THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE

The Organ and Record of St. Aloysius' College

VOL. VI. NO. 6. MANGALORE, 1924 *Edited by* **M. Coelho, S. J.**

CONTENTS

		Page
1.	The Papal Brief	1
2.	The Poetry of St. Thomas Aquin	3
3.	Our Lady in South Kanara	6
4.	Memories of Charlie	12
5.	His First Communion	16
6.	The Cook	17
7.	Ball Lightning	20
8.	Rector's Report	22
9.	Old Goa	25
10.	What is Scouting	30
11.	The Consecration of the College to the Sacred Heart	32
12.	Bastian Again	34
13.	Old Boys and Friends	46
14.	College Societies	53
15.	Cricket	57
16.	Public Examination 1924	60
17.	College Notes	63
18.	Editorial	69
19.	Book Notices	70

Printed by J. M. Suares at the Codialbail Press, Mangalore,
1924.

PIVS PP. XI

Venerabilis Frater, salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem. **Dilecto** Filio Nostro **Gulielmo** S.R.E. Cardinali **Van Rossum**, Sacrae Congregationi Propagandae Fidei Praeposito, rogatissimus ut te, jam Mangalurensium Episcopum et nunc novae dioecesis Calicutensis quam per Apostolicas Litteras Nostras, die XII m. Julii hujus anni Piscaloriis annexo obsignatas constituimus, primum Episcopum aliqua voluntatis Nostrae signo honestemus ob eximia praesertim merita quae in episcopali munere obeundo ad hunc usque diem tibi comparasti. Ut igitur votis ipsius Purpurati Patris concedentes, peculiarem tibi adferamus honorem qui sit non modo congruens tuis promeritis praemium sed benevolentiae quoque erga te Nostrae publicum testimonium, hisce te Litteris Nostris Venerabilis Frater, Apostolica Auctoritate, privilegiis atque honoribus **Episcoporum Pontificio Solio adstantium** adscribimus. Propterea te inter Praelatos Nostros Domesticos admittimus ac Nobilem te, eadem Auctoritate Nostra, ercantes titulo **Comitis** te exornamus, et concedimus ut singulis quibusque privilegiis ac juribus frui possis, quibus viri comitalensi titulo aucti uti possunt poterunt[que] in futurum. Commoditati autem ac spirituali quoque utilitati tuae prospicientes, ita privilegium oratorii privati concedimus tibi, ut licite queas in domibus catholicorum tuae vel alienae dioecesis, quae Apostolica Auctoritate oratorii privati indulto fruantur, et in quibus non hospiteris (si enim ibi hospitio exceptus eris, id ex jure communi legitime peragas), Missam quotidie celebrare alterumque in tua praesentia jubere praesertim in Sacrificii ac tuae Sacrae gratiarum actionem, quin illum ibidem ejusmodi indultis damnum obvenire existimetur; quae utraque Missa singuis inhabitantibus domum, tuisque familiaribus implendo festis quibusque diebus ecclesiastico praecepto suffragetur. Facultatem tibi praeterea facimus vestes praelatitias **ex serico** gestandi, pariterque tibi jus damus in Pontificiis Cappellis locum obtinendi Antistitibus Nostro Solio adsistentibus reservatum. Porro statuimus ut hujus dignitatis in te collatae notitia ad **Acta** Collegii Episcoporum Pontificio Solio adstantium ex officio transmittatur. Non obstantibus Apostolicis Constitutionibus et Ordinationibus caeterisque in contrarium facientibus quibuslibet. Datum Romae, apud Sanctum Petrum sub annulo Piscatoris, die IV m. Novembris, an. MCMXXIII, Pontificatus Nostri secundo.

Venerabili Fratri Paulo Perini
Episcopo Calicutensi

P. Card. Gasparri
a Secretis Status

THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE

The Organ and Record of St. Aloysius' College

VOL. VI. No. 6 MANGALORE, 1924 *Edited by* **M. Coelho, S. J.**

We esteem it a signal privilege to be able to open the present issue of our Magazine with the publication of the Brief by which the Holy Father has conferred upon the Rt. Rev. Mgr. P. Perini, S. J., D. D., Bishop of Calicut and Administrator Apostolic of Mangalore, the titles of Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, Domestic Prelate and Count of the Holy Church. The College has every reason to rejoice and to thank Heaven for the honour bestowed upon one who was long and intimately associated with her as Rector, Principal and Professor. The following is a translation of the Papal Brief :—

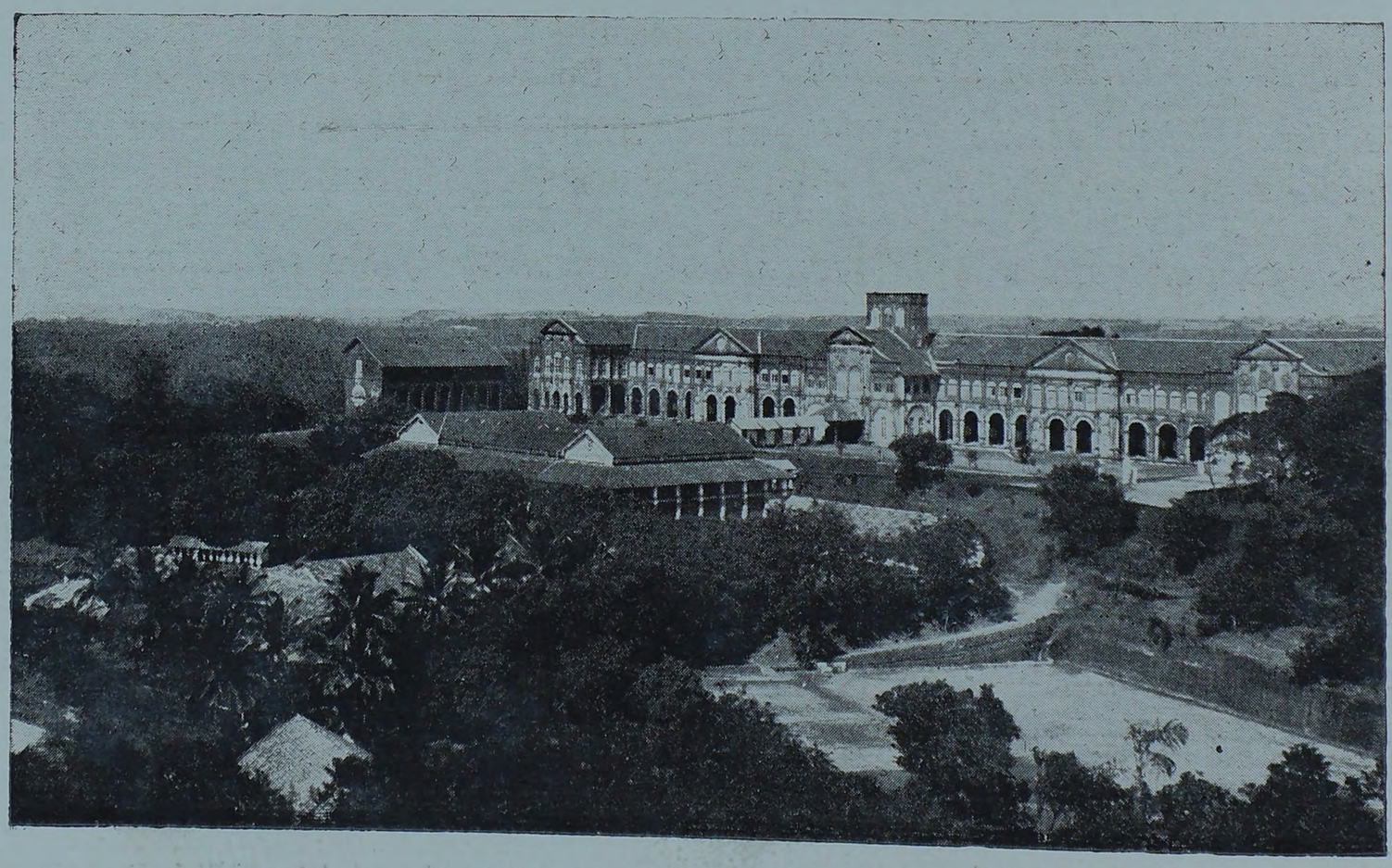
Pius PP. XI

Venerable Brother, Health and Apostolic Benediction.—We have been requested by our beloved son, William Van Rossum, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Faith, to honour you the late Bishop of Mangalore, and now the first Bishop of the new diocese of Calicut, which we have erected by our Apostolic Letter dated 12th July of this year, and sealed with the Fisherman's Ring, by some token of our good will, in recognition particularly of the signal merits you have won for yourself in discharging the episcopal office up to the present day. That in answer, therefore, to the prayers of the same Cardinal, we may bestow upon you a special honour which may be not only an adequate reward of your merits, but also a public testimony of our regard for you, Venerable Brother, by this our letter and with our apostolic authority, we invest you with the privileges and honours of Bishops Assistant at the Pontifical Throne. Likewise, we number you among our Domestic Prelates, and by the same authority create you a Noble, decorating you with the title of Count, and grant you the enjoyment of each and every one of the privileges and rights which those of the rank of a Count enjoy at present and shall in future enjoy. With a view, moreover, to your convenience, as also to your spiritual benefit, we grant you the

privilege of a private altar, so that you may lawfully celebrate Mass daily in Catholic homes of your diocese and of others, which by apostolic authority enjoy the indult of a private altar, and in those in which you are not a guest; (for if you have been received to hospitality, you can, according to the common law, celebrate legitimately), and to have another mass celebrated in your presence, especially in thanksgiving for the Holy Sacrifice offered by you. Nothing, indeed, shall be considered to stand in the way of these grants in these places, and both these Masses shall suffice to fulfil the Church's precept on all Feast days, for every one of the inmates of the house and for your own domestics. We grant you, moreover, the faculty of wearing prelatical dress made of silk, as also the right of having a place reserved in the Pontifical Chapels for Bishops Assistant at our throne. Finally, we decree that notice of the conferment of this dignity be officially communicated to the Acts of the College of Bishops Assistant at the Pontifical throne. Notwithstanding any Apostolic Constitutions and Ordinations and everything else to the contrary. Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, under the Fisherman's Ring, on the 4th of November, in the year 1923, in the second year of our Pontificate.

To our Venerable Brother **Paul Perini**
Bishop of Calicut.

P. Card. Gasparri
Secretary of State.



A Bird's-eye View of St. Aloysius'

The Poetry of St. Thomas Aquin

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

IT is generally believed that philosophy and theology are at the antipodes of poetry. To admit that Plato is a poet no less than he is a philosopher is as much as an ardent champion of poetry or of philosophy can be persuaded into doing. But to say that Aristotle is a poet, or Duns Scotus, or Schopenhauer, to contend that the Scholastics, and St. Thomas in particular, were poets and poets of the highest order,—would this not argue unusual daring, and perhaps even raise a contemptuous smile?

Igonorance and bias might ask: "Could there possibly have been genuine poetry in those dark ages? But the myth of darkness of the Middle Ages has long been exploded by scholars like the late Professor Ker. And,—*pace* Milton,—we must say that St. Thomas is not only a better teacher than his 'sage and serious Spenser,' but even a better poet. For is not philosophy a knowledge of ultimate truth? And if the essence of poetry is the appreciation of the Beautiful and an adequate expression of such appreciation, and if true Beauty is the highest Truth, can we deny the name of poet to the architect of the *Summa*, to the commentator on the Gospel of St. John and on the Canticle of Canticles, to the author of the Office of the Blessed Sacrament?

In our appreciation of a poet, we instinctively attach great importance to his appearance. Look at St. Thomas, then, as he walks his constitutional walk around the cloister,—alone, silent, with long slow steps, his eyes fixed far in the heavens like one who sees visions; calm but intensely sensitive; with an imposing and superior presence, and an eye clear, mellow, deep-seeing. Even a poet's abstractedness was not absent from him: once in the court of King St. Louis of France, to the astonishment of everybody, he stood up during a banquet, slammed the table and shouted: 'I have it!,' and to the wondering company—'It is an excellent argument against the Manicheans!'

But he had more than the appearance of a poet. He was naturally gifted with lofty thoughts. He was born of a count of mediaeval Italy with noblest connections and the highest tastes. One of his brothers, Reynold, was probably the best poet of the brilliant court of Frederick II. And in his life he was a true poem, far beyond Milton's already exalted ideal.

With such gifts and traditions, St. Thomas developed a truly poetic soul. Keats had not near so much feeling for the loveliness of nature as he had; Wordsworth's eye was not 'made quiet by the power of harmony' nor did it 'see into the life of things' as St. Thomas's eye did; neither Dante nor Homer understood the world, much less God, as he understood them. And absolutely no poet had

the gift of tears like him when he meditated on the grandeur of the world around him. He was in a state of almost unbroken ecstasy.

When, however, we turn from his character to his many works, we are bewildered by their poetic charm. The *Summa Theologica*, his greatest work, is a veritable epic. Like a Gothic cathedral, it is massive, grand; but all subdued into one, perfect, symmetrical whole. If we did not know its author, we should have ascribed it to a cherub. Here indeed is the 'grand style,' in its noble simplicity and severity. Not a word is wasted. No emotion is betrayed. But the deep sense of the Divine order and harmony in the universe, the perfect peace of clear insight, is unmistakably there, and we have exalted poetry.

Of the Saint's appreciation of what is truly beautiful, it is enough praise to say that it stood the severest of tests, a test by God Himself. St. Thomas had defended the Catholic doctrine on the Holy Eucharist very ably against the heretics. The Divine Master one day spoke to him from the Tabernacle: 'You have written well of me, Thomas. Ask me for whatever you want as a reward, and I will give it to you.' He who had refused to be abbot, and archbishop and cardinal, now showed himself no less worthy of His Lord and Friend. The answer came unhesitatingly: 'Only Thee, my Lord.' It was like the prayer of St. Ignatius after surrendering himself entirely to our Lord:— 'Give me thy love and thy grace, for this is enough for me.' Is this not sublime poetry? True appreciation of Beauty?

The poetry of St. Thomas's soul is therefore clear. But if we would know him as a poet in the narrow sense, as a composer of poems, we should turn to his hymns in honour of the Blessed Sacrament. They are great poetry. But they are such poetry as angels might write, in clear light, not like us who sit in darkness and 'look before and after and pine for what is not.' In his poems there is no vagueness. Hence, perhaps, it is more intellectual than the poetry we mostly know. But it is not the less emotional, no whit less imaginative, than the best poetry. Its imagination, its feelings run clear and sparkling, as if they had never felt the throes of capture.

To give a few samples. Pretty often in these hymns we come across a cry of wonder like 'O Saving Host which opens the door of heaven!' or 'O wonderful thing, that the Lord should be the food of a poor and vile slave!' They are moments when the poet's feeling and the saint's devotion have burst their bonds. But the tone throughout is that of an emotion ever surging and ever calmed. Theological doctrine is accurately conveyed; but it is always the poetic feeling, the saint's love for His Master, that takes the quill from his hand and spreads gold of poetry on paper. Sometimes even in prose we have the highest poetry, as when He asks God not to 'forget him who forgets Thee,' not to desert 'him who deserts Thee.'

Many more lines might be quoted to show what his poetry is. But the Latin of those hymns will not bear translating. The *Adoro Te* is unsurpassable, both for thought and music. With his delicate taste for beauty of idea and expression, with the long training in the singing and ritual of the Church which the Benedictines had given him, with what feeling must he have recited and sung that poem before the Tabernacle, in his lonely visits, with his massive head resting on the door of the prison, as if to catch every accent of the Master's voice!

The poem is simple. There is no rhetoric in it. Nothing strikes. But every word is instinct with faith and feeling. The metaphor of the pelican is the only metaphor we find developed. How apt! In all its

details how exact! There could not be a happier metaphor, or one more expressive of the love of the Sacred Heart than that. And the prayer 'Make me believe in Thee evermore, hope in Thee, love Thee, live by Thee and always taste Thy sweetness,' followed by the passionate longing 'that I may see what I so thirst to see, Thy face, this veil being removed, and that I may be happy at the vision of thy glory'—

Jesu quem velatum nunc aspicio,
Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio,
Ut te revelata cernens facie,
Visu sim beatus tuae gloriae,—

these effusions are beyond comment. We cannot enter into their beauty or their paths unless we too are poets and saints like St. Thomas.

And Poetry and sanctity are inseparable. They are two aspects of the same quality. This is a consoling thought. For purity, humility, sacred science, are the secret of true poetry. St. Thomas is, therefore, the patron and model of all Catholic Schools and colleges. We ought to know him better, to venerate him, to pray to him for light in our studies and success in our examinations; for our Catholic boys he should be a model to copy, for in him they have a perfect ideal, exalted but imitable.

A Lyric

OUT of the dust a shadow,
Then a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then a lark.
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then a pain;
Out of the dead cold ashes,
Life again!

—*Fr. Tabb.*

Our Lady in South Kanara*

BY SWIBERT FERNANDES, II U. CL.

HUMAN nature yearns for a mother. Whatever be the age, the clime, and the degree of civilization, maternal love and maternal care have been, and are among, the most precious heritage that the world can impart; while filial confidence and attachment are the most natural feelings in the human breast. So it is that the word, motherland, sends a thrill through every loyal heart. So it is that Holy Mother the Church looks after our needs, and bids us repose full confidence in her protection. So it is that the Mother given us by our Divine Master has poured down countless graces and blessings on her children and has called forth, in return, their tender devotion at all times and in all places.

Coming to South Kanara, it would be no exaggeration to say that our district can boast of a noteworthy share in this universal devotion. To quote from a sermon delivered on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of our Sodality: "The first missionaries who won over our heathen forefathers to the faith of Christ knew that with the all-saving knowledge of Christ, the knowledge of Mary was not merely fruitful but necessary, and so effectively was the love of Mary instilled into their hearts that the glorious monuments of it are visible on all sides of us to this day. Far and wide did they migrate from Goa and the thousands that settled on the sunny shores of Kanara brought with them as the dearest treasures, the rosaries, pictures, scapulars and medals, the symbols of their undoubting faith and unshaken confidence in Jesus and Mary." It must, therefore, be a source of interest for us to review the different forms of this devotion which existed among our forbears, the many happy effects which it brought to them, and the unhappy changes which it has been suffered to undergo in recent years.

We may in the first place point to the churches in our district as sufficient indicators of the extent and depth of our Lady's devotion. Out of fifty-four parish churches no less than twenty-three are dedicated to the Blessed Virgin—five dedicated to our Lady of the Rosary, four to the Immaculate Conception, four to our Lady of Dolours, three to our Lady of Mercy, two to our Lady of Miracles, two to the Mother of God, two to our Lady of Help and one to our lady of Health. Many of these titles are ancient, for instance, Remed Saibin, Saud Saibin and Mercin Saibin; and they testify to the antiquity of the devotion to our Blessed Mother. It may be worth while also to remember that both the earliest and the most important churches are dedicated to our Lady. The fervour evinced in the erection of churches to our Lady is borne out by the tradition that during the first rebuilding of the Milagres Church many had to carry stones on their heads or shoulders all the way from the distant quarry at Bondel,

* Read at the Senior Sodality Academy.

since there were no roads leading up to it. And a certain man appears to have told his son that he had become bald by constantly carrying the stones on his head.

Having said a word about the titles of our churches, one would naturally dwell upon the particular devotions which those titles suggest, and which flourished amongst our ancestors. The most popular was the devotion to the Holy Rosary. Hardly a person but wore it round the neck; hardly a family but recited the five decades at home every evening. During the month of October the chaplet used to be sung in many a home. Its tune must be an old one, dating from the Portuguese missionaries; for it is still heard in Calicut among the Portuguese Anglo-Indians. Not only at home but also in church, at funerals and in processions, the reciting and the singing of the Rosary was indeed a common practice. The oft-repeated 'Our Father,' 'Hail Mary' and 'Glory' seemed, as it were, a continuous cloud of fragrant incense rising to the throne of Mary to invoke her powerful mediation.

Next to the Rosary the most cherished treasure of our Catholics was the scapular. The wearing of it round the neck was universal, so that it became a means of identifying a Catholic. Three kinds of scapular used to be worn—that of our Lady of Mount Carmel, of the Immaculate conception, and of our Lady of Dolours; the first of these was the most common. The devotion to Carmel was fostered by the missionaries of that order, the good Carmelite Fathers, whose sweet memory still lingers in many a mind and heart among the passing generation. So firmly did they establish this devotion, that the Chaplet of Carmel used to be recited along with the Rosary by every family, and with the following invocations which may well be rehearsed here today, now that they are heard only at regrettable intervals of time and place :—

Prelude :

ಆಂಕ್ವಾರಿ ಭಿತರಿ ಸೊಭಾಗಿಣಿ
ಕಾರ್ಮಿಲಿತಾಂಚಿ ತುಂ ಗೆ ರಾಣಿ
ಮಾಗ್ತಾಂವ್ ತುಜಾ ಚರಣಾ ಲಾಗೊನಿ.

O Virgin most beautiful Queen of Carmel, behold us here who invoke thee.

First invocation :

ತುಜೆ ಕುಡಿಚೆ ನಿರ್ಮೊಳ್ಕಾಯೆ ಪಾಸೊನಿ
ಕರ್ ಅಮ್ಚಿ ಕುಡಿ ನ್ಹೊಣೊನಿ
ನಿಸ್ಕಳ್ಮಂತಿ ಗೆ ಸೊಮಿಣಿ.

Through the virginal purity of thy body, grant, O Lady, that our bodies also may be pure.

Second :

ತುಜಾ ಅತ್ಯ್ಹಾಚಾ ಸಾಂತಿಪೊಣಾ ಪಾಸೊನಿ
ದಿ ಅಮ್ಚಾ ಅತ್ಮಾ ಥ್ಯಂ
ಸಾಂತಿಪೊಣ್ ಗೆ ಸೊಮಿಣಿ.

Through the surpassing holiness of thy soul, pour, O Lady, holiness into our soul.

Third :

ತುಜೆ ಸುಫ್ಳೊಳೆ ಜಿಣಿಯೆ ಪಾಸೊನಿ
ಕರ್ ಅಮ್ಚಿ ಜಿಣಿ ನ್ಹೊಣೊನಿ
ಕುರ್ಸೆವಂತಿ ಗೆ ಸೊಮಿಣಿ.

Through thy life full of merits, O Lady, make our life fruitful of merit.

Fourth :

ತುಜಾ ಮಾಯ್ನೊಣಾಚೆ ವೊಡ್ಸೆ ಪಾಸೊನಿ
ದಿ ಆಧಾರ್ ತುಜೊ ಕರೊನಿ
ಚಲೊಂಚಾಕ್ ಅಮಿ ಸೊವೊಡ್ತ್ ಸಾಂಬಾಳೊನಿ.

Through thy sublime maternity, help us O Lady, in the practice of our holy religion.

Fifth :

ತುಜಾ ಸಮೃತಾ ನೊಣ್ಸಾ ಪಾಸೊನಿ
ಅಮ್ಚಾ ನೊಣ್ಸಾಚೆ ಕಾಳಿಂ
ಪಾವ್ ತುಂ ಅಮ್ಕಾಂ ಗೆ ಸೊಮಿಣಿ.

Through thy sweetest death, help us, O Lady, in our last hour.

Sixth :

ತುಜಾ ಕೆರ್ತಿವಂತಾ ಅಸುಮ್ಸಾಂವಾಂ ಪಾಸೊನಿ
ನಿವಾರ್ ತುಂ ಅಮ್ಕಾಂ ಪ್ಯಲೆ ಸನ್ವಾರಿಂ
ಪುರ್ಗತರಿಂತ್ಲೆಂ ಗೆ ಸೊಮಿಣಿ.

Through thy glorious Assumption, O Lady, draw us out of Purgatory the very first Saturday after our death.

Seventh :

ತುಕಾ ಸರ್ಗಾರ್ ಕುರ್ವಾರ್ ಕೆಲೆಲ್ಯಾ ಪಾಸೊನಿ
ಲಾಭಾತಿ ಕರ್ ಆಮ್ಹಾಂ ಸೊಮಿಣಿ
ಅಂತಿಂ ಮುಕ್ತ್ ಅಖಂಡಿತ್ ಜಿಣೆ.

Through thy glorious Coronation, grant us, O Lady, the eternal life of glory.

Concluding prayer :

ಮಾಗ್ತಾಂವ್ ಮಾಗ್ಣೆ ಸರ್ವೇಸ್ಸರಾ ಸೊಮಿಯಾ ತುಜೆಲಾಗಿಂ, ವಾಡ್ಯ ವ್ಹೊಣ್ ಭಿಸ್ ಇಗರ್ಜ್‌ವಾತೆಜೊ; ಕರ್ ವ್ಹೊಣ್ ಭಸ್ಮ್ ಹೆರೆಜಿಂಜೊ; ವಿಸ್ತಾರ್ ವ್ಹೊಣ್ ಖರೊ ಭಾವಾಡ್ತ್ ಸಮೆಸ್ತಾಂ ಥ್ಯಂ; ಕರ್ ವ್ಹೊಣ್ ಸೊವ್ಕಾಸ್ಯಾ ರಾಯಾಂ ಪಾದ್ಯಾಂ ಥ್ಯಂ; ವಾಡ್ಯ ಆನಿ ಚಡ್ಯ ವ್ಹೊಣ್ ಇರ್ಮಾಂವ್‌ದಾದ್ ಕಾಮ್ಯ ಸ್ಯಾಬಿಣಿಚಿ. ಆಮೆನ್.

As further evidence of the devotion to Carmel one may point to our nuns of the Apostolic Carmel whose name is heard and whose work is admired in no fewer than four dioceses, and also to the cloistered nuns of the Sacred Heart Carmel whose spiritual work is eloquent through its very silence.

That, amidst the Rosary and the Scapular, the sorrows of the Virgin Mother were not forgotten is clear from the pretty little Bishop's chapel, erected by one of the rich and generous citizens of Mangalore as a monument in honour of our Lady of Dolours. The Chaplet of the Dolours was fairly popular; but more than that was the feast, which was celebrated with great pomp in many a parish, and which was generally preceded by a *Salve* or septenary devotion. During the days of the *Salve,* Mary's pious clients would abstain from merry-making; and even the labouring class would make sacrifices of time and convenience to throng to church and console the Mother of Sorrows.

A word may be said about the May devotion as well. It was introduced by our Jesuit missionaries. The Cathedral was the place where it was first held, and thence it spread to other churches. A Konkani book about the devotion was soon compiled, and it found its way into the hands of the people in church and at home. But the devotion has not been so popular as elsewhere, owing perhaps to the sultriness of the season. Climate refuses to be westernized; and while May is the pleasantest month in Europe and America, it is the hottest and the dustiest time of the year for us, and therefore hardly suited for devotional practices.

Some may perhaps enquire whether sodalities of the Blessed Virgin existed in our diocese before the coming of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. While admitting that sodalities for men and boys were unknown, one may justly speak of the Children of Mary in St. Ann's Convent and of the several confraternities in parishes, especially those of the Most Holy Rosary, our Lady of Mount Carmel, and our Lady of Dolours, as indicating that that aspect of the devotion to Mary was not at all neglected.

Passing on to our Lady's shrines, one sees that Mangalore is not wanting therein. All are familiar with the shrine of our Lady of the Rosary of Pompei at Urwa. We learn from a pamphlet issued by Rev. Fr. A. J. D'Souza, how in 1876 amidst extraordinary circumstances, Bartolo Longo founded the devotion in the Valle di Pompei; how its name spread far and wide; how Father D'Souza, having obtained graces through the intercession of our Lady of Pompei, established it in his parish church on 25th January 1895; how the devotion made rapid progress in the diocese, so that pictures of our Lady of Pompei came to be venerated in as many as twenty-four churches; how the shrine at Urwa was enriched with indulgences; and how it has been steadily gaining favour : so much so that pilgrimages, specially of students, are an annual feature, and on the feast-day the congregation numbers about four to six thousand, while the Communions exceed one thousand.

