which is. In calling the scholastics materialists and common sense materialism, because it materialises and cuts up immaterial or continuous realities, Bergson and Le Roy have themselves fallen into a Slough of greater Despond; for they reduce all reality to images, and this can be done only by denying ideas; thus they have an idealism more sensuous than the common sense which they abhor. Instead of seeking the idea under the image as Scholastic common sense does, this system would seek the image under the misleading and inadequate idea—a process the reverse of what reason and psychology points out as the natural one. Even M. Jacob and M. Couturat confess to this.

For shortness' sake, we touch on only the chief defect of this so-called Nominalism. The Nominalists, like Heraclitus of old consider our ideas of substance, cause, accident, being. as mere 'breaths of wind,' common names accompanying common *images*, not ideas, which are essentially different things. They therefore, reduce every thing to the sensible world. We ask: What, then, distinguishes man from the animal? Rousseau's testimony has great value for obvious reasons where he grants to the intelligent, as distinct from the merely sentient, being the power of giving a meaning to that little word *Is*, which he pronounces whenever he forms a concept or a judgment or a reasoning. This comes to what Aristotle and St. Thomas Acquinas say at the very start. In the *Contra Gentes* the latter says: Naturaliter igitur intellectus noster cognoscit eus et ea que sunt per se entis in quantum hujusmodi; sicut visus colorem et auditus sonum. (Contra Gentes Bk. II ch. 83). We readily agree with Bergson when he says that our first knowledge, whether sensible or intellectual, is confused and partial; but we should affirm that, side by side with the Bergsonian *continu indistinct et mouvant* (*primum cognitum sensibile*), there is also and at the same moment a *primum cognitum intellegible*—the first object known by the intellect i. e. Being, or that which is. For, just as nothing can be visible to the eye except through colour, and nothing audible to the ear except through sound, so nothing is intelligible to the intellect except in so far as it is a being, something that is. Therefore, to say with M. Le Roy that our common sense notions of substance, cause, being etc. are only the result of the *morcelage* the violation, of the continuum for practical purposes, and not the primary and natural divisions of Being, is to fall into gross materialism. For there is this essential difference between an image and an idea: that the idea as such essentially bears on Being, whereas an image only contains in juxta-position the various sensible qualities of the object without explaining their presence, without rendering them intelligible.

3. Extreme Realism errs by considering the concept of Being as univocal. Now,

by the slightest reasoning and observation, it is clear that God and the creature, the First Cause and the effect, cannot *be* in exactly the same sense. Common sense certainly cannot father this opinion.

We come, therefore, to the traditional Scholastic view of common sense which has Aristotle and St. Thomas for its champions. Even Leibnitz calls their school the common sense school, 'a perennial philosophy.' In the 18th and 19th centuries, the Scotch philosophers exaggerated the *rôle* of common sense and tried thus, but in vain, to escape the scepticism of Hume, and the idealism of Locke—who had 'put a Lock on Human Understanding!' It is however pleasing to note that even Jouffroy, a living sceptic, defines common sense in the Scholastic way when he says 'Everybody understands by common sense a certain number of principles or notions, evident by themselves, from which all men draw the motives of their judgment and their rules of conduct.'

Really, therefore, common sense is neither a philosophy of the *Devenir*, nor a philosophy of the Phenomenon but a rudimentary philosophy of Being. It is the solution, confused perhaps and elementary but sure and unerring and deep enough for the ordinary man, of the chief questions of life—What is Truth, Being, Goodness, Beauty? Does God exist, and what is He in Himself and how is He related to us? Is man superior to the beast, and in what does this superiority lie? Is man's soul immortal? etc. These questions are put and answered as if by instinct. Common sense is therefore neither a special faculty distinct from the faculties of perception, as Thomas Reid would make it out to be; nor is it reason determined by impulse which makes up for the want of clearness; nor is it a body of innate or revealed ideas; nor even simply 'universal agreement owing to a common constitution of the mind,' as Kant defined it. It is sheer reason, unaided by science or philosophy in the strict sense, in so far as it perceives certain evident truths as universally admissible for their own clearness. At a time when we see powerful intellects engaged in straying out of the beaten track and leading the rank-scented millon' along with them to deny such elementary and obvious truths as the existence of God and the immortality of the human soul, (even the existence of the world itself!) how healthy would it not be for all men to rally round the standard of common sense, and, free from preconceptions and prejudices, just 'see life steadily and see it whole!'



Philosophers of Common Sense.

Spirals

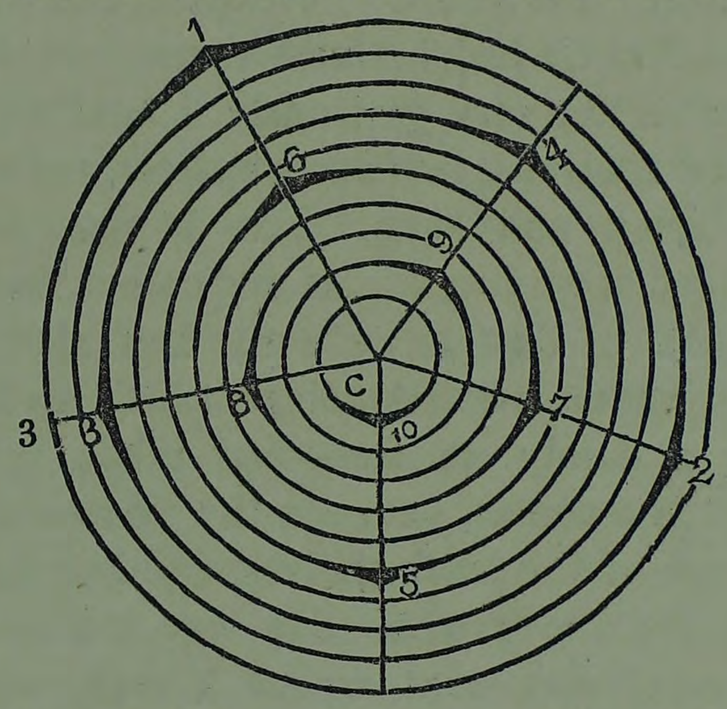
BY THE REV. D. FERROLI, S. J.

A MATHEMATICIAN may be blind to what is obvious to all, but he often sees what is hidden to most. Perhaps he will not even look at a motor car tearing full-speed in a whirl of dust; but his attention can be riveted on an ant crawling steadily along one of the spokes of a slowly revolving wheel.

The path of the forlorn little insect is a *spiral*; and from the mathematician who studied it thoroughly, it is called the Spiral of Archimedes. Probably, however, it was not an ant who told him all the secrets of this most interesting curve. To be sure, he could have learned them more easily from so many plants, which show a marked predilection for the spiral in the disposition of their leaves.

Leonardo da Vinci, in the sixth book of his *Treatise on Painting*, writes, "Nature has so arranged the leaves of the last boughs of many plants, that the sixth leaf is placed above the first, and the eleventh above the sixth, and so on, unless there be some obstacle in the way." And why should Nature have chosen this arrangement? It is not always easy to discover her secrets. Probably by such regular distribution, she obtains that the leaves which are the first to appear, do not prevent their more tender sisters from enjoying the light and warmth of the sun, when they break open their delicate sheaths.

Usually the stem is slightly conical. Let us project it perpendicularly on to the plane of the paper. The diagram which we obtain in the case of Leonardo's leaf-arrangement, is as shown in the figure, where the numbers indicate the various leaves which are fixed on



the stem at different heights. The angle IC2 is equal to 4C5 and 8C9. It is called the *divergence*, and, in this case it is $\frac{2}{5}$ of the circumference.

If an ant climbs along the shortest path from one leaf to the next higher up, it will describe a *spiral*; but we notice that to reach the sixth leaf it has to go round the stem twice.

This fact is indicated by the numerator of the *divergence* (2); whilst the denominator (5) gives the number of leaves making up a *cycle*.

Other plants have other *divergences*; but those which are most frequently met with, are indicated by the fractions $\frac{1}{2}, \frac{1}{3}, \frac{2}{5}, \frac{3}{8}, \frac{5}{13}, \frac{8}{21}$, etc.

If we look attentively at these fractions we discover a remarkable Law, which is followed in their formation. Take, for instance, the fraction $\frac{2}{5}$. Its numerator is equal to the sum of the numerators of the two

immediately preceeding fractions; and similarly the denominator is equal to the sum of the two preceding denominators : and so with the fraction $\frac{3}{8}$, and the rest.

Queer little rule! One is almost led to suspect that the plants (or the Planter, at any rate) know some mathematics.

* * *

But a few days ago a terrible thing happened in my room. At about 2.30 p. m. in walked Anthony "the Silent." He cautiously hinted to me that he had business there. So I left the room not very graciously, I confess; and when I returned, half an hour later, my room was spick and span. The books, neatly arranged according to size and colour, and not a speck of dust anywhere. But alas! my friend was no more! An elegant little spider—quite a dandy, in fact—had taken up his abode in a corner, between the front-window and one of the book-shelves, and had woven there his flimsy web. He was not one of the usual sort, that weave a web, which, together with the flies, catches all the dust also. Not he! . . . His was more like a net—broken indeed every day, but carefully rebuilt at dusk to be ready for the night-hunt. And now, net and spider nowhere to be seen! . . . How ofen had I watched him fixing the centre of his gossamer palace, and then drawing the radii—at equiangular distances he drew them!—and then spinning the *spiral*! . . . For the viscous thread—death of so many flies and mosquitos—was a *spiral*.

Not unlike Archimedes was my poor spider! . . . or perhaps he was even more clever—for his *spiral* closely approached another variety, not quite so simple as that of the Sicilian mathematician. Text-books call it *equiangular* or *logarithmic*.

In fact an experienced eye could see that the radii cut all the threads under the same angle. The little beggar knew some Geometry then . . . But how on earth could he know anything about Logarithms? . . . .

* * *

One day I was trying to explain Compound Interest to my Intermediate students. They looked puzzled, I confess; but, nothing daunted, I decided to make them taste the Mathematical Cup to the very dregs.

"Write down," said I; and, rather reluctantly and with not a few blunders, they wrote to dictation this beautiful series :

$$1 + 1 + \frac{1}{1.2} + \frac{1}{1.2.3} + \frac{1}{1.2.3.4} + \cdots$$

"You see," said I, "if you add together a good many terms of this series, you will get a number equal to 2.7182818285 . . . . which, for convenience sake, we denote by the letter *e*. *e* is the base of Napier's Logarithms, from which the decimal Logarithms are calculated.

Again, *e* is connected with the Law of Compound Interest. Suppose you want to know the amount of a sum of money, say *P* Pounds, in *n* years' time, when *r* is the nominal rate of interest, and the interest is convertible into the principal every moment; a mathematician will tell you that the amount is given by such cryptic expression as Pe^{nr}, which no one, I suppose, will expect me to explain here.

But again, if you ask a mathematician what he thinks of the spider's net, he will tell you that he can express it analytically by an equation of the same type as the Compound Interest Law. Are then spiders such born reckoners as to keep count of their flimsy wealth better than Shylock?

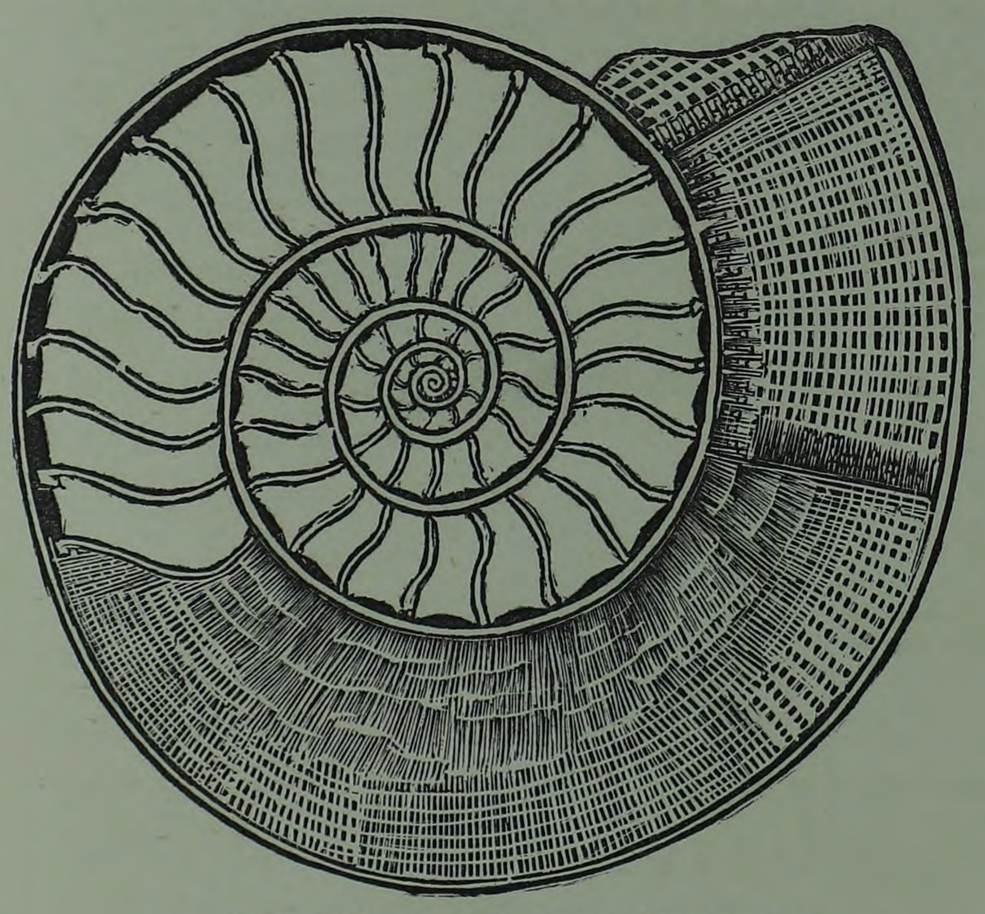
* * *

If the case of spiders is interesting enough, how much more striking do we find matters to be with ammonites and other molluscs! Spiders at any rate often live with mathematicians, and perhaps—between one meal and another—they share the deep cogitations

of their apparently more brainy fellows, or imbibe their mathematical effluvia . . . .

But was ever a mathematician who lived in deep water together with limpets, mussels or pearly nautili? . . . And still the knowledge these molluscs possess of Higher Geometry can be compared with advantage to the knowledge which many a hapless student has worked and sweated to pick out of books. The *Planorbis Vortex*, for instance is a marvel of perfection in the matter of Logarithmic Spirals.

Or take many shells belonging to the genus *Terebra*! They are long and smooth: no ornaments, no complicated folds, only about 20 turns, which become smaller and smaller, till they are lost in a sharp point. They are almost a perfect projection of an equiangular *spiral* on a conic surface.



Logarithmic Spiral of Ammonite

But let us go back to my unlucky little spider. How often did I enjoy his acrobatic feats, when he would run from the centre of his palace to the surrounding walls! . . . Now he goes to the left, now to the right; now he swoops down to graze the floor, now he climbs an invisible thread up to the ceiling, from whence he lets himself down to mid-air, and swings slowly to and fro like a living pendulum. But he is so light that the air soon damps his enthusiasm, and he stops after a few oscillations . . . . And here we have the *spiral* again, which is the most accurate geometrical image of damped vibratory motion.

Two years ago I had occasion to study the variation of the Seismic Energy of the Surface-Waves of Earthquakes in relation to the distance from the Epicentre . . . . and lo! there too did I find the equation of a Spiral!

More still—the same equation gives us in a nut-shell Newton's Law of Cooling; and again it enables us to determine the relation between the density of the air and the altitude.

If we venture to look beyond the Earth into the immensities of the Heavens, we meet the *spiral* everywhere.

A spiral-structure has been suggested for the Milky Way. But, whilst the spirals of ammonites or of cob-webs (!!!) measure but a few inches in diameter, the diameter of the Galactic Spiral is somewhere near 30,000 light-years!

(For those who may happen to forget it, a light-year is equal to nearly ten trillion kilometers=9,500,000,000,000 Km.)

But is this all ? Are the objects photographed with our great telescopes all situated within the confines of this great region of space, and all regions outside of it untenanted? Or do we observe any evidence of galaxies other than our own in these outer regions? Many astronomers hold that there is such evidence for external galaxies, or "island-universes," to employ the expressive phrase used by von Humboldt.

These external galaxies have the spiral form, and they range from enormous structures like the great Nebula of Andromeda, which may possibly be at a distance of 500,000 light-years, and have a diameter of some 17,000

light years; and minute spirals which would be at distances of the order of 100,000,000 light-years; and we see them, not as they are now, but as they were millions of years ago.

It is estimated that possibly 1,000,000 *spirals* are within reach of our large reflecting telescopes, and each one probably contains more than one thousand million suns!

Few greater concepts have ever been formed in the mind of thinking man than this one, namely, that we, the microbial inhabitants of a minor satellite of one of the millions of suns which form our galaxy, may look out beyond its confines and behold other similar galaxies, tens of thousands of light years in diameter, each composed, like ours, of a thousand million or more suns, and that, in so doing, we are penetrating the greater cosmos to distances of from half a million to a hundred million light years. (Cfr. H. D. Curtis, *The Spiral Nebulae*).

So, from a contemptible little spider we have reached the fringes of Infinity. But is a spider contemptible? . . . . or is anything contemptible in this wondrous universe, which, from the tiniest atom to the giant stars, is instinct with God's Wisdom?

The unfathomable Spirals! Oh, the Heavens speak of God's Omnipotence, of his Immensity, of his inexhaustible Richness; and the *spirals* of the leaves on a tender plant, or of the Terebra, growing in the deep, set forth his ineffable Providence, his marvellous Perfection . . . . *In minimis maximus Deus*!

To Pythagoras the astral *spirals* were alive with harmonious strains of music; and yet they are not more alive and harmonious than the little *spiral* which is hidden within our ear, and by which the very world of harmony is ushered into conscious existence, and is revealed to the readily vibrating chords of the spirit.

Conscience

WITHIN my soul there was an empty room,
Swept cool and bare, and fragrant in the gloom,
When through the lattice of my mind, the Sun
Bridged the frail darkness with His dusty loom.

Hamilton Craigie.

AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM



St. Peter Canisius, S. J.

Confessor, Doctor of the Church.

St. Peter Canisius
The First Jesuit Doctor of the Church

BY THE REV. I. FERNANDES, S. J.

ST. Peter Canisius who was solemnly canonized on the 21st of May, was one of the foremost leaders in the Counter-Reformation of the Sixteenth Century. He was, moreover, a zealous promoter of higher education and an apostle of the Catholic press. It is therefore in the fitness of things that he should be better known, revered, and loved by workers in the field of Catholic education.

Peter Canisius was born at Nymwegen (now in Holland) on the 8th of May 1521. Nothing remarkable is recorded of his childhood. No heavenly sign preceded his birth and none followed it. But as he advanced in age, Peter displayed an extraordinary aptitude for study, noticing which his father, the rich and highly respected burgomaster of Nymwegen, sent him in 1536 to the University of Cologne with the view of making him a lawyer. Here a great change came over the boy. Guided by the exemplary life and wholesome advice of Nicolaus Van Esche, a saintly priest and learned professor of the University, Peter not only steered clear of the many dangers incidental to University life in those days, but also laid the foundation of solid virtues. In the meantime, he did not neglect his studies. After a brilliant course in Arts, Civil Law, and Theology, he obtained at the early age of nineteen the degree of Master of Arts. Highly elated with this success, his father was busy devising plans for the future of his son, when like a bolt from the blue, there came the announcement that Peter had taken the vow of chastity and was fully resolved upon consecrating himself to God in a Religious Order. Jacob Canisius, though thoroughly disappointed in his expectations, does not appear to have placed any obstacles in the way of his son's pious desires; for we read that on the 8th of May 1543, Peter Canisius joined the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Cologne.

After two years of noviceship, he spent some time in reviewing his theological studies and was ordained priest in 1546. Between this date and that of his solemn profession as a Jesuit, which took place on the 7th of September 1549, he was occupied partly in fighting heresy in its various forms and partly in acquiring the spirit of the Order under Saint Ignatius. But in 1549 he entered upon his life-work—that of stemming the tide of Protestant Reformation in Middle Europe—and vigorously pursued it to his dying day. In 1556 Saint Ignatius appointed him the First Provincial of the newly established German Province. Though in his humility he declined to accept this office, yet he was obliged by an order of obedience to undertake it and to retain the same till 1569, in which year he was relieved of it, mainly on grounds of health. His constitution was by this time quite broken down. Yet preferring to die in harness, he devoted the remaining years of life to instructing

converts in the Faith, to giving conferences to his religious brethren, and to writing and re-editing books. At last the end came, and on the 21st of November 1597 he breathed his last.

The labours of this great Servant of God, "the most influential reformer of the Sixteenth Century," as he has been all but unanimously styled by historians, Catholic and non-Catholic, are so many and so varied that to detail them is manifestly beyond the scope of a short article. What we may, however, attempt here is to point out the main channels into which his marvellous energies were directed and to sum up the lasting results of his fruitful apostolate.

To save the Faith from extinction in Central Europe was the glorious mission of Saint Peter Canisius. For this he lived and toiled; for this he sacrificed his life. The means he employed to attain the noble object he had in view, were mainly three: the Apostolate of Youth, the Apostolate of the Pulpit, and the Apostolate of the Press.

It was about the year 1550 that his mission was made known to Saint Peter Canisius. Wilhelm IV of Bavaria, desirous of reforming the University of Ingolstadt, requested the Holy Father to send Jesuits to teach Theology at the University. Saint Ignatius to whom this matter was referred immediately despatched three of his subjects. Peter Canisius, one of the three selected was so struck by the state of things he witnessed as he passed through the heresy-stricken lands that then and there he took the resolve of devoting himself heart and soul to the work of converting these misguided people. While not neglecting his own duties at the University, he applied himself assiduously to preaching and catechizing, and before long he was able to effect a thorough reform in and about the University.

The immense good accomplished at Ingolstadt was soon noised abroad and applications for the services of the preacher and reformer came pouring in from all quarters. Ferdinand I. of Austria who had him for a time at Vienna was so pleased with his work that he wished to detain him and appoint him to the Archbishopric. But Canisius had forsworn all such honours. Besides, there were other sheep that had to be brought back to the Fold. In quest of these he went scouring the countries of Central Europe from end to end, visiting more than once the towns and villages in the valleys of the Rhine, the Main, and the Upper Danube, preaching in Cathedrals and at royal assemblies, at wayside inns and in the open country. He addressed crowded audiences in German and in Italian, in Latin and in French, with an eloquence that went straight to the heart. And thousands of those that had gone astray did he thus convert and lead back to the True Fold.

But extensive and fruitful as were these labours, they were not enough to satiate the wondrous zeal of Saint Peter Canisius. He yearned to do more—to rescue the coming generation from Protestantism. But how was this to be effected? After long prayer and much deliberation he came to the conclusion that to found colleges for the education of youth would be the most efficient means of realizing this object. Accordingly from 1555 he opened college after college, at Prague, at Ingolstadt, at Munich, at Vienna, at Innsbruck, and at many another place. The true and solid doctrine imparted at these centres spread in ever-widening circles throughout Europe and did much in counteracting the baneful influence of the pagan Renaissance and the Protestant 'Reforms.'

