

THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE

The Organ and Record of St. Aloysius' College

VOL. V

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No. 9

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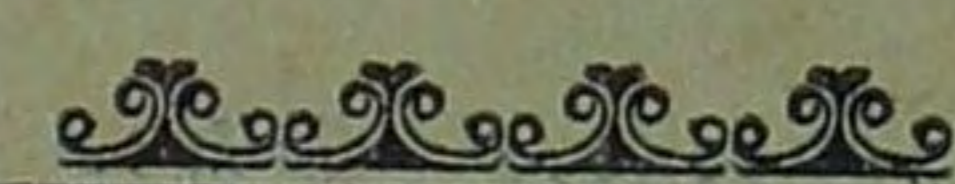
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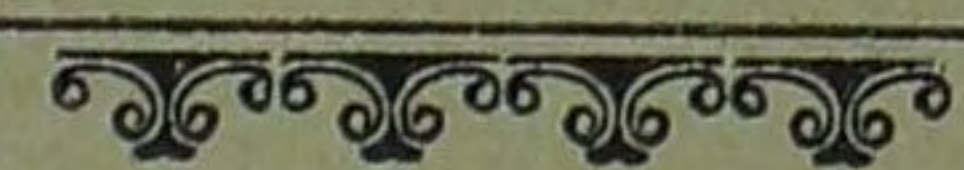
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ಜೆಜುಚೊ ಕುರೊವ್ ಆನಿ ಲಾನ್ ಸಾಂಗಾತಿ

'ಜೆಜುಚೊ ಕುರೊವ್' ಹಾಚೊ ದುಸ್ರೊ ಛಾಪೊ, ಪೊಲ್ಯಾಚಾಕೀ ತೀನ್ ಥರಾನ್ ಸುದಾರ್ಲೊ ಜಾನ್ನ್ ಆಸಾ:—

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

2. ಫೊರ್ ಉತ್ತಿಮ್ ಆನಿ ತಗ್ಣೊ ಘಾಲಾ.

3. ನೋಲ್ ಚಡೊಂವ್ಡೆಂ ಸೊಡ್ಣ್, ಉಣೆ ಕೆಲಾಂ:

2 ಆ. 3 ಪು ಮಾತ್ರ್.

'ಲಾನ್ ಸಾಂಗಾತಿ' ಹಾಚಾ ತಿಸ್ರ್ಯಾ ಛಾಪ್ಯಾಂತ್, ಭುರ್ಗ್ಯಾಂಕ್ ಕಷ್ಟ್ ಮಾರ್ಚಾ ಸೊಬ್ಡಾಂಚೊ ಅರ್ಥ್ ವಿವರ್ಸಿಲಾ. ನೋಲ್ ಆದ್ಲ್ಯಾ ಪ್ರಾಸ್ 6 ಪು ಉಣೆ:

1 ಆ. 3 ಪು ಮಾತ್ರ್.

ನೊಲಾ ಸರ್ಮಾಣೆ, ನಾಜೂಕ್ ಥರಾವೊಳ್ ಫೊರ್

ಹರ್ಯೆಕಾ ದುಬ್ಳ್ಯಾ ಧಾಕ್ಟ್ಯಾಚಾ ಹಾತಾಂತ್ ಹ್ಯಾ ದೊಂ ಭಿತರ್ಲೆಂ ಏಕ್ ಪುಸ್ತಕ್ ಪುಣೆ ಆಸಾಜ್ಜಿ ಮ್ಹೊಳ್ಳಿ ಇಚ್ಛೆನ್, ಹಾಂಚೆಂ ನೋಲ್ ದೆವ್ಪೊಲಾಂ. ಕೊಡ್ಯಾಳ್, ಮಿಲಾರ್ಚಾ ಸಾಂತ್ ಆಂತೊನಿಚಾ ಇಸ್ಕೊಲಾಂತ್ ವಿಕಾತ್.

12 ಪ್ರತ್ಯೊ ಕಾಣ್ಪೆಲ್ಯಾರ್, ಏಕ್ ಪುತಿ ಫುಂಕ್ಯಾಕ್

ಕೊಂಕ್ಣಿ ದಿವೆಂ.