Besides the sanctuary of Pompei, the world-renowned shrine of Lourdes finds an echo, however faint it may be, in the grotto at the Jeppoo Seminary. It was built in the last years of Mgr. Pagani. Enriched with indulgences, it has become a place of prayer for pious individuals, and May devotions are held there regularly. These shrines have undoubtedly proved fresh impulses to the devotion to Mary.

Since many of the churches have been named after her, a word may be said about the titular feasts. They were rare occasions for the gathering of families and for the feasting of the body as well as of the soul. In churches dedicated to Mary the reception of the members of her confraternities bearing their *worp*, and the taking of the *cherel* in solemn procession were imposing sights to young and old alike.

By far the most popular feast of the year was that of the Nativity—the *Monti Saibinichi Porab*—so called, because it used to be celebrated with much eclat in the Church of our Lady of the Mount in Goa, and the fond remembrance of it was borne by those who came to settle in Kanara. The spontaneous offering of the choicest flowers to Mary by little boys during the Novena ; the triumphant taking of the first fruits of the harvest to the parish church with band and music; the solemn blessing of the *noveñ;* the joyous taking of it home and the placing of it on the family altar ; the fervent thanksgiving for the harvest ; the happy partaking of the *noveñ* by all the family ; the exclusion of everything at table save that which was borne by the earth : these were customs too good to be given up, too beautiful to be forgotten.

Now that we have gone through the various aspects of the devotion to the Mother of God in our diocese, it is but natural to ask in what manner Mary has influenced the lives of our people. Mary is the bulwark of the faith ; and she rewarded the simple devotion of our forefathers by preserving their faith during their captivity in Seringapatam. To quote again from the sermon delivered on the occasion of our Sodality Silver Jubilee: "When church and chapel was denied them, when priest and priestly ministrations were not be had, when the saving sacraments of the Church were fond memories of the past, the poor captives persevered, counting the Hail Mary's on their fingers and sighing out the sad tale of their woe into the ears of their desolate Mother on Mount Calvary. And thus eight long weary years passed by and Mary led them home to their crumbling cottages by the Ghauts and by the sea. And they marked their gratitude for favours received from her by raising the Rosario and Milagres churches."

That Mary was the safeguard also of purity and chastity is evident from the high tone of morality that characterized our Catholics. What wonder that, in an atmosphere so highly tinged with devotion to Mary, youths and maidens should have joyfully and in large numbers rejected the alluring pleasures of the world for the sweet life of the convent, the cloister and the sanctury ? What wonder that, despite pagan surroundings, where the single life is scarcely known, there should have been found many living unmarried lives, following the example of their Virgin Queen ?

But it was not in matters of faith and morality alone, but in social life as well, that Mary's influence manifested itself. In every home the *Angelus*, morning noon and night, was made the occasion of a gathering of the whole family round father and mother and of asking their blessing. Every parent made it a point that at least one, if not more, of the children should bear the name of the Mother of God or some name derived from her. Hence it was common to hear the names Marian,

Rosar, Monthu, Marieñ, Remed, Mercin, Carmin, Piad, Coses and others. Again the songs sung at weddings—the *vovyo*—were purified by reference to our Lady. "Time was when the ploughman at the plough, the sower of seed and the reaper in the paddy fields, the wayfarer wending his weary way, used to beguile the weariness of the hour by song and legend of Mary, the fairest Queen of Heaven and Earth. And a part of the traditional poetry of a past generation has enshrined for us the memories of Mary in quaint ballads and canticles."

Such in the past was the devotion to the Blessed Mother, and such was her influence on the lives of her clients. What has it been of late? Alas, a sad change has gradually been manifesting itself. Instead of the daily Rosary at home, one sometimes listens with sorrow to strange tunes which have no other recommendation than that they are *English*. In many *enlightened* quarters the chaplet of Carmel is fading away from memory. No longer are the Rosary and the Scapular objects to glory in: they are being discarded as befitting only the illiterate. Enthusiasm at feasts is diminishing. The sweet names of Mary, once freely given to children, are being exiled from town and are driven to remote villages by the Roses, the Lilies, the Ivies, the Myrtles, the Birdies, and all the rest of the stock. Again a freer intercourse among young persons, after the fashion of the day, imperils the time-honoured modesty of our community. In this way the whole structure of our society seems to undergo a gradual change, but not a change for the better.

Changes must of course occur as time rolls on: 'New days, new ways." But how sad to find that the fair devotion to our Lady and her influence on us is affected! How regrettable to allow those treasures to sink into the abyss of the past! How unfortunate not to have Mary as our guiding star as much today as in times of yore! May it then be the prime object of all of us, of Sodalists of our Lady in particular, to walk along the path of our fathers, to keep up the noble tradition handed down to us and to cherish a tender devotion to Mary, our dearest Queen, Advocate, Mother!

The Hundred-Leafed Rose

The flower of flowers as a Convent towers
Where Virtue and Truth repose:
The leaves are the halls and Convent walls
Are the throns that fence the Rose.

—*James Mangan.*

A Corridor of the Main Building

Memories of Charlie

BY JOS. JUNGHENN

MEMORIES of Charlie! Who was Charlie? Who was this celebrity that deserved the honour of having something written about him? Well, Charlie was not a person, he was only a pony. But, what a pony! Many who are still in Kankanady at the present day will bear witness that Charlie was not an ordinary animal. He was the pony of good Father Muller of revered memory. This fact alone is sufficient to place the animal on a pedestal of its own. But Charlie had other qualifications, good and otherwise, that will make his memory live long in the minds of those who knew him and his wilful ways. If ever there was a beast on earth who had the obstinacy of a mule and the stupidity of an ass, together with all the failings of the equine race, it was Charlie, and he had a double dose of these attributes. I, who had a large share of having to bear with his doings, will bear witness to his faults and good points as well. Charlie was a strong animal, and when he wished he could do a five mile drive without turning a hair. I say, when he wished, because alas, he rarely wished to do the will of others, least of all, of the person who held the reins. Whenever Father Muller asked me to take a drive with him, politeness would force me to smile and say, yes. But the trepidation in the interior was somewhat akin to what a schoolboy feels when he is called to the principal's room where he knows for certain that the cane that lies snugly in its place will be pulled out.

When once seated in the carriage the odds were against your knowing when Charlie would start and in what direction he would go. At times some brain wave would cause Charlie to gallop at a rate that made one fear and ask oneself what part of the carriage would reach home and what part would be left behind. The carriage of Father Muller—a phaeton—requires a special chapter to itself, but as its life is intimately connected with Charlie I offer no apology for mentioning it here. Anyhow Charlie was the breadwinner of the family of Father Muller's head carpenter who was invariably occupied in making repairs to the shafts and wheels of the carriage.

In his tricks of cunning Charlie was almost fiendish. He would trot along at a smart pace lulling the driver to think that he was going to have a fine drive without any exciting incidents, when suddenly, as if in response to a call from the equine evil spirits, he would stop dead. No amount of whipping or coaxing would cause him to budge an inch until another wireless message started to work his brain. But in the name of all that is horsy why, oh why, did he invariably stop in places where large numbers of people congregate, like Humpunkatta or near the maidan? Did some malicious imp tell him that it was for the humiliation of the occupants of the carriage? Any way we had to get down, and before the smiling crowd to whom

the idiosyncrasies of Charlie were well known we had to use our wits to make him move on. On such occasions Charlie used to show us the strength of his hind legs. The harness would give way and splinters would fly from the shafts, and some of the bystanders would be found stopping the flight of a few spokes from the front wheels. The poor suffering syce, used to the ways and whims of Charlie, was always ready for such emergencies. Pieces of twine, rope and wire and other odds and ends would be brought forth for first aid. Then suddenly another brain wave would cause Charlie to dash forward without any warning, and he would go on as if he had nothing extraordinary. Then the occupants of the carriage would have to run their best in order to regain their seats, and on we would go amidst the laughter and shouts of the amused on-lookers.

On one occasion Charlie was nearly the cause of my getting into serious trouble in class. Our master for English, was making a general enquiry of the whole class as to when and at what time each one of us attended daily Mass. I do not know what was the reason of the enquiry, but there it was. When in turn I was asked at what time I heard Mass I replied that it depended on the pony of Father Muller. There was an explosion in the class and the master looked dark and stern. He thought I was giving him a sample of my cheek, but it was not cheek, as I explained later on. I was simply stating the fact. Father Muller used to drive over from the College to say Mass at Kankanady. We at the latter place were always on the lookout for the appearance of the pony and carriage, or rather we used to listen to the sounds that announced the approach of the carriage, as the rattling of the old well-tried vehicle could be heard from a long distance off. On the days that Charlie was in good humour, it was well enough, but on the days that he had the blues or was out of sorts the Mass would be delayed for quite a long time. Then it often happened that Charlie would come at a walking pace with the syce holding him by the bridle. Good Father Muller would try to look as if nothing had happened.

Poor Charlie! Even Father Muller who prided himself in saying that the word "cannot" was not to be found in his dictionary found that Charlie was too tough a problem for him. So for a few rupees Charlie was sold to a person who thought he could turn Charlie into a respectable animal. Well, this person took Charlie in hand, and tried every means to convert him to better ways. He even went so far as to use the drastic remedy of touching Charlie's hindquarters with a red hot pointed rod. But this method was of no avail. Charlie's nature could not change, and Charlie changed masters again, and then I lost sight of him.

A few years after, I was travelling in the transit carriage between Mudbidri and Buntwal. We had just changed our pair of ponies, when I noticed that something was going wrong. My companion brought to my notice the strange antics of one of the ponies. These pranks seemed familiar to me. On looking closer we found that the pony that was giving all the trouble was no other than our old friend Charlie. Of course, it was the rascal. He was not so sleek and fine-looking as of yore when he was well fed and groomed, but he had not changed otherwise. His playful nature was the same, and he would jib and kick as of old. However hard the off pony tried to make a start Charlie was there to baulk him, and so the transit carriage made no progress. No amount of chafing on the part of the driver had any effect on the hide of the devil-possessed brute. At last in despair we had to take off Charlie and put into commission one of the ponies that had

already done its quota of miles. If animals can reason and swear Charlie must have come in for a lot of hard swearing from the poor beast that had to make an extra seven miles.

Good old Charlie! The last I saw of him was a few days afterwards, when passing the same neighbourhood I noticed him grazing unconcernedly on the hillside, uncared and unwept for, with no man to claim him. After that I never heard of him. By this he has probably joined his equine forefathers. May he have a peaceful and happy time with them, with plenty of good and rich pastures.

"Who do men say that the Son of Man is?"

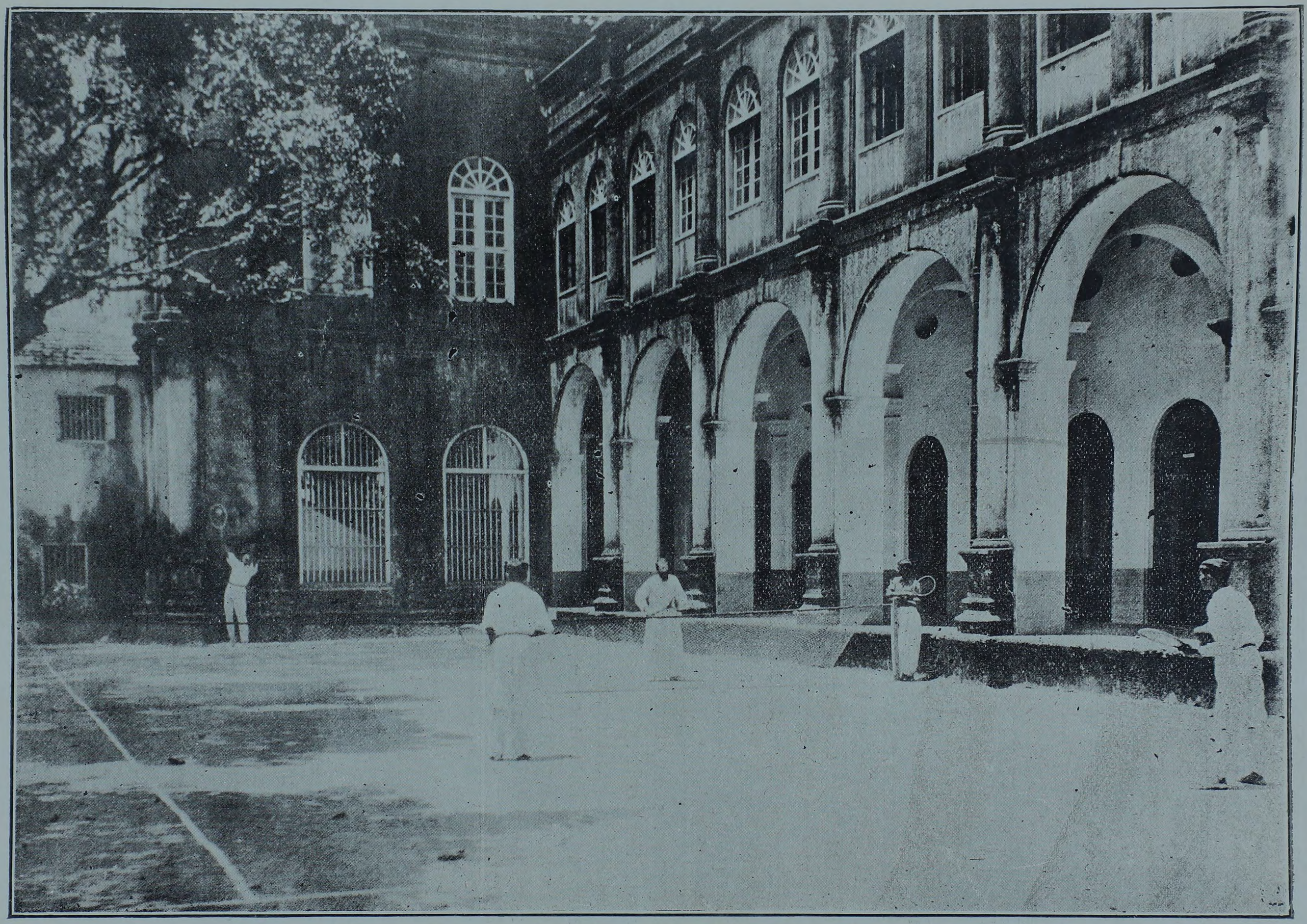
ART Thou, the friend who walks with me,
The God who moulds the rose?
The child who played in Nazareth,
The weary God of woes?

Art Thou, the helpless Christ hung high
In shame till Thou wert dead,
The God of Might whose power moves
The stars above my head?

My mother always laid me down
At eve to sleep with Thee,
And said 'twas Thou who bade the wind
Sing lullabies for me.

'Tis not Thy works in rose or star
That stir to faith this clod;
I need but learn Thy heart as Man
To know that Thou art God.

—*John B. Kelly.*



A Quiet Corner for a Morning Set

His First Communion

BY BENEDICT

A MOTHER was bending over her child as I entered the College hall by the inner passage. The breakfast was over and the steps pattered with the happy feet of the little ones as they hurried down-stairs. One only child remained and over him his mother was bending. They made a fine picture. The white silk in which the boy was clad set off the dazzling green and gold of the lady's *saree* that flapped about her son in the morning breeze. Mother and child gazed at each other. They said never a word: they only looked and loved. No one has told me what the heart of the happy woman sang. But I thought I read in the child's eye: "Today, mother I feel a love warmer than ever I felt when nestling in your bosom."

Fr. Tabb has said:

The baby has no skies
But mother's eyes,
Nor any God above
But mother's love.
His angel sees the Father's face,
But he the mother's, full of grace.

That may be true of the baby in the cradle, not of the child at his First Communion. On that day surely the child sees something of the sky of heaven; feels something of the warmth of God's love. Was it that she might feel a little of that warmth herself that the mother stooped over her boy?

That night I had a dream. The Cathedral held solemn festival. The High Altar was ablaze with lights, and twenty priests in the sanctuary chanted: *Tu es Sacerdos in aeternum,* while at the Communion rail a child was bending over his mother. I thought I had seen that child before. Only he was grown to fair manhood. His face was radiant with the full-blossomed beauty that *had* been hers who knelt before him—a widow clad in a plain black *saree,* her forehead marked with wrinkles, her hair streaked with grey. No diamonds flashed in her ears now no bangles of gold jingled on her wrists. But there was health in her bearing and happiness in her moistened eye. She gazed with rapture on the Sacred Host her son was about to place on her tongue. There was rapture too in her son's eye, while he seemed to say: Mother, you fed me once at your bosom; I feed you today on the Bread of Angels. The pang of joy that shot through my heart awoke me, and I asked myself: Will this dream come true? I think that will depend on your prayer, mother.

The Cook

BY J. E. SALDANHA.

You can live without love, you can live without books,
But civilised man cannot live without cooks.

IT seems to me that human attention is divided into two distinct compartments, simultaneously open, one for large and lofty impressions and the other for little funny things. Cooks have a strange and pathetic fascination for me. They are plebeian looking individuals enough, but they wear slippers, more often hobnailed sandals, beneath their coats and khaki pants and as they trudge marketwards, *jembil* basket in hand, they go with a wistfully industrious and hopeful look as if they were saying, "Well, what *pagar* these Hotel *chefs* now? I have got my cap and sandals on and everybody can see how busy and important I am!"

Morning leads to noon, noon to afternoon. A hard life, you say? Perhaps so, but the cook does not complain. Like the indispensable barber, he has his position in society clearly fixed and suffers from none of the heartaches which alas! are so often the sole reward of ambition. He cannot perhaps better his lot but is secure in its amenities. For the moment it seems as if no *élan creatif* were working in the field of cooks' education in Bombay. To-day when even the educational codes adumbrate a different goal for boys and girls, benefactors and innovators in the realm of cooking pots and articles *de cuisine* are as extinct as the dodo and there is little disposition to educate the cook out of his sphere. When all the world is seething with strife and rebellion, unrest and suspicion, one can well envy the cook his humble round of peaceful toil, his meagre but sufficient reward and his ignorance of theories and dogmas.

Custom has ordained that the recruiting ground for the many kinds of labour in Bombay shall be some particular district. Thus the best cooks (or the indifferent ones) hail from Goa and the outlying villages of Mangalore, the domestic servants come from somewhere near Surat, the policemen have their native *habitat* on the Ratnagiri side and the seafaring man has his home in Cutch or Damaun. You sometimes pick your cook in the highways and byways of the city. In this case more often than not, he is a raw country yokel, a new arrival, an importation by the last Shepherd boat, gazing with mouth-open wonder and bewilderment at the sights of the city. He is one of many who has come to a great city to see a little more of life than his native village offers him and incidentally, to earn a livelihood. For a cook, he has had no training whatsoever. The Mangalorean cook that is to be, just "happens". He hears from his relatives—near or distant, real or imaginary—*in situ* of the advantages and perquisites—which a cook's career offers and one fine morning a country cousin steps lightly from the boat and next day presents himself to the needy world of Bombay as a cook. Of course in your case you proceed cautiously and introduce yourself to him as a compatriot. For himself, he hails not exactly from Mangalore but what in his opinion comes to the same

thing, say Shirwa side. He tells you with much naïveté that times are hard in his village, nothing much doing in the agricultural line and that therefore he has come to seek fresh fields and pastures new. All this time he very carefully sizes you up and down, sees much prosperity and unlimited possibilities in your portly figure and *embonpoint* and deftly inquires whether 'Bab' has any place vacant in his house for a cook. The aforesaid 'Bab' is really in need of a cook, otherwise, ten to one, he would not have engaged himself in what would otherwise have been a Platonic sort of conversation with a village oaf; and smarting under several previous wrongs at the hands of former cooks, adepts though they were in their profession, and acting on the theory that under the circumstances the proverbial second best is good enough for Bombay no less than for the tropics, decides, after much parleying, to give him a chance. Next day the stranger is installed as a cook and the safety of the house and the health of its inmates are, from that time, supposed to lie in the palms of his hands. He is of course ignorant of the barest rudiments of the culinary art but he can "clean the windows, sweep the floor and polish up the handle of the big front door" and what is more can cook rice and concoct vegetable curries of sorts. There for the present we shall leave him, content and happy, but if you are in search of the genuine article of the "poeta nascitur" sort you will find him in one of the numerous "Koods" or servants' clubs in Bombay where cooks do congregate—men for the most part to the profession born and bred, but, for the nonce, out of employ. There you will come across men with varied qualifications and countless testimonials, men who have seen service in the distant corners of the earth, from the war-scarred veteran who has seen life and beriberi in Basra to the diminutive crock of an old man who in the course of service on board-ship has seen Melbourne and St. Mark's, Venice, and is immeasurably proud in consequence, from the 'gas-pot' who has cooked for a Sessions Judge in the mofussil and got kicked for his trouble, down the gamut to lesser fry. You can have your pick and choice here but as regards wages they are one and all adamant and prohibitive. But wages or no wages, here they are forming themselves into societies or rather confederacies, contributing to the maintenance of each other when out of employment and holding out until their demands are met to the last pie. In the interval they toil not neither do they spin. They are fed and maintained by the Club, in virtue of their right of membership, in return for a small fee and they kick their heels for a holiday and are content.

To see the cook at work and play, go to the Null Bazar Market in the morning some day. There you may spot your *Mistri* wandering nonchalantly among the fish, mutton or beef stalls, smoking a *bidee*. He is of course doing his master's daily "bazar." The operation now-a-days is, not infrequently, long and tedious. Gibbon tells us that the wars of Timour the Tartar in Central Asia raised the price of herrings in the London Market. Whether the World-War is responsible for the high price of the necessaries of life in the Bombay markets, Political Economists alone can tell. But there it is—fish cannot be had for love or money, mutton and beef are double their pre-war price, and vegetables—don't talk of vegetables—they are dear, very dear, beyond reach of the poor. On our humble friend the cook lies then the delicate responsibility of making purchases suited to his master's pocket and right well, barring occasional lapses from strict culinary conduct, does he discharge that responsibility and that in spite of circumstances trying to the temper and enough to rouse the ire of

ordinary mortals. A shower of billingsgate from the crusty old dame in charge of the fish basket, a withering sneer, enough to shrivel up both himself and his master, from the greasy butcher in the beef stall and no end of raillery from the hawker of vegetables in the corner, alike leave him imperturbable and calm. He views his trials as part of his daily routine with a stoicism which could not have a worthier cause. This difficult operation of bazarring over, he hies him to the nearest Irani tea-shop to regale himself with a modest cup of tea, somewhat dearly bought from the sparse pickings of the day. He orders a "singal" (single) *id est* a half cup because it is really more than half a cup, nearly three quarters in point of quantity, but also because it is cheaper in case of need to order two half cups and pay the price of one cup only. Who can grudge him his half tea after the ordeal of the morning, after running the gauntlet between the fishwife and the butcher? He is particularly partial to the beverage for its potency soothes him and would, if he only knew, fully endorse the eulogium contained in Offenbach'sOpera :—

"Some there are who seeking pleasure,
Mix themselves some *eau de vie*,
Whisky, rum or old Geneva,
But when I'm low I take to tea.
Celebrate in song Pekoe and Souchong,
Moning Congo too, Syrupy Foo-Choo !
But give to me, oh ! give to me
A full and fragrant cup of tea !"

When one has crept homewards at the end of a hot and busy day that only Bombay can produce, feeling like the business side of of a badly licked postage stamp, what supreme joy it is, after the usual preliminaries to supper, to see the cook set before us the dish of shad (metaphorical of course) with all the bones carefully picked out that we may eat safely, plentifully and unto nutrition. We little know or realise his trials and are apt to forget them entirely sometimes, for do not we often *badnam* him and turn to him and call him like the irritated Fluellen—"an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb."

* * * *

And sometimes while in the course of a brief lull in the days work, the mind wanders to that place which we call our home and to the mysterious things that are being enacted in the kitchen thereof in the master's absence, ever and anon, in extenuation, as it were, rises before the mind's eye the silhouette of a solitary, implacable figure sternly forbidding the stranger to enter within its gates. We speak glibly of the safety of person and property. The *person*, I should imagine, can take good care of itself, or is it himself? but it is the *property* that needs to be guarded against from 'the clutching hand' and it is here, though the cook's province is not exactly the guardian's province, that the worth of the cook comes in, only to be mentioned to be appreciated. To my catalogue of New Year's resolutions I am usually in the habit of appending a prayer for the New Year, part of which, according to the needs of the hour, runs somewhat in this wise and asks for deliverance—

"From prickly heat, from drink and debt,
"From things that buzz or bite,
"From holes in my mosquito net,
"From sudden chills at night."

But the other part of the prayer which like a fixed Easter is always 'fixed' and which, as having a more intimate connection with the happenings of every day life, I repeat with singular earnestness twice daily—once before tiffin and again after supper—is this :—

Give me a cook, not Shirwaese
A thrifty cook and clean,
And may his Bacchanalian sprees,
But seldom supervene.

I sometimes wonder if my prayer is being heard!

Ball Lightning

BY A SCIENCE STUDENT.

THE great thunderstorm that burst in our town in May last has created considerable interest in the nature of lightning. In particular people have been asking what sort of lightning was that which struck the Milagres tower. I was present at a discussion between two scientists one of whom was as sure that it was Ball Lightning as the other that it was not. When doctors disagree, students are free; and availing myself of this freedom I maintain that the Milagres lightning was Ball Lightning. Naturally an article on the subject which appeared in the May number of *Nature* was of more than usual interest to me, and I have culled a few notes from it in the hope that they may be of equal interest to the readers of *The Mangalore Magazine*.

Prof. Cleland records his observations on ball lightning at the Meteorological Office in Sydney. He says "On the evening of June 13, 1920, a very severe thunderstorm with heavy rain occurred in Sydney. About 9 p.m. I went out on to the verandah of my house at Neutral Bay which overlooked the harbour, to watch the progress of the storm. This was soon after its beginning and the lightning was very vivid and frequent and the rain heavy. Looking towards Mosman Bay I saw descending rather slowly in an oscillating way a large ball of light seemingly about the size of a Chinese lantern. This took about two seconds to descend and be lost to sight in the hollow towards which Mosman Bay itself lay. The light seemed to have no violet tinge. No rays emanated from it. No noise was heard."

This is a fair sample of how an observation of the phenomenon should be taken if we wish in any way to be helpful to scientists who are eager to complete their investigations on the subject. Photographs will not only be highly interesting but also clear away some of the doubts bewildering research students.

About 600 accounts of ball lightning have been collected by Dr. Walter Brand of Marburg and published in his work "Der Kugelblitz." The records, however, involve a hopeless chaos of contradictory opinions. But Dr. Brand in a scholarly survey of the evidence assigns the apparent confusion to the fact that ball lightning has two forms—one when it floats freely through the air and the other when it moves along a body as though it were attached to it—in each of which it has quite different characteristics.

Ball lightning is a rare long continuing ball-shaped electrical discharge which occurs during thunder storms, most frequently towards their end. It usually takes the form of a red luminous ball or hallow sphere from ten to twenty centimetres in diameter. The red ball is generally surrounded by a blue region. Occasionally, however, the ball is dazzlingly white. When it disappears it leaves behind it a smelling smoke. The time of existence varies from the fraction of a second to several minutes, three to five seconds is, however, the most frequent period of existence.

Ball lightning may appear floating in the air below the clouds or suddenly show itself sitting on an object. Very often its appearance is preceded by an ordinary lightning flash.

The ball sometimes disappears quite silently, sometimes with a light crack and sometimes with a blinding explosion accompanied by a number of ordinary lightning flashes springing out of the ball in all directions.