Finally, a word must be said about his Apostolate of the Press. To defend Catholic

truths with the pen was in the opinion of Saint Peter Canisius just as important as to convert the heathen. Acting on this principle, this learned doctor composed various treatises expounding and defending Catholic doctrine and practice. It were futile to attempt a review of all the Saint's works of which an incomplete list fills thirty-eight quarto pages. Suffice it to say that his Catechism of Christian Doctrine has been considered as a master-piece even by non-Catholic historians and theologians. The emperor, at whose request its composition was undertaken, prescribed its use throughout all his dominions. And such was its popularity that in the author's own life-time it went through more than two hundred editions and was translated into seventeen different languages. His work on the Blessed Virgin has been called a classical defence of the whole Catholic doctrine regarding Our Lady.

The multiplicity of the Saint's activities and the marvellous results they wrought, is doubtless one of the striking phenomena in the history of the Church in Central Europe. The key-note of his success is to be sought for in the intense personal knowledge and love of Jesus Christ, which he drew in the many hours he daily devoted to prayer. He was an Apostle of the Sacred Heart of Jesus long before the devotion had become popular. From the Sacred Heart he learnt to value souls redeemed by Christ's Precious Blood and to thirst and toil for their salvation.

Pope Pius IX proclaimed Peter Canisius Blessed in 1869 and the present Pontiff enrolled him among the Saints and declared him a Doctor of the Universal Church on Ascension Day this year.

A word may be added in explanation of the last distinction conferred on the Saint by the Pope. "Doctor" (from *docere* to teach) means, as all know, an authorised teacher, and the term "Doctor of the Church" is used in the sense of a teacher of the Church *par excellence*, a man of eminent learning and eminent sanctity, who in a very special manner carried out the Master's behest "Go ye and teach." Four Fathers of the Western Church, SS. Gregory the Great, Ambrose, Augustine and Jerome, were known as the "four Doctors" in the early Middle Ages. In the East, SS. John Chrysostom, Basil and Gregory Nazianzen were honoured as the "three Hierarchs," and to these St. Athanasius was added, making four Doctors of the Eastern Church. To these great names, the Church has in course of time added seventeen others. The following list is taken from the *Examiner*:—

1568 S. Thomas Aquinas.
1588 S. Bonaventure.
1720 S. Anselm.
1722 S. Isidore.
1729 S. Peter Chrysologus.
1754 S. Leo I.
1828 S. Peter Damian.
1830 S. Bernard.
1851 S. Hilary.
1871 S. Alphonsus Liguori.
S. Francis of Sales.
1883 S. Cyril of Alexandria.
S. Cyril of Jerusalem.
S. John Damascene.
1899 S. Bede the Venerable.
1920 S. Ephrem.

"The 25 Doctors," adds the *Examiner*, "of whom 8 are Eastern, and 17 Western, include 5 Benedictines, a Dominican, a Franciscan, a Redemptorist—and now a Jesuit."

In Memoriam

Fr. Joseph Baizini, S. J.

BY THE REV. L. PROSERPIO, S. J.

ON the 20th of November 1924, at 5·15 a. m. the Rev. Fr. Joseph Baizini, S. J., after receiving Extreme Unction and the papal blessing, passed away peacefully as the priest was reading over him the last prayers for a departing soul. He was a link between the early days of St. Aloysius' College and our own, having served under all the Rectors from the Rev. Joseph Willy to the present incumbent. On the marble slab of his tomb no epitaph would more fittingly sum up the sixty-five years of his saintly life than the words of Eccl. XLV, 1 : "Beloved of God and men : whose memory is in benediction."

He was born at Bergamo in Italy on the 22nd of September 1859. Brought up in piety and innocence by his God-fearing parents, he was early sent to the "Collegio Fagnani" conducted by the Jesuit Fathers at Brixen, in the Tyrol. The new-comer soon made a name among his fellow students. Good, simple and straightforward; equally fond of books, prayers and games, he became a general favourite. Greek and Mathematics appear to have been the subjects for which he had greater predilection but, as we learn from the records of the School, he was well up in all subjects and kept throughout the first places in his class. With such qualities to adorn his mind and heart it is no wonder that at the close of his academic course he asked to be enrolled into the rank of his professors. This was on the 18th of March 1876. Had Fr. Baizini lived a year longer he would have enjoyed the rare privilege of celebrating the Golden Jubilee of his life as a Jesuit.

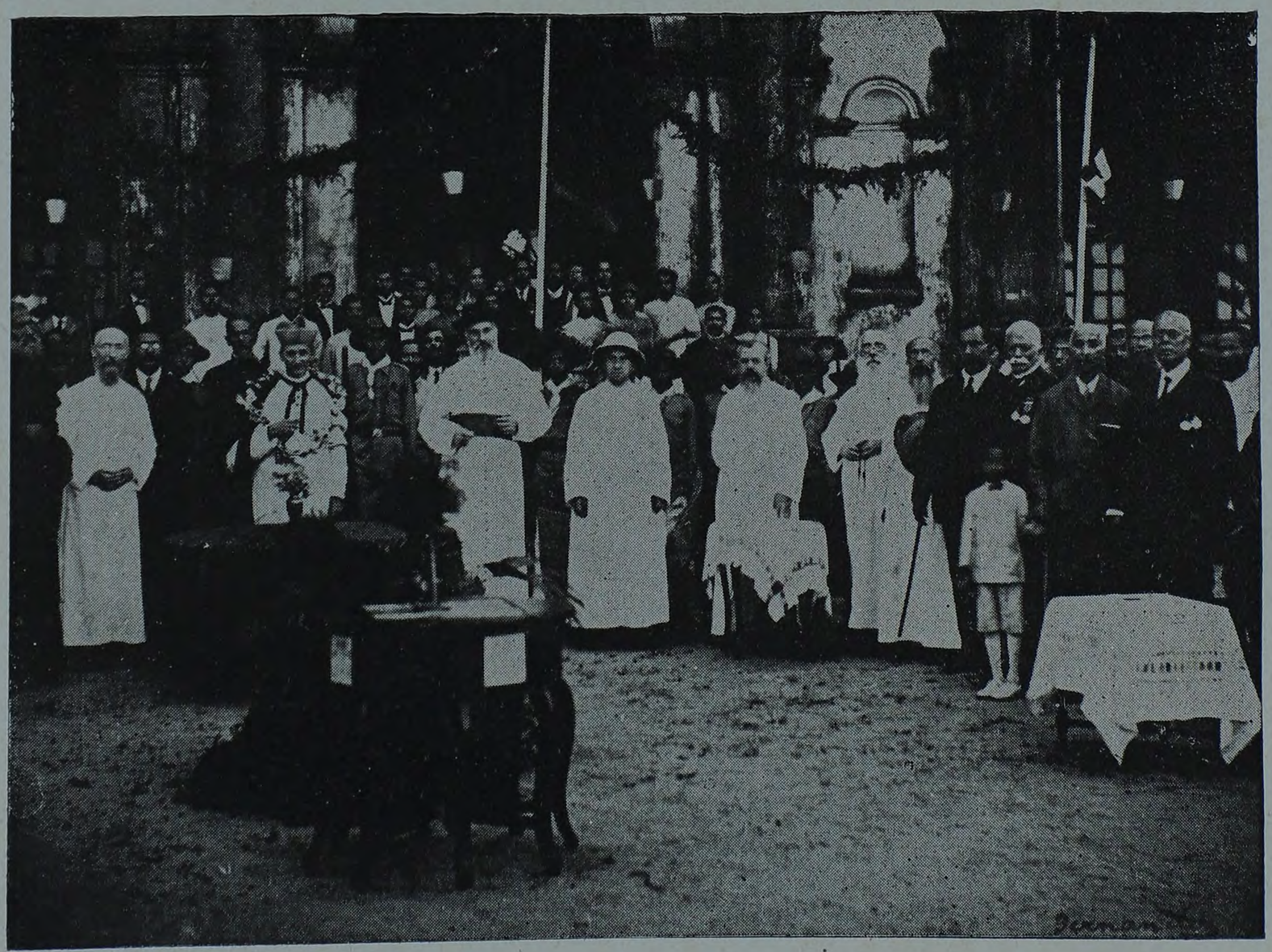
The birth of every religious vocation, no less than our natural birth, is rounded by a mystery. Vocation owes its beginning, progress and ultimate fulfilment not to the promptings, more or less instinctive, of the emotional temperament, but to an interminable series of heavenly favours. They are God's secret workings in the human soul into which we are not permitted to pry. The psychology of the supernatural has been understood only by saints, and they speak a language of which modern philosophy, unfortunately, ignores the very alphabet. For the young Jesuit, vocation means, to begin with, a period of voluntary exile, of total estrangement from the world with a view to the silent formation in the school of sanctity; finally a thorough discipline in those classical and philosophical studies which form an integral part of the *Ratio Studiorum* or the educational system prevailing in the Society of Jesus. In these latter, we are told, Fr. Baizini stood his ground and uniformly maintained the level he had achieved during his collegiate years. On the completion of his course he was sent to teach his life-long subject of Mathematics with some minor classes of Science at Zara, in Dalmatia. The place as well as the occupation was congenial to him. In after life, even to his last days, the name of Zara was often on his lips and seemed to conjure up memories of



Fr. Joseph Baizini, S. J.



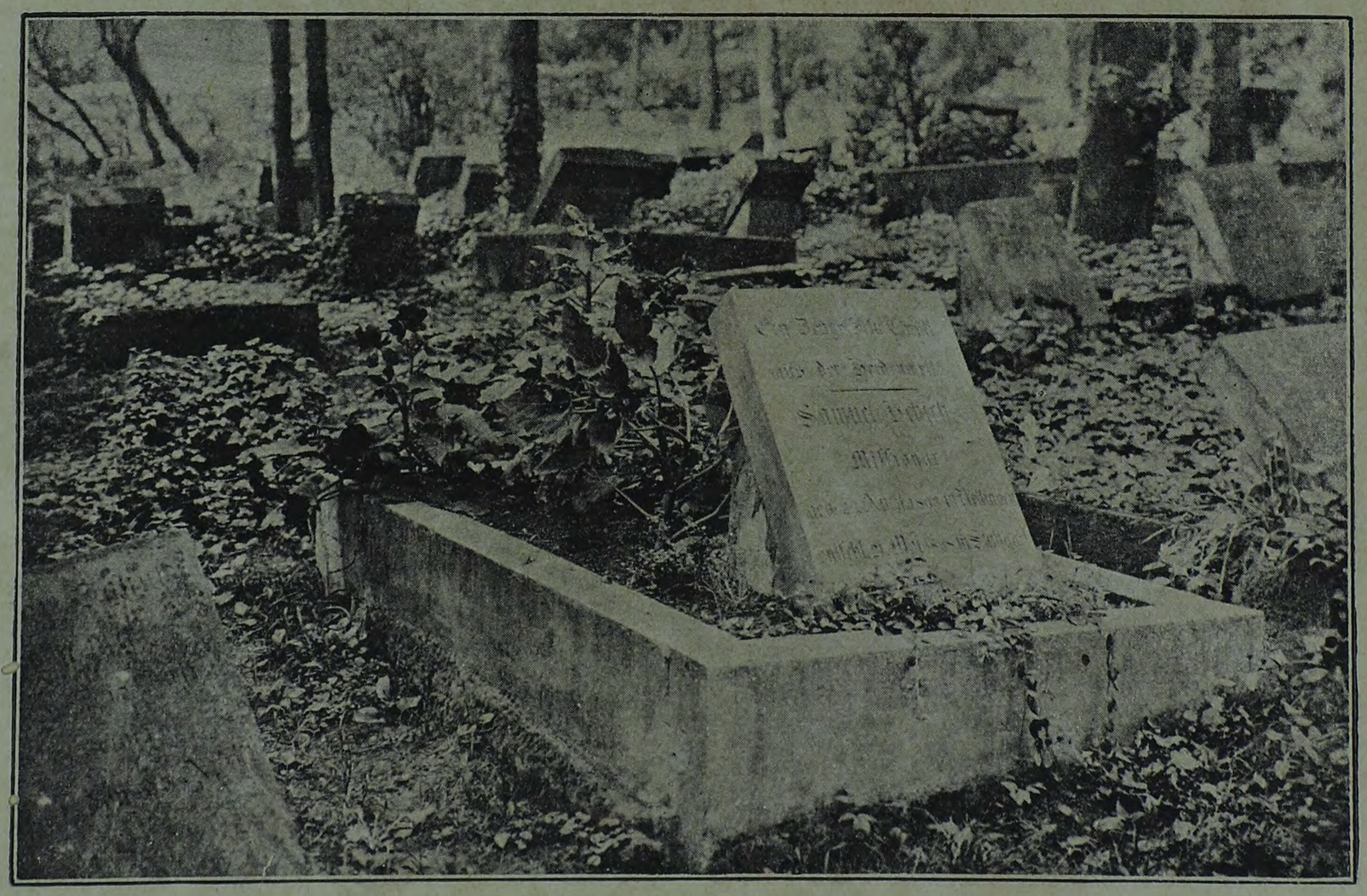
Fr. Charles Villavicencio, S. J.



The Visitor Apostolic at the Garden Party



ಇಂಡಿಯದ ಬಾಸೆಲ್ ಮಿಶ್ಶನಿನ ಪ್ರೆಸಿಡೆಂಟರಾಗಿದ್ದ ಘನ ಎ. ಶೊಸ್ನರ್ ದೊರೆಗಳವರು.



ಬಾಸೆಲ್ ಮಿಶ್ಶನಿನ ಪ್ರಥಮ ಮಿಶ್ಶನೆರಿಯಾದ ರೆವೆ. ಸಾ. ಪೇಬಿಕರ ಜರ್ಮನಿಯಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಸಮಾಧಿಯ ಚಿತ್ರ.



Shanthi Church, Balmatha, Mangalore.



Jubilee Church, Udipi.

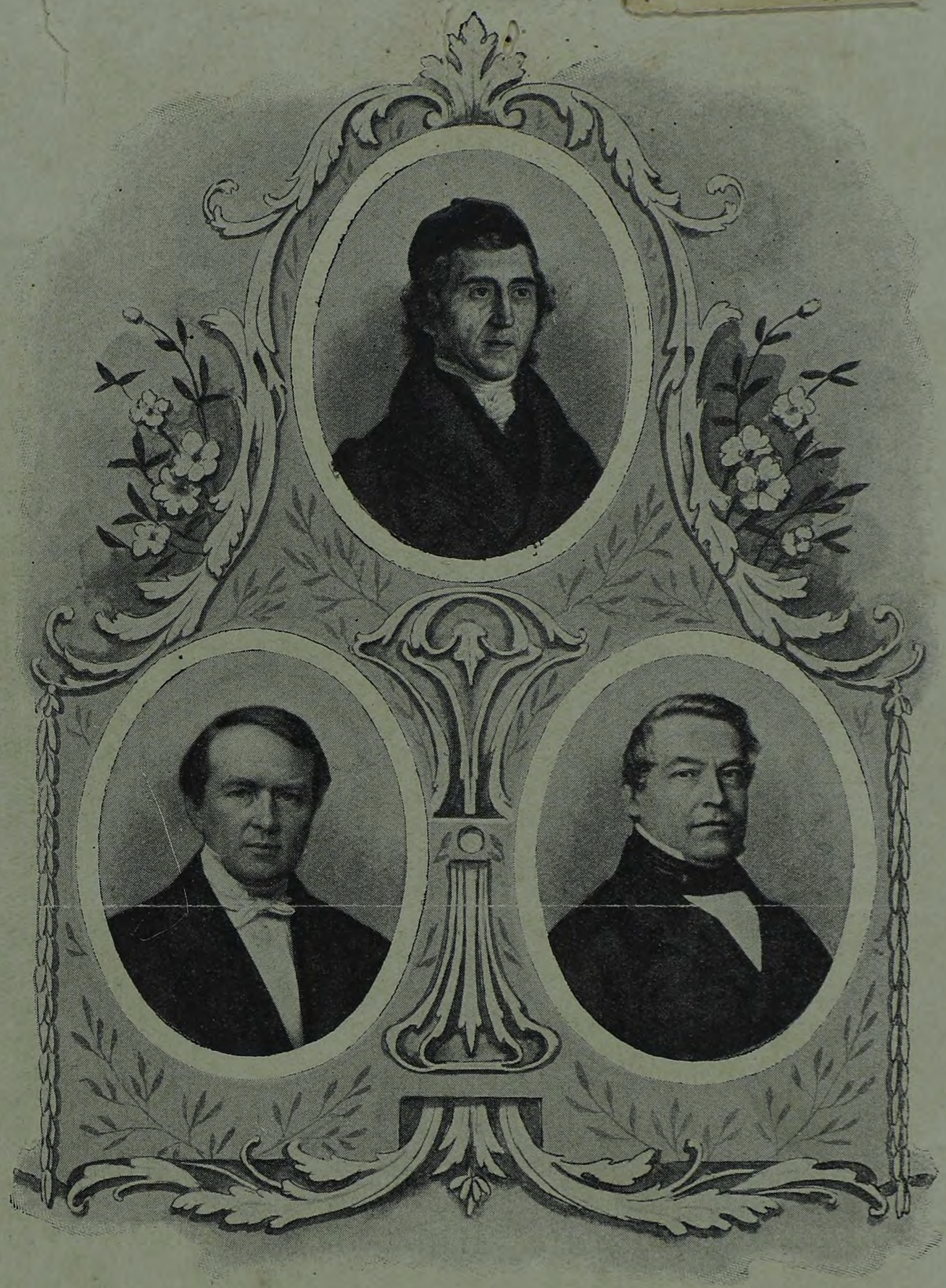


Kanthi Church, Jeppoo, Mangalore.



Rev. Samuel Hebich.

Rev. Dr. H. Gundert. Rev. H. Moegling.



Rev. W. Hoffmann.
Inspector of Basel Ev. Mission Society.

Rev. Blumhardt.
Inspector of Basel Ev. M. Society.

Rev. Josenhans.
Inspector of Basel Ev. M. Society.

happy dreams and youthful activity. It may as well be stated once for all that the genial Fr. Baizini never grew old. "Beppe," as he was fondly called at home, remained a boy through life.

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In 1883 came his second vocation, the call of the East. He felt irresistibly drawn to India and asked his superiors' permission to join the Mission of Mangalore recently transferred by decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda from the care of the Carmelite Fathers, and confided to the Venetian Province of the Society of Jesus. He arrived on the 2nd of December, the auspicious day of the eve of St. Francis Xavier. His first year in Mangalore was spent in mastering the English language. His real college life dates from January 1885, when the present imposing building modelled on the style of the well-known Oratory of St. Philip Neri, at Rome, was first opened. From this day onwards he taught Mathematics as his chief subject, adding to it classes of Latin, Catechism and Science as occasion required. He was an ideal teacher born to the matter and to the manner. Thousands who passed through his hands are ready to testify to his special ability in holding the attention of the boys, in making his subject easy and its unimaginative symbols interesting. The many letters of condolence received by Rev. Fr. Rector voice in one chorus Fr. Baizini's unique talent for teaching Mathematics. The different Inspectors who year in, year out, visited the College, as they passed by, used to stop in front of Fr. Baizini's class-room, drawn into the deep spell that seemed to pervade it. The result at public examinations chimed with the earnestness of his teaching. A student's failure in Mathematics was a blow to him who, simple and child-like, would attribute the catastrophe to want of grounding in lower classes, neglect of study at home, but never .... oh never, to lack of proper tuition. May his beautiful soul kindly smile from the gates of heaven at our mathematical laurels of these latter years! As I am penning this short memoir the familiar figure of Fr. Baizini passes vividly before my mind's eye. I am writing of the years between 1910 and 1920. His shoulders have a slight stoop owing to advancing age, but he is in the pink of health and full of yet juvenile vigour. Under his left arm he carries three or four mathematical books; a black velvet cap, minus the gold embroidery, covers his head—my Mangalorean readers will never forget Fr. Baizini's velvet cap. It was part of his being, as necessary as a limb. I can see it has just been brushed by some good domestic, but you should see it after an hour's class white with a thin film of chalk, immaculate as snow. And can I forget the inseparable companion of all his lectures, the metre ruler that descended playfully, yet inevitably at times, on arm or shin by way of calling attention to some abstruse principle of his own Geometry! Withal Fr. Baizini held up a standard, not a disciplinary rod: but we have travelled too fast and must gather up the loststrands of chronological events.

The time came for Fr. Baizini's theological studies, and he was accordingly sent to Kurseong, at the foot of the snow-capped Himalayas, where the Society of Jesus holds a House of Studies for the young Jesuits who have come out to India before their ordination to the Priesthood. Here again Fr. Baizini made a mark, so that the authorities of the Bengal Mission would have been glad to keep him for the chair of Dogmatic Theology.

He was ordained in 1891, returned to Mangalore in 1893 and went to Jeppoo for the year of his last formation as a Jesuit. We shall not dwell on the religious experiences, or attempt to catalogue minutely the yearnings

and aspirations of a missionary soul in its seclusion of Manresa. The third year of Probation or second Novitiate, as it is differently called, was intended by St. Ignatius to put the final seal, the finishing touch, on the spiritual training which the Society offers to her children before they are launched out for the labours of the Lord's vineyard. Upon the close of it, Fr. Baizini expected naturally to revert to his beloved College, but, for a while, his fate hung in the balance. There was need of a Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Seminary, and he was told to take up the task. Divinity is no doubt the highest and noblest of sciences, yet the lot of Fr. Baizini seems to have been cast, from the day he set out for India, among boys. He taught dogma for three months and in the interval, on February 2nd 1894, made his solemn profession, thus irrevocably binding himself to God. April 1894 saw him back to the College on Edyah Hill. This was his miniature terrestrial paradise, where he found everything congenial to his tastes.

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So far Fr. Baizini has been represented as an ideal teacher and a true friend of boys. It is but one aspect of his character. To drill Grammar and Mathematics into young men's minds cannot be the primary object of a missionary whose enthusiastic temperament elated and strengthened by supernatural grace has embraced a whole universe for the sphere of his activity. Scholarship and the routine of class-work must fail to supply him with that abundance of pasture which in his prayers, in the fascinated dreams of his Novitiate he imagined to find in the missionary field. A priest cannot but value souls higher than brains, and Fr. Baizini's way to reach the souls of men lay in the confessional. Of a truth, in the annals of the College the name of this godly man will be written in letters of gold not so much because he taught Mathematics successfully for thirty years, but because he was the spiritual guide, the indefatigable confessor of many generations of students. A magnetic power seemed to hang around him in the confessional. Throughout the entire year people flocked to seek his ministerial services, but the high water mark was reached during the annual retreat of both the gentlemen and the students. That was indeed the time of harvest. It looked as if he more than anybody else knew the secrets of the sacramental absolution and its divine influence: so many were those that sought his guidance in the troubles and perplexities which burden and afflict the human conscience. One special fruit of this assiduous work must here be mentioned. There are many now among the clergy of the Diocese of Mangalore, and not a few in the Society of Jesus, whose vocation was fostered and brought to maturity in the confessional of Fr. Baizini.

To the work of the class-room, which was always that of a full-time teacher, and the confessional, Fr. Baizini added other activities at various times. He was during two periods Minister of the College, Procurator for some twelve years, and House Librarian for almost the same term. In the latter capacity he compiled a catalogue of all the books in the library. This was at the time a colossal undertaking, and it elicited words of special commendation from the first University commission that visited the College in 1905. No one appreciated the manuscript volume better than Fr. Baizini himself who would not be persuaded to admit that improvement upon it was possible. Quite recently our library was equipped with an up-to-date card catalogue, the work of a distinguished librarian. It won the unstinted praise of all. Fr. Baizini none the less continued to be charmingly, almost amusingly, proud of his own production of 1905.