ಕೊಂಕ್ಣಿ ಭಾಸ್ ವಾಡೊಂವ್ಕ್ ಆನಿ ಇಂಗ್ಲೆಜ್ ಬೊ ರಾಪ್ ಯೆನಾತ್ಲ್ಯಾ ಕೊಂಕ್ಣಿ ಕ್ರಿಸ್ತಾವಾಂಕ್ ಕ್ರಾಂ ಪುಣೆ ನಾಚುಂಕ್ ಮೆಳೊನ್, ತಾಂಚೆ ನೊತಿಕ್ ಉಜ್ವಾಡ್ ಯೆಜ್ಜಿ ಮ್ಹೊಳ್ಳ್ಯಾ ಇರದ್ಯಾನ್ ಹೆಂ ಮಾಸೀಕ್ ಪತ್ರ ಸುರು ಕೆಲಾಂ. ಲೊಕಾಚಿ ಕುಮೊಕ್ ಆನಿ ಆಸೊ ಮೆಳ್ಳ್ಯಾರ್, ವೆಗ್ಗಿಂಚ್ ತೆಂ ಸುಮಾನಾವಾರ್ ಜಾಂವ್ಚಿ ಪುರೊ. ಕೊಂಕ್ಣಿ ಭಾಶೆಚೆಂ ಹೆಂಚ್ ಪೊಲೆಂ ಪತ್ರ ಮ್ಹೊಣ್ ಉಗ್ಡಾಸ್ ದೊವೊರ್ನ್, ಲೊಕಾಚಾ ಬೊರೆ ಪೊಣಾಚಿ ಹಿ ನೆಸ್ತ್ ಆಮಿ ಸಾಂಬಾಳ್ಚೆಂ ನಾಜ್ಜಿ ಮ್ಹೊಣ್ ಲೆಕುನ್, ಮಹಿನ್ಯಾಕ್ ದೇಡ್ ಆಣೊ ಖರ್ಚುಂಕ್ ಕ್ರಾಂಚ್ ಸಾಟಿ ಕರಿನಾಯೆ. ಹೆ ಪೊಲೆಂ ಬೊತ್ತಿಸ್ ವಾಂಟ್ಯಾನಿ ಭೊರಾಶೆ, ಉಮಿಣೆಚೆಂ ಇನಾಮ್ ಮೆಳೊಂ ಕ್ರಿ ಪುರೊ. ನಾ ಜಾಲ್ಯಾರೀ, ಹೆ ಕಡ್ಡಿಲೆಚೆ ಸಕ್ಡ್ ಅಂಕೆ ಜಮೊ ಕೆಲ್ಯಾರ್, ಪುರ್ಸತೆಚಾ ನೆಳಾರ್ ನಾಚುಂ ಕ್, ವಸಂದ್ ಏಕ್ ಪುಸ್ತಕ್ ಜಾತಾ.

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Linked in Death

THIS life were sweet, if all our wishes borne
Upon the ceaseless moments were fulfilled:
We yearn for the music of loved voices stilled
In death, for the warm confiding hands now torn
Asunder from our grasp, for welcomes worn
On lips that e'en at life's departing thrilled
Our souls; with fancies such as these we build
Far realms of thoughtfulness, to feel forlorn.
Yet deepest sorrow breathes of deepest mirth,
As lights with shadows oft lie intertwined:
Thus grieving o'er remembered days I find
A presence, vested in faith's godlyhead,
Inspiring me, an alien to this earth,
With hopes of lasting commune with the dead.

o o o

A Holiday Jaunt in North Kanara

By VIATOR

DURING the Christmas vacation of 1912, business took me to Karwar, the official capital of North Kanara. But I was determined to catch the blossom of the time by devoting part of my energies to sundry excursions.

I left Mangalore on the morning of the 17th December by Messrs. Killick Nixon & Co.'s boat *Indravati*. The voyage was highly suggestive to me of Dickens's first venture across the Atlantic. The time, however, passed pleasantly enough in the company of some of my young friends bound for various towns on the coast. There did not seem to be much punctuality about the movements of the ship, nor any enjoyableness in the delays to which I was subjected at each port. Had it not been for my own forethought in equipping myself with an ample store of provisions, I should have been entirely at the mercy of the contractor, who is said to have undertaken the charitable work of ministering creature comforts to such passengers as travel by these steamers.