A ball at the base of a cloud appears to move with considerable velocity. When near the ground or in a closed room it moves at about two metres per second. It can even remain stationary for a time.

Occasionally several balls appear around a place which has just been struck by ordinary lightning. At times a sort of a necklace of small luminous balls appears attached to a single ball; in which case it is known as the pearl necklace lightning.

Floating balls have the red colour of meteorites in the lower atmosphere. They shun good conductors and appear to be actually attracted to enclosed spaces such as houses and rooms which they enter through the open window or door and sometimes even through small cracks. The chimney is a favourite path for the balls so that they frequently appear to enter a house through kitchen fire. Ball lightning when floating in the air is not dangerous to human beings even when it appears in the middle of several persons. It appears to avoid them in the same way that it avoids all good conductors.

The attached balls are dazzlingly bright and blue or white in colour. They attach themselves to good conductors. If the human body is such a conductor serious burns result sometimes with fatal effects.

When a floating ball makes a sudden dart on to a good conductor, for example, water, it is on the point of becoming an attached ball; while on the other hand if an attached ball simply rises from its support and floats upwards, it has changed to the floating state.

The above description is a fair representation of the outstanding features of ball lightning. Every one, however, who studies individual cases may not agree with Dr. Brand in all what he says.

Rector's Report

READ AT THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES (1922-1923).

I HAVE the pleasure to place before you the Annual Report for 1922-23. Since we met last on a similar occasion, steady progress has been made in almost every one of the departments of College and School activities.

There has been again an increase in the number of students on the rolls, which may be taken as an indication of efficiency and popularity. We have been, however, wary in making admissions; and we may add that in many cases we have regretfully rejected applicants owing to the limits of available accommodation. Plans and estimates have been submitted for extensions to the College buildings, and we hope soon to take up the work vigorously in hand.

We closed with a total of 1,816 which was made up of 322 in the College classes and 1,494 in the school department. The lower forms have been gradually relegated to our Kodialbail and Milagres branch schools. We have decided with the coming year so to adjust the class-rooms that the main building may exclusively be reserved for the High School. This arrangement is likely to render disciplinary measures easier and the teacher's work pleasanter.

The passes obtained in the University Examinations were satisfactory: they were particularly so in the B. A. Degree Examinations. In English Language and Literature, we presented 81 candidates out of whom 73 passed, giving us a percentage of 90 which, I believe, is above that of all the Colleges sending up large classes. In Group i (Mathematics), 13 passed out of 19, that is, 68.4 per cent., and in Group v (History and Economics), 44 out of 57, that is, 77.2 per cent. Fifty-three qualified for the degree. Among the successful candidates, R. Kasianathan secured fourth place in the first class in Mathematics.

For the Intermediate Examination in Arts, we sent up 43 candidates in Group i and passed 20; in Part II alone, 23. In Group iii, 18 passed out of 34; in Part II alone, 20.

For the Matriculation Examination 3 appeared, all of whom passed, Joseph Lasrado and P. Mahabala Chauta obtaining 2nd and 3rd places in the first class.

The results of the Secondary School Leaving Certificate Examination were not quite as gratifying as they had been won to be for several years. Out of 122 candidates that sat for it, 45 were declared eligible for admission to the University. We may, however, point to a more practical feature of our S. S. L. C. Course as furnished in the Commercial Subjects which we introduced last year. The increasing numbers that take to the commercial side, and the zeal with which work is conducted in it give clear proof of its supplying a real want of the day. With the extended accommodation which is being provided, we expect to add to the list of optional subjects.

Turning now to University courses of study, we are happy to inform our friends that in addition to Groups (i) and (v) of the B. A. course, we have opened Group (iv),

Psychology, Ethics, and Logic or a Language, and that we hope ere long to apply for further affiliation in Group (ii)-A Physics. It seems to us that four Groups in the B. A. course afford equipment large enough and varied enough to meet possible demands in a College in the mofussil. I wish on behalf of the College most warmly to thank the Catholic Association for the munificent support it has undertaken to offer in response to our appeal for funds.

We are happy to record here our grateful appreciation of the services of the teaching staff and of their devotedness to the interests of the College. The creditable results of examinations, the maintenance of order and discipline, and the high tone prevailing throughout have been secured by a happy combination of diverse units that constitute the teaching staff. We regret to record the death of Mr. K. Kunhiraman, Malayalam Pandit. He was esteemed for his ripe scholarship and for his gentle ways with his students. Another figure we miss is that of Mr. A. Peters, who retired after 15 years of service, during which hundreds of boys have come and gone through his classes, impressed by his deep sense of duty. Mr. Boniface Saldanha, Librarian of the College Department, retired after 25 years of service. He knew his books; he loved them and he cared for them. In July, Messrs. Raphael Mathias, B. A., and J. B. Lewis, B. A., joined the Teachers' College at Saidapet for a year's training, while Mr. Francis Pinto, B. A., sought a higher and holier region by joining the Diocesan Seminary.

We gladly welcome Rev. Fr. George Albuquerque back to the Laboratory as Professor of Chemistry, and to the play-grounds as Prefect of the Games Association. Equally welcome is Rev. Fr. F. Airoldi who will be a valuable addition to the College Staff in January. Among the experiences of life he counts five years of military service of which four were in war-time. The following teachers joined the Staff in June 1923:—Messrs. V. M. Pinto, B. A., L. T., after a course of training, A. Krishna Rao, B. A., L. T., K. Ramachandra Iyer, B. A. (Hons.), A. Ramanath Rao, B. A., U. Raghavan, B. A., M. Appuraya Shenoi, B. A., U. Lakshman Shenoi, B. A., and M. Narayana Adiyodi, D. O. L.

Let me now turn to gayer matters. In our last Report we touched upon the prospect of the formation of a Boy Scout Corps. We are happy to state that, thanks to the generosity of its organizers, it is now an accomplished fact. Investiture was held in November in presence of its officials and a large gathering of friends, the presiding functionary being Mr. A. B. Shetty, District Commissioner of Scouts. We are not blind believers in all that scouting claims to accomplish; but we recognize in it a potent factor for the formation of character.

In the Inter-School Tournament, our teams were able to render an excellent account of themselves. They won, and easily too, the Senior and the Junior Cricket Cups as well as the coveted distinction of the Coronation Trophy. The Junior Athletic Cup also came once again to the College.

Sight Singing made easy has been made a definite item in the curriculum of study, and lessons in instrumental music, viz., violin and piano, are given. In view of these facilities, we would earnestly ask parents and guardians to cultivate musical talent in their boys, both for their own sakes and for the sake of their homes which music more than any other art humanizes and refines.

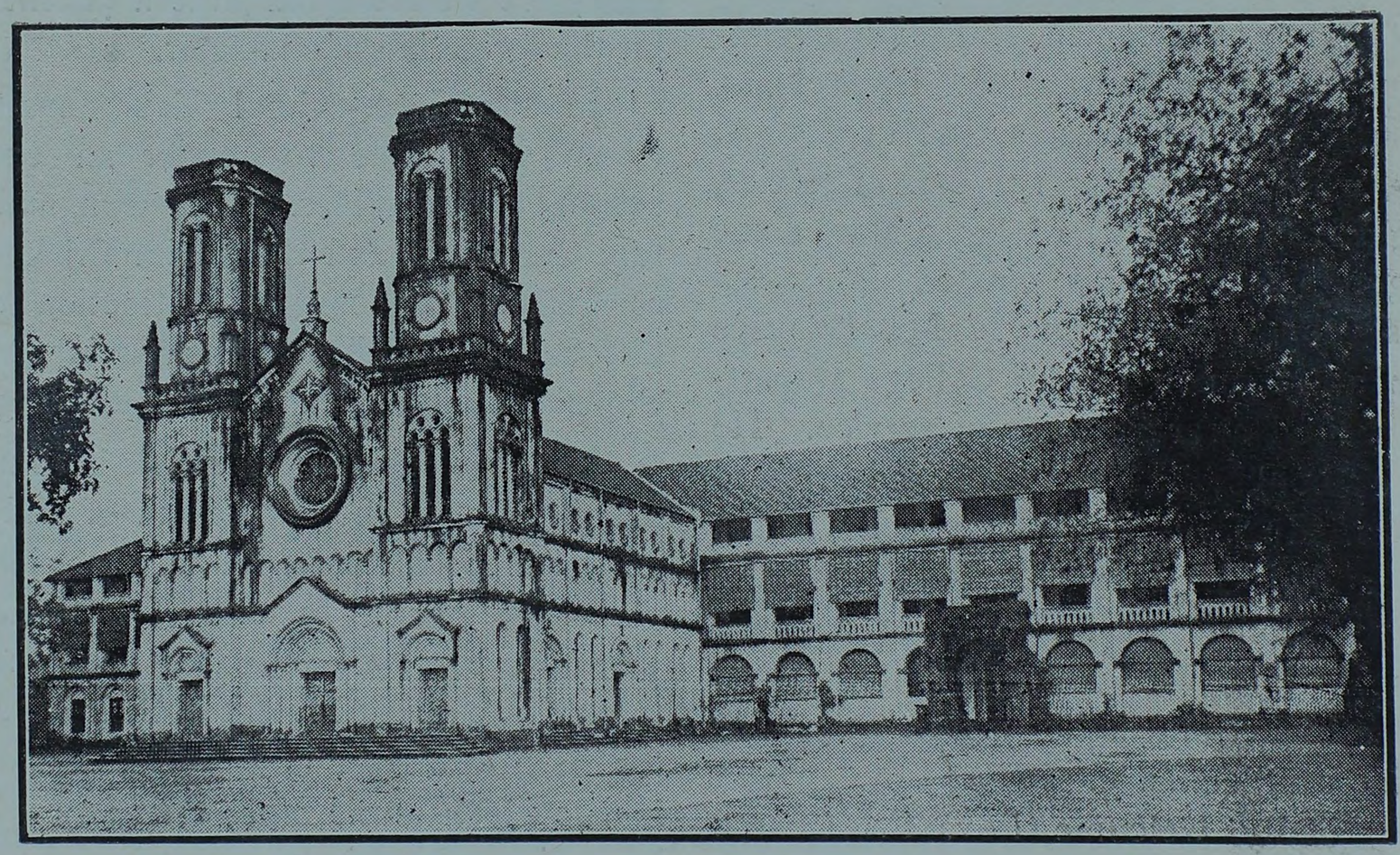
The Boarding House and Hostles continue to maintain a high level of orderliness and regularity. Their sanitary condition is testified by their immunity from epidemics that periodically visit the town.

Briefly we have reviewed the activities of the College during the past year. Its dominant note seems to be one of progressiveness and hopefulness. With gratefull hearts, therefore, we biess Almighty God for the past, and we faithfully turn to Him for His bounty in the days and years to come.

We thank the friends of the College who have once more contributed to the Prize Fund and the Poor Students' Fund and our guests who have honoured us with their presence. In a special manner we thank Mr. G. W. Wells, M. A., I. C. S., for being good enough to preside on this occasion, and Mrs. Wells for having kindly consented to give away the Prizes. To all here present let me, though somewhat in advance, wish a Merry Xmas and Happy New year.

L. PROSERPIO, S. J.,
Rector.

N. B. The results of the public examinations for 1923-24 will be found on another page.



St. Joseph's Seminary, Mangalore, where many Aloysians do Congregate.

Old Goa

BY WILLIAM X. SEQUEIRA, I U. CL.

PROUD as we Mangalorean Catholics are of our little town of *Mangala Vooru*, we have equal reason to love and be proud of Goa, the land of our fore-fathers. We know that Old Goa was the scene of the early labours of the great St. Francis Xavier whose shrine and sacred body even now attract crowds of pious pilgrims from all parts of the Catholic world. But very few people know that prior to his coming, nay long before the Portuguese armies thundered at its gates, Gomanta, or the ancient Goa, was widely known throughout Bharathakhanda and even beyond. Mythology has it that here Thri Lochana—the three-eyed Kadhamba—offered a hundred sacrifices to win *Moksha*. Parasurama, the sixth avatar of Vishnu, is said to have raised this land from its submerged state in the waters.

The ancient name of Gomanta was most probably given to Goa by the Aryans leading a pastoral life. Favoured by geographical advantages, Goa from very early days was a flourishing seaport. It is interesting to note that Gomanta was famous not only as a rich commercial city but also as a renowned seat of Hindu Learning. Merchants rich in money and pandits rich in classical lore flourished side by side in Gomanta for countless generations. Sanskrit, Marathi and a Prakrit language like the now obsolete Magadhi and a dialect brought down by immigrants from Tirhut are said to have been cultivated in Gomanta. We are unable to say anything certain concerning Konkani. At any rate the present day Hindus of Goa declare that they have no literature, and that to the best of their belief there never was a literature in Konkani. The ancient Gomanta abounded in many majestic temples, in which at every auspicious hour incense was burnt and sweet-scented flowers strewn before the idols. In the city there were many high houses where the pious Hindus offered sacrifices to the household deities, and around the hearths the elderly people filled the ears of the young with the tales of Rama and Sita, Arjuna and Krishna. In the interior of caves, at the foot of widespread pipal trees, sat the Sanyasis who, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," gave themselves to lofty contemplation. On festal days the city echoed with the music of the *vina* and the flute, and the solemn chanting of the Vedic hymns; while the temples were thronged by distant pilgrims.

Gomanta passed under the rule of the Mohammedan Sultans of the Adil Shiah dynasty of Bijapur in 1469, and the Sultan made Goa his summer resort. At one time he even entertained the idea of making Goa the seat of his government. How far the Mohammedan Conquest changed the face of Hindu Gomanta is worth inquiring into. Certainly there was a change, though it may not have been great; for the Shiah Kings of Bijapur were more Indianised and even Hinduised than other Mohammedans. As a natural consequence of the subjection of Gomanta by the Mussulmans, here and there arose many lofty and spacious mosques

surmounted by high pinnacles and glittering domes, where the followers of the Prophet offered prayers to Allah. Mohammedan remains whether in the shape of buildings dedicated to the worship of God, or as palaces set apart as residences of kings, are, perhaps with one or two exceptions, not to be seen in Goa. To-day in the city the followers of Mohammed number only a handful, and consist mostly of people that have gone thither in more recent times in quest of employment as sepoys, policemen, traders and the like. The Mohammedan population in old Goa numbering some thousands were paid terribly for treachery in helping the Bijapur Sultan to expel the Portuguese from the land.

When Albuquerque the Conqueror of Goa first attacked the city, the leading men delivered up the keys of the gates on their bended knees. Shortly afterwards there was an insurrection, and the Portuguese were expelled; but Albuquerque soon retook the city from Mohammedans on St. Catherine's day in 1510—so runs an inscription near the side door of St. Catharine's Church in the old city. Ever since that eventful day it has been in the hands of Portugal. Very great changes have since been effected. A good many of the Hindu *Devalayas* and Mohammedan *Masjids* were razed to the ground. Many conversions to the Catholic Faith followed rapidly and Goa which once was a Hindu and then a Mohammedan land now became a Catholic possession of Portugal. Intermarriages between the new converts and the Portuguese were very much encouraged. Magnificent convents and churches whose towers and belfries overlooked the whole city sprang up; and the ringing of the church bells echoed in the distant valleys.

With the increase of trade the city developed and expanded, and the people multiplied rapidly. Favoured by geographical position and good government, trade, commerce, and wealth increased by leaps and bounds. The old ditch which marked the boundary of the city was filled up and the ground thus reclaimed was studded with elegant villas and palatial buildings to meet the requirements of the speedily increasing inhabitants. In 1542, the year in which St. Francis Xavier landed in Goa, the population amounted to over 200,000 souls while, at the beginning of the 17th century it swelled to over 230,000. Every year hundreds of ships bound for distant climes anchored in the safe harbour of the city. Old Goa thus became the nucleus of the extensive Portuguese trade and the heartbeat of the splendid Portuguese empire in the East. Hindu Maharajahs and Mohammedan Sultans sent embassies to this city and many were the treaties concluded within its gates. Nor was the population entirely Indian or European, it was indeed cosmopolitan. White-skinned Europeans, yellow-coloured Chinese, fair-looking Armenians, bearded Persians, warlike Arabs and miserly Jews—all these walked the busy streets of Old Goa. Every day from the time when the glittering rays of the morning sun sparkled over the Mandovi, to the time when the bright colours of the evening sun faded beyond the distant blue wave of the Arabian Sea, the paved streets of active Goa rang again and again with the shuffle and clatter of myriad feet of intrepid mariners, gallant soldiers, profound scholars, barefooted missionaries, blackrobed priests, ambassadors, city-fathers, opulent merchants, showy *fidalgos*, justices of the peace, men of God and men of the world. Old Goa veritably became the Lisbon of the East and Queen of the Arabian Sea.

But trade was not the only factor that contributed to the greatness and glory of the old city. It should be remembered that Goa was not only the Lisbon, but also the Rome

of the East. Goa's splendour was due in no small measure to her numerous churches and monasteries, schools and convents, hospitals and orphanages; and to the members of those various Religious orders such as the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Augustinians, the Jesuits, the Carmelites, the Theatines and others who had made Goa their home and adorned it with many magnificent churches, houses and institutions. As propagation of the Catholic Faith was the main object of the Portuguese pioneers in the East, they invited many missionaries. The Dominicans were the first in the field, though to the Franciscans was reserved the glory of planting the Cross on Goan soil. But of all Religious orders perhaps the Jesuits were the most prominent and contributed the largest share to Goa's glory and renown. The College of St. Paul was the most famous and was the second University established by the Jesuits, the first being at Coimbra in Portugal. The greatness of St. Paul's College or, as it was popularly known, of St. Paul's University began when St. Francis Xavier took charge of it. Over three thousand pupils received primary and secondary education in it. The more promising of them were taught Latin, rhetoric, philosophy and theology. João de Lucena in his life of St. Francis Xavier remarks that St. Paul's University could stand comparison with the very best Universities of Europe. Since the University of St. Paul occupied an unhealthy locality the Jesuits erected another building four storeys high, where the former College was now transferred. This is known as the New College of St. Paul or as St. Rock's College. Here St. Francis had the Seminary for Indian priests. There were besides numerous schools, orphanages, hospitals and charitable institutions run by the Religious orders. Goa, the Rome of the East, was the seat of ecclesiastical government in the orient, and was the place where five provincial councils were held and 316 decrees passed concerning clerical discipline. It is said that the total number of convents was about 40 with a capital of above £ 100,000 and an annual income of above £ 5,500.

Before writing on the decline of old Goa it may be expedient to write a few lines on the magnificent churches of Old Goa which still defy the ravages of Time and are the objects of wonder to all those that behold them. Close to where the Arch of the Viceroys now stands, was the fortress of Adil Shiah dominating the river, which improved and extended, served later as the palace of the Viceroys, where the representatives of the Portuguese Crown lived in the splendid fashion of great oriental rulers. It is now in ruins, the only relics preserved being the life-size portraits of the Viceroys, now kept in the palace of Panjim. But not even a stone marks the site of the palace of the sultan and early Portuguese Viceroys, which later came to be known as the Palace of the Inquisition. Hardly a trace is left of other conspicuous buildings of which even the cities of Europe would have been very proud. Such were the Town Hall where the City Fathers fought for their rights whenever any arrogant Governor or Captain of the City infringed on their chartered prerogatives; the famous Royal Hospital which in point of comfort and cleanliness might have stood comparison with the very best hospitals of the day; the spacious Arsenal and Mint; the majestic convent of St. Dominic said to have been the most imposing building in the city, the abode of friars deep in piety and theology; the renowned University of St. Paul and the famous New St. Paul's or St. Rock's College; the highly-situated Carmelite convent; the convent of St. Augustine said to have been the prettiest building in the city; the Santa Casa da Misericordia (the Holy House of Mercy),

the oldest charitable institution in Goa; and numerous other churches, convents, schools, orphanages and institutions whose life history might fill a dozen thick volumes. Their records are entombed in the vaults of the National Library in Panjim and the Tombs in Lisbon.

It is wonderful to notice that to-day in Old Goa the ruins and relics of her splendid past are only monuments of faith, which is an eloquent sermon in marble and stone on the transience of earthly things and final triumph of religion. On landing at Old Goa by launch the first monument that attracts our view is the Arch of the Viceroys, so called because the Viceroys made their state entry into the city through this Arch. It is not an imposing building but it has stood for the last 325 years. A large statue of the immortal Vasco da Gama is seen in a niche in the Arch, while above it is a statue of St. Catharine, the patroness of the city. The visitor's attention is then attracted by the numerous churches which still seem to defy the wear of years. So many are the churches, that one is apt to think that one tenth of their number might have sufficed for the requirements of the Catholics of the old city. It was not to satisfy local needs that so many churches were built. Their number is to be accounted for by the fact, that a vast number of Religious Orders had their head quarters in the city. It will be profitable to glance a little at these churches. To the right of the Viceroys' Arch is Goa's splendid cathedral called the Igreja de Se. From outside it is not imposing as the height is not proportioned to its breadth, and as the symmetry is marred by the collapse of one of its lateral towers. Yet it is the work of a master-mind—every inch of it. Inside, it is very spacious and may be said to consit of many chapels in one, while the high altar makes a lasting impression. Nearly opposite to it is the Convent of St. Cajetan the latest convent to be built in Goa. St. Cajetan's which is known for its boldness of design and accuracy of geometrical proportions is said to be modelled on St. Peter's Basilica in Rome. It has a fine cupola resting on four beautiful arches and a wondrously wrought altar under which are deposited the mortal remains of three Viceroys. The convent is one of the loveliest in the city.

To the west of the Se the convent of St. Francis of Assisi powerfully attracts one's attention. It is said to be the oldest convent in the city, having been built in 1517, and yet it lives up to its reputation of being the "best ornamented and best built" in Goa. The interior is a huge dome, the roof is vaulted and adorned with fretwork, and the altar is a masterpiece of sculptured work. In one of its corridors is a gallery of ancient Franciscan martyrs. On the south-western side of the Cathedral there is a knoll called Holy Hill, because of the number of religious edifices raised there. They are the chapel of St. Antony; the Church of our Lady of Rosary; the nunnery of St. Monica which is yet in good condition and is the only nunnery in Goa; the famous college and convent of St. Augustine whose spacious gardens once contained rarities in the botanical world but of which only a high tower is to be seen today; St. Rock's college now completely vanished; and the church of St. John of God which is much in ruins.

It would be a great pity not to make mention of the superb edifice of Bom Jesus (good Jesus), which contains the incorruptible remains of St. Francis Xavier. Bom Jesus built by the Jesuits in 1584, is a triumph of architecture. The chapel containing the Saint's tomb is unrivalled for beauty. The mausoleum of the Saint, (a gift of the grand Duke of Tuscany) is a marvel of Italian art, and in point of beauty is considered by

some to be next only to the Taj Mahal at Agra. No description can do justice to the world-renowned mausoleum of the Saint and the magnificent Bom Jesus, a church worthy of the best cities of Europe.

Now it is sorrowful to conclude that except a few noble monuments of faith and some other crumbling ruins, there is no trace left of the splendour of this Queen of the Arabian Sea. The ruins and relics of Old Goa are only a pale shadow of its former greatness. Today the city looks a strange place bearing witness to the short-lived character of the Portuguese Empire and the rapid decline of the Portuguese Missions. Explanations differ as to the real cause of the decline of Old Goa. Popular accounts may or may not be true. One such account has it that a pestilence caused by the decomposition of a dead elephant brought about a desertion of the people. Delving a little below the surface we can easily surmise that illhealth was the great cause for the fall of the once splendid city. In 1635 there broke out a terrible plague which carried away many thousands and upset the economic and social life of the city. Externally the city remained as magnificent as before though internally all was chaos. The Dutch had become powerful on sea and the Mahrattas had become powerful on land. Both these invaded the city more than once, and Goa had not enough resources to withstand her enemies; and at the first heavy blow from her foes she fell without a struggle. Moreover the sovereignty of the Portuguese over the sea continued only in name, their eastern empire fell to pieces. Goa's extensive trade and commerce dwindled.

Another great cause was the inadequacy of the harbour of Old Goa to accommodate the ships that had now begun to increase very much in size and number. The city of Old Goa was too narrow a physical basis for her greatness.

Soon after the decline of Old Goa, the Count of Alvor transferred his government to Marmagoa and spent large sums upon the new city but with little effect, for barren Marmagoa was no substitute for the splendid old city. Marquez de Pombal tried to restore Old Goa to its former magnificence, but had to give up the idea as impracticable after having sacrificed men and money alike. Finally, in the year 1759 Panjim was selected as the residence of the Portuguese Viceroy, and in 1843 it was made the capital of Portuguese India.

What is Scouting?

BY SCOUT CHARLES R. F. MASCARENHAS, VI FORM

"WHAT is the primary motive of Scouting?" asked a friend of mine the other day. I was a bit tired having had enough of scouting that day, and was not in a mood to be questioned; nor did I wish to hurt the feelings of my friend by a brusque reply. So, I despatched him politely saying: "Excuse me, my friend, for the present; I am in a hurry. You will learn all about scouting from *Our Little Paper;* and I cycled home in peace. It is to oblige my friend as well as to please my English teacher that I contribute this article to our magazine.

Scouting leads to the general improvement of a boy. He undergoes a formation of character that may summarily be described in ten laws.

1. "A scout's honour is to be trusted." This means that a scout should always be truthful. His word of honour is as dear to him as life itself. Such a training equips him with the strength of fighting the battle of life as an honest man.

2. "A scout is loyal to the King Emperor, his Country, his parents and his Officers." Loyalty is one of the essential duties of a good citizen. It implies the exercise of self-conquest. Submission to authority is his guiding principle. Scouts have to imitate soldiers in this respect.

3. "A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others." He is to let no day pass without some act of service done to his neighbour. His badge worn upside down shows that he has not been faithful to this rule. The cultivation of this virtue is the brightest jewel of his character.

4. "A scout is a friend to all and a brother to all, no matter to what social class the other belong." Rightly understood, the idea of universal brotherhood is not Utopian. A scout is as ready to help a Catholic as he is to befriend a Hindu or a Muhammadan. He may occasionally have a tussle with somebody; but that somebody will not be allowed to remain his enemy. It is with the left hand that a scout shakes hands with the idea that he is giving his heart to the other.

5. "A scout is courteous." For him 'the age of Chivalry is *not* gone,' He has a ready smile for all. He respects the feelings of others, and gladly forgets himself in order to be kind to them. A scout will never allow a man to say anything insulting or degrading to a woman. He is a defender of children.

6. "A scout is a friend to animals." He is a friend to all beings that are helpless. The animals with their calm defenceless eyes appeal to his sympathy. It is to foster this love for the dumb creatures of God that a scout is asked to choose the name of an animal or bird for his patrol.

7. "A scout obeys the orders of his patrol-leader or scout-master without question." Perfect obedience is akin to perfect loyalty. The Chief Scout Sir Robert Baden Powell says: "Even if a scout gets an order

he does not like, he must carry it out at once as soldiers do, simply because it is his duty; and after he has done it, he can come and state any reasons against it. But he must carry out the order immediately. That is discipline."

8. "A scout smiles and whistles under all difficulties." "Smile a while and while you smile, another smiles and soon there's smiles and miles of smiles and life is worth-while because you smile." Isn't it true? A scout is able to do it.

9. "A scout is thrifty." The chief says again: "A scout saves every penny he can and puts it into the bank, so that he may have money to keep himself with when out of work and thus not make himself a burden to others or that he may have money to give away to others when they need it."