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From what has already been stated much will have been inferred as to the character of our beloved Father. Unobtrusively old-fashioned, he was a true son of the past with a bias against modern ways and manners. Not in style only, but in thought and ideas, too, he belonged to the old school. His many virtues had about them the flavour and halo of the older saints. The epithet 'old boy,' which one so often heard from his lips, assumed when applied to him a true litteral meaning. Even from the time of his school-days there was in Fr. Baizini's gait, bearing and general appearance a strange combination of youth and age. It did not escape the gay and spirited boys of the 'Collegio Fagnani' who, we are told, loved to make sport of 'Beppe's' premature old age with many a practical joke. Indeed, on account of these and other peculiarities of character Fr. Baizini often became the object of pleasant and innocent mirth among his friends and, not unfrequently, among his colleagues in religion. His childlike simplicity has been noted. It made him popular with all. He knew no distinction of class and colour, of intellectual or other attainments; for to him all boys were equal, and gentlemen were merely boys of a larger growth. The naïveté of his manners was striking. At times former pupils, who had now risen high in the social scale, came to pay him a visit. He greeted them characteristically. "How are you, old boy," he used to say, "I thought you were dead," and a kindly smile lit up his face as he began to speak of the bygone days. It all ended invariably by dismissing them with a blessing. All-too-trustful himself, he never suspected evil of others. He would see only good in all that came in contact with him and used to remark that life was too short to spend any part of it in talking ill of others. For his Superiors he always had a regard, admiration and love, depending on them even in the smallest things, anxious to secure their approval in all his undertakings. The portrait we have been drawing of Fr. Baizini may, perhaps, appear to the reader over-bright, lacking in shade and contrast. Undoubtedly he, too, had faults and frailties that flesh is heir to. They were, however, mostly those of a guileless child. At times his temper got the better of him, when anything was said or done he did not approve of. The rising of his voice clearly showed his displeasure which at times found expression in emphatic words. Such outbursts of temper were few and far between, and like a passing cloud left no trace of any kind in his beautiful soul.

We are now coming to the last days of this much beloved man. After working for the boys for nearly forty years without ever revisiting the land of his birth, spending even the annual holidays within the College, his constitution, otherwise healthy and strong, could bear the strain no longer. About six years previous to the end he had a minor operation to undergo, and two years later he gave signs of a partial collapse. He was sent to Fr. Muller's Hospital where he soon regained his forces and returned to the College to resume his full-time work. In October 1923 he had a fainting fit in the class-room. We thought little of it at the time, but the veteran soldier had to lay down his arms. His work was done. Yet he lingered on for nearly a year between the hospital and the hills, ever hoping to regain strength and reluctant to believe that he had ceased to be young. To his very last day he continued to speak of the confessional and the mathematics classes and would go to the Rector asking to be given some light teaching work.

But it was not to be; for the end came sudden and unexpected. In spite of failing health, Fr. Baizini had really no sickness and moved about the house following the exercises of the Community. On Thursday, the 20th

of November, his next-door neighbour heard groans from his room at 5 a. m., the rising hour, though he usually got up much earlier. As these seemed to continue, some passers-by entered the room and found the good Father unconscious and gasping for breath. The Infirmarian was called in, who declared that the end was not far off. A Father gave him Extreme Unction and the last blessing in the presence of most of the members of the Community who had meanwhile gathered by his side. There was no pulse, and his limbs were very cold. A few groans, louder than the previous ones, were his last farewell, the poor legacy he left us before his innocent soul took flight to eternity. He died peacefully without agony, and probably without being ever conscious that he was about to die. The doctor, who arrived soon after, declared that heart failure had done its work. May he rest in peace.

Early in the morning the melancholy double strokes of the passing-bell carried the sorrowful news rapidly from home to home. A stream of men and women, of boys and girls soon was seen wending their way up the slope of the College chapel where the remains of the dear departed Father were exposed. From dawn to sunset silently they came, eager to kiss the feet and touch the sacred garments of one they loved so well. At 4 P. M. all the members of the Community gathered in the church to recite the Office of the Dead at the end of which the body was to be carried to the mortuary Chapel of the Jesuit Fathers at Jeppoo. Meanwhile the crowd of the faithful had gone up to thousands. The hearse decked with flowers and wreaths stood ready at the door, but to little purpose, for the old pupils and penitents prayed to be allowed to carry the coffin on their shoulders the long, long way to the appointed cemetery. It was an imposing, majestic procession of people gathering strength as it marched along the streets of Mangalore; it was the final tribute, worthy of princes and kings, to one of whom it could be said "transiit benefaciendo." So passed this artless, simple-minded Priest, this unassuming, unpretentious Missionary—"Beloved of God and men: whose memory is in benediction."

R. I. P.

We shall make no apology for publishing a few extracts from the many letters of condolence received when the news of Fr. Baizini's death became known to his many friends and admirers. They will give us a better insight into the character and spirit of the man in whose memory we have penned these lines.

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27—11—1924.

I was surprised to hear of the death of good Father Baizini by your telegram. I had no idea that he was so unwell. Well, it is over, and I have lost a dear old friend, and gained another in the other world to help me with his prayers. How many boys owe him all they have! It was wonderful what a hold he had on boys. I can still see him before my eyes, the good father going up and down correcting mathematics papers. He was as kind as he could be to me and I will never forget him. At the next distribution of prizes please award a prize in his honour. I will send you Rs. 25 whenever you send me a reminder.

23—11—1924.

I was so sorry to know that our beloved Fr. Baizini was no more. St. Aloysius' College has lost a jewel in him. Though I knew that he was sick, I did not expect he would be called so quickly. On behalf of the mischievous boys of our generation, I may tell you that no one had a word of grumble or resentment against the good father. All loved him without exception. Though I had

the consolation of carrying his body, I regret very much that I was unable to go and see him before his death. R. I. P.

It would be but an act of love and gratitude towards him if all old boys combine together and give a permanent prize in his name so as to keep it fresh in our memory. I would therefore request you to appeal for funds to the old boys in the annual report of this year. You can put my name down for Rs. 15.

23—11—1924.

I don't know if you will care to receive condolences from a young man so far away; but on my part I feel it a duty of politeness and gratitude to tell you that I sympathise with you and *Alma Mater* on the loss of good Fr. Baizini.

He was my confessor for the seven years I was in Mangalore, and my father's before me. He helped my vocation much by his example and directions. I therefore feel for you at the absence of such a good confessor in our college. What struck me most in him was his absolute detachment from curiosity about the things going on outside in the world he despised.

25—11—1924.

I have just received your letter informing me of Fr. Baizini's death, and I hasten to offer you my sympathy, and my prayers for him.

The Fathers will feel his loss much—even more so because death was not expected to come soon. The boys too will miss him—dear, simple, smiling Fr. Baizini—especially in his confessional by the church door, where he used to sit, like a soldier at his post. But he has been taken to that much-needed rest, which he would not take in life.

I am sorry to think he is gone. I have known him so long. Long before I saw him, I had heard of him from my father, who loved to tell us of Fr. Baizini. And in Mangalore, I came to know him soon enough. He never taught me—not for a single day. But I could not think of going to confession to any one but Fr. Baizini. I am sure many others will say the same. Last year again, when at the college, I had another opportunity of seeing him closely; and I loved him the more. He was so simple.

I have written almost foolishly. But I could not help writing to let you know what Fr. Baizini was to me. I need hardly say I have been praying for him.

2—12—1924.

So, one more venerable figure, makes an exit from the College. I had just a glimpse of dear Fr. Baizini during the recess, when I had come down to Mangalore, and the change in him was marked indeed. He looked tired of the world, I thought, and was eager to go to his reward. It has come pretty soon.

Towards the latter end, Fr. Baizini was my mentor and confessor and I have somewhere, deep within, my grateful recollections of the kindly way in which he managed my rather erratic soul. Such a gentle sympathy, such a beaming smile, such warm welcome in times of distress and depression—these were Fr. Baizini's perennial characteristics, and the coming boys will miss them surely as we, who have known him well, feel our loss of them.

May I respectfully tender my condolences to Rev. Fr. Rector and the Jesuit Community in Mangalore, on this their bereavement.

27—11—1924.

It was with extreme regret that I learnt from an Associated Press message that the good old Fr. Baizini, S. J. passed away from our midst on the 20th November 1924. Hundreds of students, and old boys of the College who are scattered all over the country will mourn the loss. By his demise the College has lost one of its most popular lecturers and the students one of their most sympathetic friends. May his soul rest in peace.

In Memoriam
Father Diomedes Gioanini, S. J.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

THE Mangalore Mission has lost a valuable and zealous worker in the person of Rev. Fr. Diomedes Gioanini, S. J. The news of his death came as a shock to all that had known him. He left St. Aloysius' College for Bombay on the 6th of May in seemingly good health and on May the 15th he embarked for Italy on board the *S. S. Aquileia*, along with his brother Fr. Joseph Gioanini.

He wrote from Port Said to say that all was well, and a few days later, a cablegram announced his death. The first details of the sad event came in a letter addressed by the Archbishop of Calcutta to the Rev. Fr. Superior of the Mangalore Mission. His Grace wrote:—

"Aquileia," 29th May 1925.

Dear Rev. Fr. Superior,

P. X.

It is my painful duty to send you a few details on the death of good Father Diomedes Gioanini. I suppose that he will have written to you from Port Said that the heat, during the first days, had affected him a little and it struck me then that his face was rather flushed at times; but he soon recovered and seemed to enjoy the voyage very much indeed. I was with him yesterday evening till 9·30 p. m.; we walked together for an hour or so; he was as cheerful as usual, talking about his plans, his lectures, etc. At about 11·15 p. m. his brother came to call me, as Father Diomedes was very bad. I went down at once, the good Father had breathed his last already. The doctor was with him and had given him an injection, but it was too late. The whole tragedy may have lasted 20 minutes. No agony. The Captain has allowed us to keep the body up to Naples, which we shall reach tomorrow morning. We have wirelessed to the Provincial, Naples, to make the necessary arrangements.

Father Giuseppe is very brave; it is a hard blow for him, and so sudden. He asked me to write to Your Reverence as he does not feel quite up to the mark, yet. Fr. Giuseppe will land at Naples and I think the best will be to leave him there for a few days. One of the Fathers probably will be able to accompany him. I should willingly take charge of him, but I'll have to go directly to Rome and stop there for perhaps a long time. This sudden death has cast a gloom over the ship; Fr. Diomedes was very popular with all the passengers, and they have all expressed their sincere sympathy.

Both of us said Mass this morning for the deceased, praying that he may celebrate Pentecost in heaven.

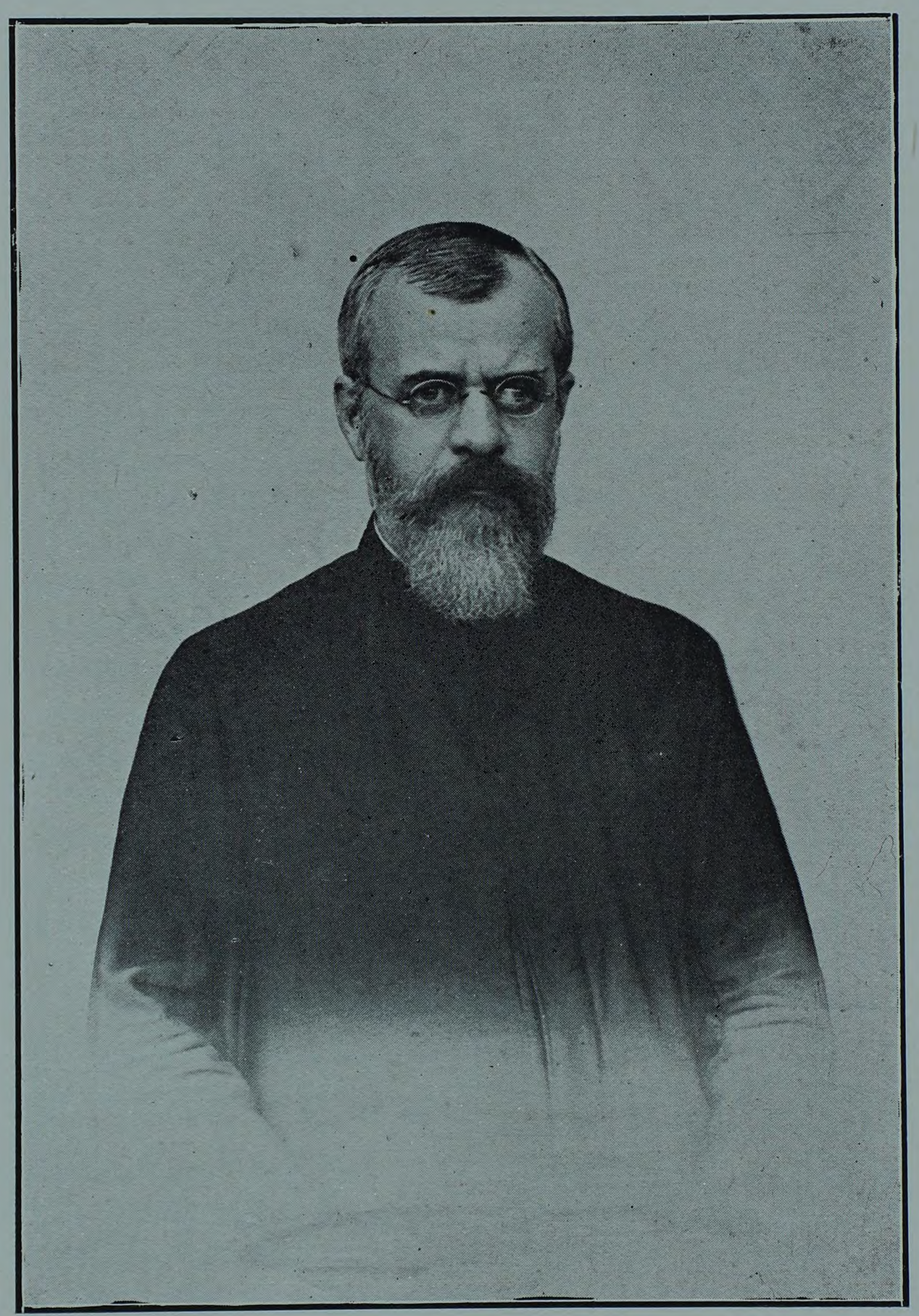
Please accept my heartfelt condolence, dear Rev. Father, and kindly convey the expression of my sympathy to His Lordship, and all the Fathers. I feel very much the loss of the dear Father, always ready to render service and to help in many ways.

May his soul rest in peace.

I remain in union of hh. SS.

Rvae. servus in Xto.,

(Sd.) F. PERIER, S. J.,
Archbishop of Calcutta.



Fr. Diomedes Gioanini S. J.

By the same mail came a letter from Fr. Joseph Gioanini, in which he says:—

"It was only 10 minutes before the sad event took place, when the doctor realised the seriousness of the case: he gave an injection, but it was too late, there was just time for the last Absolution, which I gave him. The steamer was near Catania when this happened. The captain was kind enough to allow us to keep the body up to Naples. We sent a wireless to the Provincial at Naples, and our Fathers there got everything ready for the funeral on our landing, on Saturday morning, the 30th of May. The captain with almost all the officers in their uniform were present, when the body was landed, and offered their sympathies to our Fathers, and through them to me in particular, as I had already left the steamer. The body had to be carried directly to the cemetery, as the Municipal Medical Officer did not allow of its being taken to the Church of the Gesu Nuovo, as prearranged. On the 3rd of June, there was the Office of the Dead and High Mass at our Chapel in the cemetery, at which Fathers and Scholastics were present in good number. R. I. P.

On my way to Venice, I was allowed to stop at Rome, and saw our Very Rev. Fr. General, who wanted to know all the details of the sad case and showed much sympathy."

(*Sd.*) FR. JOS. GIOANINI, S. J.

The good Father had worked full thirty years in India without ever falling ill, and was still hale and hearty. Business connected with the Missionary Exhibition in Rome afforded the Superiors a favourable opportunity for granting him a well deserved holiday. But it was God's will to call His faithful servant to his eternal reward *ut requiescat a laboribus suis*.

Fr. D. Gioanini entered the Society of Jesus in Portore, near Fiume in 1886, when he was only 15 years old. After spending eight years in that House of Training he came out to Mangalore in 1894. The Seminary was the field of his first five years of youthful labours in the Mission.

After one year devoted to the study of English, he spent the remaining four in the teaching of Grammar and Rhetoric. The next three years saw him in the Theological Seminary at Kurseong; and there he received Holy Orders at the hands of the late Archbishop B. Meuleman, S. J. Those were glorious years, full of enthusiasm and bright dreams of the future. They brought the young scholastic in touch with many men of sterling worth. I shall mention just a few. The venerable old Fr. Schouppe, the well-known author, then over eighty years of age, who had offered his services for the Bengal Mission when he was past 60. Good, genial Fr. Van Trooy, Professor of Dogma, who died recently at the ripe age of 84. Fr. Grosjean, the builder of the Kandy Pontifical Seminary, and of St. Mary's College, Kurseong. Among his fellow students I recall with delight the names of Fr. O'Neill, Fr. J. Wallace, Fr. Bertram.

After the third year of Probation spent in Ranchi, Fr. Gioanini returned to Mangalore fully equipped for his work; this was in December 1903. Fr. Frachetti was then Superior of the Mission, and Fr. Moore was Rector and Principal of the College.

Except for a short stay in Malabar, Fr. Gioanini's twenty-one years of uninterrupted activities were devoted to the different institutions of the Mangalore town, the College, the Kankanady Hospital, the Bishop's House and again the College.

In 1909 the establishment of European Schools in Malabar brought him first to Calicut, and then to St. Michael's, Cannanore. This school was then in a state of transition and it was Fr. Gioanini who worked hard to provide it with an efficient staff of Lady

Teachers (a thing then unheard of in our schools), and to organise and equip it according to modern requirements.

Fr. Muller's failing health and subsequent death in 1910 brought Fr. Gioanini back to Mangalore, as Director of Fr. Muller's Institutions.

This new appointment offered a wide scope to his resources—his skill in business matters, his power of organization, his tact in dealing with all sorts of people, his sympathy in looking after the sick. Out of the many improvements effected during his administration two seem to me to recommend his memory to the gratitude of the Catholic public—the introduction of the Sisters of Charity, and the building and equipping of the Surgical Room.

Though much of the work entrusted to Fr. Gioanini was not directly of a spiritual nature, he did not neglect the sacred ministry, and was much in request for the beautiful Retreats he gave in and out of the Mission.

A trait in his character that struck every one that came in touch with him was his kindliness of manner and unfailing cheerfulness. He was ever ready with a pleasant smile and a joke.

He was a great lover of his religious vocation and still more of the Catholic Church, and took a deep interest in all the works of zeal undertaken by his brethren to promote the Kingdom of Christ upon earth.

May the Lord of the Vineyard for which the good Father toiled so long and faithfully hear the prayers of his many sorrowing friends and send more workers like him to carry on the work of saving souls in this land of India he loved so well.

R. I. P.

Life and Death

Life?

To him a joy
But with alloy,
Whom sin controls;
Long burdened years,
Penance and tears,
To righteous souls:
is Life.

Come, make a choice!
Shall I rejoice,
By sin held fast;
Or shall I bear
All pain and care
Unto the last,
in Life?

Death?

A passage grim
And dark to him
Fearing to go!
An end of pain,
To him who feign
His God would know:
is Death.

If now the smile
Of sin beguile,
'Twill draw me down:
But if I bear
Christ's cross, then share
I shall his crown,
at Death.

John C. O'Connell, S. J.

In Memoriam

Father Charles Villavicencio, S. J.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

FATHER Charles Villavicencio, who was of Spanish parentage, was born on the 19th of January 1854. The ancient Catholic family to which he belonged was noted for traditions of piety and deeds of daring for the fatherland. Among the reminiscences of Charles's infant years is an anecdote describing the joy of the household when the child opened his mouth in articulate speech while the bells were ringing merrily to announce the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception on the 8th of December of that year. In due course, he was placed in an educational institution combining the advantages of a residential College. After completing his classical studies, he asked to join the Society of Jesus. He was in his teens when on the 19th of August 1869, he was enrolled among the Jesuit Novices of the Venetian Province. Fifty years later on the same day and in the same month of the year 1919, there was held an agape to mark the Golden Jubilee of his religious life. His brethren and a number of friends knelt round him while, before Jesus on the altar, he poured out a humble heart's thanksgiving for the countless graces received by him in a half-century. As he stepped out of the church he was presented a pile of telegrams and letters from hundreds of souls wishing him every good thing that love could wish. He lived half a dozen years beyond the day of jubilation. God called him to his reward in June, 1925.

St. Aloysius' College is in many ways beholden to Fr. Villavicencio. His interest in the College moved him to secure for it many a benefactor among his own kith and kin as well as among the friends of his family. Prominent in generosity was his mother, the late Countess Villavicencio, a truly Christian matron, who spent the many years of her widowhood in works of piety and charity in the service of the sanctuary and Christ's poor. The annual prize-lists of the College used to contain copious donations from her. She founded besides "The Scholarship Du Sacré Coeur" in memory of her daughter, a nun in the Society of the Sacred Heart. Moreover she used to defray year after year the entire cost of Church linen and several other items of recurring needs of Church and Community. Realizing the want of a sanatorium, she had ear-marked a large sum for a villa on the Western Ghauts. That the flow of her generosity might not run dry after her death, she had bethought herself of establishing a permanent fund for these purposes which, alas, the Great European War was destined to extinguish.

Father Villavicencio's father had espoused the cause of Don Carlos, and for his sake had sacrificed much that he prized dearly on earth. Life-long exile from the land of his birth was to be the lot of himself and his family. It thus came to pass that Charles sought admission into an Italian Province of the Jesuit Order, and that after his ordination to the priesthood offered himself for service

in the Mangalore Mission that had been entrusted to the Venetian Province.

Father Villavicencio arrived in Mangalore on the 18th of December 1887 and returned to Europe on the 23rd of November 1893. All the years of his sojourn in India, barring one which found him in St. Joseph's Seminary at Jeppoo, were spent in the service of St. Aloysius' College. Blessed with a robust constitution and a wonderful gift for the mastery of languages, he could readily take up a variety of subjects both in the High School and in the University classes. He taught Mathematics for a couple of years, and when the College was raised to the First Grade and affiliated to the University of Madras in History and Philosophy, a part of each group was assigned to him. His lectures on the History of England were particularly interesting. As a boy in his father's home he had had the benefit of endless discourses on modern history of which members of his family had been at various periods eye-witnesses.

Old Aloysians of the eighties and nineties will doubtless recollect the familiar face of Father Villavicencio who used to be much in evidence in College chapel, class-rooms, and verandahs. Frank, free, friendly he was at all times and with all sorts of boys and men. Such, too, was his speech. He used to be constantly requisitioned as preacher, and his sermons and simpler discourses were remarkable for pithiness and directness. They went straight to the hearts and minds of his hearers. As Director of the Men's Sodality at Kodialbail, his Sunday sermons were appreciated for their solidity and freedom from rhetorical ornament which he disdained as derogatory to the dignity of the Gospel. In his dealings with individual sodalists, there was mingled a fund of sympathy of word and act that dispelled the somewhat brusque manner of the Spanish military man as he was styled.