The *Indravati* cast anchor in the picturesque bay of Karwar, at 9 a. m., on Thursday, the 19th December. I managed to be among the first that stepped into the port-boat, and in less than a quarter of an hour was ashore to receive the greetings of my old friends. A twenty minutes' drive conveyed me to Kajubhag where Mr. Victor Coelho and his family extended to me the warmest of welcomes to their bungalow, replete with every modern comfort, and as spacious as the times of Queen Elizabeth.

The place seemed to have grown out of all recognition during the long years that had elapsed since my last sojourn there. Some of the old familiar faces had vanished, but

many new ones, just as merry as the former, appeared on all sides of me, so that the feeling of strangeness which had been gathering about me readily yielded to the feeling of homelikeness.

I set to work that very afternoon upon matters legal, ethical, financial and social, which occupied me for the better part of a week. At the end of it, I had the unalloyed consolation of having seen the work come to a successful issue. So that I could, with a safe conscience, address myself to the lighter side of my holidays.

My first visit was to the Municipal School for Girls, an establishment that owes its existence to the munificence of Khan Saheb Dadhaboy whose benefactions throughout the District have earned for him the gratitude of his fellow-citizens. The school is divided into two sections, the English side and the Vernacular side. I had occasion to look into things with a rather critical eye, and I was most favourably impressed with the general status of the school. It is a pity, however, that the English section is not more largely patronized. One may, perhaps, explain certain deficiencies, such as the want of a garden and of a museum by the fact that the present school is still in its infancy.

The education of boys is more efficiently provided for in the Government High School which I next visited. A commodious building, to which constant additions are being made, is set apart for the classes, while a separate structure is reserved for the use of the teachers. The school library is well stocked and furnished with modern scholastic appliances. It would be presumptuous to hazard a criticism on the strength of a flying visit; yet what gave me an idea of the thoroughness with

which the work is being done was the system by which the parents are kept in touch with the proficiency of their sons week after week. For this purpose each student is supplied with a neat little register wherein the results of the weekly examinations, the standing of the boy in his class, and his conduct are duly appraised by the headmaster and by the class teacher. The informal conversation which I held with the students of the higher classes gave me an insight into the manner of their training: they were well-behaved and attentive in a remarkable degree. It was with no little surprise that I came across two Aloysians on the staff of this school, and I was involuntarily drawn into exclaiming: 'one touch of nature makes the whole world kin!'

Little noted as the district is for anything else but its wealth of forest, education seems to have gained there a strong hold on the people. The number of institutions kept up through private enterprise bodes really well for the future of Karwar. During a visit to one of these, financed by Mr. H. B. Kamat, I was gratified to see the high standard maintained by a school which had just been recognized by the educational authorities. To act a scene from Sheridan's *Pizarro* is surely an ambitious feat; but it was successfully accomplished by the fourth form lads of this school. Here ended my pedagogic rambles.

I had yet to see another aspect of life in Karwar. Mr. Victor Coelho invited me to an evening party given in honour of the Rev. D. Fernandes, S. J., who, at this time, was as well on a visit to Karwar. At it were assembled the prominent gentlemen of the town official as well as non-official. From a distant corner I could observe how the company kept themselves in good humour. There was a great deal of lively, intelligent conversation carried on on all sides of me, and as occasion offered I opened up new lines of argument which led to topics the farthest removed

from the starting point. This kind of sport, however, could not last long, for it had, perforce, to yield to the exigencies of a more definable kind of talking at a company. Another party I was present at was given by Mr. P. Ghate, B. A., Inspector, Excise Department, in honour of the Rev. Father. The programme was attractive, chiefly for a selection of Indian music rendered by a trio of Mahratta songsters.