10. "A scout is clean in thought, word and deed." This does not mean that as soon as a boy becomes a scout he grows a pair of wings and is transformed into an angel. Rome was not built in a day. By a daily practice of mental drill he subjugates his will to Divine Law and controls the affections of his heart. A scout is clean in word. If he says anything indecent he will at once be reminded that he is a scout and fight against that vicious habit. He is clean in deed, so that everyone may say of him, "Behold, he does everything well. A scout is clean in thought. "Look only at clean spots and you will keep yourself clean," says Rolland Phillips. It is a constant fight that we have to wage and we must fight it manfully. We must not mind if we fall over and over again. Hop up quickly and bravely and sooner or later we shall win.

If then we are fighting to keep the tenth Scout Law and we find that our strength is not enough we shall ask that Greater Strength to fight with us and then like David we shall surely conquer.

"Trusty loyal and helpful
Brotherly courteous, kind
Obedient, smiling and thrifty
Pure in body and mind."

Scout Leaders at rest.

The Consecration of the College to the Sacred Heart

BY WILLIAM F. SEQUEIRA, II U. CL.

THE 27th of June 1924 will ever remain a red-letter day in the annals of St. Aloysius' College, for on that day took place the Consecration of the College to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It was the fittest occasion for such a function, for it was the feast of the Sacred Heart. The consecration was preceded by a triduum of Sermon and Benediction. On the long looked-for day after the rounds of adoration of the Blessed Sacrament from 11 a. m. to 4 p. m., and the stirring sermon of Fr. Colaço followed by Benediction given by Fr. Rector, the congregation leaving the church by the main door marched in procession to the atrium, singing the while :

While ages course along
Blest be with loudest song,
The Sacred Heart of Jesus
By every heart and tongue.

The Jeppoo band was in attendance. The atrium was gaily decorated and in the midst stood a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart shedding love and benevolence all round. We were reminded of Christ's entry into Jerusalem when the people holding olive branches in their hands exclaimed : "Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, the king of Israel." A similar feeling worked in our hearts and we all inwardly swore allegiance and loyalty to our King and Master.

Before blessing the statue Fr. Rector addressed the large crowd that had gathered around him in words of deep emotion. It had for years been his ardent desire to consecrate the College to the Sacred Heart. In his own fair land of Italy he had seen the Sacred Heart honoured in the centre of many an educational institution, and it was no wonder if he longed to see similar homage paid to the Divine Master in the centre of St. Aloysius' College. Ours was a Catholic College and the statue would serve to remind us that the education of the intellect was not the only thing we were striving after. We had higher objects in view, the education of the heart was of greater importance to us, and the constant sight of the statue of the Sacred Heart would be of great help to keep this momentous truth before our minds. The statue in the centre of the atrium was but a symbol of that living statue of the Divine Master which each one of us ought to erect in the centre of his heart. Without that internal worship of our Blessed Lord, our external homage to His image would be but of little avail to us.

The whole congregation joined with great fervour in the Act of Consecration which Fr. Rector recited. The band played as the people rose from their knees. There was joy in their faces as they dispersed with the happy conviction that the College they loved belonged more than ever to the Sacred Heart. On the next day every college boy received a souvenir that will long keep fresh in his mind the memory of the propitious day. He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," has been placed in the midst of children, and they may whisper to him their boyish griefs and sorrows with the assurance of finding in Him the kindest of consolers.

Flash-light photo of the statue of the Sacred Heart on the day of the Consecration

Bastian Again

BY HIMSELF.

He laughed and lashed,—his heart was full of love.—*Pimero*.

WHAT an incredulous age we are living in! When Gulliver published his *Travels*, many believed every word of it, and there were those that went to Nottingham to make the writer's acquaintance. I give a simple account of myself, and hardly any one believes in my existence. What is strange in my story? I have not spoken of Lilliputians six inches tall whom I put into my pocket, nor of Brobdingnaghians sixty feet high who put *me* into their pocket. I have described no floating Laputa where scientists extract moonshine from cucumbers. I said I liked shrimp curry; I should like to see the man in Mangalore that does not like it. I said I was once rich, and am now a bankrupt. Kindly count the families in our town whose only boast is that their grandfather owned a large house and kept a carriage. I said I had an aunt, and today I must tell you I have a niece. Dear reader, did you never have an aunt and have you no niece?

Quite an amusing instance of this scepticism occurred at the Catholic Union Club. I am not a member of the club—I can't afford it. With the Secretary's kind permission I had dropped in to read the papers. The last issue of *The Mangalore Magazine* had been out only a few days, and I was gratified to see in the *Konkni Dirven* a kind word said about my article. "At least to the editor of this paper Bastian is a living person!" said I to myself. But I was rudely interrupted in my consolatory reflections by a voice calling out: "I say, Joe, who can this confounded Bastian be?" I looked over the red screen, for I was reading in the M. C. C. C. S. section of the Club, not daring to mix with the gentry. I saw seated round the card table three young hopefuls, all spick and span, just the type of dandies I belonged to in my days of snuff prosperity in Bombay. They were all students, one of law, another of medicine, while the third, I believe, was a B. Com. The question was addressed by Judico to Medico. "Hard to hit," says Medico; "Bastian is a Bombayite, for one thing." "I doubt it," says Judico. "Look here—he writes *Ghojas* for *Khojas*. That betrays him. I believe it's a Father of the College." "Such rollicking fun from a Father of the College?" objected Medico. "Why not?" asked Judico. "It's not more rollicking than one of Fr. Wallrath's mission talks to the people. I am pretty certain Bastian is Fr. Cullen." "No, not he," broke in B. Com. "he is too simple for that." "Simple!" gasped out Law. "You never know a Jesuit." "But I *do* know Fr. Cullen," went on B. Com. "He isn't half wicked enough for the sly hits of Bastian. If only you knew the amount of 'copying' that goes on when he superintends. Have you heard Umachand's story? Umachand and I were seated together for an exam. in Modern Poetry. The poor fellow had a short memory for dates. Unaware of Fr. Cullen who was just behind him, he put me a question full of S's—un unwise thing to do, for the sibilants hiss like a snake in a silent hall—"Date of *Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar*?" Fr. Cullen

was upon him with: "What's it? What did you say to Serrao?" Umachand quite as cool as his namesake when he marched to the gallows at Clive's command, said, "I asked him for a pinch of snuff." "You should ask *me* for such things," said Fr. Cullen, and being no snuffer himself he sent for Mr. Lopez who administered an inspiring pinch to my friend." "Well, well," said Judico, "you may say what you like. I am of the same opinion still. *Bastian* is nothing but Fr. Cullen's sermons dramatised, and I have heard a number of them." "I should agree with you so far as the matter goes," observed Medico, "but those gentle turns and twists of expression are not his, it seems to me. They forcibly remind me of *Balthu Chutney* and that I believe was written by Fr. Christopher." "Then we'll put it this way," said Judico. "It's the voice of Cullen and the hands of Christopher." "Ha! ha!" laughed Medico. "That's prettily scriptural, and is akin to what Dickens said when George Eliot's identity was still a puzzle in the literary circles of London. He thought the *Scenes from Clerical Life* was the production of a clergyman backed up by a clever wife." "There *is* a wife in the pudding," burst in B. Com. triumphantly thumping the table. "Excuse me if I have kept you in suspense; but I knew it all from the start. Bastian is a worthy son of Cordel who has had a prosperous career in Ceylon. He has risen to be the head assistant cook in the Grand Oriental Hotel of Colombo on a pay of Rs. 250." "Indeed!" chimned in Judico-Medico together. "But how far did his education go?" "Well," said B. Com., "he was only in the Third Form when he left College. But then he married a brilliant school-finalist from Bednore. I know positively—she told me that herself—she does the spelling of all the difficult words in the menu for her husband; and it is quite reasonable to credit her with whatever smacks of literature in *Bastian*."

This theory of Mr. and Mrs. Cook had brought me to the bursting point. I thought it best to go home. But I had perforce to show myself to the worthy trio as I had placed my umbrella in the stand not far from the card table. As soon as they saw me they fell to asking each other who I might be and what business a bumpkin in *bunyan* could have at the club. Now I had come into the club *with* the secretary's permission, and they *without*. I know of others that trespass similarly, and I have half a mind to write to the President. An acrid retort was curdling on the tip of my tongue, but it evaporated in the presence of injury added to insult: my umbrella had disappeared. Steal in the Catholic Union Club of all places! Stealing is certainly not *Catholic* if Fr. Torri taught me Catechism right; nor does it promote *Union* except among robbers; and as to *Club*, the only club for an umbrella thief is that with which my aunt yesterday broke the leg of an intruding dog.

Shorn of my *Ibrahim Currim* I picked my way home running between the drops of a shower—those were days of heavy rains and great floods—that continued until I reached my house. And here I may as well describe my whereabouts that you may come and see me, and be assured I am made of flesh and blood. You don't quite see my house from the Bijey road. But when you have got to Pedrunaik's jaggery shop—it is the best jaggery in town, and cheap into the bargain, selling as it does at 6 as. a *pelo*—you have only to turn by the narrow lane to your left and walk thirty steps when you will come to Isparasbai's jasmine garden. Cross it—if Isparasbai scolds you tell her Bastian wants you—and you will see the large mango tree that fronts my little house. As I entered I was met in the veranda by my niece Natalie.

Her eyes were full of tears and her hands full of rupee notes. The tears came from an inexhaustible fund of pity for the poor. The notes came from the pocket money my aunt used to give her on various occasions. It had been hoarded with the idea of eventually buying a sewing machine. Whatever time Natalie could spare from her lessons and her work in the kitchen she would spend in visiting the poor of the neighbourhood. She did no end of stitching for poor children and to be able to do more longed for a machine. Having heard of the havoc played by the flood, she thought it her duty to spend the whole of her accumulated treasure—it had reached the sum of Rs. 34—on the poor sufferers. "Shall I send it to the Relief Committee?" I asked. "For God's sake, don't, uncle," said Natalie. "I dread the red tape of such committees. Besides it is such a small sum. Won't you take it to any of the poor villages and make the best use of it you can?" "Why can't you do it yourself?" I asked. "I could go with you if you like." At this she brightened up; for it was exactly what she wanted. But then you know girls are girls. "Tomorrow is Thursday," I went on. "You can lay up your provisions in the morning, and in the after noon we'll go to Adumbkudre which seems to have been hard hit." No mamma, I think, ever prepared food and clothing for her starving children with more tender love than did Natalie for the victims she had never seen. She flitted in and out of the house with a hundred plans in her head, and bothered me every quarter of an hour with asking me how much should be spent on rice, how much on cloth and how much distributed in cash. Thus I could not finish in time my fair copy of the Report of the Propagation of the Faith, and was soundly rated for it by the Director. The work seemed to hearten Natalie wonderfully. But it was not till she actually found herself among the poor she doted on, that the beauty of her soul shone to the fullest. Attracted by the title, I had read Coventry Patmore's *Angel of the House*, but found it on the whole a wearisome poem. 'To hold one spell-bound' was another expression I had found in Brewer's *Phrase and Fable*, and Fr. Ryan had explained it to us years ago. But their real meaning I was now to learn from the object lesson my niece put before me, especially when we entered a hut through a hole made in the roof that had slid to the earth as the mud walls melted away. You should have seen the Angel of the Hut holding spell-bound the five human beings—father, mother and three children—that crawled in it. The gifts she distributed were poor and simple. A Parsi lady recently gave away fifty lacs in charity, while the Wadia Fund, I believe, distributes more than half-a-lac every month. But small is the gift when compared with the giver. How Natalie transformed her every grain of rice and every coin of copper into pure gold with the kind word and the kind smile that accompanied them! But while everybody cared for his niece, nobody cared for Bastian and poor Bastian was touched to the quick. It was partly due to a twinge of jealousy, I think, and not merely because Natalie's little brother Babu would cry if his sister did not return before the *somoĩn* was lit, that Bastian was in a hurry to go. "It's nearly sun-down, Natalie," said I three times. She was quite willing to move, but the people literally besieged her. At last I pretended to be in a passion. "If you don't let her go this minute," said I, striking a match and lighting a few straws," I set fire to this roof." This created a rush towards me, and Natalie would have fled to the ferry but for the youngest child—a two-year old boy—who clung to her skirts so tenaciously that her only way to get rid of him was to carry him to the boat, to the child's infinite delight.

At the boat he was with some difficulty deposited in his mother's arms, and immediately I got our boatman Paschu to row us out of reach of our honest friends.

'Twas a beauteous evening calm and free.' The sun had just sunk in gold and crimson. The young August moon rode high in the heavens, tinting the world with silver. Faint echoes of spade and pickaxe repairing the ravages of the flood at the Ullal bridge were wafted to us on the wings of the evening breeze. Natalie's poetic instincts were fully awakened. She gazed on the scene, her heart in her eyes, like one inspired. All of a sudden she turned to me and said: "Uncle, it is Assumption tomorrow. Shall I sing?" "Do, my child," said I. "Sing your *Assumsavãn Dis*." That was her favourite canticle in Konkani, as *The Hound of Heaven* was her favourite poem in English. I do not know who is the author of our Assumption hymn or the simple air to which we sing it. If I still had the money I once had as a snuff compounder, I would erect a statue to him. Of all the heritage of ballads and canticles our fathers have left us, it is the sweetest. I have heard it sung by singers of varied character. The College Junior Sodality sing it on their titular feast, and then of course it rises to heaven in measure, number and weight. The beggars assembled before the Kodialbail Chapel on Assumption day sing it, and then it is music of its own kind for the Bishop's ears. As I sink bedward on Assumption eve, I hear a solitary nightingale in the neighbourhood sing it, and then it is a prelude to golden dreams on the glories of Mary. I won't tell you how Natalie sang it, lest you should say, "Fiddlesticks, it is an uncle gone mad over his niece." But see what happened. Before the hymn was half gone through, I found the boat had come to a standstill. "What's the matter, Paschamãn?" said I turning to the boatman. The old man's arms were resting on the oar, while his eyes in which two large drops had pearled, seemed to gaze on another world. "What's the matter, Paschamãn?" I repeated. Slowly coming to himself he asked me: "Are you sure that child is not an Angel?" "I am sure that child *is* an Angel," said I. "Where are her wings?" "You don't see them; but when she prays her wings carry her high into heaven." "Does she ever reach the throne of the Mother of God?" "Yes; every day, Rosary in hand, she speaks for at least half an hour to the Mother of God." "Will she put in a word for me next time she gets there?" "Certainly. Why, Paschamãn, have you any special message?" "No, except that when I went to Confession last Saturday the priest would not hear me. He said I smelt too hard." "Oh, that's unkind of him. A poor boatman like you can't be expected to change his clothes every day." "Not smelt that way," said good Paschu with a bland smile spreading over his moon face. I understood. "Well," said I, "how much do you take a day?" "I promised my mother on her death-bed," said the boatman, "I would never go beyond one glass. I kept my promise for one month, but then I found that glass had lost its bottom." "Well, we'll re-set that bottom," I replied. "I don't think there is any glue in the bazaar that will make it stick," said Paschu. "I'd much rather break the glass altogether." Untaught, Paschu was aiming at Total Abstinence. "But I want strength," he went on. "Ask that Angel to pray for me." "I will," said I, "and for greater security I will give you the pledge." During the rest of our crossing, while Natalie continued to sing, I explained the nature of the pledge. By the way, I must tell you I am a whole-hearted convert to Total Abstinence on the merits of which I entertained some doubts last year. I have, of course, taken the pledge, and have been

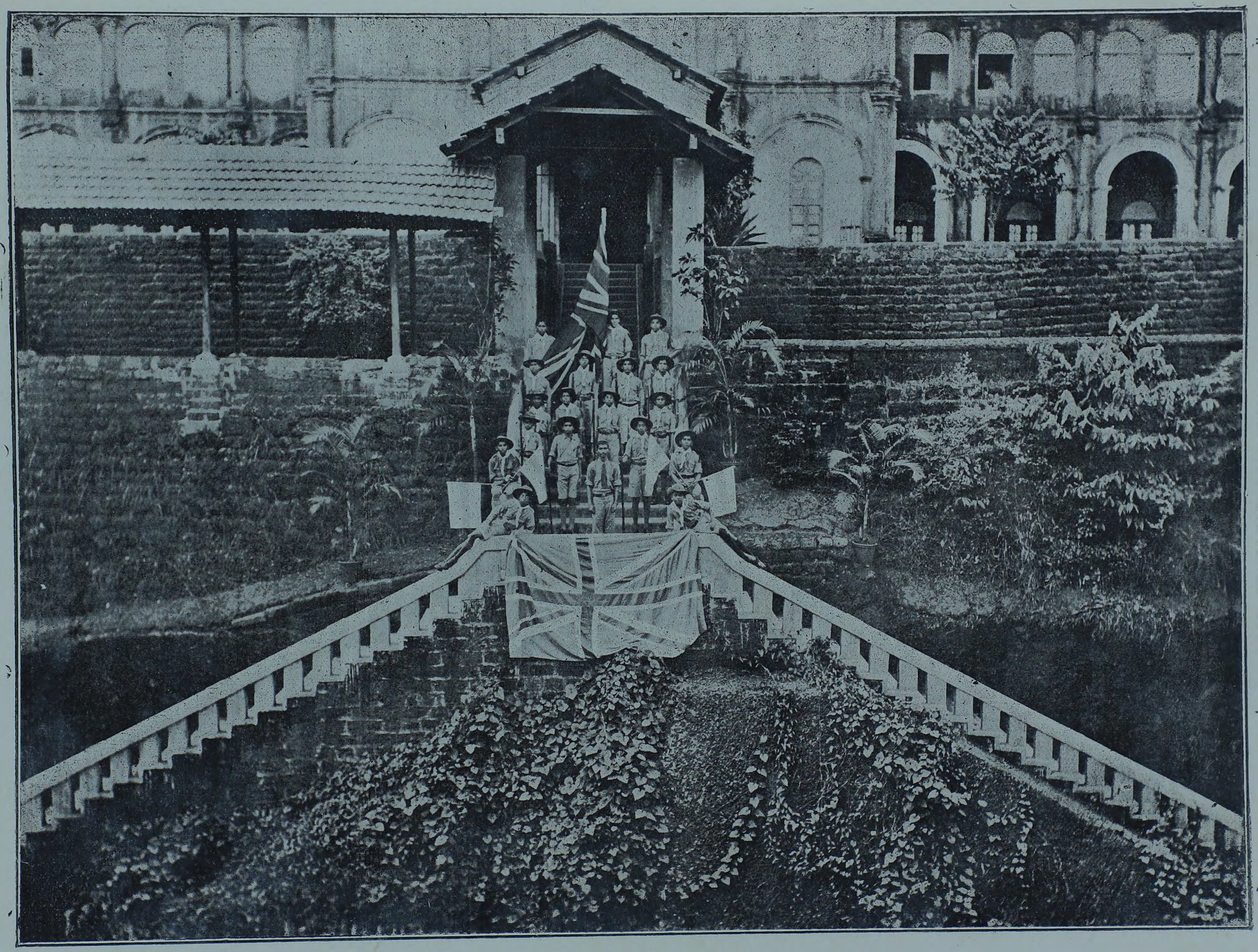
authorised by the Director of the Sodality to give it to whomsoever I think fit. I have already given it to thirty-three. I am not yet a Sodalist, for when I spoke of it to the Director he told me the Sodality Council might object to a *bunyan*. I have no *kutaũn*, except one with half a dozen rents, and since Natalie left for Bangalore there is none but myself to darn it. But, *entre nous*, I think it is not the Sodality Council, but the Director himself that objects to a *bunyan* among his Sodality of *Porobes*; for when I mentioned the subject to the Prefect, he said he saw no objection to any kind of clothing. Natalie was just rounding off the last verse,

Atañ, Cristauñ, magha tumkañ kiteñ zai,

when the boat touched land. It has always been my policy to strike when the iron is hot, and making Paschu kneel on the spot, I administered him the pledge.

The next day was a day of Vestition for eight postulants at St. Teresa's convent, and Natalie would not miss the solemn ceremony. I was seated in the veranda as she returned home, and I playfully asked her, "Well, Natalie, when will it be *your* turn to take the veil at St. Teresa's?" I was a little surprised when half drawing her kerchief across her face, she shook her head negatively. For I knew she had long been thinking of the convent. On the day of her First Communion she had told me with the utmost confidence and as a secret *not* to be communicated to aunt that she wanted to be like the Little Flower of Jesus. "That's just like you girls," said I breaking into a cruel laugh, "I see you have changed your mind." The poor girl turned red, and went in without uttering a word. Two minutes had not gone by before Babu twaddled up to me holding a brochure in his left hand. Before reaching me he held time to ornate it richly with the mango he had in his right. "What's it, Babu?" I asked, "who has given it?" "Bai," said the child, that being his only name for his sister. The brochure read on the cover: *Annals of the Little Sisters of the Poor*. This was my niece's way—and I suppose would have been any other niece's way—of announcing her vocation to her uncle. But the news was no shock to me. I rather rejoiced at it, for I had always held the Little Sisters in the highest esteem, especially since the day I witnessed an act of heroism in Bangalore. The only day I ever was in that town, I was going to see my cousin Mr. Cocesao who lives in Seshadri Street, when I was met by a Little Sister of the Poor on her begging tour. I at once emptied the little contents of my purse into her bag, regretting I had no more. At the next bend of the street we were met by a superb landau drawn by two Arabs gallantly caparisoned. But the coachman looked the very son of Lucifer—so haughty was his mien. The Sister turned to him with an appeal for alms. The son of Lucifer pulled up, laughed a satanic laugh and spat full in the Sister's face. Slaughter breathed through every pore of me. I had already bared my brawny arm—the arm that Ramamurthi had once dreaded—and was about to lynch the wretch on the spot. But the Sister's meekness saved me from the gallows. With a glance as mild as it was imperative, she bade me hold off. Then taking her pocket-handkerchief she calmly wiped her face, and turning to the coachman with a smile which Fra Angelico might have despaired of portraying she said, "That present was for me, and I thank you. Now give me something for the poor I have to feed." St. Paul's conversion was not more sudden. As if struck by lightning the coachman flung himself on the road, and on bended knee asked the Sister's pardon.

I was all right, then; but what would my aunt say? I knew she was intensely fond of Natalie. What plans about the girl's



The Wolf Patrol of the Loyola Scouts

future she had been weaving, I did not quite know. A hint or two she had unwarily dropped about Natalie's dowry had led me to believe that her prospective grand-son-in-law must be an I. C. S. or an I. M. S. at the least. That Natalie should retire to a convent in our town was bad enough, but that she should be out of aunt's sight forever was unthinkable. My niece could not leave for Bangalore till December. Still I thought it best to let my aunt know all at once.

I called on her with a grave air. You know how a nobody looks when entrusted with a great secret. After a good deal of beating about the bush, I said, "I am afraid Natalie will soon leave us; she wishes to be a....." "A nun, you mean," said my aunt. "Ye....s," I drawled out, dreading the pain I was going to inflict. You should have heard the laugh my aunt burst into. The kindest of women can on occasion laugh the unkindest of laughs. "And you have discovered it so early in the day, blooming prophet?" she went on mercilessly. "How wooden-headed you men are! A man will go on groping in the dark, while a woman sees things as clear as crystal. I have been reading a pair of nuns in Natalie's eyes ever since the child blushed pink over the picture of the Little Flower which I gave her on the day of her First Communion." When a man who is worth something makes a fool of himself, he takes refuge in that something. When a rich planter is laughed at, he says to himself: "After all I am rich, while they are beggars." When a B. A.; B. L., or a Rao Bahadur comes to grief, he consoles himself saying: "After all I have a degree, I have a title; I am a peer among plebeians." But when a bankrupt like Bastian is befooled, he has nothing to fall back upon. His prostration is complete. But the fates had decreed that the tables should soon be turned on my aunt. "And when is she going to St. Teresa's?" she enquired. "I am afraid she is not thinking of St. Teresa's," I answered. "Of what is she thinking then?" she asked with considerable warmth. "Of Maria Bambina of Joppe?" "Not of that either," said I. "Good heavens!" cried my aunt with uplifted hands, "of what then is the child dreaming?" "She is going to Bangalore to join the Little Sisters of the Poor. She is likely to be sent to Rome for her novitiate and then....there is no knowing. Most probably you will never see her again." Stupid Bastian! You were forty-eight years old last Monday. When will you learn the art of breaking a stiff bit of news to unwilling ears? My aunt turned as pale as the wall against which she leaned. She rose slowly and I could perceive the tremor that ran through her frame as she did so. Without saying a word she went into her room and slammed the door behind her. I know not what passed within. I only heard a click as of something snatched from the wall. I know there was a Crucifix on the wall over her bed.

* * * *

On the following day piecing together a number of disconnected utterances that fell from my aunt's lips, I could reconstruct the Taj Mahal, perfect in all its parts, which my aunt had reared up in her mind, and which I had cruelly shattered at one blow. She knew her grand-niece would be a religious, and she had no doubt it would be at St. Teresa's, where she would be able to see her as often as she chose. Once a year towards Christmas the north-wind would surely bring back aunt's asthma, and Reverend Mothers being very kind, Reverend Mother would, of course, send Natalie home to see her grand-aunt. On this occasion she would have a long, long chat with her darling, and place before her twelve kinds—in honour of the twelve Apostles—of *kusvar—neuryo*,

tchaklyo, kidi and the rest of it, all prepared with her own hands. Natalie being clever would surely be sent to the College for her B. A. course, and as the motor-car rolled from College to Convent and from Convent to College, aunt would have opportunities of catching many a glimpse of Natalie. The chauffeur would be instructed to slow down just a little at sight of aunt, and for this kind service he would be handsomely tipped at Natalie's Christmas visit. Natalie being so *very* clever—didn't she get cent. per cent. in mathematics at her S. S. L. C. and didn't she know all English poetry by heart?—she would get a First Class in her B. A., and would in due time be made Principal of her College, and eventually Reverend Mother. By this time aunt would be old and would have to make her will. Leaving just a thousand or so to her wayward bankrupt nephew, she would divide the rest—and that was worth at least twenty-thousand—equally between Natalie and Babu, and Natalie would thus be in a position to lavish her largess in princely manner on the poor students of her College who would worship her.

Smile not, reader, at my aunt's glittering Taj; for we are all of us Alnaschars in our own way, and there is not one of us but builds up his own pretty Taj which the rude breath of reality shall one day lay low.

Three months sped and Natalie's outfit was ready. On the eve of her departure my aunt was with us, as there was to be a little parting dinner, to which however no outsider had been invited. Late in the evening as I was helping my niece to pack her things I heard a cackling outside. Babu came in running to say an old man had come with two chickens. It was my good friend Paschu. "Is that Angel still with you or has she flown back to heaven?" he asked. "She is still with us," said I, "though tomorrow she leaves for heaven or somewhere very close to it." "Here's a small present for her and for you," said Paschu pointing to the pair of chickens. "The Mother of God has heard her prayer and I am a completely sober man now." "And you have never been drunk since?" I asked. "Only once," he replied; "but then my wife who knew of my pledge beat me black and blue with her broom-stick. I can never forget that beating. I go to Confession every month, and I am, would you believe it? the richest boatman in Adumbkudre. Just see how much money I have in the Hampankatta Kapirotti Society." Here he handed me a dirty rag of a pass book which showed twenty rupees to Paschu's credit. The chickens were quite welcome, as they added a dish of *baphat* to the *indaz* already prepared.