On his return to Italy, after a couple of years employed in the sacred ministry in various residences as need arose, he was appointed to the chair of Theology in the Jesuit House of Studies at Gorizia. The four years he spent in the mental and spiritual formation of candidates for the priesthood revealed to superiors the singular aptitudes he possessed for the sublime task. He was accordingly placed on the teaching staff of the Pontifical Seminary of Scutari where five Dioceses of Albania gather together their candidates for Holy Orders to receive their entire sacerdotal education at the hands of Jesuit professors. When we remember that Father Villavicencio lived and worked in this institute for five-and-twenty years with characteristic devotion to duty, we can well form an idea of the meritoriousness of his life and of the wealth of heavenly blessings he must have secured for the clergy of Albania. "They that are learned shall shine as the brightness of the firmament: and they that instruct many to justice, as stars for all eternity." Dan. XII; 3.

R. I. P.



Rao Saheb A. J. Lobo, B. A., B. L.

Old Boys and Friends

WE tender our heartfelt congratulations to Rao Saheb A. J. Lobo and Rao Saheb B. Colaço on the well-merited title bestowed on them on the occasion of the King's Birthday.

Rao Saheb A. J. Lobo, as is well known, is a grandson of the late Lawrence Lobo Prabhu, Donor of the site of the College. Few of our alumni have had as distinguished a career as he. Having read in our College up to his F. A. examination, he proceeded to the Presidency College, Madras for his B. A. degree. By the time he graduated it was clear he was to be a leader among men. With a view to qualify himself as a High Court Vakil he took his B. L. degree and served as an apprentice under Mr. H. Wedderburn and Dewan Bahadur K. Narayan Rao. Madras would have afforded ample scope to the talents of the young lawyer. But the Catholic community of Mangalore with its vast capabilities was still looking for its men of light and leading, and Mr. Lobo was prevailed upon to select his native town for the field of his activities. Today he commands the foremost practice in South Kanara and is the leading criminal lawyer at the Mangalore bar.

In June 1906 Mr. Lobo was appointed Public Prosecutor and Government Pleader for the district, and he held this office till 1924. He was an elected member of the Mangalore Municipal Council for a period of fifteen years, and its Vice-Chairman for three years. He officiated as the Municipal Chairman for six months. From 1902 to 1906 he was the Government Plague Officer, in which capacity he rendered self-sacrificing service to the people of Mangalore. He was for some time Vice-President of the South Kanara Catholic Association, which has over a thousand members. For many years he has been Vice-President of the Roman Catholic Provident Fund, which has proved most beneficial to the Catholics of the district.

As a public speaker the Rao Saheb has few rivals. His secret lies not in florid rhetorical ornament; but his lucid exposition of the case in hand and the admirable way he marshals his arguments carry conviction even to the unwilling. No wonder he is so much in requisition to address large audiences. The speech he made at the Garden Party held on the College grounds in honour of His Excellency the Visitor Apostolic will be long remembered. A more recent occasion was the largely attended Temperance Meeting held on the Milagres maidan, at which Rao Saheb A. J. Lobo, who is a staunch supporter of the Temperance movement, was one of the foremost speakers.

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It would not be too much to say that the life of Rao Saheb B. Colaço has been a tissue of selfless acts, especially on behalf of the poor. One wonders how recognition did not come to him earlier. Referring to the newly bestowed title, Mr. R. H. Ellis, I. C. S., Labour Commissioner, and a few years ago Collector of South Kanara, writes to

Dr. Colaço : "I congratulate you most heartily upon the honour which has been conferred upon you. I am extremely glad you have got it for I feel you thoroughly deserve recognition of your unselfish work for the poor. Indeed I may admit to you now that I recommended you long ago and I have always felt sorry that recognition did not come to you sooner. I hope the work still progresses. It seems to me the model organization of its kind in the presidency."

The work Mr. Ellis alludes to in his letter is the Maternity and Child Welfare Association, of which Rao Saheb Colaço has been the soul since it was started in our town. By this time he has visited nearly 4,500 houses and thanks to his untiring efforts infantile mortality has diminished considerably among our people. During a period of three years and a half the lives of nearly 200 children have been saved.

But Dr. Colaço's career of social service started much earlier in his life. When a young medical officer at Karkal he was for five years secretary of the Reading Room. Here he started a night-school for poor boys of all classes and promoted the Temperance movement by means of popular lectures delivered to Catholics on Sundays. He initiated the Ladies' Club at Karkal with a view to domestic improvement. Udipi too remembers him as secretary of the Reading Room and lecturer on social and economical subjects. Many are the articles contributed by him to *The Madras Mail, The Mangalore Magazine, The Catholic Educational Review, The Catholic Leader* and the *Konkni Dirvẽ*. In all these his aim has been to promote obedience to ecclesiastical authorities, European and Indian, loyalty to Government and patriotism to the fatherland.

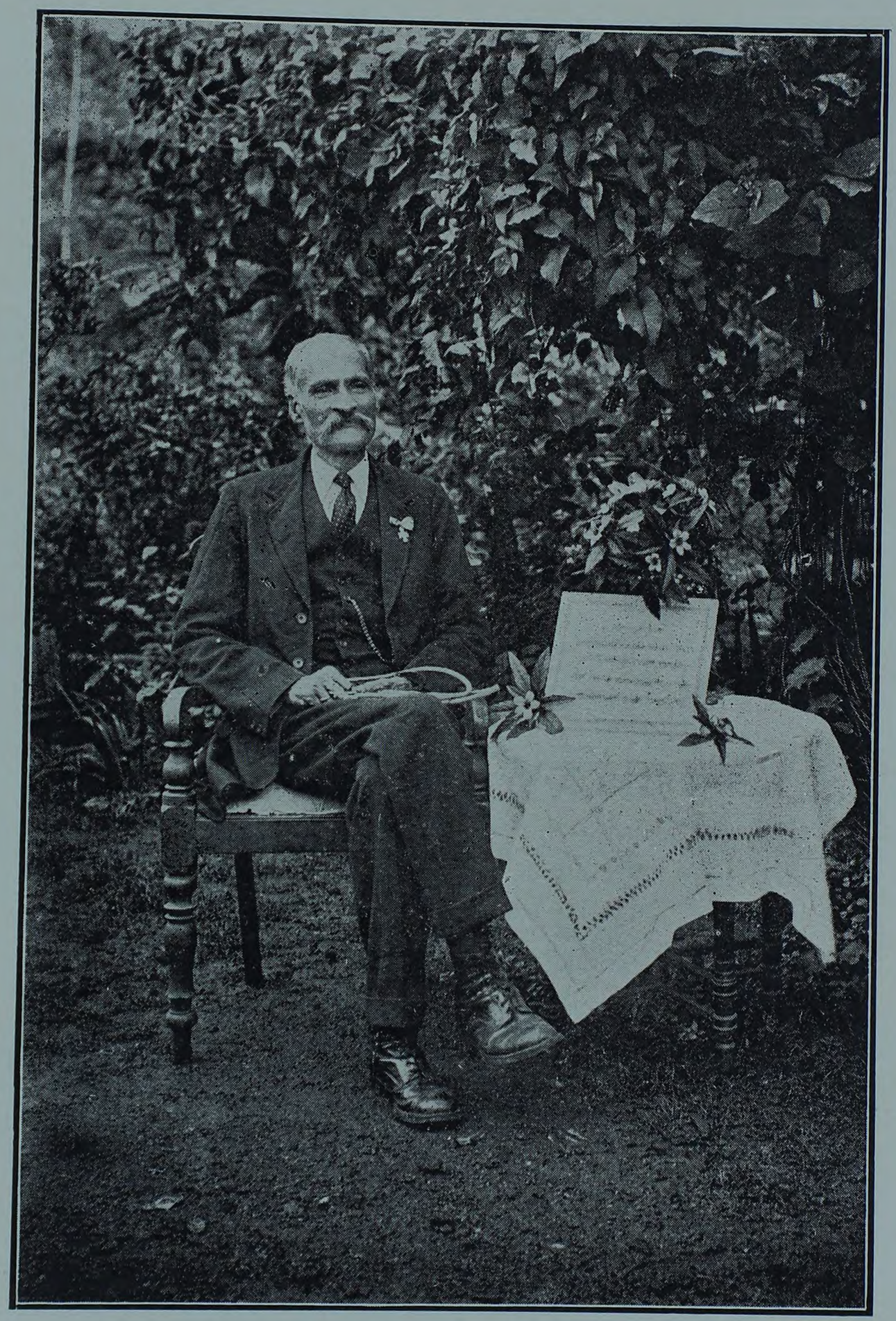
Dr. Colaço has been an active member of the South Kanara Catholic Association ever since it came into existence. For eight years he was its secretary and as such did lasting good to the Association. Of the Temperance movement in Mangalore he has been the warmest supporter from the beginning. A prominent member of the sodality of the Immaculate Conception, year after year the grand old gentleman leads the ever-increasing band of Total Abstainers to the altar to renew the pledge of Total Abstinence. The dinners and garden parties at which, when occasion requires, he entertains his friends are as 'dry' as any Yankee could wish them to be. "Give me half-a-dozen Dr. Colaço's," somebody has been heard to say, "and I will run the whole of Mangalore gloriously 'dry'."

Once more do we offer our greetings to the two new Rao Sahebs of our community and hope that the title recently conferred on them is but an earnest of still higher honours in store for them.

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Mr. T. M. Aranha, Basrah, continues to be charmingly obstinate. *Alma Mater* formally sent word to him : "Your benefactions may now cease." But evidently Mr. Aranha holds that founding prizes and scholarships is one of the points in which children are not obliged to obey *Alma Mater*. With a fresh donation of Rs. 200 he has founded one more prize to be known as the M. C. Prize and to be awarded to a member of the College Senior Sodality for 'Catholic Action'. It would be difficult to count the cheques, big and small, he has been sending the College within a period of three years. Other plans there are that Mr. Aranha has been revolving in his mind, but of these it would be premature to speak. Suffice it to say that if all Old Boys were but half as generously inclined as Mr. Aranha, the College could give free education to all the students and Br. Bastian would have no occasion to make proposals.

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Rao Saheb B. Colaco

Mr. O. Krishnan who graduated from our College three years ago with a first class in English, and won the "Koravandra Appiah Devayya Prize," has this year passed successfully the F. C. S. examination and has been appointed Probationary Assistant Collector of Customs at Madras. We congratulate Mr. Krishnan heartily. We appreciate very much his sense of gratitude when he writes to one of his professors: "I am very grateful to you all for the father-like affection with which you treated me during the two years of my life, which so far have been the best in my life."

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Mr. Julian Colaço, son of Rao Saheb B. Colaço, has been distinguishing himself wonderfully as a cricketer at Preston. Just read the *Lancashire Daily Post* and you will see what a hero he has turned out in Dick, Kerr's. "The team as a whole has improved remarkably in recent games and the batting has been strengthened by J. A. Colaço, the Indian player, who bowling and batting has been very consistent on the hard wickets." And again: "J. Colaço, the Indian student again played a large part in Dick, Kerr's success, as in addition to a useful score of 15, he was responsible for the dismissal of two of the Kirkham batsmen." And once more. "The Indian player, J. A. Colaço, has proved a good acquisition, his batting and bowling performances on the hard wickets being distinctly good." Hurrah for the Indian cricketer and the Indian nursery that trained him!

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We read in Fort St. George Gazette, dated July 28, 1925, that three students of the B. A. classes of St. Aloysius' College will be the recipients of Prizes and Medals at the next Convocation.

B. Deva Rao, who passed first class and first in the Presidency in Group i (Mathematics), will be awarded "The Marsh Prize."

Louis C. Mascarenhas is the winner of "The Jubilee Gold Medal" which in 1916 was awarded to Mr. Manuel A. T. Coelho, now a high Court Vakil in Madras.

P. Krishna Kurup will be sharer with a student of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, of "The Koravandra Appiah Devayya Prize."

Rector's Report

READ AT THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES, DECEMBER 1924.

I HAVE the pleasure to lay before you an account of the work done in St. Aloysius' College in 1923-24.

We closed the year with a total of 1,819 of which 336 belong to the College classes, and 1483 to the School Departments. The undue pressure on the accommodation of the main building will be relieved next month when we expect to occupy the new class-rooms on the northern slope of College Hill. By this arrangement both the work of the teacher and the task of supervision will be greatly facilitated.

In the various Examinations the results have been on the whole creditable.* The S. S. L. C. Examination showed marked improvement on the results of the previous year. We sent up 115, the largest figure of candidates in the District, and obtained the highest percentage of successes, 64 being declared eligible for admission to the University. The Intermediate Examination in Arts and Science was not quite so good. It gave us the following results: in Group i, 15 passes out of 37 candidates, and 22 in part II only; in Group iii, 12 passes out of 28 candidates, and 14 in Part II only. Three of our successful candidates obtained a first class.

The B. A. Degree Examination furnished brighter results. In English Language and Literature we presented 53 candidates of whom 38 passed, that is, a percentage of 71·7, which secures us a place among the highest in the Presidency. In Group i (Mathematics), 12 passed out of 13, that is, 92·3 per cent., with John G. Peris taking the second place in the first class. In Group v (Hist. and Econ.) 28 passed out of 40, that is 70·7 per cent.

We regret that the scheme of the Physics Course in the B. A. classes we touched upon in last year's report has had to be abandoned for the present. We hope, however, that more favourable circumstances will soon enable us to take it up.

It is with profound regret that we have to record the death of the Rev. Fr. Joseph Baizini which occurred on the 20th of last month. His connection with this College extends over a period of thirty-five years during which he laboured with unremitting zeal for the mental and moral education of several thousands of boys. His was the most familiar figure in lecture-room, chapel and playground. Alike by Christian and Hindu he was revered. He deemed no sacrifice too great, when duty and charity were concerned. We are deeply grateful for the many messages of condolence that have come in from far and near to testify to the affectionate regard in which he was held. We are comforted to hear that Aloysians past and present are collecting funds to perpetuate the memory of the dear, departed Father. *R. I. P.*

We warmly welcome back Fathers D. Ferroli and Martin Coelho after a fairly long absence. Father Coelho will be attached to

* These results are of 1924; see page 56 for the results of 1925—*Ed.*

the English department. Father Ferroli returns to the Science department with the additional equipment of the D. Sc. Degree of the University of Padua, in which he has been working for several years. Messrs. Raphael Mathias and J. B. Lewis have reverted to their places in the High School after a year's training in the Teachers' College. Mr. B. Anand Rao, B. A., joined the staff in June.

In the Inter-School Gymkhana Tournament, our teams secured the Senior and the Junior Cricket Cups as well as the two Cups for Athletics and the Tennis Cup. This is surely more than the lion's share of trophies which our keen sportsmen have won for themselves. We only wish that a like measure of success may attend the efforts of our students in their literary pursuits.

The College Scholarship and Prize Fund has in the course of the year received substantial additions for which we have to express our sincere thanks. Very particularly our thanks are due to Mrs. Pulcheria Saldanha for a donation of Rs. 1,000 for an annual Gold Medal to be called "The Lepicier Gold Medal" for Religious Instruction, to a friend for Rs. 500 for "the Father Polese Gold Medal," to Mr. P. D'Cunha for Rs. 200 and to Mr. Thos. M. Aranha of Basrah, for Rs. 175. The purpose and terms of these donations are stated in detail at the end of this Report, and also find a permanent record in the College Calendar. We have likewise gratefully to acknowledge contributions to the Prize Fund and to the Poor Students Fund, received from friends and from former students of the College as a token of the genuine interest they take in its doings.

These contributions have often permitted us to give a timely help to many a student in straitened circumstances. Our grateful thanks go also to the anonymous benefactor of the boys who year after year comes with generous sums to the rescue of many a needy student.

In a special manner we thank Mr. C. A. Souter, I. C. S., for having kindly consented to preside on this occasion and to give away the Prizes. In conclusion, to all our honoured guests of this evening we wish a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year.

L. PROSERPIO, S. J.,
Rector.

A pebble in the streamlet scant
Has changed the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the baby plant
Has warped the giant oak forever.

Public Examinations, 1925

Class	No. sent up	Passed—in both parts					Results in parts separately				
		I cl.	II cl.		Total	P. C.			No. sent up	Passed	P. C.
Intermediate											
Group i	42	6	18	—	24	57.1	Part I		62	48	77.4
Group iii	20	1	14	—	15	75	Part II	Group i	42	33	78.5
Total	62	7	32	—	39	62.9		Group iii	20	15	75

	No. sent up	Passed				
		I cl.	II cl.	III cl.	Total	P. C.
B. A. (Pass) Degree						
Part I, English	88	—	4	57	61	69.3
Part II, Group i	37	1	4	19	24	64.9
Group iv	6	—	1	4	5	83.3
Group v (*a*)	42	—	3	34	37	88.1
S. S. L. C.	109	..	..	..	61	55.9

Intermediate Distinctions:

Mathematics	8
Physics	4
Chemistry	14
Ancient History	2
Modern History	1
Logic	1

REMARKS

B. A. (Pass) Degree :

B. Deva Rao has passed first class in Mathematics and stands first in the Presidency, and has won the Marsh Prize.

Louis C. Mascarenhas is the winner of "The Jubilee Gold Medal."

P. Krishna Kurup shares with another "The Koravandra Appiah Devayya Prize."

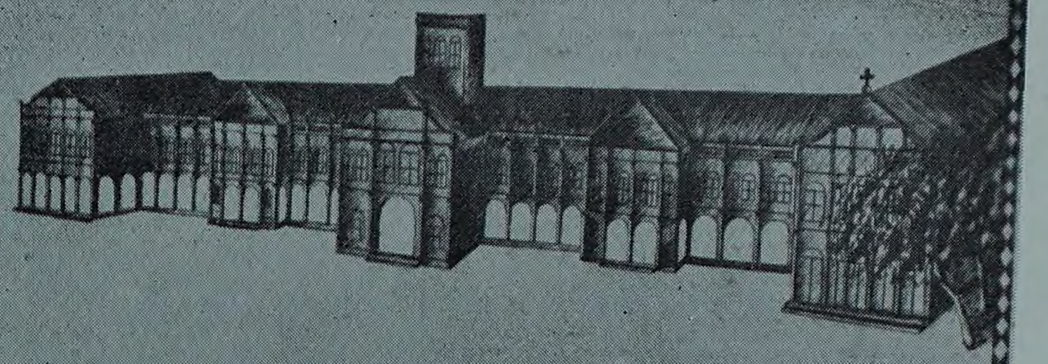
Intermediate Examination, 1925

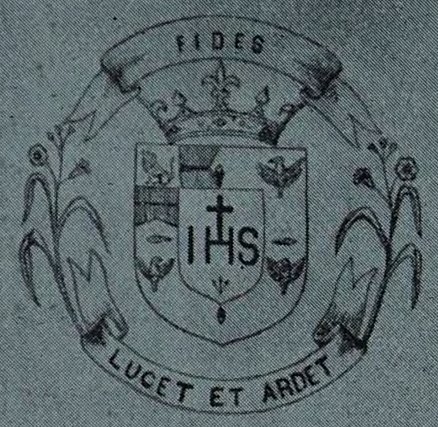
The following is the list of candidates who appeared for the whole examination and passed in both parts.

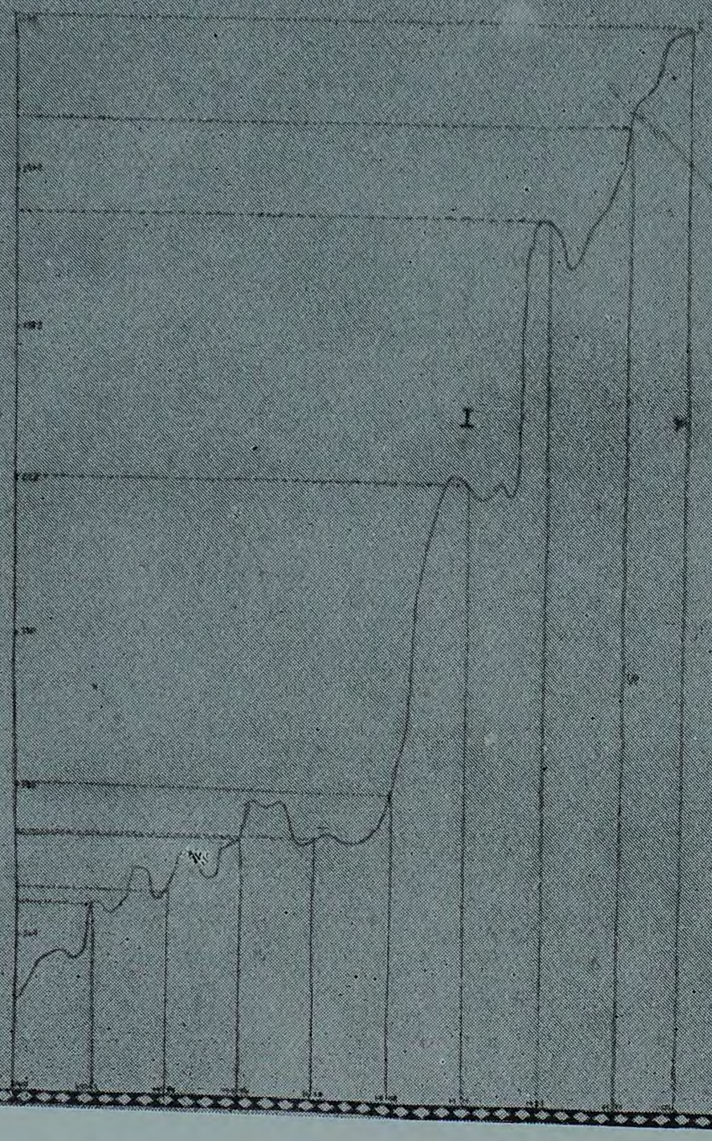
N. B. Subjects in which distinction has been gained:—

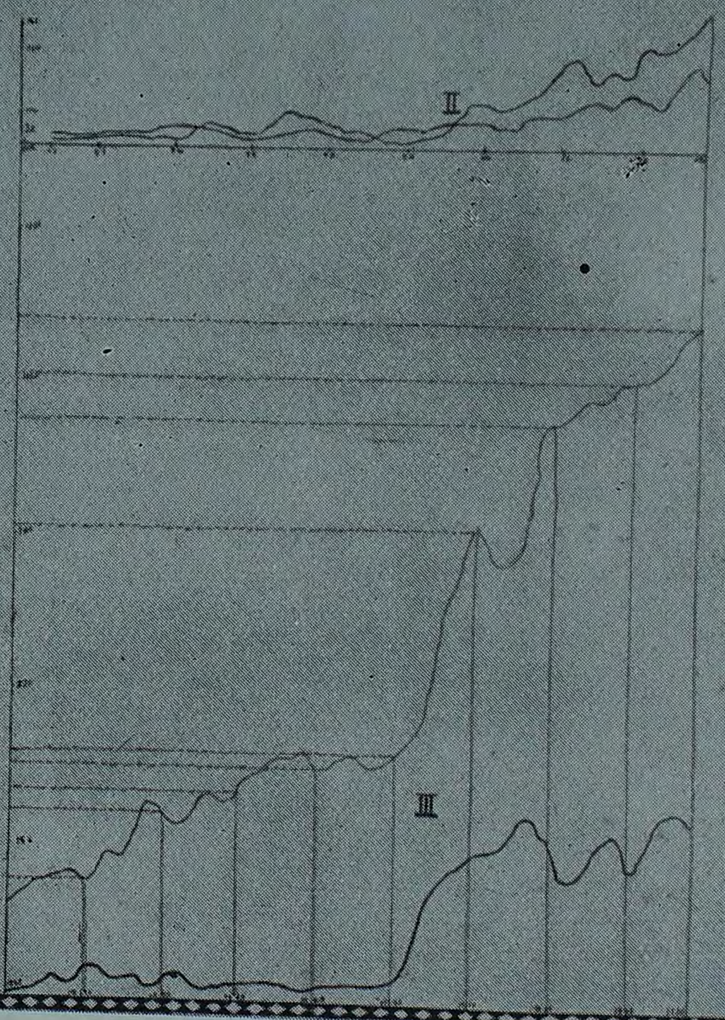
English =a.
Mathematics=c.
Physics =e.
Chemistry =f.
Ancient History=g.
Modern History=h.
Logic =j.