Among my Christmas week activities was a trip to Sadashivgad, a very ancient town that still shows the traces of past glory and of present desolation. An hour's walk took me to the remotest corner of the village. It was formerly known as Chitakul, and as such it appears in the writings of many authors, from the Arab traveller Masaudi (about 900 A. D.) to the English Geographer Ogilby (about 1660 A. D.) A local account tells us that Basva Ling, a Sonda Chief (1697-1745), built a fort at Chitakul on the right bank of the Kalinadi and called it Shadashivgarh after his father. The fort which stands on a flat-topped hill 220 feet high, was taken by the Portuguese in 1752 and restored to its lord, the Sonda Chief, in 1754. In 1763 it was taken by Haidar Ali's general Fazl Ulla Khan. In 1783 a detachment of General Mathews' force was sent to occupy it. But the present inhabitants do not seem to cherish these historical legacies. The place has adapted itself to the inevitable tendencies of modern times in so far as it can boast of such eminently useful institutions as a police station, adjusted out of soldiers' barracks, a post office under the supervision of a village schoolmaster and a row of shops supplying the not very extensive wants of the people. The Catholic Church is situated by the roadside, and the parish priest, who is under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Goa, ministers to the spiritual needs of over two thousand Catholics spread over a vast extent of country. I

stepped in to do him my devoir and enjoyed his hearty hospitality. On my way back I came across an armless youth who had trained himself to write with his foot. He picked up a penholder with his toes, smoothed out a sheet of paper with the aid of the soles and proceeded to write to my dictation. This exhibition was as pathetic to the onlooker as creditable to the performer who, I later on learnt, has obtained a certificate for excellence at the first grade examination in drawing. I would draw the attention of my young friends in the College to the fact that good writing is possible even at such odds as having to use one's feet for it—and that no valid excuse may be pleaded for the utterly unconscionable penmanship with which they adorn—foolscap.

Sunkeri, a suburb of the municipal town of Karwar, had as a Catholic colony yet greater claims on my antiquarian taste. It has a famous church, a perfect octagon with a diameter of about a hundred feet and walls about thirty feet high. From the following inscription above the main entrance we learn that the edifice was erected, at their own expense, by the Italian Carmelite Fathers in the year 1801:

D. O. M.
DEIPARAEQUE VIRGINI SINE
LABE CONCEPTAE
ECCLESIAM HANC AERE PROPRIO
TERTIO EXTRUCTAM
PP. CARMELITAE EXCALCEATI ITALI
D. P. D.
ANNO MDCCCI

On the door itself there is information furnished regarding the renovation of the roof in 1893. The present Church is the third attempt made by Catholic missionaries in this locality. The first, we are told, was destroyed by fire, the second was razed to the ground by Tippu Sultan. Inside the Church

there are two epitaphs, one to the memory of Pascoal Nicholas Gonsalves, and the other of Maria Angelina Fernandes. The village of Sunkeri with its church is rich in historical associations, and I may, therefore, be allowed to make an extract from the history of the diocese of Mangalore which contains a chapter on the Sunkeri Mission.

“The Vicar Apostolic of the Great Mogul sent the Carmelites as missionaries to various places, one of which was Sunkery, where a mission was founded in 1709. The English factory at that time employed, it is said, about ten thousand hands, but the number of Christians was very small, though on the whole greater than in other places. The English connected with the factory were kindly disposed towards the Carmelites, to whom they granted every facility for communicating by means of their ships with the Propaganda at Rome or the Vicar Apostolic at Bombay or Surat, and, moreover, a plot of ground free from taxes upon which to build a church and house.

The founder and first Vicar of the mission and church of Sunkery was Father John Baptist Mary, who was Vicar Provincial of the Discalced Carmelites in India when John V. of Portugal ordered him and his brethren to be seized and sent out of the country in consequence of their refusal to take an oath of obedience and loyalty to the Crown of Portugal. Having received timely warning he escaped to Sunkery, which was at that time under the Vicar Apostolic of the Great Mogul and not under Goa. A small chapel built of mud and roofed with thatch was the humble edifice where Father John Baptist and his companions began their labours in April 1709. The number of Christians in and about Karwar was not very great, and according to Father Francis Xavier Pescetto, the historian of the mission, they added drunkenness and great apathy in religious matters

to the prevailing vices of lying, robbing, cheating and indolence."