During dinner I was exultant over the happy results of Paschu's pledge and was rather annoyed at finding my aunt did not fully share my enthusiasm. She quite recognised the merits of the pledge, but was of opinion that at least a part of the good effected by it might be obtained if only our girls were taught to season *baphat* and *indaz* as *she* had taught Natalie to season them. "Not a little of the drink in our town," she remarked, "is due to the fast disappearing of those savoury curries for which our women were known and which acted as all-sufficient stimulants. Instead of the exquisite *amshi thikshi* curry which his mother prepared for him when a boy, the husband is treated by his wife to a sort of *kasai* which he loathes. The piano his wife thumps upon and the poetry she quotes by the yard might have lulled him asleep *after* dinner; but they can never *replace* a good dinner. What wonder if the poor husband in despair over his *kasai* helps himself to a dram of whisky? You speak enthusiastically of the work done by the Sodality. All praise to the Sodality, but I wish that the Director while insisting on temperance among his Sodalists would also

insist on the culinary education of their daughters. This is intimately connected with another point you have at heart—I mean the crusade against dowry, which in its actual condition is a curse on our community. The idea of knocking down a brilliant young man to the father-in-law that bids highest! I sometimes ask myself: When will this secret bride-auctioning carried on among us through middle-men to the manner born come to an end, and when will intending fathers-in-law meet once a year at Hampankatta and bid openly? How much of heart-burning and heart-breaking would this public sale spare! No crusade then could be more noble; but those that are so keen on it would do well to ask themselves: Is the bride in our town always worth taking without dowry? The hideous importation of short sleeves and low necks will not alter the market value of a girl, except in so far as it clips the cloth of her gowns. The high-heeled shoes she wears may add to her altitude, but not to her aptitude as a wife beyond her chances of being the more easily tilted over in a tussle with her husband. But what shoes and sleeves will not do, virtue will. Take my own Natalie, for instance. There is not a womanly grace with which I have not adorned her; and if she were willing to marry, a prince would take her today for the dowry she carries in the hollow of her hand." At this Babu let fall his *polo* into his plate, and clapped his hands with all his little might, crying out "Bai! Bai! Bai!" I had never seen the child so happy, nor Natalie so crimson with blushes.

Here I would give a warning to boys. Don't poke fun at your sisters because their curry is no better than *kasai*. On the whole girls are better than boys. At least they can spell, which you can't. No girl makes a spelling mistake after her First Form. But I know that one of you in the College Department the other day addressed the Vice-Principal as Wise Principal. Very kind of you to mistake vice for wisdom. Therefore be on your guard; if you are not, I'll write about you in *Carmela*. I'll describe your eight-anna crop and the tricks you employ to curl and sleek and puff your hair in the kohinoor fashion. This time I spare you.

On my way home from the station the next morning, I learnt that a young man of great promise and high family in Farnil wanted to shoot me, and that he had sworn he would touch no food until he had shot me. His name—shall we call him Barkis for the nonce? It seems Barkis had been willing and imagined I had come between him and his Peggotty. When Cleopatra brutally ill-treats the slave that has brought her the news that Mark Antony has married another woman, the slave very pertinently remarks: "I did not make the match, madam." Similarly my simple answer to Barkis would be: "I did not make the vocation, sir." I would go and see Barkis. There were those that thought me stark mad; for Barkis had actually been seen handling an up-to-date rifle fresh from Germany. But whatever failings may fall to Bastian's lot, cowardice is not one of them. To Barkis' house, then, I went. At the gate I was met by a chubby little cherub who ran in shouting: "*Nadkar ailo, maiñ, nadkar ailo,*" and was duly spanked by his mother for the courteous announcement. I introduced myself to the lady as Bastian of Bijey. She did not know me—no lady in Farnil knows me. But when I said I was Natalie's uncle, she looked very much puzzled. At my request, she with some hesitation led me to her eldest son. As I entered his room I found the young man teaching his little sister how to use the toy gun she had won as a prize at the Christmas Tree in the Catholic Union Club. In that gun I recognised the up-to-date rifle fresh from Germany that rumour had manufactured.

I once more introduced myself as Bastian of Bijey. Barkis did not know me—no gentleman in Farnil knows me. But when I said I was uncle to Natalie, the fair youth colourd scarlet. I saw it was an easy case to cure. "Should an uncle be shot," said I, "who has not made his niece's vocation?" This question sent Barkis into the merriest peal of laughter I have ever heard. "O, I said that in a fit of rage," he owned when he was able to speak. "How could that have reached your ears? One can't spit in this wretched gossipy town of ours without everybody knowing of it." "May I ask you a question?" I inquired. Barkis nodded. "I can understand fairly well," said I, "how the mighty wars of the *Iliad* or the *Ramayana* might have been occasioned by a Helen or a Sita. But I am utterly unable to see how a young man who is heir to tens of thousands, who is the glass of fashion and the mould of form in the most aristocratic quarter of our town could cast his eyes on a poor orphan of Bijey, with a squint in her left eye, with no ornaments but the prints of small-fox on her face, one who always went out barefooted, who never looked into a looking glass, who would have welcomed crucifixion before short sleeves and low neck, whose only Pear's soap was home-made *piti*, and whose sun-burnt complexion told of many hours spent in drawing water, washing clothes and watering jasmine plants." "Oh, you don't know your niece at all," said my friend warming up, "if that's all you know of her. I met her only once as I was biking along the Dongerkerry Road. She was bending over a leper who had opened out his ghastly wounds for her compassion. There was that of heavenly about her bearing that threw me off my balance completely and I rolled—" You smile, dear reader, and so was I about to do; but the dark cloud that swept over the young man's face checked me. My whole heart went out to him when I saw as the result of my diagnosis that here was no case of the vulgar passion that forms the staple of the railway novel. Here was rather the subtle, mysterious sympathy that draws Poet to Poet, that drew Dante to Beatrice, that must draw Beautiful Soul to Beautiful Soul. I thought of my own shortlived episode while staying at Satrasta, otherwise known as Jacob Circle, under the guidance of Fr. Hegglin, the sweetest man then alive in Bombay. "Time was," said I, "when I also raised my eyes to a Philomel. But the bird sang and sang, and flew at last into a convent, taking no notice of me." One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. Barkis flung his arms round my neck as he cried: "Then let us both fly to the Seminary!" This was a stunner. From Shooting to Seminary was, I thought, a perilous leap. And yet here might be the germ of a fair vocation I had no right to stifle. "We'll see about it another day," said I; "have you had your breakfast?" "No," said the disconcerted young man, "I haven't been feeling quite well." "Your mother will be happy to see you take some breakfast," I remarked. "We'll take it together," said my friend, and arm in arm Barkis and Bastian walked to the breakfast table. It was a sumptuous meal for a poor man of Bijey. The cocoa that frothed, the cream that bubbled, the eggs done *a la margarita* brought back to my mind my last breakfast at the Empress Hotel the day before I pawned my watch to buy my ticket home. Who waited on us but Barkis' mother, a gentlewoman to her finger tips. She had managed, as only women can manage, to overhear every word of our previous conversation, and was now beaming with smiles at the happy result. As I rose to go, Barkis beckoned me to his room. Opening a cabinet he took out a diamond necklace of dazzling brilliancy. "This jewel," said he, "was to

have adorned a saint. It shall adorn no other. Will you mention a worthy object?" "How much is it worth?" I asked. "The diamonds alone from Nagarkar cost me twelve hundred," said Barkis. "Twelve hundred" said I, "would make up the dowry of twelve poor girls. You have heard of the Poor Girls' Marriage-Aid Fund?" There was a sudden sparkle in his eye that outshone the diamonds in his hand. "Yes," said he embracing me once more. "I'll speak to mother about it and send it this very day." Outside that mother was waiting for me. As I bowed my adieu she slipped a note for ten into my hand. It was so courteously done that I could not refuse the gift. Ten rupees would have enabled me to make a *kutaũn*, join the Sodality, see the Rev. Mother about the *kasai*, see Fr. Rector about the eight-anna crop, and buy at least a second-hand umbrella from Moideen Kutti. But I don't keep money that I haven't earned. I sent the note to the Secretary of St. Vincent de Paul Society, from whom I received a pretty acknowledgment in his pretty hand.

I knew my aunt must be in mourning over Natalie's departure and I thought I would amuse her with Barkis' story. I little knew she was to enact one of her own still more amusing. At Pedrunaik's shop I was joined by my old friend Purpuro. He had a sheaf of papers in his armpit—his broken arm is perfect now—and a look of terrible importance in his eye. He had been engaged by the people of Katapiti who had risen against their parish priest in connection with the parochial school, to win the Bijey people to their side and was going to see my aunt. I knew the sort of welcome Purpuro ought to expect from one to whom Priest was only another name for God. But I wickedly forbore saying anything. We arrived in the nick of time. "*Maushe*, won't you put down your signature to this protest which *every* honest man and woman in Bijey has signed?" said Purpuro to my aunt just as she was carrying a huge pot of *thurn* to her milch cow. "There's my signature for you," said the Strong Woman as she flung the entire treasure of her pot at Purpuro. The poor man puffed and fumed and foamed under the shower. Of the wild threats he uttered I only caught: "Assault.. .....police.....warrant.....bench court.....registered letter.....vakil Chandragupta." My aunt is still waiting for the registered letter from vakil Chandragupta.

She was delighted with my account of Barkis. "Didn't I tell you a prince would have taken my Natalie?" she exclaimed. She asked me if there was no possibility of my acting up to Barkis' suggestion regarding the seminary. I only said I was too old for it. But I whisper to you, dear reader, that I have been seriously thinking of becoming a lay-brother, and that in spite of the fair offers of employment abroad which I have had. My friend Mr. Aranha recently wrote to me that he had read my articles which showed a facile pen and that if only I would go over to Mespot, he would use his influence over Col. Lotter and obtain for me a clerkship of at least Rs. 200 per mensem. I thanked him very much for his kindness but added that the world had no more charms for me, and as to a facile pen, even if I work as well as Mr. J. E. Saldanha, the breeziest writer I ever knew, and had an offer of Rs. 400, I shouldn't care. The fact is I have already been to the Fr. Superior of the Mission. I stated to him my difficulties very plainly: "Father, I am full of sins, full of years and full of debts." His gracious reply was: "God will see to your sins, my son; I will see to your years; you must see to your debts" Beautiful tripartite division of labour! "Full of debts," was rather an exaggeration; for when I have paid off a few outstanding bills and arranged with

my aunt for Babu's education, I shall be ready to climb the Holy Mount of Shembaganoor. I have no science, no mathematics in me; but I have plenty of brawn and muscle, and I can fell huge eucalyptus trees for firewood. If all goes well, I shall not write again. Perhaps you will be glad; for I know that though many readers of this Magazine are almost as fond of me as Barkis, there are a few who think I am all of 'nonsense compact' and that I have no business with my aunts and nieces to appear in a College Magazine meant for uncles and nephews only. "What shall I do with you?" says the editor. "I can neither print you, nor not print you." "Thrust me to the end of your magazine," says I. "Treat me as an appendix." "You won't mind it?" says he. "Not a bit," says I. The Raja of Timbuctoo comes last in the coronation pageant, and Bastian shall come last in the magazine pageant. Three cheers for Timbuctoo and three more for Bastian!

Our Trophies

Old Boys and Friends

WE tender our heartfelt congratulations to Mr. V. A. Coelho, Karwar on the Kaiser-i-Hind Silver Medal awarded him, and Khan Bahadur E. F. Rego, Poona, on the title bestowed on him on the occasion of the King's Birthday.

Mr. Coelho has long been a well-known timber contractor of the Forest Department in North Kanara and is the head of the Firm of Messrs. V. A. Coelho & Sons, Karwar. His knowledge of forest timbers has been highly prized by the officials of the department in the Bombay Presidency. He was appointed by Government as Official Member of the District Local Board of Kanara in 1904, and continues to this day to serve in that capacity. He was elected Vice-President of the District Local Board in 1919. In 1920 he was elected the first Non-official President of the District Board and took charge from the District Collector. He was re-elected to this office for the second triennial term in 1922.

It would be too long to detail the services rendered by Mr. Coelho as Official Member of the Karwar Taluk Local Board, Chairman of "The Works Committee" of the T. L. Board, Non-official Vice-President of the Taluk Local Board of Karwar, Councillor and Chairman of the Karwar Municipality, Honorary Magistrate, and Member of the Dufferin Fund Committee. During the War he was a Member of the Recruiting Committee, the War Relief Fund Committee, the Belgium Fund Committee and the Grain Prices Committee.

On the occasion of the Coronation Darbar held at Delhi in 1911, Mr. Coelho was awarded a Certificate of Merit and a Silver Medal. Under orders of the Government of Bombay a Certificate of Merit was awarded him by the Collector of Kanara in 1919 in recognition of the support accorded by him to the Second Indian War Loan.

It is to be noted that the Kaiser-i-Hind Silver Medal with which Mr. Coelho has recently been honoured is for *public service in India*. Among the recipients of the said medal he is one of the three who have been thus honoured.

As we are writing there comes the news that Mr. Coelho has been awarded a Gold Medal of by the District Advancement Association of Mangalore for his sixty-four timber exhibits at the Exhibition of December 1923.

We have much pleasure to reproduce from *The Examiner* of Bombay the following account of the distinguished career of Mr. E. F. Rego:—"We are glad to see in the Birthday Honours List the name of Mr. E. F. Rego, B. A., LL. B., Retired Judge of the Small Causes Court, Poona, for the distinction of Khan Bahadur. This comes as a hall mark of the approval of Government on his long and meritorious services. Mr. Rego hails from Mangalore. On passing the B. A. in Madras, he came to Bombay and obtained the degree of LL. B. Then for 27 years till his retirement last year he worked as a Sub-Judge in different parts of the

Presidency, except Gujarat, without leave or furlough. He went through the horrors of famine duty in Khandesh where he was invested with the powers of First Class Magistrate. When on duty at the other end of the Presidency in Kanara, he was the Chief Plague Authority at Kumta and so keen was his vigilance that there was not a single case of the dreaded disease in that large town. Latterly, he was First Class Sub-Judge with appeal powers at Ratnagiri, Belgaum and Poona. For the last three years of his official career he was Judge of Small Causes Court in Poona. He performed his duties as a judge throughout his service with a thoroughness and conscientiousness which made him deservedly respected not only in legal circles, but amongst all who had to take recourse to the law in his court. As a Catholic he helped the Catholic cause wherever he was posted. Of retiring habits he unostentatiously but none the less generously supported the Catholic endeavours which he now continues to do in his retirement at Poona."

J. A. Saldanha, B. A., LL. B., M. L. C.

The bright career of Mr. J. A. Saldanha, B. A., LL. B., M. L. C., is so well known to the readers of our Magazine, and his achievements as member of the Madras Legislative Council have been the subject of so many articles in the papers that it would be superfluous to detail them here. Suffice it to reproduce the encomiums bestowed upon him by *The Mangalorean Review*: "We heartily congratulate Mr. Jerome Anthony Saldanha B. A., LL. B., M. L. C., retired Assistant and Sessions Judge on his being elected a member of the Madras Legislative Council. Mr. Saldanha who notwithstanding the pressure of his official avocations has all along been identifying himself heart and soul with all movements calculated to foster the progress of the community had on laying down the reins of public office in April last, resolved to devote his future life to further communal aims and interests. The election in Madras has brought him to a field where his legal acumen and the experience he has earned in the course of a long and highly successful judicial career will offer him opportunities to deal successfully with Bills affecting the interests of the electorate of the Western India Constituency Group whom be represents in the Council. To the Mangalorean Catholic Association, Bombay in whose origin, rise and progress Mr. J. A. Saldanha has played such a conspicuous part and to

B. Mahabala Hegde, B. A., B. L., M. L. C.

the many institutions and organisations which owe their genesis or their growth to his active and generous-hearted support the recent honour which has fallen on Mr. Saldanha is a source of singular satisfaction. Indeed by rising from honour to honour and by becoming an M. L. C. Mr. Saldanha has reflected no small credit upon the Mangaloreans particularly upon the Mangalorean Community resident in Bombay who have looked up to his leadership in social and public life. A man imbued with an insatiable sense of delight in learning and scholarship, quite worthy of emulation and keen and enthusiastic worker in the cause of the public good, Mr. J. A. Saldanha carries with him to the Council the warmest wishes of all who have admired his ability and industry. The various institutions and organisations, which he has so tenderly fathered, will proudly look up to their benefactor with yet more filial confidence in their needs, fully assured of his large-hearted sympathy and help."

The Mangalore Magazine owes a heavy debt of gratitude to Mr. Saldanha for the interest he has taken in it and the many learned articles he has contributed to its columns.

Mr. B. Mahabala Hegde, B. A., B. L., M. L. C., is another Old Boy of whom *Alma Mater* has good reason to be proud. He graduated from our College in 1895 and was one of the best sportsmen of his day. He comes of an ancient and respectable Bant family and was one of the original starters of the Bant Sangha. He was Secretary of the Sangha since its birth in 1906 till 1920, and Superintendent of the Bant Hostel for many years. He was nominated a Municipal Councillor in 1913 and continued to serve on the Council till 1924. In 1919 he was unanimously elected Chairman of the Mangalore Municipality, and did excellent work during the two years he was in office. To quote the appreciation by Government (G. O. No. 597, L. & M. 31—3—1922): "The standard of administration during the year is well above the general level of municipal administration in this Presidency." Mr. Mahabala was at the head of affairs throughout the year referred to. He has ever taken a keen interest in all public matters. He is distinctly progressive in his views and has never sympathised with destructive politics. Last year he was returned to the Madras Legislative Council unopposed. He worked hard as a member of the Flood Relief Committee. He visited and distributed relief in many villages. On February 9, 1924, he moved the resolution in the Legislative Council for the remission of assessment in South Kanara 'to the extent of two-thirds on all wet lands yielding second crop whereon the first crop was destroyed by the floods.' As a result of this resolution the Raja of Kollengode visited Mangalore and having seen the state of affairs with his own eyes raised the original sum of Rs. 700 which Government had sanctioned as remission of assessment for the whole district, to about Rs. 24,000. All the credit of this work goes to Mr. Mahabala. It may also be mentioned that he is the Official Receiver of S. Kanara and Non-Official Visitor of the Jail. Above all he loves his *Alma Mater* as a true son and has repeatedly shown his keen appreciation of the work done by the Fathers. To cite but one instance, he has sent Rs. 100, being the first instalment towards a scholarship to be awarded to a deserving Bunt student of the College.

At an age at which it is deemed creditable for one to be a Municipal Councillor, Mr. Sylvester Pais, B. A., has been elected to the Mysore Representative

Sylvester Pais, B. A., M. L. C. (Mysore)

Assembly and Mysore Legislative Council by the Indian Christian Constituency. Mr. Pais was born in 1890 and graduated from St. Aloysius' College in 1912. Within four years of his leaving College he became a member of the Kadur District Board (Mysore State) and has continued such to this day. In 1919 he was elected by the Kadur District Board to the Economic Conference, Mysore, and Central Industries Board, Bangalore, and served for two years. The present year has welcomed him among the members of the Mysore Representative Assembly and the Mysore Legislative Council. Beneath an unassuming and unobtrusive manner Mr. Pais hides many a sterling quality. From the services he has already rendered the public and the honours that have come to him early in life, it is easy enough to forecast the still more brilliant future that is awaiting him.

Two new prizes have been founded by Old Boys since our last issue. Mr. Philip D'Cunha, Auditor, Karachi Custom House, has made a donation of Rs. 200 the interest of which is to be devoted to an annual prize to be awarded to an Indian Catholic of South Kanara. The Prize is to be known as "The Lucy D'Cunha Prize, presented by Mr. Philip D'Cunha, Karachi, in memory of his late wife, Lucy." Mr. D'Cunha tells an interesting story of himself. "When I left College in July 1903 from the Junior F. A. Class owing to ill health which made further studies impossible, my old friend ..... said to me: 'Philip, you are making a sad mistake by leaving the College without passing your B. A. which you could do very easily. You will be sorry in the long run, because you will not rise." I took this warning to heart and from being a clerk in the Mangalore District Surgeon's Office in September—December, 1903 on the handsome pay of Rs. 9 a month, I have by dint of hard work

and undaunted energy risen to a gazetted post on a salary of Rs. 400-20-600 per mensem! All credit to dear *Alma Mater!!!* ... I hope too much fuss will not be made over my 'generosity' in the Magazine, for as I have said already, this is my first step towards assistance to the College after leaving her 21 years ago." We trust the Magazine has not made 'too much fuss.' But it does occur to us that if all the Old Boys who have got on in life like Mr. D'Cunha thanks to *Alma Mater*, were to endow her with Rs. 200, founded prizes would be as plentiful as the showers of July this year.

One Old Boy, indeed, there is whose benefactions to the College rival the July showers. In addition to what was recorded of his bounties in our last issue, Mr. Thomas Maurice Aranha has founded a fresh prize. The annual interest of Rs. 175 is to be given as a prize in honour of Mr. J. C. Aranha, his revered father. Herein Mr. T. M. Aranha is setting a noble example to Old Boys who are in a position to imitate him; for though a number of them have founded prizes in memory of their deceased parents, we are not aware of any one who has thus honoured a living parent. Not content with this he has remitted a further sum of Rs. 25 for repairing the paintings in our church. In this design he

Col. H. C. Lott and his Staff, In the land of Iraq where Aloysians have distinguished themselves.

has been joined by his Basrah friend, Mr. P. A. D'Sa who has sent an equal sum for the same purpose.

We are delighted to hear of Mr. P. A. D'Sa's achievements in cricket. He is the Sports Secretary of the newly organised sporting section of the Indian Association in Iraq. *The Times of Mesopotamia*, May 6, 1924, recording the victories won by the Indian Association over A. P. O. C., Group Hd. Qrs. and R. A. F. Stores Depot, observes: "Mr. P. A. D'Sa, the energetic Sports Secretary, deserves to be congratulated on the success and it is to be hoped that he will continue unflagging in his zeal so long as Ranjitsinghji's countrymen in Iraq endeavour to emulate that master of the willow."

The Secretary of the Yates Memorial Committee handed over to the St. Aloysius' College the sum of Rs. 250, the interest of which is to be utilised annually for awarding a Prize in cash endowed by the Yates Memorial Committee, S. K., to a deserving poor boy who has passed the S. S. L. C. Examination from any of the Institutions of the District, and prosecutes his studies in St. Aloysius' College.

We congratulate Mr. Stanislaus Patrao and Mr. Aloysius Saldanha on their brilliant success in their M. B., B. S. degree examination, and Mr. Julian Colaco on his attaining his B. E. degree. We wish them all a prosperous career in the great world that lies before them.

The following letter of Mr. U. Rajaram Rao, a full-fledged B. A. of this year, to Father Rector is a beautiful expression of gratitude to *Alma Mater*: "While conveying to you the happy news of my success in the last B. A. Examination, I should be failing in my duty if I did not also express to you my deep sense of gratitude at the kind treatment I received at your hands during the two years I studied in your college. Judging from the mutual relations that existed between the students and the professors I find that those two years have been the happiest period in the whole of my scholastic career. In whatever walk of life I may be placed by the Almighty, the pleasing memories about my College shall always find a warm corner in my heart, and it shall certainly be my pride to call myself in future an ex-Aloysian. That I may live up to the ideals taught and practised in the College and add to its prestige is my humble prayer to Our Lord."

College Societies

THE SODALITY OF THE PRESENTATION FOR STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE DEPARTMENT AND THE SIXTH FORM

1923-1924.

AT the beginning of the outgoing year a fresh start was given to the work of the Sodality by re-organizing its several activities. Three sections were formed, each having certain well-defined aims. The members of the Eucharistic Section were required to strive for the spiritual welfare of others by inducing them to perform various exercises of devotion and by conversing with them, as opportunity offered, on topics of religion and moral conduct. The Catholic Truth Society Section had its sphere of work in the sale, loan and free distribution of Catholic literature, particularly among non-Catholics, and in the enrolment of new subscribers to Catholic journals. It was the duty of those forming the Propagation of the Faith Section to be members of the A. P. F., to enrol others in it and to collect alms for the Missions. In this manner the idea of the "Lay Apostolate" was brought into prominence. With a view to secure the Co-operation of the whole Sodality, every member was required to join at least one section.

As regards the work turned out, it is particularly noteworthy that, among the institutions and societies of our diocese which contributed to the A. P. F., our Sodality was second only to the Jeppoo Seminary. However, our efforts to enrol subscribers to Catholic periodicals met with but poor results. The sale of C. T. S. books was as before handicapped by the scarcity of Konkany tracts. Nevertheless a fair measure of success was attained.

Our second Academy in Honour of our Lady was held on February 3rd. It was as successful as the first.

PROGRAMME

'Beautiful Ohio'— THE ORCHESTRA
Our Academy— THE PREFECT
'Mater Amabilis'—*Chorus*—THE CHOIR
Our Lady in South Canara — AN ESSAY BY SWIBERT [FERNANDES
'It is the Name'—*Hymn*—THE CHOIR

RECITATIONS:

The Seven Virgins— G. PINTO
The Annunciation— S. D'COSTA
Cana— C. LOBO
'Sanctorum Agmina'— *Hymn*—THE CHOIR

OUR POEMS:

Mary's Mantle— E. SALDANHA
Refuge of Sinners— B. ABREU
A Sodalist's Prayer— FR. COLAÇO
Our Lady's Presentation—V. D'COSTA
A Prayer to Mary— E. SALDANHA
'Ave Maria'— GOUNOD

THE VOCATION OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

A Dramatic Episode in *two scenes*

CAST OF CHARACTERS

XAVIER	C. LOBO
IGNATIUS	I. MONTEIRO
CALVIN	W. REBELLO
FABER, *Ignatius' First Companion*	V. COLAÇO
FIRST M. A.	J. ALVA
SECOND M. A.	W. COELHO
A CATHOLIC	D. COLAÇO
PENHA, *a Professor of Philosophy*	S. LOBO
GOVEA, *Rector of St. Barnabas' College*	J. D'SOUZA
A MESSENGER	I. ARANHA
FIRST UNDERGRADUATE	J. NAZARETH
SECOND UNDERGRADUATE	E. SALDANHA
ORPHAN'S PRAYER	M. LOBO

'AVE MARIS STELLA'

SWIBERT FERNANDES,
Prefect.

THE SODALITY OF THE ASSUMPTION FOR STUDENTS OF THE SCHOOL DEPARTMENT BELOW THE SIXTH FORM
1923-1924.

The Sodality maintained its even tenour during the scholastic year. As usual the attendance was good. The applications were too numerous for the limited capacity of the sodality chapel. To impress upon the Sodalists the necessity of serious application to class work it has been ruled that no one shall be admitted unless he shows the required progress in the quarterly examinations of the year.

The Eucharistic Section worked well and was of great service in attracting boys to daily Mass and daily Communion. In connection with this it may be noted that the Sodalists were required to observe silence before Mass on days of General Communion. Visits to the Blessed Sacrament before and after class both in the morning and in the afternoon were very much encouraged.

In the shape of works of charity a few worked as Promoters of the Holy Childhood Association. Others procured old books for the benefit of poor boys, and old clothes for a few Pariah converts.

The usual half-day picnic which was an annual fixture became a whole day trip this year. The Officers were mainly responsible for it. Rev. Fr. Rector helped them to it with his wonted generosity. The Sodalists are glad to acknowledge their indebtedness to the mothers of several well-to-do Sodalists who took upon themselves the motherly task of catering for the picnickers. It was a very enjoyable day as evidenced by the happy faces of the Fathers and the Sodalists present.

At the commencement of the new Sodality year thirty-one members passed to the Sodality of the Presentation.

PETER NORONHA,
Secretary.

THE ALTAR-SERVERS' SODALITY OF ST. JOHN BERCHMANS
1923-1924.

The Sodality kept up its number and spirit. As a rule the members showed plenty of good will. Punctual on festive occasions, they required a little encouragement to serve Mass daily, especially at inconvenient hours.