COLLEGIUM ST ALOISII









NUMERUS ALUMNORUM

I UNIVERSI ——

II IN SECTIONE UNIVERSITARIA
(a) CATHOLICI ——
(b) ACATHOLICI ——

III IN SECTIONE SECUNDARIA
(a) CATHOLICI ——
(b) ACATHOLICI ——

NUMERUS ALUMNORUM QUI PUBLICA
EXAMINA FELICITER SUBIERUNT
(a) IN SECTIONE UNIVERSITARIA 317
(b) IN SECTIONE SECUNDARIA 1071

VITAM RELIGIOSAM VEL SACERDOTALEM
AMPLEXI SUNT ALUMNI 200

The Graph No. I on the left side shows the progressive numerical strength of all the boys of St. Aloysius' College. It rises from 143 boys in 1880, when the School Department was first opened, to 1820 at the beginning of 1924. No. II on the right side shows the progressive numerical strength of the boys of the College Department: *a*) non-Christians, *b*) Christians. No. III shows the numerical strength of the boys of the School Department: *a*) Christians, *b*) non-Christians. The Graph is a miniature reproduction of a much larger one specially prepared by the Drawing Master of the College for the Vatican Exhibition of 1924-25.

List I

First Class

Rank	Names	Group and Distinctions
5	Rama Rao, B.	i c. e. f.
18	Lasrado J. P.	i c. e. f.
50	Lobo Joseph M.	iii g. j.
52	Narayana Rao, N. R.	i f.
68	Medappa, T. B.	i c. e. f.
119	Lobo Sylvester D.	i c. f.
130	Annappa Kamath, M.	i f.

Second Class

Group i

Names	Distinctions	Names	Distinctions
Alfred A. T.	..	Krishnayya, A.	c.
Anantha Kamath, K. C.	..	Narasinga Rao, B.	c.
Annappa Shetty, M.	f.	Raghavendracharya, P.	f.
D'Souza John A. L.	f.	Sitaramacharya, A. N.	..
Gonsalves John C. A.	e. f.	Vasudevacharya, K.	..
Janardhana Shetty, M.	..	Coelho William	..
Kogganna, K.	f.	Gopalan, P.	c. f.
Krishna Rao, M.	f.	Venugopal Rao, P.	..
Krishna Shetty, U.	c.	Korah P. C.	f.

Group iii

Names	Distinctions	Names	Distinctions
D'Souza Antony S.	..	D'Costa Antony J.	..
Morais George M.	..	Mascarenhas Edwin J. A.	h.
Sitarama Bhandary, K.	..	Pais Henry B.	..
Thimmappa Shetty, P. S.	..	Pereira John F.	..
Venkappa Hegde, K.	..	Lakshminarayana Rao, Y.	..
Raghavan Nayanar, V.	g.	Balakrishna Menon, M. C.	..
Coelho Alexis L. A.	..	Joseph P. B.	..

List II

The following is the list of candidates who appeared for the whole examination and passed in part I (English) only.

Group i

Bopayya, N. M.
Dathathriya Rao, P.
Subba Rao, I.
Coelho Stanislaus J.
D'Souza Henry C.
Muttunayagaam A. B.

Group iii

Colaco Lawrence P.
Sequeira William X. D.
Shekaran U. K.

List III

The following is the list of candidates who appeared for the whole examination and passed in part II only.

Group i

Coelho John L. F.
Govinda Rao, P.
Hanumanthacharya, U.
Keshava Nayak, K.
Krishna Rao, A.
Madhava Raya, H. K.
Ramanath Pai, P.
Sanjiva Shetty, K.
Gopalakrishna Nayak, U.

B. A. Degree Examination, 1925

The following candidates have passed the examination held in April 1925.

PART I

English Language and Literature

Second Class

Mukunda Rao, S.
Fernandes Michael J.
Krishna Kurup, P.
Mascarenhas Louis C.

Third Class

Anantha Pai, G.
Deva Rao, B.
D'Souza Boniface E.
D'Souza John S.
Gopalan Nambiar, K. K.
Kelappan, V. P.
Krishna Rao, K.
Lakshman Ayyar, A. V.
Lobo Cajetan L.
Mahabala Hegde, K.
Martis Mathias
Nagesh Shastri, O.
Narayana Ayyar, P. K.
Narayan Chauta, M.
Narayana Nambiar, A. K.
Narayanan Nayar, K.
Nazareth John P.
Padmanabhan P. K.
Raghavendra Rao, B.
Ramachandra P.
Vasudeva Rao, B.
Venkappaya, A.
Venkat Rao, N.
Vittappa Kamath, C.
Abdul Gafoor, K.
Gopala Menon, P.
Krishna Rao, U.
Shekaran, K.
Abraham K. I.
Abraham O. L.
Anandan, V. V.
Chandy, Joseph N.
Coelho Gilbert L. M.
Colaco Alphonso A. V.
Colaco Denis F.
Damodaran, A.
D'Costa Stanislaus G. J.
Gopal Menon, M.
Gopala Nayar, A.
Govinda Menon, K. T.
Kuriyan, P. C.
Manavikrama Raja, P. C.
Mathew P. M.
Mithra, A.
Narayanan Nayar, P. K.
Nazareth Joseph R.
Paulose L.
Prasanna Kumara, M.
Rayrappan Nambiyar, E.
Sadashiva Shetty, K.
Sankera Menon, K. P.
Somayya, U.
Srinivasa Shanubouge, M.
Vasudeva Kini, K.
Gopalkrishna Rao, K.
Gopala Rao, K.
Raghava Menon, K.

PART II

Group i (Mathematics)

First Class

RANK

1

NAME

Deva Rao, B.

Second Class

Anantha Pai, G.
Devayya, P. N.
Krishna Rao, K.
Vasudeva Rao, B.

Third Class

D'Souza Boniface E.
D'Souza John S.
Kelappan, V. P.
Krishna Pai, D.
Lakshman Ayyar, A. V.
Mahabala Hegde, K.
Martis Mathias
Mukunda Rao, S.
Nagesh Shastri, O.
Narayanan Nambiar, A. K.
Narayana Nayar, K.
Nazareth John P.
Dejappa Shetty, K.
Padmanabhan P. K.
Ramachandra, P.
Sunder Rao, M.
Venkappaya, A.
Venkat Rao, N.
Vittappa Kamath, C.

Group iv (Psychology, Ethics and Logic or a Language)

Second Class

Gopala Menon, P.

Third Class

Abdul Gafoor
Krishna Rao, U.
Shekaran, K.
Varkey E. K.

Group v(*a*) (History and Economics)

Second Class

Gopala Menon, M.
Krishna Kurup, P.
Mascarenhas Louis C.

Third Class

Abraham K. I.
Abraham O. L.
Amujan, M.
Anandan, V. V.
Ananda Tirtha, P.
Anthappa, K.
Chandy Joseph, U.
Coelho Gilbert L. M.
Colaco Denis F.
Damodaran, A.
Dasanna Alva, U.
D'Costa Stanislaus G. J.
D'Souza John B.
Doomappa, K.
Fernandes Michael J.
Gopalan Nayar, A.
Govinda Menon, K. T.
Kuriyan P. C.
Lobo Leo A.
Manavikrama Raja
Mathew P. M.
Mithra, A.
Vasudeva Kini, K.
Narayanan Nayar, P. K.
Nazareth Joseph R.
Paulose L.
Prasanna Kumara, M.
Rayrappan Nambiar, E.
Sadashiva Shetty, K.
Sankappa, P.
Sankera Menon, K. P.
Somayya, U.
Srinivasa Shanubouge, M.
Varghese, A.

S. S. L. C. 1925

ELIGIBLE FOR A UNIVERSITY COURSE

Achuthan, K.
Lakshmana, U.
Ramachandra, A.
Subramania Shastri, M.
Gopal Nayak, H.
Sachidananda Rao, M.
Sanjiva, T.
Anantha Shastri, M.
Andrade Albert F. M.
Andrade Charles A.
Baptist Henry S.
Colaco Emmanuel
Noronha Peter A.
Pais Albert M.
Pereira Stephen D. M.
Rodrigues Victor R.
Sanjiva Punja, M.
D'Souza Sylvester A.
Mascarenhas Robert W. S.
Noronha Benedict
Bhasker Rao, H.
Domingo Tharasius B.
Narayana Padillaya, M.
Nazareth Robert G. A.
Pereira John Cyril
Pinto Baptist
Pinto Joseph M. J.
Ramanna Bhat, A.
Ramesh Rao, K.
Sanjiva, U.
Sheshappa, B.
Silva Gaspar B.
Alvares Stanislaus R.
Amrutha, M.
Ganapa Punja, H.
Goveas Robert B.
Rebello Arthur F.
Sankernarayan Rao, C.
Sequeira Joachim M.
Shamha Shetty, P.
Bhaskeran, T. P.
Shiva Rao, B.
Vas Oswald G.
Castelino Gabriel P.
D'Souza Basil
Goveas Gratian M.
Pinto John B.
Saldanha Ignatius
Venkat Rao, P.
D'Souza Camillo
Gonsalves Barnabas
Pereira Mark J. B.
Ramanna Shetty, M.
Menezes Lawrence J.
D'Souza John B.
Mascarenhas Charles R. F.
Ammanna, M.
Shiva Rao, N. B.
Anantha Mallya, U.
Damodara Rao, T.
Krishna Kamath, K.

Editorial

THE *Mangalore Magazine* mourns the loss of Fr. D. Gioanini who as Manager of the annual for two years did much for it. To the excellent qualities which he possessed and which have been alluded to in his biographic notice, must be added his resourcefulness as a business man. As Bursar of the College he came in touch with many institutions and firms in India, and his knowledge of men and things proved very serviceable to the Magazine. Under him as Manager, the get-up of the paper improved considerably, the advertisements multiplied and the number of subscribers increased.

Fr. Rondano succeeds him. We have no hesitation in saying that with the large experience he has had in the managing line, he will fully maintain the traditions handed down by his predecessor.

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We trust the reader will be pleased with the variety of matter the present issue offers him. Of the contributors some are old and some new. Of the former the reader will probably miss Mr. J. E. Saldanha. We earnestly hope he will re-appear in our columns next year, for we can hardly do without him. On the other hand Br. Bastian appears in spite of the farewell he said to the Magazine last year. Judging from the opinions expressed of his previous utterances, we hope his long letter will not prove tiresome. "I expect a mass meeting will be held to protest against Bastian's proposed retirement," wrote one. "Hundreds of magazines have come into my hands, but I never saw anything like Bastian," said another. "I have read Bastian eleven times over and need not read him any more, for I know every word of him by heart," said a third. Such encomiums poor Br. Bastian had not dreamt of. He is very grateful for them and thoroughly appreciates the good sense of our people, who far from smarting under the pepper and salt of his commentary, ask for more. But he is aware that in addition to good sense our people have a good heart and he has thought this time of appealing to it. Have you seen the blind beggar at Hampankatta who having sung his *sloka* from the *Ramayana* to the accompaniment of his guitar, goes round with his shining cocoa-nut shell soon to be filled with the coins that gladden his heart. Br. Bastian is just like him. He song is sung, his tale is told, and before the smile has died on the lips of his benevolent readers, he is going round with his hat. The coppers he expects to drop in, says he, are not for himself. He *was* a 'poor boy' once, but now he is comfortably fed, clothed and lodged. Placed above want, he is not placed above feeling cruel pangs of pity for the poor boys whose number is constantly on the increase and whom he is powerless to help. He has no doubt his hat will soon be filled to overflowing.

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Dropping all metaphor and hyperbole and speaking in sober earnest, we are glad to

inform our readers that Fr. Rector has read with much pleasure Mr. P. C. Lobo's article on *Alma Mater* in *The Mangalorean Review*, X'mas 1924, and that he fully approves of the scheme proposed, by the author of *Bastian* with a view to carrying out Mr. Lobo's suggestion. There is one thing to which we should like to draw the reader's attention very particularly. The object which the 'Golden Jubilee Fund' is to serve is not the object of scholarships in the ordinary sense. *It is totally different.* The scholarship-holder gets free education, which is a great boon beyond all doubt. But if the recipient of the scholarship can afford only two meals a day and must develop the fatal germs of tuberculosis before he has completed his S. S. L. C., his scholarship is powerless to provide him with a third meal. This is the crying need—and we know the value of our words when we call it so—which the 'Golden Jubilee Fund' will supply. It will enable Fr. Rector, as the author of *Bastian* puts it, to offer a midday meal to Johnny who is hungry, a flannel shirt to Jimmy who is racked with the whooping cough, and a pair of glasses to Jerry who is reading himself blind. It is needless to say Fr. Rector has already been doing this sort of thing as far as his limited means allow; but his bounties would multiply if he had a royal Fund to draw upon.

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We have sounded a few of our friends in Mangalore on the subject and the warm sympathy they have extended to us bids us look forward to a general acceptance of the scheme among Old Boys. Rai Saheb E. C. M. Mascarenhas, Vice-President of the S. K. Catholic Association, has promised to place the matter before the General Council of the Association and win its support. May we not hope for as much from the Mangalorean Catholic Association in Bombay with Mr. M. Aranha at the helm? The editor of *The Mangalorean Review*, we feel confident, will champion our cause. Mr. J. A. Saldanha, M. L. C., is all for us and will be a tower of strength with his wide-spread influence. Mr. T. M. Aranha is sure to move the whole of Aloysian Basrah in our favour. What will Mr. P. C. Lobo say? He has laid the foundation stone of the fair fabric we are endeavouring to rear up. It would be doing him an injury to doubt his whole-hearted support. Quite recently he gave a princely donation to the Loyola College. Will he be less loyal to his own *Alma Mater*?

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Before taking the work in hand we must feel the pulse of public opinion. We therefore earnestly invite Old Boys of all ranks, scattered all over the world, to communicate with us and tell us plainly what they think of the scheme. Every suggestion will be duly considered. If Old Boys wish to have reprints of the *Bastian* article in the present issue, for themselves or for distribution among sympathisers, we shall be glad to send them. If Old Boys so desire, a public meeting will be held at the College, Fr. Rector presiding, to discuss the proposed Fund. When every one has had his say a renewed and detailed scheme will be drawn up and widely circulated. If we are not very much mistaken, before the sun sets on this year a noble work will have been set on foot and the same shall have been gloriously accomplished before the dawn of the Golden Jubilee in 1930.

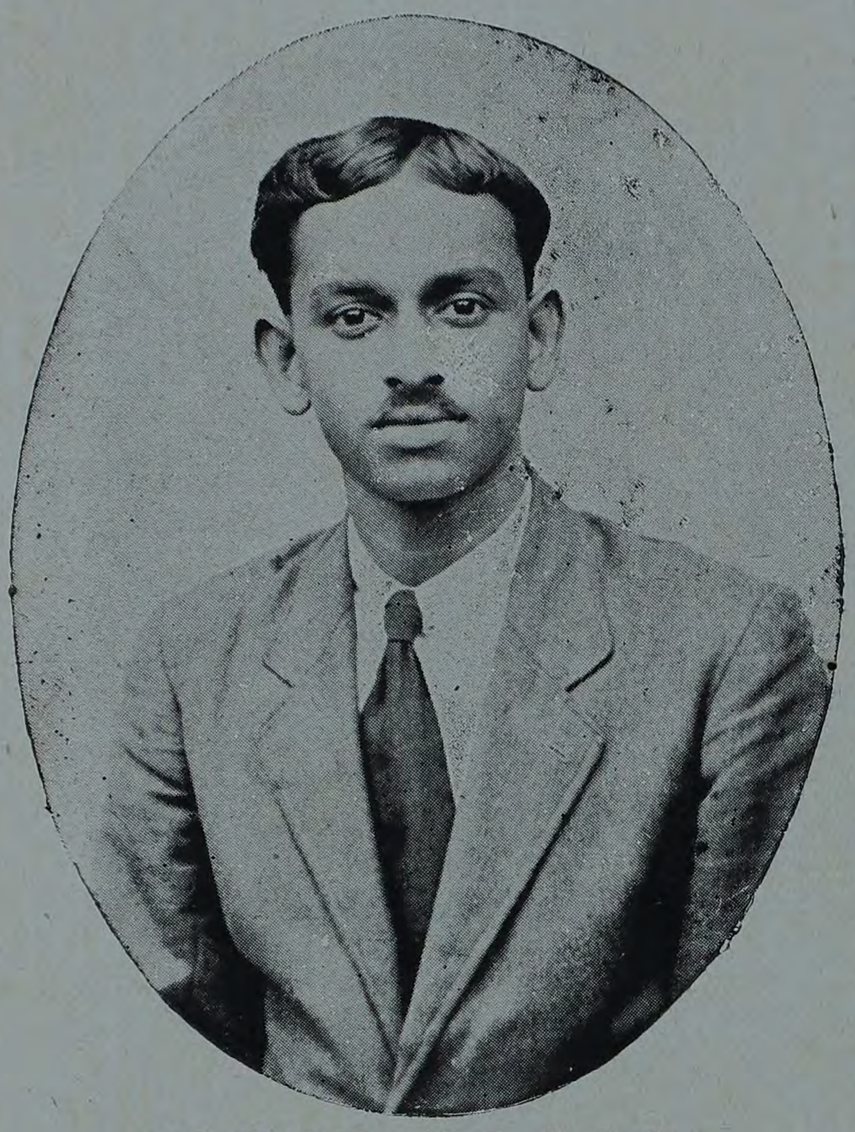
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Besides benefiting poor boys, the Jubilee Fund will serve admirably to rally hundreds, not to say thousands, of Old Boys round *Alma Mater* on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee. *The Jubilee Souvenir* will be

their common meeting place and we hope it will be brimful of photographs and personal paragraphs showing that time and distance can do but little to cool the attachment of Old Boys to their College. Of this they gave a signal proof some months ago when Fr. Baizini passed away. His death was like a trumpet-call to hundreds of his pupils—and some of them had ceased to be pupils nearly forty years ago—to show what Fr. Baizini and the College where Fr. Baizini taught still meant to them. The scholarships founded by them in Mangalore and Bombay to commemorate the Father they loved, speak well for their sense of gratitude and loyalty. We have received from Mr. M. Aranha the list of subscribers to the Bombay scholarship. This list with that of the subscribers to the scholarship started in Mangalore will soon be published together with the biographic sketch of Fr. Baizini which appears in our present issue.

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The Closed Retreat held every year at St. Joseph's Seminary is yet another rendezvous for Old Boys visiting Mangalore during the holidays. We observe with great pleasure that this Retreat is becoming more and more popular. It was started four years ago with one small batch of seven. There were three batches this year and the total number of retreatants, mostly Old Boys, was forty-three. May the number ever grow! Mr. P. D'Sa who arrived from Basrah too late to join any of the batches availed himself of the opportunity of one day's Closed Retreat at the Seminary before his marriage. Nothing like a short Closed Retreat before entering on the vast responsibilities—we doubt not the equally vast consolations—of matrimony. If intending bridegrooms were to give us timely notice, we would try and arrange a small Retreat for them.



O. Krishnan, B. A., F. C. S.





B. Deva Rao

Winner of the Marsh Prize

College Societies

THE SODALITY OF THE PRESENTATION FOR STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE DEPARTMENT AND SIXTH FORM 1924-1925.

IN reviewing the work of the Senior Sodality, it is gratifying to note progress and efficiency all round. All the old activities have been maintained and the Sodality is a training ground not only for forming oneself in solid virtue, but also for the exercise of the lay apostolate.

The number on the rolls at the beginning of the scholastic year was 114, an increase on last year. There have been 15 admissions since. The attendance at the Meetings was very good, except during the vacations when many of the members were out.

The proclamation of the new Officers took place on the 6th of July.

PREFECT : John D'Souza.
ASSISTANTS : Frederick Saldanha.
Gilbert Coelho.
SECRETARY : Louis Colaço.

The feast of the Presentation of our Blessed Lady was this year celebrated in November instead of January. On the 23rd instant at 7 A. M. Rev. Fr. Rector sang the High Mass. In the afternoon there was a Procession followed by Vespers. Fr. D. Gioanini preached the Sermon and Fr. Rector gave Benediction. As usual the Men's Sodality had been invited and was present at the afternoon service.

This year the Sodality has to record the loss of four of its members. In November, Joseph D'Souza expired, fortified with the rites of the Church. On the 5th of February deep gloom was cast over the Sodality by the tragic death of three Sodalists : Harold Saldanha, Aloysius Lobo and George D'Souza. Details of the sad event are given elsewhere. We console ourselves with the reflection that though their death was sudden it was not unprepared for. For all the three Sodalists were known for their piety and had shortly before made a fervent Retreat. May their souls rest in peace.

We are happy to say that vocations to the priesthood and the religious life are fast increasing and that many of the aspirants are from our Sodality. Last year five Sodalists entered St. Joseph's Seminary and one joined the Capuchin Novitiate at the monastery of St. Fidelis in Sardhana. We rejoice to learn that a still greater number is thinking of the higher life this year.

Following the example of the Men's-Sodality, Kodialbail, we have started a branch of the Temperance League among us. On the 29th of March fifteen Sodalists took the pledge of total abstinence from strong drinks. These Sodalists were even invited on the 3rd of May to assist at the feast of the Solemnity of St. Joseph, Patron of the Mangalore Diocesan Temperance League, which the Men's Sodality, Kodialbail celebrated. May the example of these young men be followed by many more in future !

The system by which the Sodality is divided into three sections, a Sodalist having to join at least one of them, continues. The

Eucharistic section underwent a slight change. Its members were also expected to work for the Diocesan Missions. Old clothes and other useful material were collected and handed over to Fr. Rosario Sequeira, Kokkada for the benefit of his converts. A sum of Rs. 17—8—0 was offered to His Lordship for the Diocesan Missions Fund. The branch of A. P. F. collected Rs. 77—7—0. The C. T. S. division also did good work, circulating Catholic papers and periodicals among the Sodalists and distributing C. T. S. pamphlets to non-Catholics. Four sales of these pamphlets were organised at Kodialbail, Bijey, Bendoor and Milagres. May these works flourish more and more for the greater glory of God and the honour of the Queen of Heaven!

The Secretary.

THE ALTAR-SERVERS' SODALITY OF ST. JOHN BERCHMANS 1924-1925.

The Sodality has been keeping its traditions of zeal to serve at the altar. One wonders how boys of thirteen and fourteen may manage to come up the College hill even in the dark to serve mass at 5.15 A. M. The Sodality is popular with the students and one regrets that all the applicants cannot be admitted. Forty amply supply our need. Besides laxity and dissipation may infect a larger number.

The Altar-Servers showed this year much zeal in the devotions of the months of Our Lady and the Sacred Heart. The attendance during the two months was far above that of any other year for several past years. They not only came in good numbers in the morning for Mass and Holy Communion, but made the evening devotions before the newly-constructed grotto of Our Lady a decided success. A large number of candles were brought by them to be lighted before the statue of our Lady.