There were the usual half-yearly elections which resulted in John D'Sa as Prefect for the long term, and Valerine Colaço as Prefect for the short term. It is chiefly due to their zeal and that of the Cantors, Frederick D'Mello and Gilbert Pinto, that the October, May and June devotions were kept up with the usual enthusiasm. The feast of their Patron, St. John Berchmans was preceded by a novena. On the feast day Fr. Airoldi preached the sermon, in which he alluded to the Mass he had said at the altar of the Saint in Rome. The devotion of the Five Sundays of St. John Berchmans was also observed with commendable zeal. Through the exertions of the Officers and especially the Prefect John D'Sa, backed up, of course, by the generous purse of Rev. Fr. Rector who is a real father to the Altar-Servers, a whole day trip was organised. The Singers with their Director took part. Everything conspired to make the day enjoyable.

The Sodality may congratulate itself on two of its members having joined the Seminary this year. During the eight years of its existence the Sodality has given nine to the service of the Altar. God be thanked!

VALERINE COLAÇO,
Prefect.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY
1923-1924.

Owing to unavoidable circumstances, the Society, after its rejuvenation, entered on its second year of life rather late this year. The preliminary meeting to elect office-bearers for the current year was held on Wednesday

1st August, with Rev. Fr. Principal in the chair. The members evinced much enthusiasm and there was a keen contest for the offices of the President and the Secretary. Placed as they were in such an atmosphere of 'competition,' the President and Secretary elected, Mr. M. K. Nair (IV U. C.) and Mr. M. N. Chouta (III U. C.) respectively, had to step into the shoes of their predecessors not with any sense of elation but with a great responsibility weighing on their shoulders. Mr. Swibert Fernandes, our ever vigilant treasurer, was re-elected to that place. Two representatives from each class, to 'assist' and 'guide' the Executive completed the Managing Committee.

In reviewing the work turned out by the Society during the course of the year, it can safely be asserted that, though the Executive cannot claim any 'brilliancy' to its credit, yet by industry and diligence it made up for any deficiency in other respects. Notwithstanding an unusual number of 'Wednesday Holidays,' fifteen meetings were held at which subjects of varied character--social, economical, socio-religious and even political—were discussed. The debates, all along, were conducted on a high level of excellence, with a view to responsible criticism. In its first debate a strongly 'Nationalist House' which dreams of a vision of India as an equal partner in the 'Britannic Commonwealth of Nations,' passed a motion that 'Modern Nationalism is a menace to the future World-Peace.' A House which looks up with eager eyes to the sinking of existing differences between the diverse castes and to the ultimate unification of the people of India refused to give assent to "Inter-religious" marrriages as interfering with creeds. The monotony of our long meetings was relieved by frequent declarations of select passages from English Literature.

Under the auspices of the Society, four interesting lectures were delivered by gentlemen well-known to the educated town public. Mr. G. K. Chettur, B. A., (Oxon.), the Principal of our sister College delivered a learned address on 'Wordsworth and his Poetry.' The 'Poet Principal' was at his best and held the audience spell-bound for more than an hour by the depth of his knowledge and the grace of his delivery. The next was on 'Press and Socialism' by Mr. A. B. Shetty, Vice-President, District Board. He spoke chiefly on behalf of the 'Labour Party in England,' dwelling on the difficulties they have to surmount in their struggles against the Capitalists. On the 27th Nov. Rev. Fr. Gille, S. J., Editor of the 'Catholic Herald,' addressed the members of the Society on 'Christianity and Social Science.' "Man is not a machine to manufacture money, but a sacred personality that has a noble mission to fulfil in this life." This was the burden of his very interesting and thought-provoking lecture. Professor G. K. Kharve of the Indian Women's University, Poona, was our last guest. He gave us the history of the origin of his university and the ideal for which it stood—the emancipation of Indian Women. He concluded his very eloquent speech with an appeal to the members to take a vow that they would marry only undergraduate girls. This evoked such a tremendous applause that the learned professor must have gone away with a serious problem in his head: 'How to meet the demand of so many young men if they were really serious when applauding my appeal?'

The Society has a purse of its own. It is a matter of joy to say that it contributed Rs. 85 out of its fund to the South Canara Flood Relief Fund.

The Annual Social Gathering and the unveiling of Gopala Krishna Gokale's Portrait on the occasion were events of much enthu-

siasm. Mr. M. S. Shresta, C. C. S., Post-Master General, Ceylon, performed the unveiling ceremony. Some of the leading gentlemen of the town graced the function with their presence. The Society is indebted to Mr. C. J. Varkey, M. A., F. M. U., for the initiative given by him to do honour to one of India's great men.

What little work the Society has been able to do this year is entirely due to the large heartedness of its Patron Rev. Fr. L. Proserpio, a model of a 'Constitutional Principal' and to the zeal of its permanent President and the Managing Committee.

M. Narayana Chouta,
Secretary.

OUR SCOUTS

The scout movement was started at the College with great éclat. We mustered thirty-five strong at the beginning; but later on, 'as all things must decay,' ten withdrew, thus leaving twenty-five. Mr. Ekambara Rao was our scoutmaster till June. But as soon as the monsoon broke out, the floods, as if by magnet, drew him towards the places that were affected by them. So he left us to weep at our own ill-luck of not having him anymore.

But then amidst the sobbing a voice called out, "A scout smiles and whistles under all difficulties." Turning round we saw the smiling face of Mr. Heri, the district scoutmaster. Well, we felt really ashamed, as we thought that Mr. Heri might think that our former scoutmaster had laid no emphasis on on the 8th Scout Law. Anyway he comforted us and said, "Come on, brothers, Rome was not built in a day. We are all liable to err." So we regained our fallen spirits and marched on singing, "We are all jolly good fellows."

The Rector's Day was approaching. Fr. Rector was very keen on the scouts making a display of something. In accordance with his desire we sent the following message to him in the Morse Code of Signalling: "The College Troop wishes long life to Rev. Fr. Rector." We performed also the staff drill which was much appreciated.

In November came our investiture. It was held on the extensive college playground. Br. Cattaneo had decorated it with greens. The line of flags that waved from the top of the pole, was highly inspiriting. Hurrah! for Br. Cattaneo. The gathering consisted of the parents of the scouts, a few well-wishers, and a large number of the college students. The presence of the St. Michael's and the Government College Troops added to the grandeur of the occasion. We were invested by Mr. A. B. Shetty, the District Commissioner of Scouts. Mr. G. Somashekar Rao, B. A., B. L., the Secretary of the Local Association, spoke a few words of advice to the scouts. Fr. Rector, in return, thanked the Commissioner for investing the scouts, and the guests their presence at the function. The singing of the National Anthem brought the whole function to a close. The scouts stayed on for some time to partake of the light refreshment generously provided by Fr. Rector.

The next event that deserves mention is the Distribution of Prizes. We sang our Troop March which was taught us by Fr. E. Pinto. It was a pleasing sight to see the scouts drawn up in a V with a tall scout holding the flag. Our patron St. Ignatius himself must have admired his clients asking him for his special protection.

During the holidays we went to Bajpe for a camp. The Scouts of the whole town were present. It was indeed a pleasing spectacle to find Hindoos, Brahmans, Christians and even Panchamas mixing freely with each other. The camp was a unique success. The camp-fires at nights afforded fine recreation

after the hard routine of the day. After three days the camp broke up and we returned singing all the way. The people we met enjoyed the sight of so many gay young lads in their Khaki uniform.

Our Scouts have shown their ability in rendering aid to put out the fire that accidentally broke out at Mr. M. S. Shresta's place.

On the cricket field too the Scouts made themselves prominent. We may here mention the names of Scout William Mascarenhas and Scout Richard Saldanha who scored high in the Junior Cricket competitions. Scout Charles Colaço distinguished himself in the senior eleven by saving the team from an unexpected defeat on a day when five of the best players were bowled out at the very first ball they attempted.

The last event that is worth special mention is the Anniversary of the Troop. It took place on the 21st of February. A pleasant social was gone through with Mr. M. S. Shresta, C. C. S., presiding. Owing to the death of Mrs. J. Albuquerque, many of the parents and well-wishers could not come. Still the guests and the scouts spent a pleasant evening, with songs, speeches and other interesting items.

Mr. Shresta in his speech thanked the scouts for having made him the chairman of such a pleasant function and gave them a little advice. He said that scouting is a part of the boy's education. Consequently he requested Fr. Rector to allow the scouts a small discount of marks while settling promotions. Hurrah! for Mr. Shresta, that's well-said, but unluckily very seldom acted upon!

SCOUT CHARLES R. F. MASCARENHAS.

Cricket

1923

THIS season was indeed a glorious one for us, for we won not only the two Inter School Cups, but also the much-coveted Coronation Cup which had been lost to the College for the last so many years. Our prospects at the start were none too rosy, defeat attending us in our first two encounters with the Ex-Aloysians. The two first defeats proved of no small use to us in stimulating us to practise more earnestly and cautiously at the nets. We mustered our courage and boldly took the field against our opponents winning all the other matches that we played. The College team showed decided improvement as the season wore on and two of our eleven scored a century each, thanks to the excellent training of Fr. A. Saldanha, Prefect of Games. Subjoined is an account of the Inter-school Cup Match with the sister College and the Coronation Cup Match with the H. C. C.

Inter-School Gymkhana Competition.

COLLEGE V. GOVERNMENT COLLEGE.

College won by 1 innings and 29 runs.

We were pitted against the Government College in the first round of the Inter-School

competition. Having won the toss, our opponents decided to bat first, but they could not make much headway against us and were despatched in two hours with only 38 runs. The disastrous and unexpected collapse of the Government College, was largely due to the well regulated bowling of Koragappa and the sharp fielding of Jerome Aranha who caught as many as six players at the slips. Our first batsman Edwin Saldanha played in fine style and retired from the field with 45 runs to his credit, after making a stand for nearly three hours. With Ramayya's steady batting and Koragappa's "drives" our score reached the total of 214. Koragappa alone was responsible for 55 runs. Our skipper worthily maintained his reputation by scoring 20 runs and coming out bat in hand.

The second innings of the Government College was indeed a better exhibition of their game than the first. Kalappa played a brisk game and retired with 60 runs to his credit. Airan's 39 runs is the only other contribution to the total of 147, worth recording. Mention must here be made of Edwin Saldanha who with his shaw "breaks" was responsible for as many as 9 wickets in all. Score :—

GOVERNMENT COLLEGE.

	I INNINGS.	II INNINGS.
Jaganath, c. out, b. Sheena	3	b. Koragappa . 5
Airon, b. Sheena	1	c. out, b .Edwin 39
S. Hegde, b. Sheena	8	c. out, b. Edwin 4
N. R. Suvarna, b. Koragappa	3	c. out, b. Sheena 9
Kalappa, c. out, b. Koragappa	6	c. out, b. Edwin 60
Ananda, c. out, b. Koragappa	1	c. out, b. Edwin 1
Shantaram, c. out, b. Jerome Aranha	4	c. out, b. Edwin 17
Ramachandra, c. out b. Edwin Saldanha	8	b. Jerome . . 0
R. Sequeira, c. out, b. Edwin	6	c. out, b Jerome 6
F. Brito, b. Edwin	0	bat-in-hand . 0
V. Kamath, bat-in-hand	1	b Edwin . . 1
Extras	4	Extras . . . 8
Total.	38	147

COLLEGE.

I INNINGS.

Edwin Saldanha, c. out, b. Brito	45
Ramayya, b. Sequeira.	20
Koragappa c. out, b. Sequeira	55
Stanny Sequeira, b. Ananda	7
Jerome Aranha, b. Ananda	6
Ralph, c. out, Ananda	17
Sunderam, c. out, Ananda	22
Aiyyanna, bat-in-hand	20
Charles, c. out, b. Ananda	1
Sheena, run out, b. Ananda	1
Shanker b. N. R. Suvarna	1
Extras	19
Total	214

Coronation Cup Match.

COLLEGE C. C. VS. H. C. C.

College won by 5 wickets and 4 runs.

This match was played on the 7th November. The H. C. C. after defeating the Ex-Aloysians had to meet us in the finals. It was with great diffidence that we took the field against the team, whose skipper had already made three centuries this season and whose experienced bowlers were dreaded by all the teams in the town. But the goddess of cricket was pleased to play one of her pranks in giving us the palm of victory over our opponents. We managed to despatch all their players for 110 runs. M. N. Prabhu's 28 and Mukunda Nayak's 26 were the two best contributions to the score. Though our first wicket fell for 15 runs Koragappa's excellent batting and Jerome's fast scoring brought the score to 219—a good figure indeed, considering the strength of the team we had to play against.

In the second innings the H. C. C. made 162 runs out of which Mr. N. R. Suvarna was alone responsible for 54 and Vasudeva Nayak for 40. Our young bowler Sheena distinguished himself by capturing some of the best wickets.

We had only 55 runs to make in order to win and it looked as if victory was within

our grasp when one after the other our first six wickets collapsed under the fast bowling of Laxaman Pai Jerome and Charlie, however, made up the score and returned in triumph to the tent. Ramayya was the hero of the second innings for scoring 32.

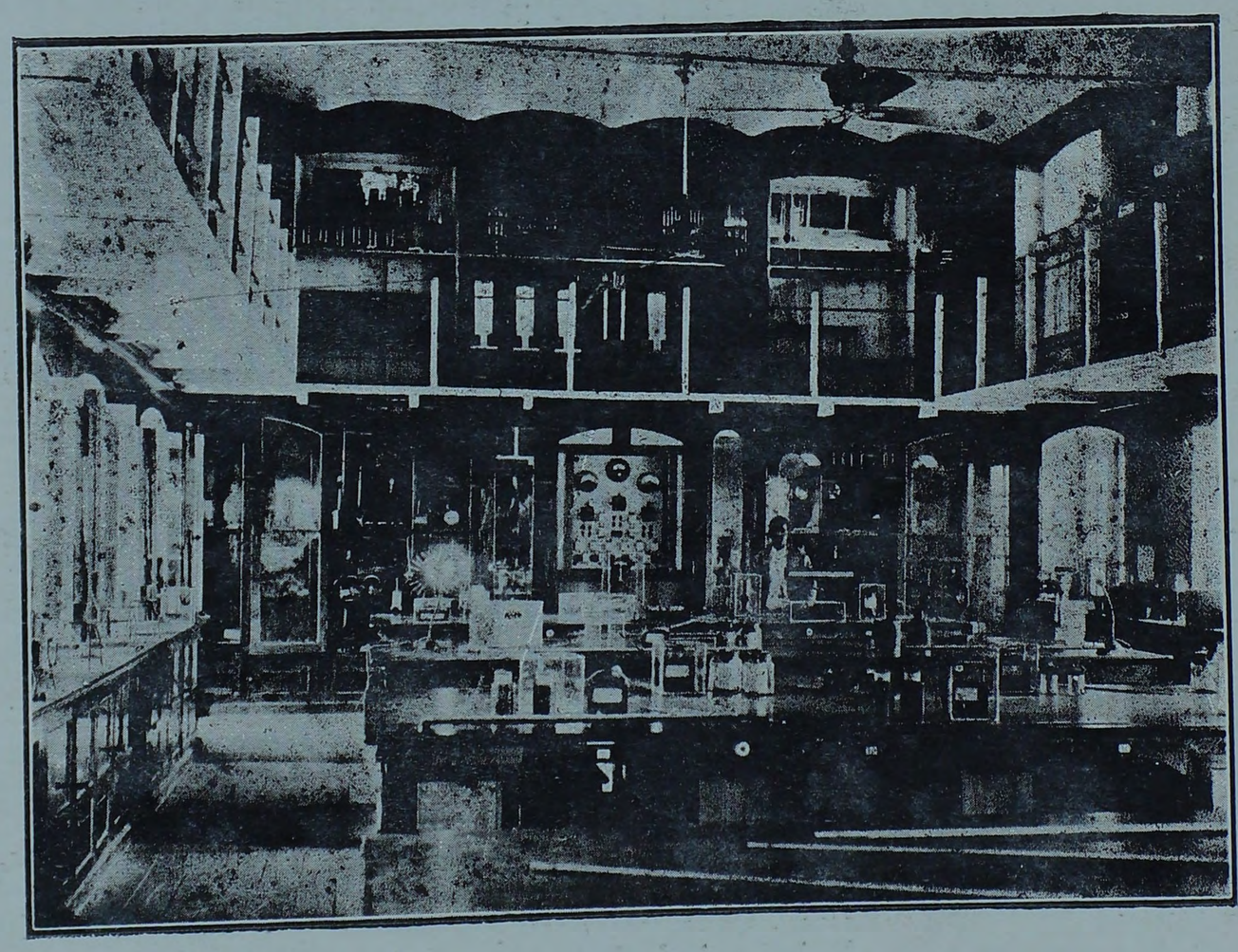
H. C. C.

I Innings.		II Innings.	
M. N. Prabbu, rnn out, b. Koragappa	28	b. Sheena	15
N. Kini, c. out b. Koragappa	0	c., b. Edwin	9
Nagappa b. Sheena	0	c. out, b. Jerome	4
Suvarna b. Sheena	9	b., Sheena	54
L. Pai c. out, Sheena	2	c. out, b. Jerome	0
Basappa b. Jerome Aranha	20	st. Aiyanna b. Koragappa	1
V. Nayak l. b. w., b. Jerome	26	bat in hand	40
M. Nayak b. Edwin Saldanha	0	c. out, b. Jerome	2
R. Pai bat in hand	11	c. out, b. Edwin	15
D. Shenoy b. Jerome	0	b. Sheena	6
P. Bhandary c. out, b. Sheena	4	b. Jerome	1
Extras	10	Extras	15
Total	110		162

College C. C.

I Innings.		II Innings.	
Edwin Saldanha, c. out b. Devappa	8	b. Pai	9
Ramayya, c. out, b. Devappa	26	c. out, b. Pai	32
Stanny Sequeira, c. out, b. Laxaman	9	b. M. Nayak	3
Koragappa, b. N. Kini	60	b. M. Nayak	0
Aiyanna, b. V. Nayak	12	c. out, L. Pai	0
Ralph, b. Kini	2	b. L. Pai	0
Sunderam, c. out, b. Devappa	11	did not bat	
Jerome Aranha, b. M. Nayak	59	not out	4
Charles, b. V. Nayak	13	not out	3
Valerine, b. M. Nayak	13	did not bat	
Sheena bat-in-hand	1	did not bat	
Extras	5	Extras	6
Total	219		57

Stanislaus Sequeira,
Secretary.



Physics Laboratory

Public Examinations, 1924

Class	No. sent up	Passed I	Passed II	Passed III	Total	P. C.	Remarks
Intermediate { Group i	37	3	12	.	15	40.5	
Intermediate { Group iii	28	.	12	.	12	42.9	
B. A. Part I, English	53	.	2	36	38	71.7	
Part II, Group i	13	1	3	8	12	92.3	
Group v	40	.	.	28	28	70.0	
S. S. L. C.	115	.	.	.	64	55.7	

S. S. L. C. 1924

Particulars	A					C						
		Vernacular Comp. and Trans.										
	English	Kanarese	Malayalam	Tamil	Elementary Mathematics	Algebra and Geometry	Physics	History of England	Kanarese	Malayalam	Commercial Practice & Geometry	Book-keeping
Form Average	39	52	44	24	37	38	49	46	46	45	47	38
Presidency Average	34	55	48	45	48	41	43	39	49	48	40	39

Intermediate Examination, 1924

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

List I

First Class

Rank	Names	Group	Distinctions in
17	Nagappaya, A.	i	Mathematics and Chemistry.
77	Lobo Charles V.	i	Mathematics and Physics.
107	Vaz George. N. D	i	

Second Class

Group i

Ananda Rao, H.	Narayana Bhat, A. N.	Varada Kamath S.
Gopalkrishna, H. K.	Narayana Shetty, K.	Domodara Prabhu J.
Kalappa Shetty, K.	Rebello A. F. R.	Krishna Nambiar, M.
Manjaya Hegde, B.	Shanker Alva, A.	Fernandes S. J. S.

Group iii

Parameshwara, A.
Pinto Basil G.
Raghavendra Shenai, G.
Gunduraya, M. N.
Raghavan, M. C.
George J. Symons.
Gopalkrishna Rao, U. B.
Madhava Rao, U.
Rego Paul F.
Sequeira William F.
Tellis Alfred A. J.
Venkatramana, B.

List II

The following is the list of candidates who appeared for the whole examination and passed in part I only :—

Group i

Bhuvaracharya, K.
Damodaran Nambiar, N.
Aranha Charles V.
Colaço Franklin T. J.
Rebello William F.
Saldanha Edmund G. E.
Taveira Charles J.

Group iii

Aiyyanna, K. K.
Ramakrishna, K.
(No. presented : 65
Somappa, K. P.
Saldanha Joseph A.
Passed : 40
Subba Rao, M.
Mandanna, C. S.
P. C. : 61.5)

List III

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

Group i

D'Souza Francis X.
Gururaja Rao, K.
Vamana Mallan, K. J.
Gopalan Nambiar, M. C.
Chandrashekaran Nambiar, K.
John M. M.
Mathai T.
(No. presented : 37
Passed : 22
P. C. : 59.5)

Group iii

D'Souza John W.
(No. presented : 28
Passed : 14
Narayanan Nayar, E.
P. C. : 50)

B. A. Degree Examination, 1924

The following candidates have passed the examination held in April last :—

PART I

English Language and Literature

Second Class

Edona E. J.
D'Souza Stella.

Third Class

Ananda Rao, B.
Iswara Shastri, C. I.
Narayana Rao, H.
Peris John G.
Raghavendra Mallya, M.
Ramachandra Bhat, U.
Shama Shastri, C.
Sridara Rao, P. K.
Venkatramanacharia, P.
Abraham G. J.
Chidambara Ayyar, P. N.
D'Souza Benjamin A. J.
Fernandes John P.
Gopala Menon, B.
Govindan, A. C.
Karunakaran Nair, M.
Koragappa, B.
Ramachandra Iyer, M. S.
Kumaran Nair, K.
Madhavan, P.
Madhavan Nair, M.
Mahabala Shetty, K.
Narayanaswami, V.
Padmanabha Menon, K.
Rajaram Rao, U.
Ramachandra Pai, A.
Ramanna Shetty, V.
Saldanha Edwin P. M. F.
Sankara Menon, T.
Sankernarayan Iyer, S.
Sequeira Stanislaus A.
Sheenappa Hegde, B.
Sunder Ram Shetty, K.
Vasudeva, P.
Venkatrama, P.
Mascarenhas Eulalie.

PART II

Group i (Mathematics)

First Class

Rank	Name
2	Peris John, G.

Second Class

Ananda Rao, B. Shama Shastri, C. Venkatramanachariya, P.

Third Class

Iswara Shastri, C. I.
Krishnan Nayar, A.
Narayan Nambiar, M.
Padmanabha Hathwar, K.
Raghavendra Mallya, M.
Ramachandra Bhat, U.
Shridara Rao, P. K.
Veeramani Iyer, K. R.

Group v (History and Economics)

Third Class

Abraham Y. J.
Chidambara Iyer, P. N.
D'Souza Benjamin A. J.
Edona, E. J.
Gopala Menon, B.
Govindan, A. C.
Govindan Nayar, E.
Koragappa, B.
Kumaran Nayar, K.
Lobo Antony V.
Madhavan, P.
Madhavan Nayar, M.
Mahabala Shetty, K.
Narayanswami, V.
Padmanabha Menon, K.
Rajaram Rao, U.
Ramanna Shetty, V.
Raphael T. R.
Verghese, K. J.
Sankara Menon, T.
Sankarnarayan Ayyar, S.
Sequeira Stanislaus, A.
Sheenappa Hegde, B.
Sunder Ram Shetty, K.
Vasudeva, P.
Venkatrama, P.
D'Souza Stella.
Mascarenhas Eulalie.

S. S. L. C. 1924

Eligible for a University Course.

Manjappa, A.
Pais Frank G. S.
Pinto Alphonsus M. L.
Vas Alban J.
Fernandes John A.
Pinto Antony.
Saldanha Paschal F. X.
Pais Frederick.
Mukunda Rao, T.
Brito James J.
D'Mello Frederick M.
Fernandes Harold I. E.
Fernandes John S.
Lakkanna Shetty, K.
Mascarenhas Charles F.
Patrao Ignatius M.
Pereira Piedade V.
Ramanna, K. B.
Abreo Wilfred J. V.
Albuquerque Denis D. P.
Colaço Edwin S.
Cutinha Jacob S. M.
D'Souza Albert W. P.
Krishnappa, K.
Lobo Alfred J. B.
Pinto Aloysius F. P.
Viegas William E.
Brito Harold J. T.
Castelino Edwin A.
D'Rosario Frederick Ch.
D'Sa Apolinaris M.
D'Souza Antony G.
Mathias Edward S.
Narayana Shetty, B.
Puttuswamy, V.
Rebello Edwin L. J.
Sequeira Joachim M.
Correa Joseph S.
Goveas Raymond C.
Kochanna Bhandary, B.
Mascarenhas William X. J. G.
Poovappa Bhandary, M,
Bhaskera, N. B.
Saldanha Joseph Richard
Periera Basilus.
Rajarama Rao, P.
Krishna Rao, B.
Chandrashekara, S.
Pinto Ralph A.
Pinto William S. P.
Pais Apolinaris P. V.
D'Souza Victor S.
Fernandes Lawrence C.
Krishnaraja, P. N.
Narayana Rao, B.
Rodrigues Alphonso B.
Saldanha Edward A T.
Sanjiva, M.
Silva John R.
Venkat Rao, S.
Ramayya Naik, S.
D'Souza Austine.
Mascarenhas Edward A.
Pais Edward L. G.

College Notes

1923

June 23. College reopened. Blue-letter day for many.

July 9. Heavy rains bring a holiday. May there be more such!

July 11. Half my prayer is heard. Half as heavy rains bring half a holiday.

July 24. Mr. Leo-Wallace Young, the well-known elocutionist, gave a Shakespeare recital in the Academy Hall. The performance was open to the public.

July 25. Repetition of yesterday's performance for students who mustered strong. The profits of the two entertainments went to the Flood Relief Fund. In addition to the amount thus collected, the students subscribed generously towards the Fund, the lay staff distinguishing itself by the contribution of one day's pay for the same purpose. The total amount realised was nearly Rs. 900. To this must be added Rs. 300 which Fr. Rector had to allot as school fees to boys who had suffered from the floods and were not in a position to pay.

August 8. Floods again and worse than ever! No wonder a local poet should start his epic on the subject with:

The Kanara floods of nineteen twenty-three,
The greatest event in all her history!

But you should read the whole of it.

August 9. The students of the B. A. Mathematics section held a social at 4 p. m. Pretty social and thoroughly enjoyed.

August 15. Assumption of Our Blessed Lady, titular feast of the Junior Sodality. Rev. Fr. Superior said Mass, at which Br. Cattaneo made his religious profession. Br. Cattaneo was the recipient of many congratulatory messages. There is no performance on our stage, no entertainment worth mentioning on the premises of the College, but the artistic skill and the infinite patience of Br. Cattaneo are laid under contribution. Our boys are keenly appreciative of his *con amore* services in this direction, and they gave noble expression to it on the day of Br. Cattaneo's religious profession. *Ad multos annos!*

In the afternoon the sermon was preached by Fr. Vas of Milagres, and Benediction given by Fr. Rector.

August 22. Mr. G. K. Chettur, Principal of the Government College, gave a lecture to the students of the College Department on *Wordsworth and his Poetry.* When Greek meets Greek, then is the tug of war. When Poet speaks of Poet, let me be there to adore. We are thankful to Mr. Chettur for his services in strengthening the *entente cordiale* between our College and his own whether on the academic platform or in the cricket field.

August 23. Cricket match with Ex-Aloysians. College lost.

August 25. Cricket match with the Government College. College won.

September 6. Cricket match with Ex-Aloysians. College lost.

September 10. University re-examination for the Intermediate and the B. A. candidates

in the College Hall. There are 103 candidates. Fr. Gonsalves is Chief Superintendent.