One of our veteran members, Valerine Colaço, joined the Seminary on the 1st July. With him the Sodality counts ten of its members who have joined the service of the Altar since the establishment of the Sodality in October 1916.

JOHN COELHO,
Prefect.

THE SODALITY OF THE ASSUMPTION FOR STUDENTS BELOW THE SIXTH FORM 1924-1925.

In a country like India, it requires a good deal of energy to keep things going. So it is a matter of praise to a Sodality, to say of it that it is maintaining the spirit proper to it. We have not many thrilling events to chronicle. We have to say that the Sodalists were zealous in the performance of their duties and regular in attending the meetings, even during the summer holidays. A good many boys attended the May devotions in the morning, and in the evening after the games they sang hymns and recited prayers before the newly erected grotto of our Blessed Lady.

The Eucharistic Section was instrumental in effecting much good which was shown in the regular attendance at daily mass, in the large number of daily Communions, in the frequency of Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, especially in the evening after school when there is an inclination to march home directly after class or the evening games. The regulation to observe silence before Mass on General Communion days was generally well kept to the edification of all.

The Sodality has been popular. There have been several applications for admission, especially from the parents who feel that the Sodality is a force calculated to do good to their children. But limited space prevents admissions beyond a certain number. Application to class work is one of the chief conditions of admission; and its effect is seen in the result that very few among the Sodalists are made to repeat their class.

As for works of zeal, there has been some attempt to be promoters of the Holy Childhood. The Director has been enabled through the charity of Sodalists, to supply class-books to some of the poor students.

Thanks to the energy of the officers and the generosity of the mothers of some of our well-to-do Sodalists, the whole-day trip at Felix Villa was heartily enjoyed by all. It goes without saying that Rev. Fr. Rector's generosity always comes to the rescue of the slender purse and the meagre subscriptions of the juvenile holiday-makers.

At the beginning of the new scholastic year, the Sodality sent thirty of its members to the Senior Sodality.

LAWRENCE REBELLO,
Prefect.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY
1924-1925

The year's chronicle bears witness to an amount of steady work. At the outset, the hotly contested election of the Officials gave an earnest of the year's enthusiastic activity. Differences of opinion were forgotten in the choice of Mr. N. Chouta (IV. U. C.) as President.

Mr. H. Chattopadhaya, the well-known poet, gave much solemnity to the inaugural meeting by reading some of his poems to us. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Chattopadhaya not only won and held the attention of the audience, but lulled even the most prosaic into a dream of beauty. Set to swing by such an opening, the Society went through a number of lectures and debates conducted on a fair level of excellence.

Of the lectures, Mr. Joachim Alva's on "Mass Education" and Mr. K. C. Sukumaran's on "Physical Culture" come in for special mention. The debates were spirited; no subject but was discussed threadbare. The Society did not shrink from topics of such wide reach as "Communal Representation," "Democracy and Benevolent Despotism," "The Justification of the Murder of Caesar, of the Execution of Socrates." "The Aims of Literature and of Science," No less noteworthy a feature of our meetings was the declamation of well-known pieces of literature.

Though the Society depended primarily on its own members for its work, it did not dispense with outside support. Above all, however, we are happy to thank Rev. Father Rector for his fostering care and for much encouragement throughout. Mr. C. J. Varkey, Professor of History, showed as keen an interest in our debates as he does in our studies. Mr. J. A. Saldanha, M. L. C., presided when the members tried to negotiate the hard problem of Communal Representation. The Society is also beholden to Mr. Mollyil, the district Entomologist, for his novel and interesting exposition of "The Balance of Nature."

As a tribute of mourning for two of its members lately deceased, the Literary and Debating Society gladly gave up an item of its traditional programme—the Social Gathering. But the brilliance of the Prize Debate amply compensated for this sacrifice. Both the choice of subjects and the treatment of them are matter for congratulation. Mr. Rajiva Shetty (III U. C.) who advocated the Party System of Government, by his free and fascinating delivery carried the day. Mr. N. Chouta and Mr. Joachim Alva (II U. C.) were in neck and neck for the second place. The former's handling of "Compulsory Military Training for University Students" was as lucid and complete as the latter's delivery was magnificent.

On this occasion the Society honoured itself by honouring Rabindranath Tagore whose portrait was presented to the College. Fr. D. Fernandes who unveiled the portrait spoke of the great Indian poet in fitting terms of eulogy.

JOSEPH LOBO,
Secretary.

CRICKET
1924.

Our cricket season did not begin till very late in the month of August owing to the ceaseless down-pour of rain. Thus the matches we played were few. In these, we did credit to ourselves, though victory did not always fall to our share. We give an account of the two principal matches of the season.

On the 16th of October the College C. C. played the Inter-School Gymkhana cricket match with the Government College. Having won the toss, the Captain of their team chose to bat. Evidently Sheena's bowling proved too much for them, for they were quickly despatched with a meagre total of 64 runs. Though some of our good fielders were disappointing batsmen, yet every one of us did his best in the first innings. Our total score was 136, Harold Tellis having contributed 41 runs.

During their second innings the Govt. College eleven played in much the same manner as in the first. Eight of them were disposed of with only a single digit to their credit, but Sanjeeva, Sumitra and Sanjeeva Rao played well and brought up their grand total to 154. We had now only 19 runs to score and win. It seemed such an easy task that over-confidence did what neither bowler nor fielder could accomplish. Our captain who had gone to bat, fell at the very first ball. After him four of our players were dismissed from the field somewhat disgracefully. What at other times would not have taken us more than a quarter of an hour to accomplish, now seemed very difficult. Our suspense terminated when, having lost four wickets, we won the day at last with Tellis again to the rescue. St. Aloysius' College thus remains in possession of the cup for six years in succession.

Having won the Inter-School cricket cup we resolved on putting forward our best efforts against the mighty force of the M. C. C. with a view to securing the Coronation Cup. On the morning of the 29th of October, we were assembled on the maidan to make our last appearance there in this season. On winning the toss we decided to bat. Our first wicket made but a poor show. A steadier bat, however, replaced the fallen man and the score rose up steadily to 30, when down went the second wicket. Aranha, our fastest scorer and surest batsman, came up to the occasion and put up a decent 55. When the last wicket was despatched we had the fairly good total of 160 runs. The M.C.C. players did uniformly well, but failed to come up to our score. The two best scorers on their side were Messrs. N. N. Suvarna and N. R. Suvarna who piled up 41 and 31 respectively. Their failure in the first innings only made us the more hopeful.

Our second innings ended in a great disappointment. Even our most reliable players failed, this time, to put in a good score and so we had to be satisfied with a miserable 84. With this small figure to our credit there was evidently little hope for us. Yet, as we were aware that cricket is a game of chances we stuck manfully to our posts to the very last. Their first wicket showed no inclination to leave the grounds save with a victory. It was then that our longed for l. b. w. came to our aid. At the fall of their first wicket they had still to make up 43. It was no difficult task for N. N. Suvarna, who chopping every ball of Sheena's with ease, speedily amassed 76. At the end of the over we declared our innings. They won by eight wickets and 6 runs.

RALPH PINTO,
Secretary.



Boarding House Day Tournaments.

Boarding House

IT is now more than a couple of years since any account of St. Aloysius' Boarding House was offered to our readers; for, though these years have been marked by a run of steady work, yet, of none of these was it deemed worth while to present a report in the pages of *The Mangalore Magazine*.

Still it will not, we trust, be amiss on this occasion to place before our readers the excellent words of Mr. C. Ransford, M. A., Inspector of Schools for the Circle, who visited the Hostels in 1913. For, they do now, as they did then, mark the level of efficiency attained by the Boarding House under the vigilant care of our beloved Fathers. "I was much pleased to see the Hostel on my first visit to the St. Aloysius' College. The arrangements are very good. The Father in charge is most enthusiastic and looks after the boys most enthusiastically. Their life is made as pleasant as possible."

Let us now cast a retrospective glance on the scholastic year that has just closed; for it presents certain features of special interest, which, we hope, will be of particular gratification to our friends.

The success which the Boarders have achieved in the recent University and Government examinations is singularly consoling. Providence has been particularly good to us, and has deigned to crown our exertions with the laurels of victory, so that among our many successful brethren we count two First Classes in the Intermediate.

The next event that turns up in our memory is the celebration of the Boarding House Day on Shrove Tuesday. This is a gala day for the Boarders. Tournaments in the various games played in the house were held in the month preceding the Boarding House Day. Very keen interest was evinced by one and all of the Boarders and, needless to say the tournaments were a complete success. Sports held on the eve of the day were one of the chief sources that subscribed to our universal happiness. Fr. Rector being absent on the occasion, we had Father Minister to offer up the Holy Mass on this day. He also gave us the shortest, the sweetest and the most impressive exhortation we have ever received.

Retrospecting still further, we come across the one great event that would be chronicled as sacred in the annals of the Boarding House, and that was the visit of His Excellency the Visitor Apostolic to this quiet and unpretentious abode of ours. The Boarders actually vied with one another in their enthusiasm to decorate the house and the premises, with the result that the whole presented a most charming spectacle. We endeavoured to make a pretty show of our knowledge by addressing the Visitor Apostolic in as many as six different languages known in the Boarding House; but we were badly beaten by His Excellency who confounded us by replying in as many languages more. He exhorted us to be good and docile, and then bade farewell to us, addressing a word or two to every one that crowded round him.

The year that is running, that is God's. May it be happy in the profoundest and most real sense of the word! Adieu!

A Boarder.

College Notes

1924

June 23. College reopened.

June 28. At 4.15 p. m. the students assembled in the hall to read an address to His Lordship the Bishop on the eve of his patronal feast.

July 31. Feast of St. Ignatius. Fr. Rector sang High Mass at which there was General Communion. At 4 p. m. Exposition of the Bl. Sacrament, at 5 Sermon by Fr. Saldanha, followed by Benediction given by Fr. Rector.

August 5. The Malayalee students of our College with those of the Govt. College held a meeting to concert measures for the relief of the sufferers from the recent floods on the West Coast.

The following hand-bill widely circulated and generously responded to bears testimony to the earnestness of our Malayalee students:—

Thursday next! *St. Aloysius' College!!*

IN AID OF

THE WEST COAST FLOOD RELIEF

Grand variety entertainment

ST. ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE HALL

At 6.30 p. m., on Thursday, 14th August 1924.

UNDER THE KIND PATRONAGE OF

K. S. Menon, Esq., Bar-at-law,
District and Sessions Judge,

Rev. Fr. L. Proserpio, S. J.,
Principal, St. Aloysius' College and

G. K. Chettur, Esq., M. A., (*Oxon*)
Principal, Government College.

The fund is to be utilised for the relief of the thousands that are rendered homeless and foodless by the recent abnormal floods, land-slips and mountain-slips along the West Coast. The generous-minded public are humbly requested to co-operate heartily with the Relief Committee so as to make the undertaking a success.

Tickets can be had at the offices of the St. Aloysius' College and the Government College.

The West-Coast Flood Relief Committee—

P. C. Subramania Iyer, B. A., L. T.
P. Sankaran Nambiar, M. A.
C. J. Varkey, M. A.
P. V. Venkataraman
V. J. Joseph, M. A. (*Secretary*).

MANGALORE,
6th August 1924.

August 14. 'The Grand Variety Entertainment' took place. It was *grand* in its acting, *grand* in its music, *grand* in the crowd it attracted, and particularly *grand*, thank God, in the sum of Rs. 1,200 it brought to the victims of the flood. As long as there are Malayalees in Mangalore, Malabar need fear no floods.

August 15. Feast of the Assumption, titular of the Junior Sodality. Fr. Buzzoni sang High Mass at 7 a. m. At 4 p. m. Rosary, Sermon by Fr. Rector who also gave Benediction.

August 26. The College new well collapses. That was not well, though it is a

nouvelle about a new well. So punned the Wag, and was boxed on the ear by the Troubadour.

September 4. The first cricket match of the season was played by our boys against the M. C. C. It ended in a draw.

September 8. The University examinations for the Intermediate and B. A. began.

September 14. Fr. Rector goes to Fr. Muller's Hospital for treatment of a severe cold.

September 15. Great excitement! The little drama was quite as good as the 'Grand Variety entertainment.' Pity no tickets had been issued and so we lost Rs. 1,200. It were long to tell how prettily the umbrella was stolen, how the thief ran for dear life, how Scout Valerine Colaço *pukkarowed* him, what a scene followed in the College atrium, how many months of 'shorts' the thief got from the magistrate and what a fine fountain pen Scout Valerine Colaço got from the Police Superintendent.

September 17. College played a full-day match against the H. C. C. and won a glorious victory.

September 25. Cricket match—College *vs.* Govt. College. College won.

September 29. Eve of Rector's Day. Fr. Rector came from the hospital at 3.30 p.m. to receive the greeting of the College. There was the usual profusion of addresses, songs and flowers 'suggestive of suffocation' as the poet somewhat unpoetically expressed it. Fr. Rector who had not quite recovered rose to say, as he intended, just a few words. But his love for the young people by whom he was surrounded made him forget he was ill, and he made a speech as full as ever of warm encouragement and salutary advice. He returned to the hospital after the function.

September 30. Fr. Rector motored to the College at 10 a. m.

The morning was as pleasant as ever—a long chain of sports culminating in the breaking of the pot and enlivened with plenty of fun, with jest and youthful jollity and whatever else Johnny Milton could think of in a jolly young man.

At 6.30 the Rector's Day Entertainment before a large and representative gathering.

PROGRAMME

Little Pilgrims	*Pinsuti*	College Choir
Greetings		Mendelssohn

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN

A Scriptural Play in Three Acts

Act 1—Scene. In the palace of Pharaoh at Memphis

Act 2—Scene 1. On the way to Canaan

Scene 2. Back to the palace of Pharaoh

Act 3—Scene. Under the tents in the land of the Nile

Between the Acts

Scouts' Drill and Greetings		The Loyola Troop
The Bold Sailor Boy	*Solo*	John Pinto
Sweet once Sang the Bird		Rubinstein

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Ioseph, *Minister to Pharaoh in Egypt known as Cleophas*		Cajetan Lobo
Iacob, *Ioseph's father*		John S. D'Souza
Simeon	*Ioseph's brothers*	Felix D'Souza
Iudah		William Rebello
Nepthali		Edward Saldanha
Reuben		Stanislaus Costa
Benjamin		Henry Pinto
Dan		Frederic Coelho
Manassah		John D'Souza
Ephraim		Gaspar Silva
Issachar		Daniel Farias
Zebulon		John Farias
Grlead		Frank Coelho
Utobal, *Ioseph's steward*		Franklin Colaço
An Officer		Arthur Noronha

Soldiers, Pages, Musician.

GOD SAVE THE KING

The College Scouts were in attendance

October 1. Michaelmas holidays began.

October 2. Cricket match—College *vs.* H. C. C. Technically a draw, and hence no hurrahs; practically a solid victory for the

College. Solid pudding, Carlyle thinks, is better than empty praise.

October 3. Match again. College *vs.* Govt. College. College won.

October 6. Boarders' trip to Bevinja.

The same day took place the inter-school cricket match between College Juniors and Govt. College Juniors. College won.

October 11. Junior cricket finals. Our boys played the Mission School and won easily. This is our first cup, but it will not inebriate.

October 12. Feast of the Guardian Angels (transferred from the 2nd inst.) Fr. Nebulone sang High Mass at which there was General Communion. At 4 p. m. Rosary, Sermon by Fr. Fernandes and Benediction by Fr. Albuquerque.

October 16. Cricket match. College Seniors played Government College for cricket cup. College won. This is our second cup of the season.

October 19. Votive procession to the Kankanadi Convent. As usual the Kodialbail Sodality joined. His Lordship being away in Calicut, Fr. Rector led the procession. The sermon was preached by Fr. Saldanha and Benediction was given by Fr. Meunier, a missionary in China, who was our guest on the day. He had been in Mangalore more than forty years ago and seen the College rise from the ground in the days of Fr. Mutti.

October 20. Rev. Fr. Superior came to the College for the annual visit.

October 25. Some of our students accompanied by Fr. Albuquerque and Fr. Pinto visited *H. M. S. Colombo.*

October 26. More students with Fr. Saldanha and Fr. Albuquerque went to see *H. M. S. Colombo.* "Much cry and little wool," say some, whatever that means.

October 27. At 8 p. m. *H. M. S. Colombo* directed her search-light on the whole town. The College got her full share of the light, yet no one was discovered stealing an umbrella. Evidently umbrella-thieves have become scarce since Scout V. C's achievement. Didn't he deserve a V. C.?

October 29. Cricket competition for the Coronation Cup began. Our team plays M. C. C.

Joseph D'Souza, a student of the III U. class died. His funeral was attended by his class-mates and two of the Fathers. We offer our condolence to the bereaved family. R. I. P.

October 30. In the Coronation cricket match our boys lost. It won't do to be always winning. What would become of the Philosophy of Failure?

November 4. His Excellency Mgr. Lépicier, Visitor Apostolic to India, accompanied by His Lordship the Bishop, visited the College at 11·45 a. m. His Excellency was accorded a fitting reception by the staff and students in the Academy Hall. Fr. Rector read an address of welcome and the students rendered their homage with the choicest of music and flowers. In his eloquent and impressive speech the Visitor showed how deeply he was interested in young people and his exhortation on the importance of forming one's character is not likely to fade from the memory of our boys. His Excellency graciously granted a holiday, and imparted his Apostolic blessing.

November 5. Holiday granted by the Visitor Apostolic. At 5·30 p. m. Garden Party held by the Catholic Community on the College grounds in honour of the Visitor Apostolic. It was a splendid fête that beat every record and reflected much credit on the Managing committee. The artistic laying out of the grounds (a student of art was asking me whether the style was Gothic or Classic, as if Mangalore could not have a style of its own), the carpeting of the hard earth with the soft sands of the sea, the



Winners of the Tennis Cup.

riotous festooning with the myriad pinions, the grand assemblage of ladies and gentlemen whom wealth and station claim for their own, the rustle of the silks and satins that dazzled in the gas-light, the double music of the Jeppoo band and the string band, the choice refreshments, the drinks particularly (with which, by the way, neither Old Tom nor Johnnie Walker had anything to do, and why should they ever have, now that everybody is talking 'Temperance'?), the heartening speeches of Mgr. M. P. Collaco, Dr. L. P. Fernandes, and Mr. A. J. Lobo ..... how can I enumerate it all? But the crowning of the feast came when His Excellency spoke. *The Catholic Herald* could tell you how the Visitor speaks, especially when he touches on his favourite subject of 'union among yourselves and with your pastors.' I can only say I never heard man speak better.

November 10. At 5 p. m. the Visitor Apostolic gave an exhortation to the clergy of the diocese in the College chapel. There was a large gathering of priests. At 6.30 p. m. a dramatic entertainment was given in the Academy Hall in honour of the Visitor Apostolic. The clergy was invited. The staging of the play 'Joseph and his Brethren' was a great success and highly praised by His Excellency. The College Scouts were in attendance. Fr. Rector announced the generous donation of Rs. 1,000 by Mrs. J. V. Saldanha, the annual interest of which is to be utilised for a gold medal to be known as the Lépicier Gold Medal and to be awarded to the student of the IV U. Class who passes highest in *Religion*.

November 13. Inter-School Junior Athletic Competition. Our boys won the cup easily.

November 14. Inter-School Senior Athletic Competition. Our boys won after a keen contest. Cups distributed to-day. Four of them fall to our share.

November 20. Fr. Baizini died. A notice on the dearly loved Fr. appears elsewhere. R. I. P.

November 21. At 7 a. m. a Requiem High Mass was sung by Fr. Rector for the repose of the soul of Fr. Baizini. All the Fathers were present at the Absolution. There was a large attendance of boys. The College was closed in the morning in sign of respect for the deceased Father.

November 22. The students held a meeting to concert measures to perpetuate the memory of Fr. Baizini. It is proposed to put up his portrait in the hall and to found two prizes in his name.

November 23. Feast of the Presentation of our Bl. Lady, titular of the Senior Sodality. Fr. Rector sang High Mass. At 4 p. m. Vespers, Sermon by Fr. Gioanini and Benediction by Fr. I. M. Coelho. The Men-Sodality of Kodialbail attended as usual.

November 25. A meeting of the pupils and friends of Fr. Baizini was held at the Catholic Union Club. Mr. P. D'Souza, B. A., B. L., took the Chair.

We give below the first three Resolutions which show the main object of the meeting:—

1. Proposed from the Chair.

That the pupils and friends of the late Rev. Fr. Joseph Baizini, S. J., here assembled, record with deep regret the loss sustained by his sudden and untimely death and extend their heartfelt sympathy to his Lordship Dr. Paul Perini, S. J., The Administrator Apostolic of Mangalore, the Very Rev. Fr. J. D. Alberti, S. J., Superior of the Mission, and to the Rev. Fr. L. Proserpio, S. J., Rector of St. Aloysius' College, in their sad bereavement.

This was carried, all present standing.

2. Proposed by Mr. W. F. H. Vaz and seconded by Rai Sahib E. C. M. Mascarenhas.

That a Requiem High Mass may be arranged to be said in the College Chapel for the repose of the soul of the deceased Father at an early date, at which his pupils and friends should assist.

Carried unanimously.

3. Proposed by Mr. A. Srinivas Pai, B. A., B. L., and seconded by Mr. J. Z. Saldanha

That in order to perpetuate the memory of the late Rev. Father, a Scholarship be founded in the St. Aloysius' College for the education of a poor student.

Carried unanimously.

Mr. J. Z. Saldanha who has been taking a very active part in everything done to honour the memory of Fr. Baizini has been appointed Treasurer of the Baizini Scholarship Fund.

November 26. Feast of St. John Berchmans, titular of the Altar-Boys' Sodality. Fr. I. M. Coelho said Mass and preached.

November 28. Thirty-seven boys made their First Communion. They were, of course, treated to a sumptuous breakfast after service.

December 3. Feast of St. Francis Xavier. At 7 a. m. Fr. Rector said Mass at which there was General Communion. Benediction followed.

December 4. Requiem High Mass for the soul of Fr. Baizini, arranged by the former pupils of the deceased Father. The Mass was sung by Fr. Rector. Fr. J. S. C. Vas, Vicar of Milagres, addressed the congregation on the noble life of the Father whose loss they mourned, and the fair examples of virtue he had left behind him. His Lordship the Bishop gave Absolution. There was a large gathering of Old Boys.

December 5. Distribution of Prizes, Mr. Souter, the Collector, presiding. The following programme was gone through before an appreciative audience :—

PROGRAMME

PART I

HOPE	*Rossini*	COLLEGE CHOIR
VIOLIN SOLO		MR. J. PEREIRA

THE ANNUAL REPORT

THE CRUSADERS	*Verdi*	COLLEGE CHOIR

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES

THE BOATMEN'S SONG	*Bach*	COLLEGE CHOIR

PART II

AN EXPERIMENT IN REALISM

A Comic Interlude

THE LORD OF DEATH

A Dramatic Episode from the Gospel in one Act

BETWEEN THE PLAYS

"GO AHEAD"	*Solo*	MR. V. PINTO

CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS

God Save the King

The College "Loyola" Troop will be in attendance

December 7. At 11 a. m. His Lordship gave Confirmation to 40 boys of the Primary Department.

December 8. Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Fr. Rector sang High Mass. Benediction was given by Fr. Zanetti. On this day Fr. Zanetti celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of his entering the Society of Jesus and his eighty-sixth birthday. Many and cordial were the greetings the Jubilarian received from his friends in Italy and India. But the message most prized by him was evidently that which came from the Rev. Fr. F. Nalbone, Assistant of Italy who wrote in the name of the Very Rev. Fr. General of the Society of Jesus. We translate it from the Latin original :—

Frascati, 12th September 1924.