September 10. Mr. Devadhar, Secretary of the Servants of India Society visited the College.

September 21. Eve of Rector's Day. At 4 p. m. the students assembled in the hall to greet Fr. Rector. There was the usual profusion of songs and flowers and addresses crowned by Fr. Rector's speech full of warm encouragement and salutary advice.

This function was followed by a meeting of the lecturers of the College Department to elect representatives of the College staff in the University Councils. Fr. Ambruzzi was elected to the Academic Council, and Mr. Varkey to the Council of the Affiliated Colleges.

September 22. Rector's Day. Fr. Rector said Mass for the students at 6.30 a. m. The sports commenced at 8.30 a. m. and lasted till 12.30. The College premises bristled with sugarcanes distributed among the boys of the Primary and the Lower Secondary Departments. The bigger boys were treated to biscuits and a cool drink. At 6 p. m. was held the Rector's Day performance. There was a large and representative audience which fully appreciated the music and the drama.

PROGRAMME

Vesper Bells	*Bonheur*	College Choir
Flag Signalling		College Scouts
Greetings	*Duet Donizetti*	George Dias Patrick Coelho

THE MALEDICTION

A Drama in Three Acts

Between the Acts

La Speranza	*Rossini*	College Choir
The Farmer's Son	*Solo*	Mathias Lobo
Round the corner of the Street	*Solo*	Charles Taveira
Stave Drill		College Scouts

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Don Vasco de Gomez, *a Spanish Nobleman*	Benjamin D'Souza
Don Alonzo, *son of Don Vasco*	John S. D'Souza
Don Lopez, *friend of Alonzo*	Franklin Colaco
Tarik, *Lieutenant of the Caliph*	Kunhikrishnan Nayar V. P.
Pedro, *a Peasant*	Alexis Coelho
Pedrillo, Fabricio, *sons of Pedro*	Cajetan Lobo, Denis Colaco
Ibrahim, *a rich Arab*	Charles Taveira
Mendonza, *a Spanish Officer*	Fred. Coelho
Marietto, Basilio, Sancho, *Spanish Soldiers*	Lawrence Colaco, William Coelho, Alvaro Minezes
Juanino, *a slave of Ibrahim*	William Rebello
Abdallah, *a Jailor*	Bastian Jacob
Jirmibechlich, *an Arabian slave*	Eric Coelho

Spanish Soldiers, Arabian Soldiers, Peasants.

In the second act Alonzo is called Almanzor, and in the third Fernando. In the second act Lopez is called Soliman.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

September 27. Cricket match with the Govt. College. The College had an easy victory.

September 28. Rector's Day Match. College Past and Present *vs.* The Town Eleven. Technically the match was a draw, but morally it was a great victory for us.

October 1. Rev. Joseph Sequeira, S. J., who was our guest for some time left for Shembaganur. He returns much improved in health to the novitiate whither our prayers and wishes accompany him.

October 2. Fr. Lacombe, S. J., of Trichinopoly was our guest.

October 3. Cricket match with the Govt. College. Splendid victory for the College.

October 4. The Director of Public Instruction visited the College.

October 5. Ambrose Silva, a student of the Senior Intermediate Class, died. Several Fathers and many students attended the funeral. We offer our heartfelt condolence to the family of the deceased. R. I. P.

October 8. The Junior Trophy Match began. The College played the Govt. College and won easily.

October 9. College closed at 4 p. m. to enable the students to attend the funeral of the Rev. George, Jesuit Scholastic from Trichinopoly, who died last night at the Kankanady Hospital. The funeral was well attended.

October 10. The Senior Cricket Trophy Match. The College played the Govt. College and put up a score of nearly 200 for 7 wickets in the first innings.

October 11. Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Ambrose Silva.

The Trophy Match with the Govt. College ended in a glorious victory for us.

October 12. Our Juniors played the semi-finals against the Mission School and won.

October 13. Finals in Junior Cricket competition. Our boys easily beat the Rosario School team and won the first cup of the year.

October 14. Transferred feast of the Guardian Angels. Fr. Rector sang High Mass. At 4 p. m. Rosary, Sermon by Fr. Coelho and Benediction by Fr. Ambruzzi.

Today the Boarding House celebrated the Rector's Day and gave a delightful entertainment at 6.30 p. m.

October 15. Senior Cricket Cup Finals between the College and the Kanara High School.

October 16. Yesterday's match was concluded this morning with decided victory for the College. This brought us the second cup of the season.

November 7. Cricket match—Coronation Finals began.

November 8. Match continued.

November 9. Match concluded with victory for the College. This brought us the third cup of the season. This shower of cups may now cease and a treat may well be given to the conquering heroes of the Senior and the Junior Teams. It was.

Fr. Albuquerque and Fr. Airoldi arrived. We extend a hearty welcome to both as they return from the spiritual repose of Ranchi to enter upon the strenuous work of the College.

November 19. Investiture of the College Scouts—a grand sight and one that will live long in the beholder's mind. See *Notes on Our Scouts.*

November 21. Inter-School Junior Sports Competition College won. Another cup still. I see that obstinate shower will not stop.

November 22. Inter-School Senior Sports Competition. At last the College succeeded in losing a cup.

The cups of the season were distributed to-day and our boys came home loaded with four. A fifth might have broken their back.

November 23. Holiday to commemorate 'the victories in glorious cricket won and wondrous deeds by valiant athletes done.'

November 26. Feast of St. John Berchmans, Patron of the Altar Servers. The Mass for the Altar Servers with the *fervorino* was said by Fr. Airoldi. At 5.30 p. m. Servers and Singers met together in the College hall where a treat was given them.

November 27. Fr. Gille, editor of the Catholic Herald, arrived in the morning. At 4 p. m. he gave a lecture to the College Department on *Christian Social Economics.*

December 1. The Rev. Albert Saldanha left for Shembaganoor. He rendered yeoman's service to the College both as Lecturer in English and Prefect of Games. May the years of his course of Philosophy and Theology speed fast and may he return to us to carry on the work he did so well. And in his leisure hours may he not forget *The Mangalore Magazine,* but wielding his golden pen write a golden page for our columns.

December 3. Feast of St. Francis Xavier. Fr. Gille said Mass at which there was General Communion. At 4.30 p. m. Rosary, Sermon in Konkany by Fr. Saldanha and Benediction by Mgr. Collaço.

After Benediction the Xavier Day celebrations were held on the College grounds gaily decorated for the purpose. There were songs and speeches in profusion. An interesting Morality Play was acted on an improvised stage in the open air. Mgr. Collaço presided and crowned the function with an eloquent speech. Our congratulations to the Managing Committee appointed by the S. K. Catholic Association, on the success of the celebrations.

December 6. Fr. J. P. Noronha arrived and will be our guest for a few days.

December 8. Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Fr. J. P. Noronha said Mass at which there was General Communion. Fr. Colaço preached the sermon. At 11 a. m. His Lordship Mgr. Perini gave Confirmation to 40 boys.

December 10. Fr. Ferroli arrived by steamer. Fr. Ferroli returns to his old College after seven years spent in scouring many lands in quest of knowledge. The University of Padua, in particular, opened to him all her stores of science and crowned him with the degree of 'Dottore in Scienze Fisiche e Mathematiche.'

December 13. Distribution of Prizes. The function began at 6 p. m. There was a large and representative gathering. Mr. Wells the Collector, presided and Mrs. Wells gave away the Prizes. A delightful programme was gone through to the great satisfaction of the audience.

December 22. Fr. Nana, Professor of Latin, left for Cannanore. While delving into the treasures of Horace and Virgil, the missionary had higher aspirations. To be employed in the sacred ministry and the conversion of pagans to the faith of Christ—such was Fr. Nana's most cherished hope. As parish priest of Cannanore his missionary zeal is bound to find ampler scope than it did while scanning the hexameters and alcaics of Maro and Flaccus. We miss very much the exquisite kindness of Fr. Nana that endeared him to all with whom he came in touch. We wish him many consolations in his new field of labour.

Fr. Zanetti, Diocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith came from Kodialbail to reside at the College. We extend him a hearty welcome.

Fr. Martin Coelho was our guest. He is on his way from Calicut to Ranchi.

December 24. End of Men's Retreat. It was conducted by Fr. Ferroli. There was a larger attendance that usual.

Rev. Fr. Superior presented the College with a gold and silver Pyx set with numerous gems. It was a gift to the Mission from the Ladies of the Laboratorio Missionario dell' Instituto di Jesu Bambino (Piazza Seriman, Venezia). It is valued at Rs. 1,000.

December 25. Happy Christmas! Fr. Rector said the midnight Mass. There was a large congregation. Don't ask me to describe how beautiful it all was. Why did Keats tear up his *Ode to a Nightingale?* So others have torn up their *'Xmas Ode.*

'Xmas Dinner at the Boarding House at 7.30 p. m. Somebody says that Dr. Johnson said that when you have travelled all the world over, you will find the best thing in the world is your dinner. Pity he did not live to say: When you have eaten all the dinners in the world, you will find the best dinner in the world is the Boarding House 'Xmas Dinner.

December 26. The Rev. J. Rocca, S. J., who was our guest for a few days left for Cannanore.

December 30. The S. K. Catholic Association gave an entertainment in the College

hall in aid of scholarships. There was a large and appreciative gathering.

December 31. *Te Deum* with Benediction of the Bl. Sacrament in our church in thanksgiving for all the benefits received in the course of the year.

1924

January 1. Happy New Year!

January 20. Titular feast of the Sodality of the Presentation. Fr. Rector sang High Mass at 7 a. m. At 4 p. m. Vespers by Fr. Airoldi, Sermon by Fr. Albuquerque and Benediction by His Lordship. The Men Sodality of Kodialbail was present at the afternoon service.

January 21. Hockey Competition—College *vs.* Govt. College. It was a draw.

January 22. Hockey Competition again and again a draw.

January 23. Hockey Competition once more. College lost by one goal.

January 25. The College choir sang at the High Mass at St. Joseph's Seminary on the first day of the Triduum in celebration of the Beatification of Bl. Robert Bellarmine.

January 27. The College Sodalities attended the evening service at St. Joseph's Seminary on the closing day of the Triduum. It was a magnificent feast, whose hallowed memories will never die.

January 29. Boy's Retreat began. Fr. Nebulone gives it to the seniors, and Fr. Ch. Lobo of Bijey to the Juniors.

January 31. Fr. B. Pais was our guest.

February 2. Feast of the Purification. Closing of the retreat. Rev. Fr. Superior said Mass at which Fr. Albuquerque, Fr. Airoldi and Fr. Pais made their religious profession. After Mass, Benediction was given by Fr. Albuquerque, with Fr. Airoldi and Fr. Pais as Deacon and Sub-deacon.

The profession of three Fathers on one day naturally meant three times the usual amount of joy and jubilation, treble the usual shower of song and poesy. We heartily join in the chorus of congratulation in honour of the three Professed, and call, not for your hackneyed three-times-three, but the more glorious nine-times-nine!

February 3. The Senior Sodality held its annual Academy in honour of our Blessed Lady. It was a delightful treat to heart and mind. A detailed account will be found in the *Sodality Notes*.

February 7. The Junior Sodality had a very enjoyable whole-day trip at Ullal.

February 9. Tennis Competition. College played and won by 3 sets to 2.

February 17. Our Scouts gave a pretty social in the College hall. See *Notes on Scouts*.

February 21. The Altar Servers and Singers went on a whole-day trip to Mr. L. Albuquerque's villa at Ullal. Delightful trip and may there be many returns of the same.

February 27. College Department Social Gathering. A great success. See *Notes on the Debating Society*.

February 28. The Mangalore Branch of the Malabar Catholic Students' League celebrated its Anniversary Day with *éclat*. The Spiritual Session was presided over by Fr. Ambruzzi, thd Spiritual Counsellor of the League, and the Public Session by His Lordship. The Garden Party that followed was quite a success.

February 29. Prize Debate in the College Department. Holiday in the afternoon.

March 4. Boarding House Day. No end of 'jest and youthful jollity, quips and cranks and wanton wiles, nods and becks and wreathed smiles.' The sports were greatly enjoyed and so was the musical and dramatic entertainment which closed the happy day.

March 19. Feast of St. Joseph. Fr. Rector said Mass at which there was General Commuuion,

At 4 p. m. Rosary, Sermon by Fr. Fernandes and Benediction by Fr. Rector.

March 24. The S. S. L. C. examination began in the College hall. There are about 200 candidates. Fr. Gonsalves is Chief Superintendent.

April 1. Electricity fails and oil lamps get a chance. Was it an April fool trick ?

April 3. Oil lamps put out, electric lamps puts on.

April 7. The B. A. examination began in the College hall. Fr. Gonsalves is Chief Superintendent.

April 12. Midsummer holidays began.

May 1. May devotions began.

May 7. Br. Buesser of the Bombay Mission arrived. He will be our guest for a few days.

May 26. The Rev. F. Comi arrived. He will reside at the Boarding House.

June 21. Feast of St. Aloysius. His Lordship said Mass at which there was General Communion. At 4 p. m. Vespers by Fr. Colaço, Sermon by Fr. Coelho and Benediction by His Lordship with Fr. Saldanha and Fr. Albuquerque as Deacon and Sub-deacon.

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

✠

Old Boys' Obituary

JULY 1923—JULY 1924.

Henry Vas	died at	Basrah,	16th	August	1923.
Paschal Aranha	,, ,,	Falnir,	6th	September	,,
Alexander Gonsalves	,, ,,	Kodialbail,	9th	,,	,,
Antony J. M. Gonsalves	,, ,,	Urwa,	11th	,,	,,
Pius Minezes	,, ,,	Bendoor,	23rd	November	,,
Hilary Alvares	,, ,,	Falnir,	25th	,,	,,
Casimir Silva	,, ,,	Falnir,	13th	January	1924.
Bonaventure Souza	,, ,,	Karangalpady,	13th	,,	,,
Rev. Cajetan Silva	,, ,,	Kankanady,	14th	February	,,
Victor Lobo	,, ,,	Udyavar,	25th	,,	,,
Joseph Miranda	,, ,,	Mangalore,	15th	March	,,
Barthelino Nazareth	,, ,,	Bombay,	29th	April	,,
Fulgentius J. Lobo	,, ,,	Bombay,	6th	May	,,
Salvadore A. F. Coelho	,, ,,	Bijey,	27th	,,	,,
Louis Pinto	,, ,,	Kadri,	8th	June	,,
Rev. Piedade Saldanha	,, ,,	Kankanady,	18th	,,	,,
Francis J. D'Souza	,, ,,	Feroke,	6th	July	,,
Rev. John S. Mathias	,, ,,	Kankanady,	16th	,,	,,

R. I. P.

Editorial

WHEN we opened our last issue with farewell to 'His Lordship the Bishop of Mangalore,' we little thought that the present number would be privileged once more to devote its first page to him. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and Providence has mercifully willed not to sever the sacred bond between us and our beloved Pastor but by degrees. The Holy Father has been pleased to confer rare distinctions on him when we can still call him our own, and these distinctions we have been able to celebrate with hearts of abounding joy.

Illness has unfortunately been in the way of Mr. F. A. C. Rebello contributing one more of his articles fraught with excellent advice to our young men. *Quod differtur non auferlur,* as the old saying has it, and we hope to give our readers next year what is not in our power to give at present. *The Poetry of St. Thomas* is just the sort of writing one might expect from the scholarly pen of one who having but recently culled all the flowers of poetry in our College is at present diving deep into the philosophy of the Prince of Theologians. We congratulate the Rev. Th. Sequeira on his topping the list of successful candidates for the last M. A. degree examination. Mr. J. E. Saldanha whose happy véin of humour no degrees of Fahrenheit no clouds of Bombay dust can dry up, has written another charming paper and this time it is on the most indispensable of human beings. There will be more exultation in Sheetarama Building, Bombay, over that one article than over ninety-nine others of our Magazine. Quite a welcome addition to our staff of writers is Mr. Jos. Junghenn. His name brings up a host of pleasant memories about the Kankanady of Fr. Muller's time. His story of Charlie is but the first, as we earnestly hope, of a series destined to appear in our paper in succeeding years. Our students have contributed more to the present issue than to the last and it is hoped their essays will prove of interest. *The Loyola Troop Little Paper,* the organ of our Scouts, from which we have reproduced *What is Scouting?* is to be complimented on the success of its *début.*

* * * *

An Appeal. We don't mean an appeal from the Munsiff's court to the District court. There are enough such. We mean an appeal to your purse. "But the name of *these* is legion," you will say. Quite so. And yet, dear Old Boys, if you wish to restore to their pristine freshness and glory the paintings of your College church on which cruel time has begun to tell, you should do something. You remember Lord Ampthill in his gubernatorial speech delivered in the College hall called that church 'beautiful

and unique.' It is doubtful if Lord Goschen could call it so today. 'A little more and how much it is! A little less and worlds away!' Not to throw away the worlds of beauty which Br. Moscheni conjured up with his brush, do send a small cheque to Fr. Rector and say it is for the repairs of the church paintings. As already mentioned, Mr. T. M. Aranha and Mr. P. A. D'Sa have already sent in their cheques for Rs. 25 each. May they find many followers and may the total contribution soon mount to Rs. 2,000 which is the estimated cost of the repairs.

Book Notices

A SHORT HISTORY OF INDIA FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY. *By E. B. Havell. Macmillan & Co.* This History comprises a long period from the Vedic times up to 1923. It must be considered up to date. Out of a total of 276 pages, about 100 are assigned to early history. This professes to be based upon Geography, but it is the symbolic Geogrophy of the Puranas. A special maps at pages 14 and 16 are made to explain the symbolism of what is called "The Lotus of the world." But it seems doubtful whether the mind of the High School student will be able to take in the full significance of this symbolism. The Mahammadan period occupies pages 123-185 and is well treated. The British period is treated from pages 185 to 262 and the treatment deserves credit. India under the crown (1860-1923) is compressed into a few pages. One would like to see this important period more expanded, especially the great reforms that have been introduced and still form the subject of stormy debates in the Councils and the platforms all over India. On the whole we commend the book and hope to see an improved Edition soon.

A feature worthy of praise and imitation is that the quantity of the long vowels of Proper names is prominently marked with a dash. This will render impossible such barbarisms as the following that grate upon the ear:—Himalāyas, Ramayāna, Ramachāndra, Mahabarāta etc.

SELECTED ESSAYS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD. EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND CRITICAL ANNOTATIONS, *by H. G. Rawlinson, M. A., I. E. S. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.*

Matthew Arnold's Essays need no commendation. But it would not be amiss to direct attention to the present collection as peculiarly suitable for Indian students. The half-dozen essays here brought together are just the ones that a College student ought to welcome as a first aid treatment to the critical study of modern literature. The

annotation is not on the ordinary lines; and it is well that it is not so. The notes have been sparingly supplied, but judicially.

STANDARD ENGLISH PROSE FROM FISHER TO GALSWORTHY. EDITED *by B. L. K. Henderson, D. Lit. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.*

The selection of typical passages gathered together in this modest volume appear to have been guided by something higher than mere literary taste. Though enough of taste has been displayed in the choice of extracts, they may be also commended for the high seriousness and moral tone pervading most of them. Not the least valuable portion of the book is the set of Questions and Exercises appended to it. Both the teacher and the pupil will find in it an extremely helpful scheme for the study of University text-books. We should have sincerely wished it were much longer.

AN INTERMEDIATE COURSE IN MODERN ENGLISH. *By C. J. Brown, M. A., and H. S. Walker, M. A. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.*

Yet another set of essays for College classes, and edited by educationists who bring to the task the benefit of personal knowledge of the Indian Student. The few notes that are furnished are really illuminative, and the more serviceable as they are to be found at the end of each essay, instead of at the end of this book. The essays have been, as a rule, wisely selected. But, surely, Humour has been meagrely served by one specimen from Marryat, while there were so many easily accessible. So, too, the interests of Oratory, which is represented by just a couple of passages.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR FOR BEGINNERS. *By L. Tipping, M. A. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.*

This grammar is a new departure. It proceeds from examples to theory and asks the students to formulate definitions. After knowing what the terms are. There are plenty of exercises which makes the task of the teacher rather easy. The terminology is new in several cases; but it is based on the results of the Joint Committee on Grammatical Terminology. It would be a blessing, if all the grammarians adopted the same. We hope that an advanced grammar will be produced on the same lines.

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, My Mother, The Mangalorean Review, The Mungret Annual, The Aloysian, St. Mary's High School Annual, The Ernaculam College Magazine, Lettres de Jersey, The Angel of the Good Shepherd, Collège Sainte Marie, Eco di vita Collegiale, The Manorite, St. Paul's Annual, The Vincentian, The Students Chronicle and Serampore Magazine, Carmela, The Government College Miscellany, The Findlay College Magazine, The Bharda New High School Quarterly, Our Little Paper (Trincomalee) The Cottonian, Pachaiyappa's College Magazine, The Presidency College Magazine.

TRADE

MARK

McDOWELL & Co., Ltd.

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers

OF

Bahadur Cigars

THE ONLY GENUINE

"Light of Asia"

A FAVOURITE IN ALL CLUBS & MESSES

STOCKED BY

ALL TOBACCONISTS and CIGAR MERCHANTS,
EVERYWHERE.

Beware of Imitations.

A. J. SALDANHA & SONS,

ESTABLISHED IN 1848

Bolloor Coffee Works

MANGALORE

COFFEE CURERS

AND

COFFEE PLANTERS

GENERAL AGENTS AND MERCHANTS

AGENTS IN

LONDON, MARSEILLES, HAVRE, TRIESTE, CALCUTTA, MADRAS, etc.

ALVARES & COMPANY,

MANGALORE & BOMBAY

Tile & Brick Manufacturers

GENERAL MERCHANTS

AND

COMMISSION AGENTS

DEPOTS:

Bombay, Karachee, Belgaum, Damaun, Surat, Karwar and Colombo.

M. PAIS & SONS

MANGALORE & MERCARA

DEALERS IN

WINES, SPIRITS AND ALES

GENERAL MERCHANTS

MANUFACTURERS OF

ÆRATED WATERS, PRESERVED GINGER PICKLES

PATRONISE OUR ADVERTISERS AND PLEASE MENTION THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE.

K. VITTAL RAO & CO.

CHEMISTS, DRUGGISTS,

GENERAL MERCHANTS,

MANGALORE, S. KANARA.

Sole Agents for Imperial Specifics

PURE INDIAN SPECIALITIES.

Dealers in all goods connected with Medicine and Pharmacy.

Patent Medicines and up-to-date appliances always in Stock.

CHARGES MODERATE.

ELEMENTARY

PRACTICAL GEOMETRY

BY THE

Rev. Thomas Noronha, S. J.

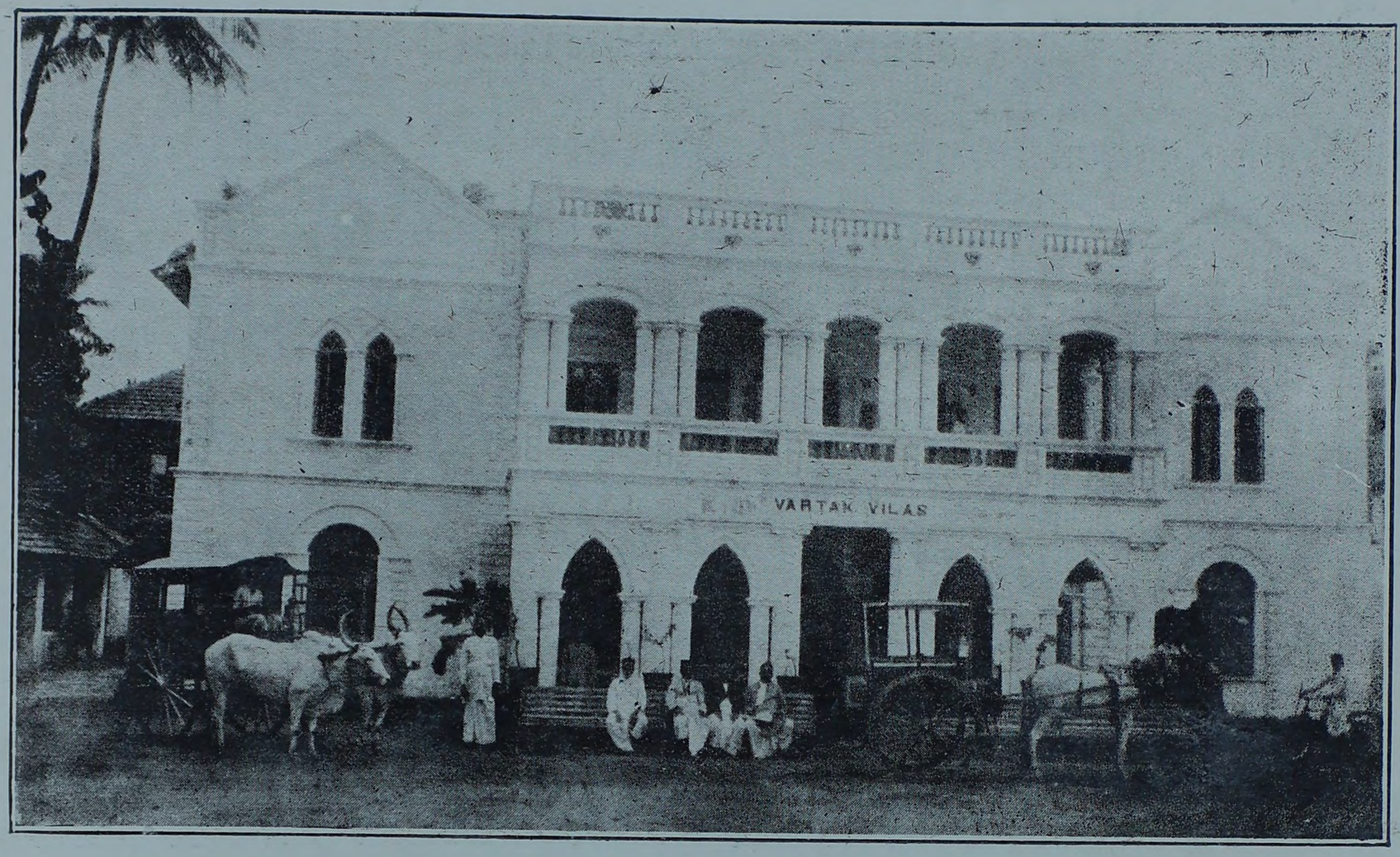
Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

St. Martin's Street, LONDON,

North Beach Road, MADRAS,

BOMBAY, CALCUTTA.

"VARTAK VILAS"



Residence and Office

PURUSHOTAM NANJEE

Merchant and Commission Agent

AND

Bullion Dealer

Sovereigns and Pure Silver Always Available

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AT FAVOURABLE RATES

Agent :

The Scindia Steam Navigation Co., Limited.
The Burmah Oil Co., Limited.
The Jupiter General Insurance Co., Limited.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS :
"MERCHANT"
MANGALORE.

The Commonwealth Trust, Ltd.

(INCORPORATED IN ENGLAND)

Was formed on the 27th January 1919 to take over the Industries formerly carried on by the BASEL MISSION.

Our specialities are the following:—

TEXTILE DEPARTMENT

The famous "Basel Mission" Suitings, Drills, Twills, Shirtings, Dress Materials, Bed Sheets, Counterpanes, Table Cloths, Napkins, Towels and Embroidery.

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Fire and Burglar Proof SAFES &c.

TILE DEPARTMENT

Roofing, Ridge, Ceiling and Flooring Tiles, Victoria Cement Tiles, Stoneware and Earthenware Pipes and Sanitary Articles, Terra-cotta Architectural and Ornamentalware.

PRICES MODERATE.

Price-lists and samples on application to :

The Commonwealth Trust, Ltd.,

Head Office CALICUT.

Code Used A. B. C. 5th Edition

Telegrams:—"Hargolal," Ambala.

Apparatus Supplied Throughout the Length and Breadth of India, Ceylon, Burma and Afghanistan.

HARGOLAL & SONS,

(HOUSE PROPRIETORS)

"THE SCIENCE APPARATUS WORKSHOP"

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

CHEMICALS, PHYSICAL & CHEMICAL APPARATUS, LABORATORY FITTINGS, BACTERIOLOGICAL, BOTANICAL & PHYSIOLOGICAL APPLIANCES

"The Cheapest and the Largest Educational House in India"

Awarded several Medals & Certificates of Honours at various Exhibitions

SPECIALITIES

PHYSICAL AND CHEMICAL APPARATUS, PURE CHEMICALS, BALANCES AND WEIGHTS, LABORATORY FITTINGS, ETC., ETC.

GLASS BLOWING AND MANUFACTURING OF CERTAIN GLASS APPARATUS

A HUGE STOCK OF BALANCES AND WEIGHTS

CHEMICAL APPARATUS

Assay Apparatus, Bacteriological and Microscopical Apparatus Apparatus for Physiological, Botanical, Biological and Hospital Laboratories, Pure Chemicals, Acids and Re-Agents

PHYSICAL APPARATUS

FOR TEACHING SOUND, LIGHT, HEAT, MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY, MECHANICS,

LANTERN SLIDES AND LANTERNS

Special up-to-date

SCHOOL & LABORATORY FURNITURE

CHEMICAL AND PHYSICAL BENCHES, WATER PIPES, RESERVOIRS AND CONNECTIONS,

CHARTS, MAPS, GLOBES

AND OTHER GEOGRAPHICAL APPARATUS

KINDERGARTEN

DRAWING AND STATIONERY MATERIALS

ATHLETIC GOODS AND IMPROVED GYMNASTIC APPARATUS AND NUMEROUS OTHER APPLIANCES ALWAYS KEPT READY FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

Apparatus can be supplied in any quantity.

Showrooms Office and Workshop { Hargolal Buildings 2475 to 2484 and throughout Bengali Street.

AMBALA CANTONMENT.

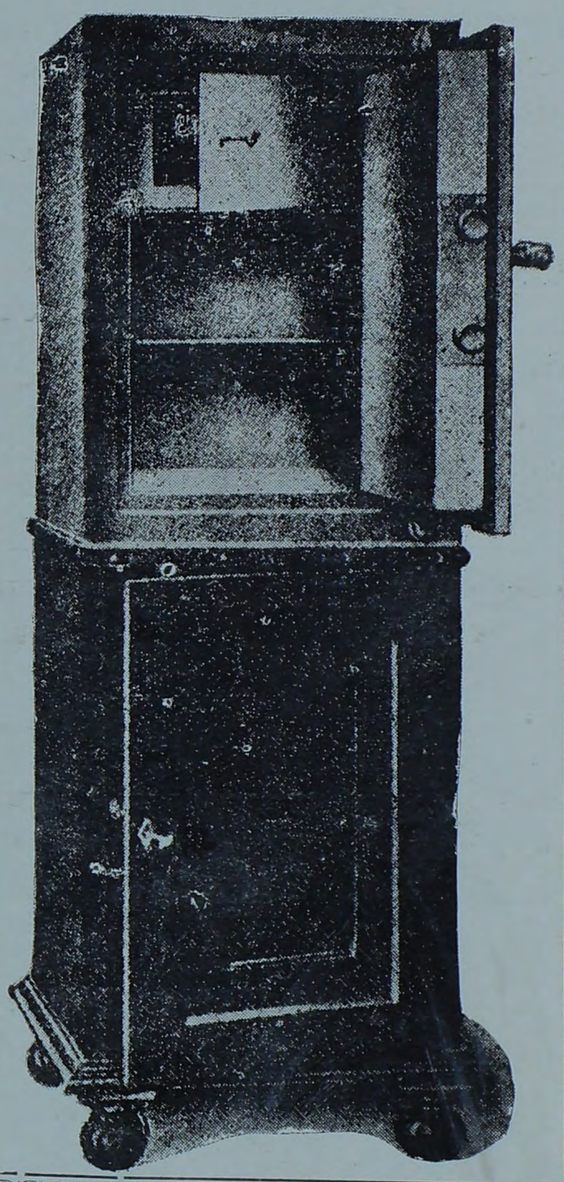
THE MANGALORE IRON WORKS

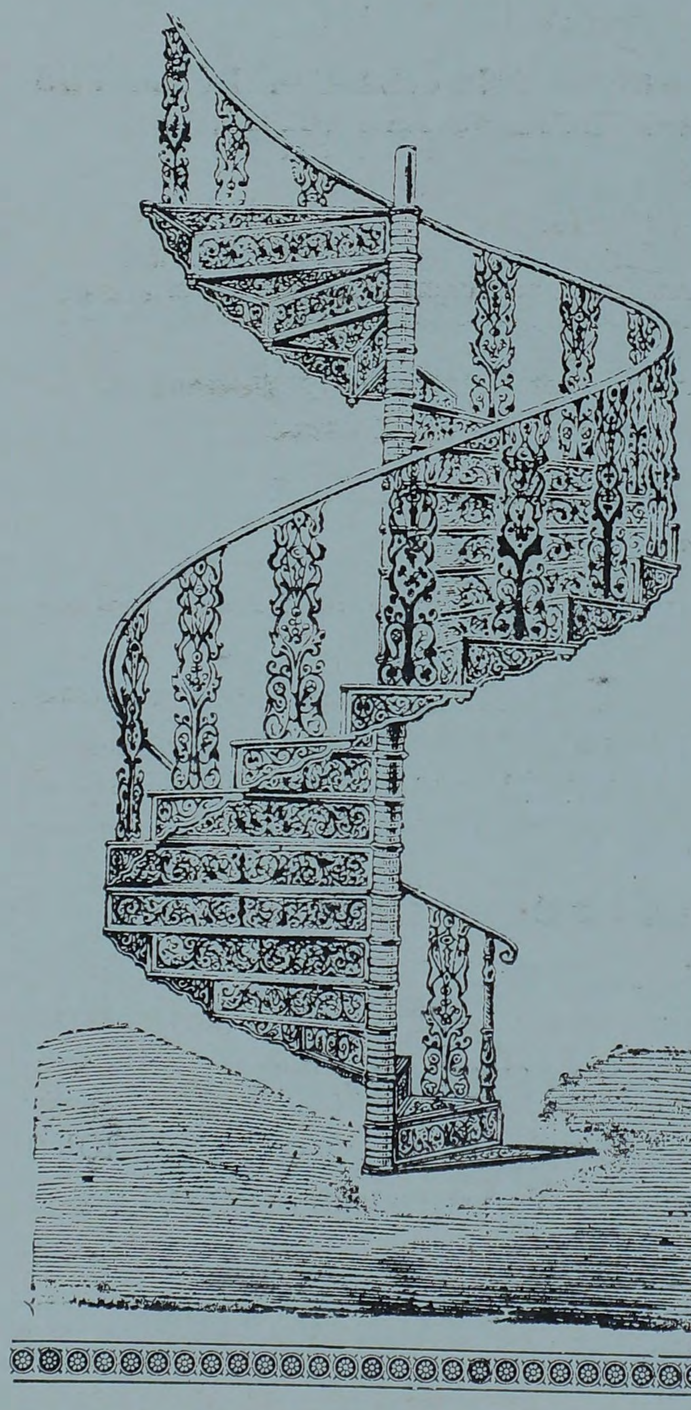
Cantonment Road, MANGALORE.

ENGINEERING WORKSHOP AND FOUNDRY

Equipped with up-to-date Machinery and employing experienced workmen under expert supervision

Castings, rough or machined, for Factories, Plantations, Buildings etc.
Wrought or cast-iron gates and railings.
Fire and burglar-proof steel safes.
Fish oil presses and boilers, sugar-cane mills, oil-mills etc.
Motor repairs, Wooden furniture.
All kinds of iron, brass and wood work.





APPLY TO :

The Managing Partner,

The Mangalore Iron Works,

MANGALORE.

Telegraphic Address:—**FERRO, MANGALORE.**

IMPORTANT NOTICE

FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

HUGE QUANTITIES OF FINE QUALITY

GERMAN AND LONG CHERISHED JENA CHEMICAL GLASSWARE

For example:—Test tubes, Gas Cylinders, Glass tubings of Combustion, Capillary and soft glass of all kinds and all sizes, Condensers, Mortar and Pestles, Flasks, Retorts, Dishes, etc., etc.

METEREOLOGICAL INSTRUMENTS, *i. e.*

(Aneriod: Barometers, Maximum Minimum Thermometers, Wet and Dry Bulb Hygrometers, Rain Gauge Cylinders).

THERMOMETERS, GRADUATED INSTRUMENTS

Best Velvet Corks, Steal Callipers, Precision & Analytical Balances and numerous other articles from the old reliable Houses have already come to hand and a large number of cases are awaiting shipment at Hamburg.

Prices Moderate—Orders Solicited

Sole Agents for the whole of India for the well-known "Cheapest in Prices and most reliable in Quantity"—Brand of Sauter's Balances and Weights of every description

(Not Obtainable Anywhere in India)

A fully illustrated and descriptive list of these Balances and Weights is given in the end of the green pages of "Additions and Alterations."

Our New comprehensive Catalogues much enlarged and thoroughly revised of all other Educational requisites can also be sent on application.

SPECIAL CONCESSION FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

(Revolution in Prices)

Before placing Indents with Firms in England for Glass and Porcelain goods, please consult us as regards Quotations.

We are selling Chemical Glass and Porcelian Apparatus at almost London prices foregoing Shipping, Insurance, War and Submarine risk charges, Agents' buying commission, Port Duties, Octroi Duties, Ry. freight from Port to Ambala, Bank and other incidental charges, and though the total cost comes to Re. 1-2 per Shilling after meeting these expenses, but we are charging only

EIGHT ANNAS TO FOURTEEN ANNAS PER SHILLING

This concession is not granted by any firm in India.

When Indents are sent Abroad through us by any customer it is to be particularly noted that each and every item will be charged at Re. 1—2—0 per shilling according to published Prices in English catalogue and no reference will be made to our main List Prices recently published by us which can be higher and lower.

The English Firms have made an advance of 50 to 75 per cent. even on their Peace Edition Catalogues.

HARGOLAL & SONS,

THE SCIENCE APPARATUS WORKSHOP,

AMBALA CANTONMENT.

Bargains in

Cloth and Sarees

Umbrellas—Lampware

Cutlery—Stationery

Fancy Goods

BALIGA BROTHERS

General Merchants & Commission Agents

Opposite Wenlock Hospital

HAMPANKATTA

MANGALORE, S. K.

PATRONISE OUR ADVERTISERS AND PLEASE MENTION THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE.

For Genuine

Homœopathic Medicines, Schuessler's Tissue Remedies,
Luyties', Walker's and other Specialities:

Father Muller's Soleri=Bellotti New Specific Remedies:

MANOLA AND FATHER MULLER'S
BIOCHEMIC TONIC:

Medicine Chests and Leather Pocket Cases for Families,
Travellers, Missionaries, etc., etc.

APPLY TO:

The Rev. The Director,

Homœopathic Poor Dispensary,

P. O. Kankanady, South India.

TELEGRAMS: **"Specific" Mangalore.**

Ask for:

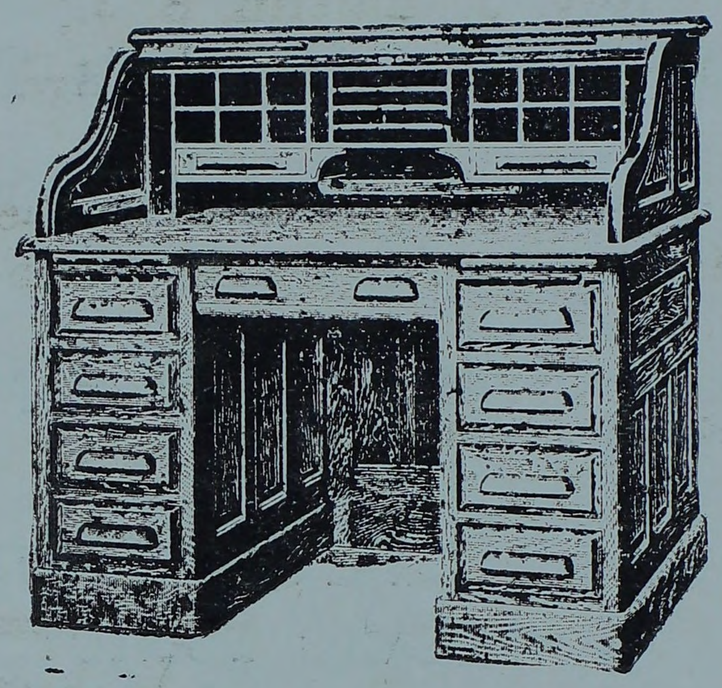
"Guide to Health"	As. 8
"Guide to Specifics"	As. 12
"12 Tissue Remedies". . . .	Re. 1

Price-List on Application.

"Weldon" Roll-top Desks

SIZE

48″ Long
32″ Depth
45″ Height



Finished in Walnut, Mahogany and Natural Polish.

Pattern No. 112

No. 112. This Desk is especially meant for use in Bungalows, being very compact and of a medium size so that much room is not taken up. The panels are handsomely finished, and has pullout slides on both sides. The pedestal drawers are automatically locked when the Desk is shut.

ASK FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

V. S. BHAT & Co.,

CABINET MAKERS,
Opposite Majestic Cinema,
GIRGAUM, BOMBAY.

INTERMEDIATE THEORETICAL GEOMETRY

BY

Rev. J. Baizini, S. J.

Lecturer in Mathematics, St. Aloysius' College, Mangalore.

A Text-Book fully explaining the Syllabus of Theoretical Geometry of the Intermediate Course, Group I.

Price: Re. 1 Net.

Special Discount allowed on large orders.

Apply to:

The Writer,
ST. ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE,
MANGALORE.

Telegraphic Address: **"Chubdurman"** | Tel: Address: **"Company"** | Codes used: A. B. C. 5TH EDITION & PRIVATE.

HAMEDIAH TILE WORKS

MANUFACTURERS OF

TILES, BRICKS & PIPES.

BOLAR

South Kanara.

C. ABDURAHIMAN & KORAGAPPA

IMPORTERS & EXPORTERS

Silver Medal and First Class Certificates Holders for Fish Guano and Fish Oil.

DEALERS IN FISH MANURE AND CURED FISHES.

MANAGING PROPRIETORS OF

ISLAMIAH TILE Co.,

KASARAGOD

South Kanara.

TEL: ADDRESS:

"ISLAMIAH"

For Everything You Need in Your School or in Your House

COME TO

THE ECLIPSE AGENCY

Balmatta Road, Mangalore.

A large and varied stock to select from—

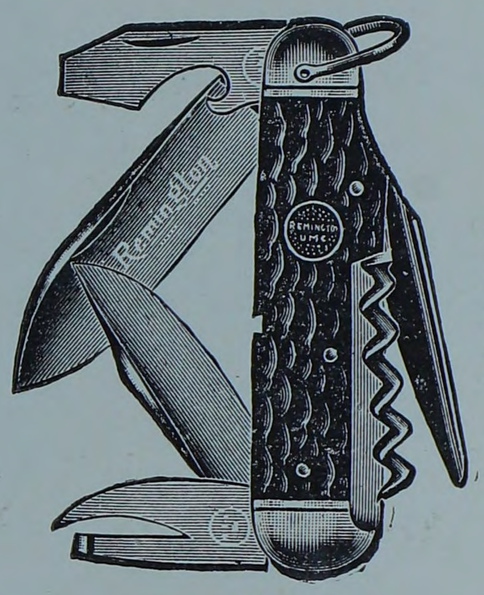
Toilet Requisites, Soaps, Perfumeries, Provisions, Sweets, etc. etc. at rates within the reach of the poorest.

School & Exercise Books

including Catholic Devotional Books for all Classes and Purposes.

Stationery

of every description to suit all tastes.



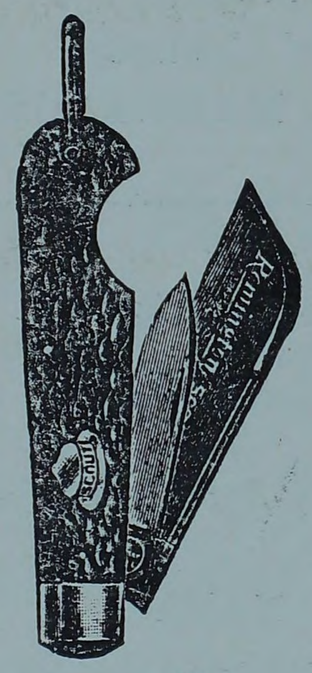
R 3843

The

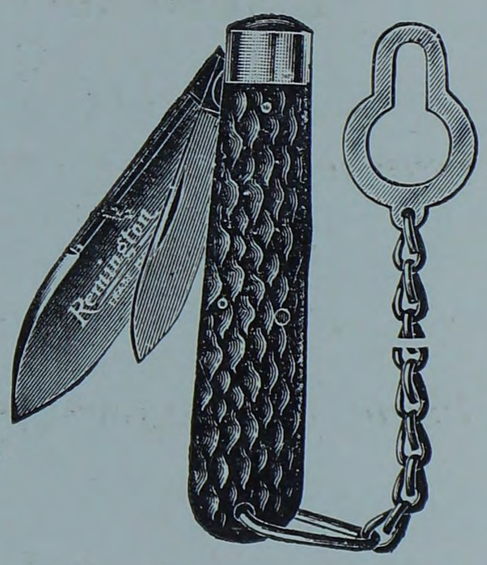
Conklin

King of Fountain Pens

Self-filling, Self-Cleaning & Self-fixing.



R 932



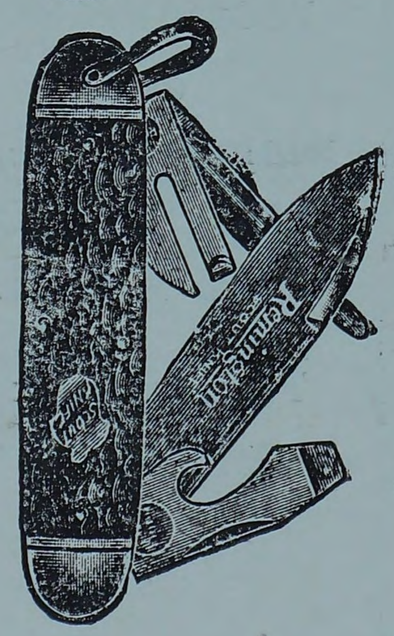
R 23-ch

The Boy Scouts Knife

And other kinds of Pen-knives from the world-renowned makers.

"The Remington Arms Company"

New things at rock-bottom prices to suit Gents, Ladies & Children.



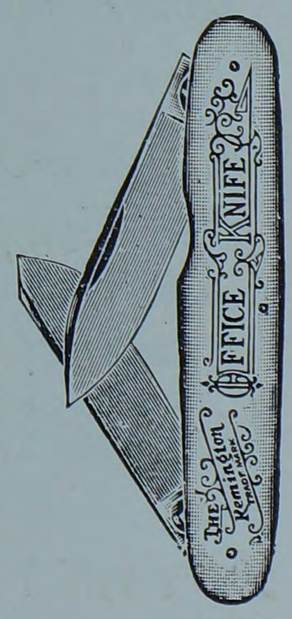
R 4393

Wanning Tilly's Genuine Harlem Oil

A Household Remedy

Student's Friend, Sick Man's Comforter & Old Man's Companion.

Remington.



R 6175

Kindly come and see

A visit while costing you nothing will repay your trouble.

B. H. Blackwell Ltd.

UNIVERSITY BOOKSELLERS

50 & 51 Broad Street, OXFORD

ENGLAND.

¶ *Keep in stock 250,000 Volumes, New and Second-hand, English and Foreign.*

¶ *Devote special attention to the prompt execution of orders by post.*

¶ *Issue Catalogues post free in all departments of Literature.*

¶ *Supply Foreign Books.*

¶ *Spare no pains to procure Second-hand Books in any department of Literature if not in stock.*

¶ *Supply Periodicals punctually in all Subjects and Languages.*

¶ *Specialize in Bookbinding and Printing.*

Messrs. NIVAS BROTHERS

Watch Makers & General Merchants

MANGALORE—S. KANARA.

Watches—Clocks, Timepieces—from the best makers.

Jewellery for Ladies and Gentlemen, suitable for weddings and presents

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

Fountain-pens—Sporting Goods, Toils, etc. etc. etc.

Watches repaired by experts.

JOHN HARDMAN'S STUDIOS

Stained Glass
Mural Paintings
Memorial Tablets

JOHN HARDMAN'S
John Hardman, Dunston Powell.
Elphege Pippet.

JOHN HARDMAN & Co., Ltd.

Private Company owned wholly by the above Directors and others who work with them.

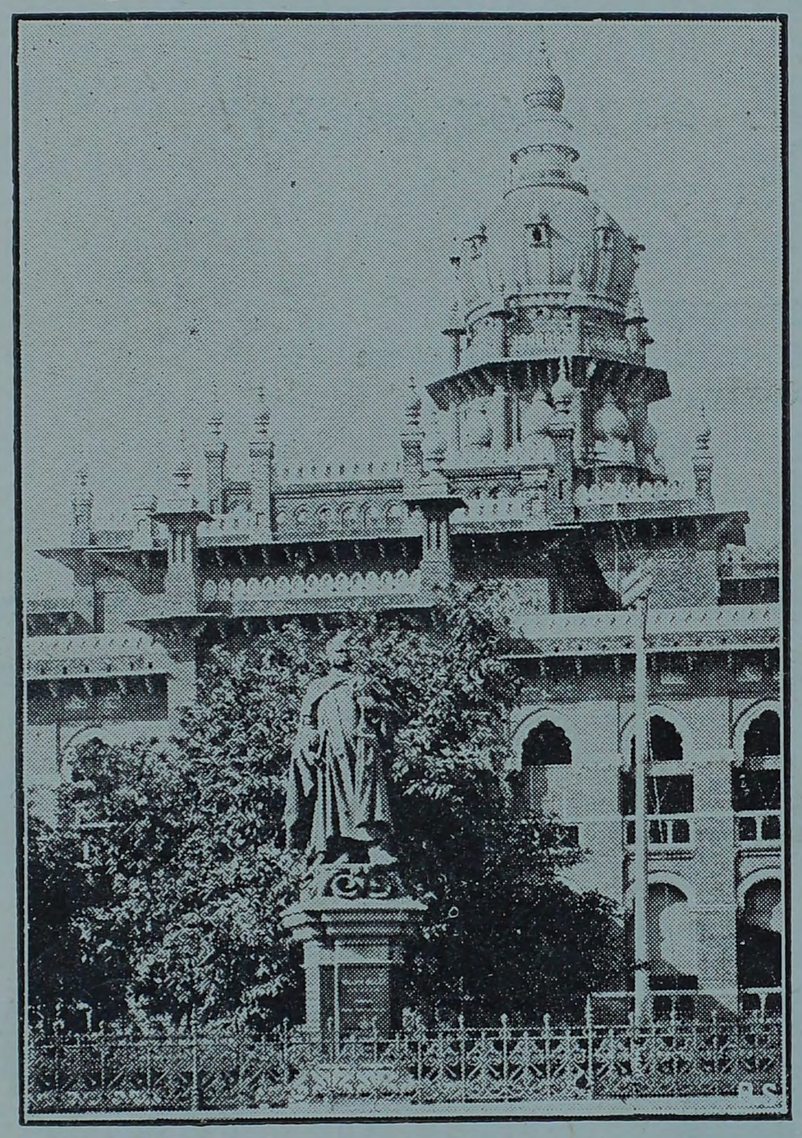
AEMHALL HILL
BIRMINGHAM

1. ALBEMARLE STREET,
PICCADILLY,
LONDON, W. I.

THE BASTIAN STUDIO

LINE & HALF-TONE PHOTO PROCESS BLOCK-MAKERS.

Will always meet you fully in your expectations for *Elegance*, *Promptitude* and *Cheapness*. Our works is equipped with the most up-to-date plant and, with the supervision of an expert of 27 years' experience, we could confidently state that we are second to none in the production of the most artistic half-tone blocks. We have also the satisfaction to state that, in appreciation of our work, we could count among our customers leading journalistic concerns and business houses, both European and Indian, to whom we are indebted for their continued patronage. Will those who have not tried us give us a try? Price-list on application and for other particulars, enquiries solicited. Special rates for the trade.



OUR ADDRESS—

THE BASTIAN STUDIO,

Portuguese Church Street,

GEORGETOWN,

MADRAS.

A. ALBUQUERQUE & SONS

Reg. Trade Mark

ESTABLISHED 1868

Tile, Brick & Lime Manufacturers & Commission Agents

Works & Head Office: **MANGALORE**

Branch Office: **MAZGAON, BOMBAY**

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS:

"ALBUQUERQUE, MANGALORE"

TILE DEPOTS AT | **MAZGAON, BOMBAY** | **MORMUGAO** | **PANJIM** (Portuguese India) | **BANGALORE** | **KARACHI** | **RANGOON**

STEVEN & SONS

GOLD MEDALISTS

Chocolate
Biscuit
Cake
Preserve Manufacturers

STEVEN'S BUILDING, MANGALORE

TEL.: **STEVENSONS.**

REGO SONS

Trade Mark

Established 1871

Tile and Brick Manufacturers and Merchants

WORKS & HEAD OFFICE } MANGALORE

BRANCH OFFICES } Opposite Mazgaon Post Office
64 Matharpakady, BOMBAY

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS:
"REGO SONS MANGALORE"

TILE DEPOTS AT { Powder Works Bander & Tank Bunder } BOMBAY
Mormugoa, Panjim, Cocanada } Portuguese India

P. MACHADO & SONS

ESTABLISHED IN 1892

MANGALORE

CLOTH MANUFACTURERS AND DYERS

IMPORTERS OF

WEAVING MATERIALS

AND

GENERAL AGENTS

CODIALBAIL PRESS, MANGALORE

KODIALBAIL P. O.

PRINTING
of every description
in
English & Kanarese

PROMPT ATTENTION
TO
CUSTOMERS

BOOKBINDING
Well-finished
and warranted to stand
any climate

Turned out in any size or quantity

MODERN EQUIPMENT = **QUICK TIME** = **MODERATE PRICES**

Estimate furnished on Application

SONOROUS ALTAR BELLS — Cheap & Decent Vestments — **MUSICAL CHIMES**

FOR SALE

School and General Stationery

Church and Parish Requisites

Books for Priests

Devotional Objects

Religious Publications
IN
English and Konkany

School Requisites

Ledgers, Account Books,
Receipt Books

I. C. T. S. TRACTS

General Catalogue and Price-list on Application

FORMS FOR PLEADERS

APPLY:—**The Manager, Codialbail Press, Mangalore,**
Kodialbail P. O., S. KANARA.

THE

Mangalore Magazine

The Organ and Record of St. Aloysius' College

Price Rs. 1–4 net

Apply to the Manager

FOR ADVERTISEMENT RATES

G. Felici
Roma

To the well-deserving — the Father Rector &
the Professors of St Aloysius College of the Society of Jesus —
as a token of special esteem & with
the prayer that Our Lord may ever bless
their noble efforts in the education of
Indian Youth

Mangalore, 5th November 1924

+ Alexis Henry M. Lépicier O.Ser
Archbp of Barsus, Vis. Ap. to India