Reverend Father in Christ,

P. X.

While I most joyfully render infinite thanks to the Divine Goodness, let me express my warmest congratulations to your Reverence on the sixty years in the Society, which you will complete on the 4th of October. If we only consider awhile how very few there are to whom a like privilege is granted by God's merciful providence, there is assuredly reason for your Reverence to exult in the Lord at the thought of so many gifts showered down upon you, and for us likewise to rejoice with you. And all the more so, because of your having

deserved well of both our Society and of the Mangalore Mission wherein you have spent five and forty years of ceaseless labour. In the name, then, of our Very Reverend Father General, who is now in Spain, I most cordially congratulate you, and I am happy to offer you sixty Masses for your intention, humbly beseeching the exceeding clemency of the Lord to bless and preserve you yet for many years in health and in strength.

I earnestly commend myself to your prayers and holy Sacrifices.

Your Reverence's Servant in Christ,
F. Nalbone, S. J.

Ad multos annos! we all exclaim echoing the sentiment with which Fr. Nalbone concludes his letter. In the case of any other people of eighty-six such a wish might sound hollow. Not so with Fr. Zanetti. If ever man has enjoyed the blessings of *cruda viridisque senectus*, it is our Jubilarian. Nor is it a *senectus* sunk into *the otium cum dignitate* which is considered its legitimate inheritance all over the world. After the labours of over so many years in the mission, Fr. Zanetti is to-day as eager for work as he was when a young man of thirty-one. He came out to India in 1882 and spent seventeen years at St. Joseph's Seminary, holding successively the offices of Professor of Philosophy, Novice Master and Rector. He then went to Malabar where during a period of eighteen years he was successively Vicar of Cannanore, Calicut and Tellicherry. Bishop's House, Kodialbail was his next residence where for eight years he was Minister, Chaplain and Archivist. It was here that he availed himself of the golden opportunity of reorganizing the work of the Propagation of the Faith and was appointed Diocesan Director of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The surprising results achieved by his unflagging zeal are manifest to all who read the Annual Report he publishes of his work. In 1924 Fr. Zanetti came up to the College as Spiritual Father. Here his ardour for his favourite work of the Propagation of the Faith continues as great as ever. May the number of the Promoters and Associates that respond to his call ever grow!

December 13. X'mas holidays began.

December 19. Men's Retreat began. Fr. M. Coelho gives it. There is a fair attendance.

December 25. X'mas. Somebody says our X'mas note is always the same. See last year's note.

December 27. Two scholastics, Rev. L. Fezzi and Rev. Agnoletto, arrived by mail from Calicut.

December 30. The South Kanara Catholic Association gave in our hall its annual entertainment in aid of scholarships for Higher Education. It was a success and brought over Rs. 400.

December 31. At 4 p. m. Benediction with *Te Deum* to thank God for all the blessings of the year.

1925

January 1. A Happy New Year in the Lord!

January 10. The District Educational Officer began the inspection.

January 13. Fr. Villaverde, Principal of St. Bede's High School, Mylapore arrived by mail. He will be our guest for some weeks.

January 23. Hockey match—College played M. H. C.—Draw.

January 24. Yesterday's match played over again. College won by one goal to nil.

January 29. Boys' Retreat began. Fr. Albuquerque takes the seniors, and Fr. M. Pinto of Cathedral, the juniors. Fr. M. Coelho gives special instructions to the students of the Senior Intermediate and the B. A. Classes.

February 2. Feast of the Purification. At 7 a. m. Rev. Fr. Superior said Mass at which Fr. Ferroli and Fr. I. M. Coelho took their last vows. Our hearty congratulations to both.

February 5. The saddest day of the year for the College. But God is our loving Father also when He strikes us. May His holy will be done!

Three boys, Harold Saldanha, Aloysius Lobo and George D'Souza were accidentally drowned in the sea while bathing. We offer our profound sympathy to the bereaved families. May God sustain them in their deep affliction. R. I. P.

February 6. College was closed in the morning in sign of mourning.

At 9 a. m. funeral of Aloysius Lobo.

At 9.30 a. m. funeral of Harold Saldanha.

At 5 p. m. funeral of George D'Souza, whose body was recovered at 1 p. m.

At each funeral there was a vast crowd, many of the College Fathers being present.

February 7. Sodality Requiem Mass. Fr. Ambruzzi, Director of the Senior Sodality, sang Requiem Mass for the three deceased students who were all Sodalists. He addressed the congregation in very touching words and then gave Absolution.

A telegram in *The Madras Mail*, *The Daily Express*, *The Hindu* and three Bombay Dailies of to-day thus records the disaster :—

"Deep gloom has fallen over the town by the accidental drowning in the sea while bathing of three students of St. Aloysius' College who had gone out for a picnic with a large body of Professors and students. Despite every effort made to rescue them by fishermen, they were carried by the force of the waves, and it took long to recover their bodies. One of them, however, was washed ashore only after the lapse of over twenty-four hours and found a couple of miles away from the place of the accident.

Two of the students were in the Senior Intermediate: Harold Saldanha, a most promising and resourceful boy of eighteen, the youngest son of Mr. P. F. X. Saldanha, Highland Coffee Works; and Aloysius Lobo, son of the late Mr. Victor Lobo; the third was George D'Souza, of the Sixth Form, son of the late Mr. Marcel D'Souza, Clerk of the College.

Profound sympathy is felt for the bereaved families and for the College to which the three exemplary boys belonged. The vast concourse of Priests, students, relatives and friends that attended the funerals testified to the esteem in which they and their families were held."

In connection with the day's disaster it is but fitting to add a well-deserved tribute of praise to Daniel Farias of VI Form, who showed admirable pluck in saving the life of a companion who was in danger of being drowned.

February 8. College Requiem Mass. At 7 a. m. Fr. Rector sang Requiem Mass for the same three boys, with Fr. Ferroli and Fr. Ambruzzi as deacon and sub-deacon. A catafalque was put up, and all the Fathers assisted at the Absolution. There was a large attendance.

February 10. Tennis competition. College played Govt. College and won the cup.

February 16. The students of the College and the High School Departments presented to the College a portrait of Fr. Baizini mounted on an artistic frame. It was unveiled by Mr. A. Srinivas Pai, B. A., B. L., who was Fr. Baizini's pupil in the early eighties of the last century. He drew a delightful pen-portrait of the young Father Baizini "very strong and very handsome," so much attached to his boys who in their turn worshipped him.

February 19. Shrovetide. The Annual Social Gathering of the College Department

which was to have taken place to-day was abandoned in token of mourning for the deceased students.

March 2. Prize debate for the College Department. VI Form attended. On this occasion a fine portrait of Rabindranath Tagore, presented to the College by the students of the College Department, was unveiled by Fr. Fernandes.

March 4. Novena of Grace begins.

March 5. Solemn Requiem Mass in the Milagres church for the three deceased students. The College Sodalities attended and the College choir sang.

March 7. Prize debate for VI Form.

March 10. Br. Lasrado left the College for St. Joseph's Seminary. He came to the College from the Seminary seventeen years ago, and he is now returning to his former scene of labours after having rendered good service, especially at the Boarding House where his memory will long be cherished with gratitude and affection.

March 11. Br. Nalato came to the College from the Seminary. He comes to stay.

March 14. Br. Cattaneo went to the Seminary to replace Br. Nalato. "His death has eclipsed half the gaiety of mankind," said Johnson when Garrick died. We hate exaggeration and we won't repeat that sort of thing here. But will somebody tell us how we should put it? For Br. Cattaneo was our indispensable man at all our socials and theatricals, shouldering a thousand jobs, and the heavier the load on his shoulder, the sweeter was the smile on his lip. Who can forget him?

March 19. Feast of St. Joseph. Fr. Rector sang High Mass at which there was General Communion. At 4 p. m. Rosary. Fr. Ferroli preached and Fr. Gioanini gave Benediction.

March 22. S. S. L. C. examination began. There are 196 candidates in our hall. Fr. Gonsalves is Chief Superintendent.

March 25. Feast of the Annunciation. Fr. Ferroli said Mass at which there was General Communion. At 5·30 Solemn Benediction was given by Fr. Rector, after which there was procession to the newly erected grotto of our Lady of Lourdes, close to the northern gate of the College, to your left as you enter. The grotto is a work of art and we have all to thank the architect Br. Simonetti for it. The accompanying photo shows it but imperfectly. 'Come and see,' and your knees will bend of their own accord and your heart will go out in prayer to the Immaculate Mother smiling to you from her niche and you will feel nearer heaven than you ever did. At least hundreds of people who 'come and see' feel so. They felt so especially on the feast of the Annunciation when at this beautiful shrine of Mary they consecrated themselves to her and listened to the eloquent discourse of Fr. Rector who told them what the grotto meant for the College to-day and what it might, in the designs of Providence, mean for generations unborn. A basilica had arisen, said Fr. Rector, close to the humble grotto of Massabielle and the hallowed spot attracted pilgrims from the whole world. Who could tell what was in store for our own grotto?

March 31. Rock Lasrado, a student of V Form, died. His funeral was attended by his class-mates and two of the College Fathers. We tender our heartfelt condolence to his sorrowing parents. R. I. P.

April 1. The B. A. examination began.

April 23. Fr. I. M. Coelho left for Calicut where he is to be Principal of St. Joseph's E. B. High School. Principal he was and Principal he shall be. So far so good. But the pity of it is that the principal invested in St. Joseph's School yields no interest to St. Aloysius' College.

May 1. May devotions began. In addition to the usual devotions at mass, the

boys flock to the grotto after games in the evening and sing the praises of their Heavenly Mother.

May 6. Fr. Rondano came from St. Joseph's Seminary to take the place of Fr. D. Gioanini as Bursar of the College. Fr. Gioanini left Bombay *en route* for Italy where he goes in the interests of the College and the Mission.

May 26. Fr. Airoldi left for Calicut. Calicut, thou city of Vasco di Gama, we wish thee all prosperity; but how long wilt thou continue to rob us of our best men? *Quousque tandem abutere, Calicutina, patientia nostra ?*

June 1. Devotions to the Sacred Heart began.

June 4. The Lower Secondary and Primary Departments opened. Fr. Colaço blessed the new building erected at the cost of Rs. 10,000 and set apart for the L. S. Department. Fr. B. D'Souza is its Headmaster.

June 7. A cablegram from Venice announces the unexpected death of Fr. D. Gioanini. This is a shock to all his friends. Details are anxiously awaited.

June 19. Feast of the Sacred Heart. Fr. Rector said Mass at 7 a. m., at 11 a. m. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed. The different classes took their turn at the adoration, at 4 p. m. Rosary of the Sacred Heart, Sermon by Fr. Colaço, and Benediction by Fr. Rector. This being the anniversary of the Consecration of the College to the Sacred Heart, all the boys, after service, went to the atrium where Fr. Rector recited the Act of Consecration before the statue of the Sacred Heart.

June 16. Solemn Requiem Mass sung by Fr. Rector for the repose of the soul of Fr. Gioanini. There was a large attendance both of the clergy and the laity. A catafalque was erected, and all the Fathers of the College with others who had come for the Exequies assisted at the Absolution.

June 21. Feast of St. Aloysius. Fr. Rector sang High Mass at which there was General Communion. At 4 p. m. Vespers, Sermon by Fr. Saldanha and Benediction by Fr. Rector.

Congratulatory telegrams were received from Old Boys. Special mention should be made of the wire sent by the Mangalorean Catholic Association, Bombay.

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Old Boys' Obituary

AUGUST 1924—August 1925.

Liguori Saldanha	died at Milagres,	27th August	1924.
Casmir Andrade	„ „ Bendur,	28th September	„
Patrick Rebello	„ „ Karachi,	30th „	„
J. M. Rebello	„ „ Balmatta,	11th October	„
Salvador D'Souza	„ „ Kadri,	22nd December	„
Antony Lobo	„ „ „	31st „	„
Rev. William J. Pinto	„ „ Kundapur	4th March	1925.
Raymond Colaco	„ „ Bendur	21st April	„
John Dias	„ „ „	23rd „	„
James J. Rego	„ „ Kankanady	5th May	„
Paschal Gonsalves	„ „ Falnir	23rd „	„
Saturnine D'Souza	„ „ Bombay	28th „	„
John Martis	„ „ Chikmagalur	5th June	„
Camillo S. R. Saldanha	„ „ Falnir	27th „	„
Joachim Pais	„ „ „	20th July	„

R. I. P.

Book Notices

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. "CARROTS." DAVID COPPERFIELD. THE WATER BABIES. THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE.—*Macmillan & Co.*

These booklets are a selection from "The Children's Classics" for pupils ranging from 5 to 12 years of age. The originals from which they have been abridged are too well known as standard works to need any commendation of our own. The principle on which the condensation has been conducted seems to be first, interestingness, and secondly, instructiveness. It is no easy task to get the little ones in India to interest themselves in western ideas and stories. There are pedagogues, therefore, who prefer purely Indian ideals with an Indian setting. And yet a series of English Readers has undeniable advantages. We would cordially recommend the present one to teachers of secondary classes in preference to certain other substitutes seemingly made to order. Apart from the intrinsic value of this particular course which now counts about a hundred little readers, they will serve as an easy introduction and invitation to their unabridged editions. Neat illustrations and a really helpful glossary accompany most of them. It may be added that the age-limits specified on the covers will have to be re-adjusted for schools where the study of English is deferred to a late stage of the pupil's life.

A SHORTER SCHOOL GEOMETRY—PARTS I. & II., *by Hall and Steevens*—This book is sufficiently comprehensive for an ordinary school course. A systematic course of Experimental and Practical Geometry precedes the Theoretical work. A good number of easy examples, which will train the pupil to apply his knowledge of the propositions, is given in the body of the text and at the end of each section. Many of the examples are supplied with diagrams and hints for solution. In proving the propositions, reasons for the different steps are given verbally in most places instead of quoting the number of the previous theorems. This book preserves all the good points of the previous work—A SCHOOL GEOMETRY—by the same authors. We recommend this as a suitable text-book for the High School Course.

JUNIOR GEOMETRY FOR COLLEGES—*by G. A. Srinivasan and C. Krishnamachari.*

This book fully meets the requirements of the students preparing for the Intermediate Examination of the Madras University. Unlike other text-books which follow rigidly the order of the syllabus of the University, here we find the theorems grouped under suitable topics and the enunciations of some modified whenever those given in the University syllabus are found to be not quite accurate. Connected topics not included in the syllabus are also fully dealt with. A good collection of well selected and properly graduated examples are given under every topic. A clear and concise exposition of Irrational numbers and Ratios of Incommensurable magnitudes—a topic which is unfortunately neglected in the Intermediate Course—is given as an appendix to the text. It would have added greatly to the usefulness of this

book as a text-book, if a number of practical exercises had been given under every section and definitions and enunciations of theorems had been printed in bolder type.

AN ANALYTICAL HISTORY OF ROME, VOL. I, *by C. J. Varkey, M. A., Professor of History, St. Aloysius' College, Mangalore.*

That this work has already reached its third edition is proof positive of its serviceableness. In the short space of 260 odd pages, Mr. Varkey offers us a lucid and fairly exhaustive treatment of the Regal and the Early Republican periods of Roman History which students have to bring up for their Intermediate Examination in Arts. With a view to facilitate a firm grasp of the subject and to enable candidates to give a good account of themselves in the examinations, the subject matter has been re-arranged, various parts of the book have been recast, and several entirely new chapters have been added. Its usefulness as a text-book would perhaps be enhanced by the insertion of a few maps. We do hope with Mr. Varkey, that the Professors of the various Colleges in this country will extend to it a sympathetic reception.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges:

The Georgetown College Journal, The Annual (St. Joseph's Bangalore), The Mountaineer, The Konkni Dirven, Our Alma Mater (Trichinopoly), Holy Cross College Bulletin, The Josephite, The Trumpet-Call, St. Xavier's College Magazine, The North Point Annual, The Xaverian, The Clongownian, The Catholic Register, The Presentation Annual, Our Little Paper, (Ernaculam) My Mother, The Mangalorean Review, The Mungret Annual, Pink and Blue, The Antonian, The Aloysian, St. Mary's High School Annual, The Ernaculam College Magazine, Lettres de Jersey, The Bishop Heber College Magazine, St. Michael's, The Manorite, St. Paul's Annual, The Vincentian, The Students Chronicle and Serampore Magazine, Carmela, The Findlay College Magazine, Our Little Paper (Trincomalee), The Cottonian, The Presidency College Magazine, The American College Magazine, Madura, The Young Men's Miscellany, Unitas, St. Mary's High School Magazine, The Brennen College Magazine.

Macmillan & Co.'s Publications suitable for the

MADRAS B. A. AND INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATIONS 1926-1927.

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION, 1926-1927.

PART I. A.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

A. DETAILED STUDY.

Shakespeare. JULIUS CÆSAR. Edited with Introduction and Notes. By K. DEIGHTON. 2*s*. 6*d*. Paper Cover. 2*s*. (1926)
——With Introduction. Notes and Glossary. By A. W. VERITY, M.A. 2*s*. 6*d*. (*Pitt Press Series.*)
——Edited by G. W. and L. G. HUFFORD. 2*s*.
——With Introduction and Notes. By the Rev. J. C. SCRIMGEOUR, M.A. Re. 1.
——MERCHANT OF VENICE. Edited with Introduction and Notes. By K. DEIGHTON 2*s*. (1927)
——With Introduction, Notes and Glossary. By A. W. VERITY, M.A 2*s*. 6*d*. (*Pitt Press Series.*)

Shakespeare. By SIR WALTER RALEIGH. 3*s*. 6*d*.

The Works of Shakespeare. Edited by WILLIAM G. CLARK and WILLIAM A. WRIGHT. 4*s*. 6*d*. (*Globe Library.*)

Byron. CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE. Cantos III and IV. With Introduction and Notes. By Prof. E. E. MORRIS. 2*s*. (1926)
——Edited by J. H. FOWLER, M.A. 1*s*. 6*d*.
——Complete Edition. By A. J. GEORGE. 2*s*.
——Complete Edition. By A. H. THOMPSON, M.A., F.S.A. 3*s*. 6*d*. (*Pitt Press Series.*)

Henley. LYRA HEROICA. Edited by W. E. HENLEY. Re. 1-8. (1926-27)

Tennyson and Morris. TENNYSON'S MORTE D'ARTHUR AND MORRIS' ATALANTA'S RACE. Contained in Loanes Longer Narrative Poems. 19th Century. 1*s*. 3*d*. (1927)

Tennyson. MORTE D'ARTHUR. With Introduction and Notes. F. J. ROWE, M.A. and W. T. WEBB. 6*d*. (1927)

Ruskin. SESAME AND LILIES. Edited with Introduction and Notes. By A. E. ROBERTS, M.A. 1*s*. 3*d*. (1927)
——Edited by H. E. BATES. 2*s*.

B. NON-DETAILED STUDY.

Scott. ROB ROY. Complete. Pocket Edition. 3*s*. 6*d*. (1927)
——Abridged, with Introduction and Notes. Re 1-8.
——Abridged by E. R. MUSGROVE, A.M. 2*s*.
——GUY MANNERING. With Introduction and Notes. By R. F. WINCH, M.A. 3*s*. 6*d*. (1926)
——Abridged. Edited by E. W. CASE 2*s*.

Plutarch. LIVES OF CÆSAR, BRUTUS AND ANTONY. Edited by MARTHA BRIER. 2*s*. (1926)

Horne. THE LIFE OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE. By the Rev. C. SILVESTER HORNE. Re. 1-8. (1926)

Walker. STORIES OF THE VICTORIAN WRITERS. By MRS. H. WALKER. 2*s*. 6*d*. (*Pitt Press Series.*) (1927)

B. A. (Pass) EXAMINATION, 1926-1927.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

A. NON-DETAILED STUDY.

Austen. Northanger Abbey and PERSUASION. 3*s* 6*d*. (1926)

Eliot. THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. Edited by I. AUSHERMAN. 2*s*. (1926)

Sophocles. SOPHOCLES IN ENGLISH VERSE. By ARTHUR S. WAY, D. LITT. Part I. Oedipus at Kolonus, Antigone. Rs. 2-8-0, (1926-27)

Hardy. UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE. By THOMAS HARDY. With Introduction and Notes. By J. H. FOWLER. Rs. 2. (1927)

B. DETAILED STUDY.

1. *SHAKESPEARE.*

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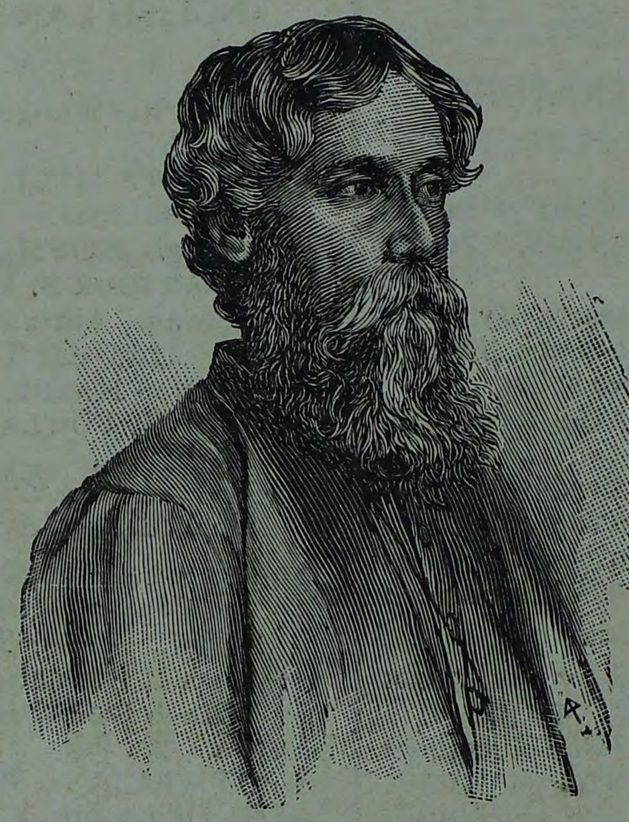
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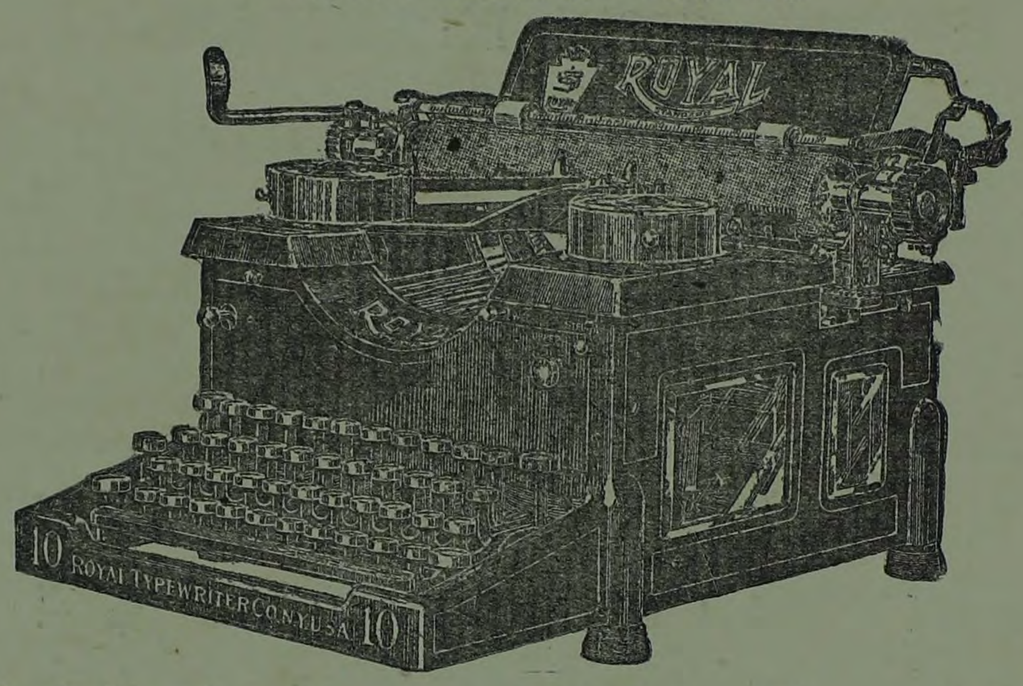
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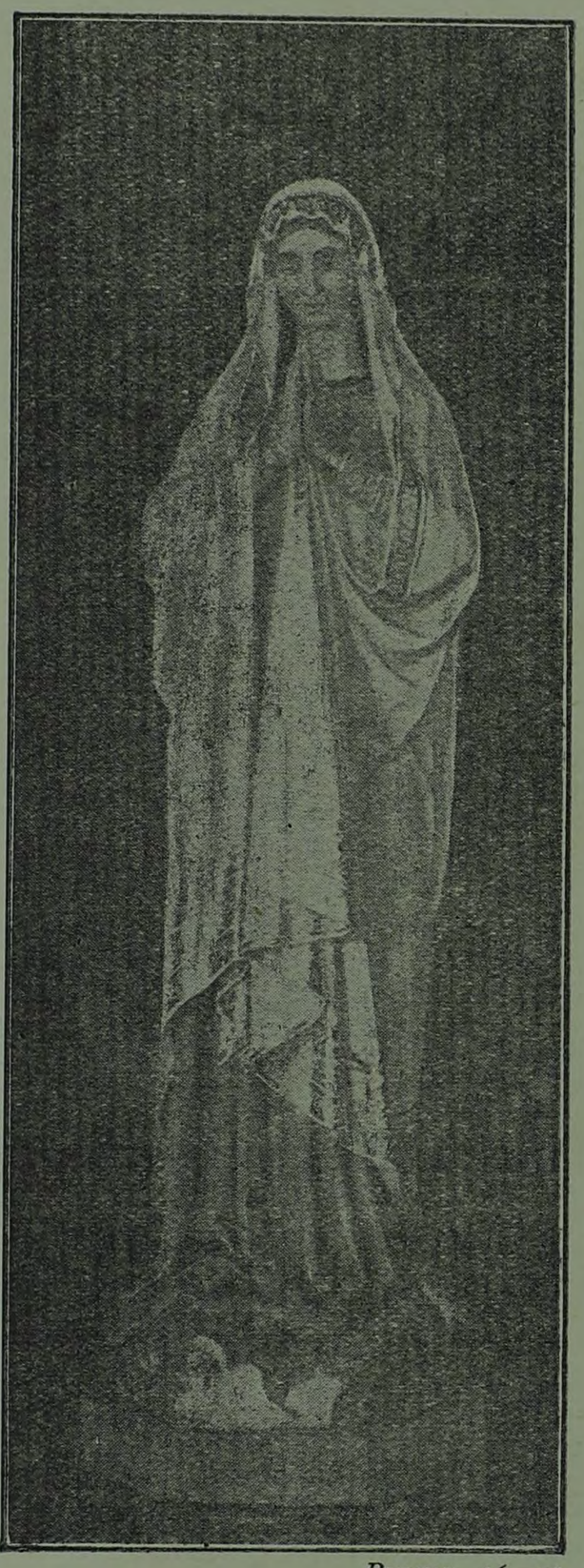
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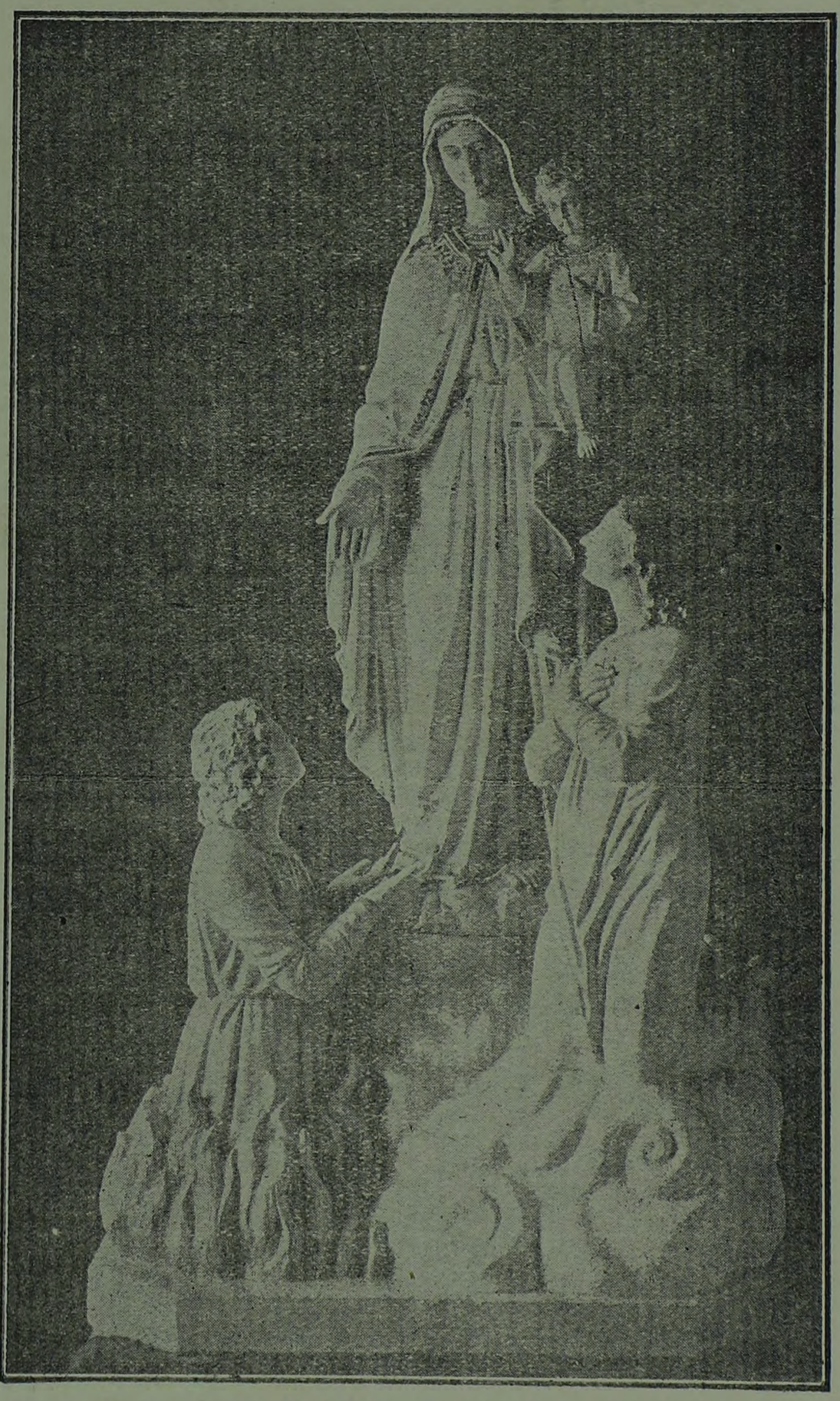
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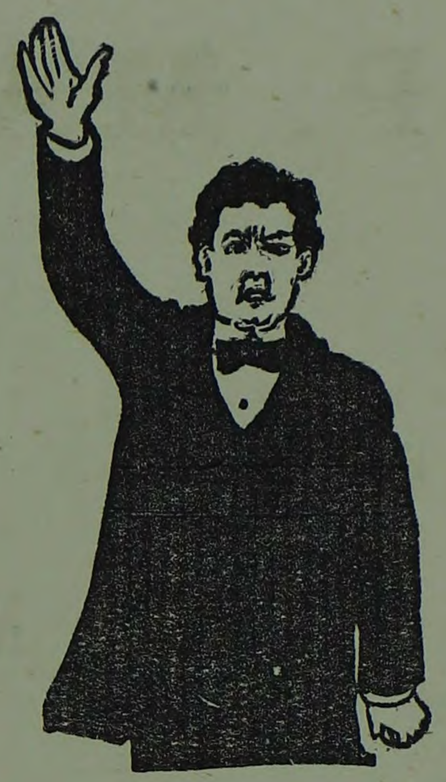
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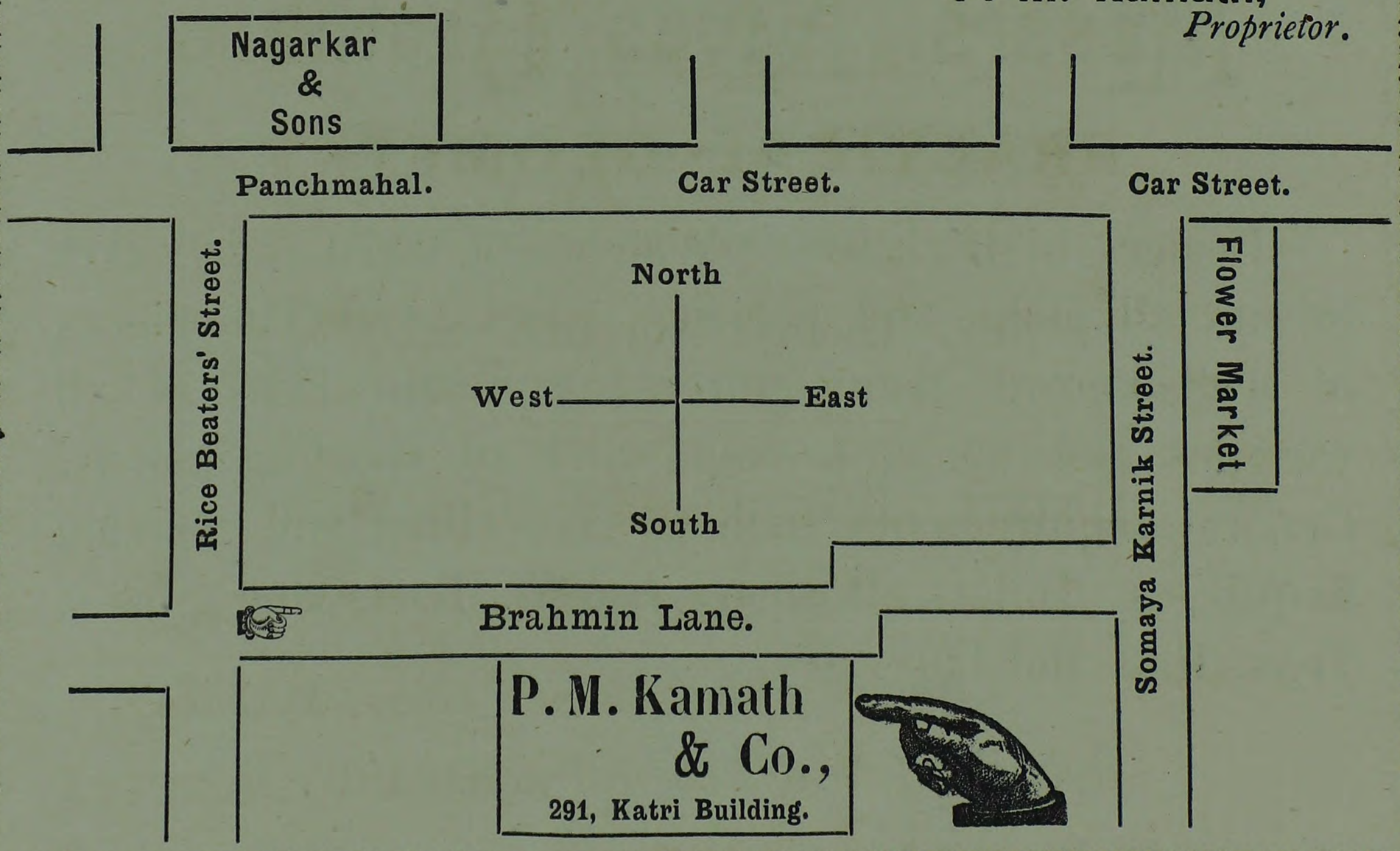
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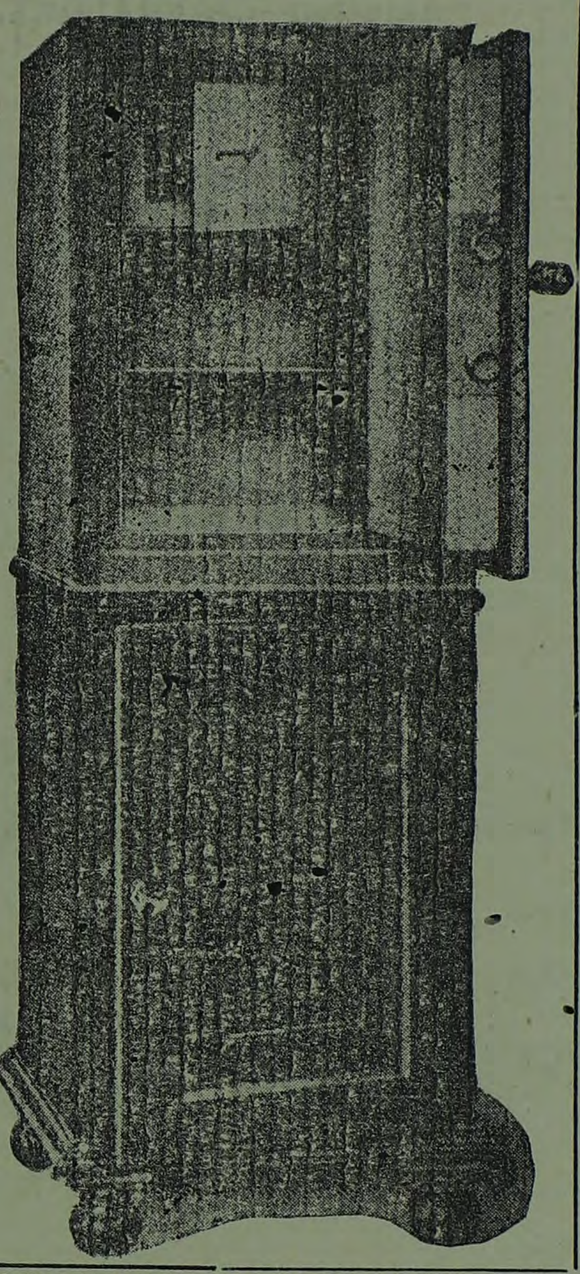
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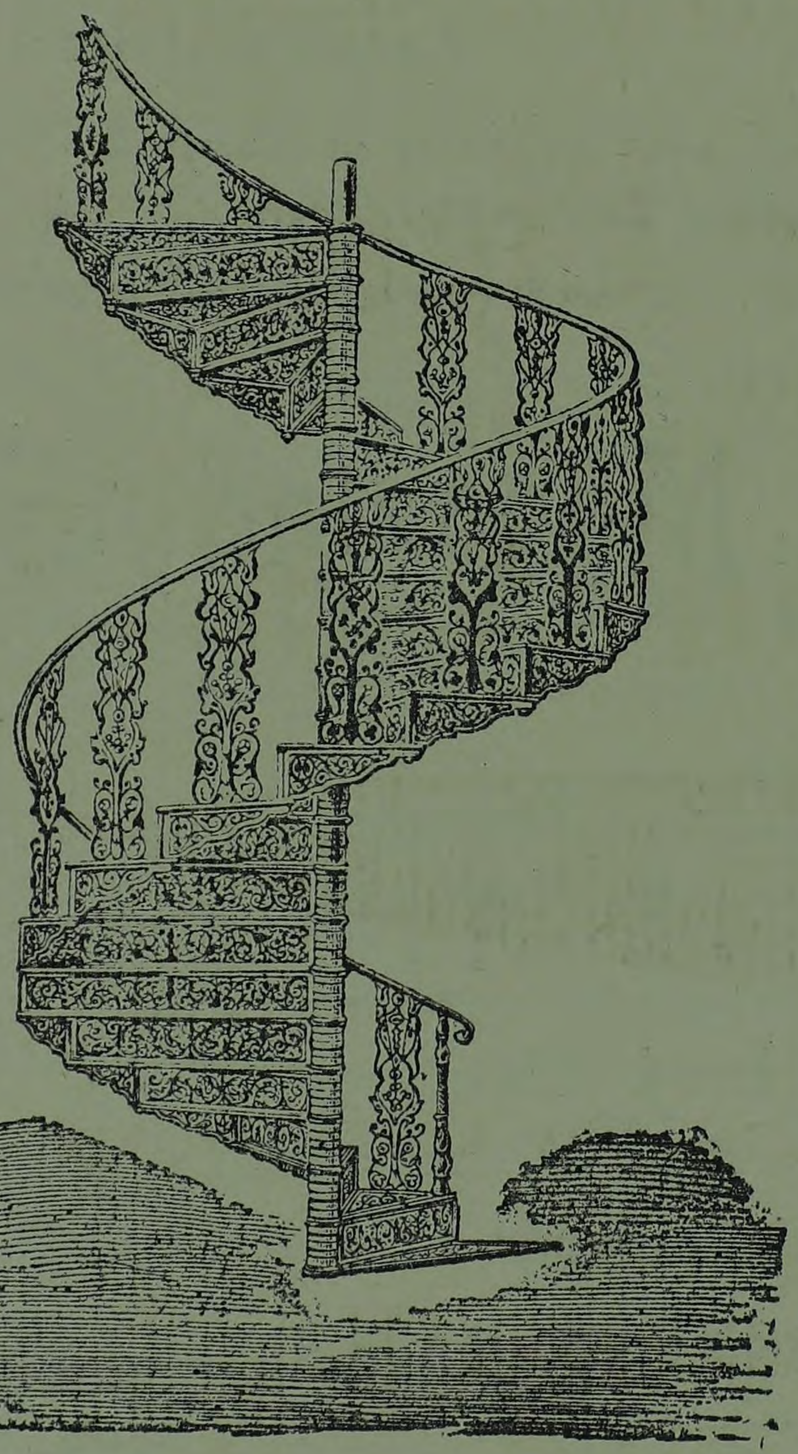
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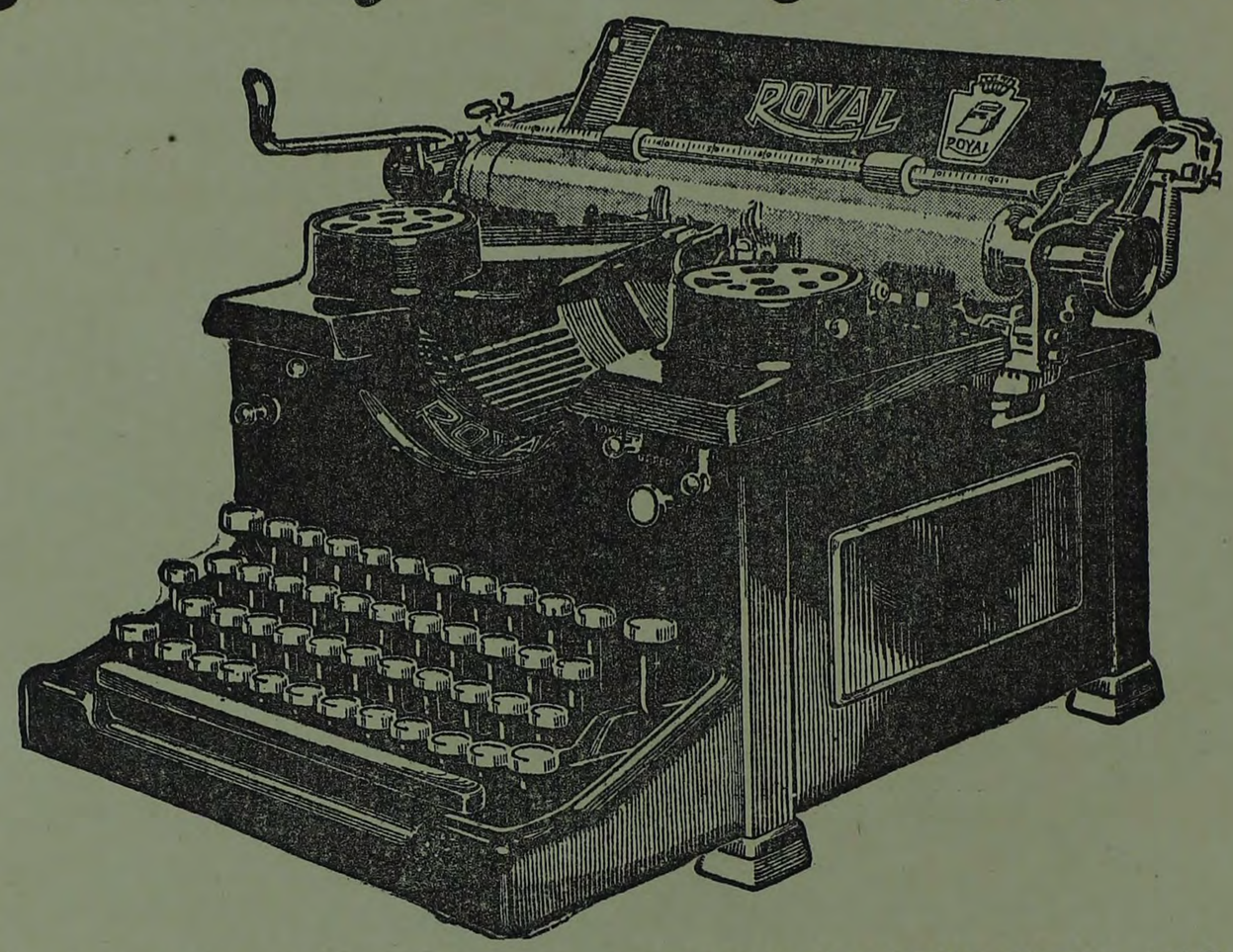
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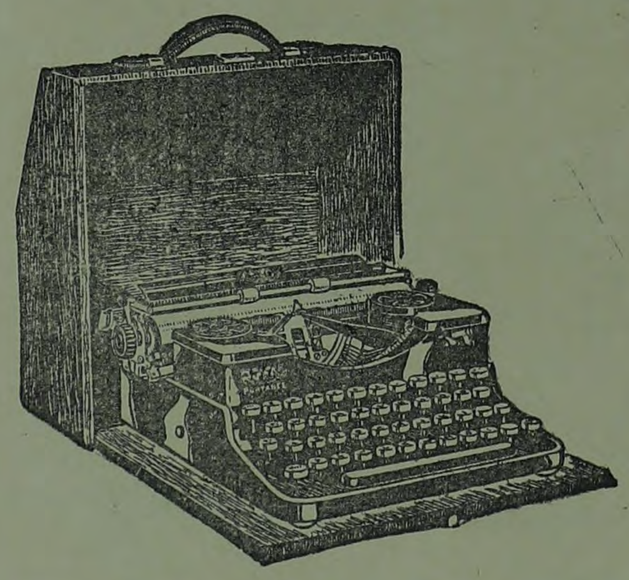
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