There was still time left me for an excursion to Kurmagad, one of the three happy isles guarding the entrance into Karwar Bay. This island, three cables' length to the north-east of Sunghiri and about two miles from the mainland, rises to a height of 180 feet. We may see traces of the ancient fortifications, parts of which are still in good order. On the east, within the fort, is a fresh water well among a grove of cocoanut trees. Scattered over the island are other groves, but they seem to have a singular aversion to yielding fruit. I had not counted on any such wind-fall, since I was one of a picnicking party who, in the matter of eatables, were too prudent to trust to chance. Rallying round like a band of true gipsies, we helped to brew the tea, and turned our attention to the contents of a commodious tiffin basket. Some of us then went out exploring the island, while others sought recreation in the gentle art of angling. But Izaak Walton tells us that "angling is somewhat like poetry, men ought to be born so." And indeed, the sequel of their exploit bore out the reflection. The first set were more fortunate, since their historic tastes were gratified by various ruins they stumbled upon. According to a local manuscript, the island was first partly fortified by Shivaji and called Sidhgad. In 1715 Kadra fort was pulled down and with its materials, the fortifications were completed, and the island fort was called Kurmagad, either because of its resemblance to a tortoise, or because of the abundance of these armoured reptiles in the vicinity. The latter view seems to be more tenable, as a shoal lying to the east of the island near the mouth of the Kalinadi would afford them a convenient habitat. In 1783 a detachment of General Mathews's force took Kurmagad with Sada-shivgad and garrisoned it. The English held

possession of it till 1784, when it was restored to Tippu in accordance with the terms of the treaty of Mangalore. In 1790 the island was captured by the Mahrattas under Baburao Salskhe, only to be restored to Tippu in 1792. Seven years later it was taken by an English force under Captain Hone. The only untoward incident in the day's outing was that, on our return late in the evening, we were just hauled up by the coast-guard officer's boat as possibly infringing the laws of the sea. The practice of smuggling wines and spirits from the Goa territory is too extensive to pass unnoticed. But we had merely to proclaim, through the stillness of the night, that it was a party of holiday-makers under the direct guidance of Mr. Victor Coelho—all doubts as to the legality of our doings were promptly hushed.

Here is the brief chronicle of the time; but, saith the wise man, there is a time for joy and a time for sorrow; and I thought it a sacred duty, before leaving the hospitable shores of Karwar, to visit the Catholic Cemetery at Baitkal, where lie the graves of many a dear one:

Voices from the deep
Caverns of darkness answer me: "They sleep!"
I name no names; instinctively I feel
Each at some well remembered grave will kneel
And from the inscription wipe the weeds and moss,
For every heart best knoweth its own loss.

As I passed prayerfully from grave to grave, sad memories of the days gone by came flocking to my mind, and grievously, I thought of the many might-have-beens in the lives of those who rest in this secluded spot. And secluded it is: for quite outside the uttermost limits of Karwar, it is bounded on one side by towering forests and on another by the wide, wide sea.

The pleasantest episode must have an end; and mine ended on the fourth day of the new year when I took steamer for Mangalore. By a curious coincidence it was

the same vessel that had taken me to Karwar. As the ship steamed out of the harbour, my thoughts perforce went straying over the little town, its past and its future. The Karwar of to-day is but of recent origin. Before the transfer of North Kanara District to Bombay in 1864, it was a mere fishing village. Between 1867 and 1874 various projects were formed of connecting it by a railway with the interior, thus providing a seaport for the southern cotton districts, but other counsels prevailed and preference was given to a line through Portuguese territory to Marmagoa: and ever since the commercial importance of Karwar has been on the wane. But old Karwar had a remarkable history and passed through many a vicissitude. The Imperial Gazetteer summarizes its varied fortunes. "It is first mentioned in 1510 as Caribal, on the opposite side of the river to Cintacora or Chitakul. During the first half of the seventeenth century, the Karwar revenue superintendent, or *desai*, was one of the chief officers of the Bijapur kingdom, of which it formed a part. In 1638 the fame of the pepper of Sonda induced Sir William Courten's Company to open a factory at Karwar. In 1660 the factory was prosperous, exporting the finest muslins in Western India; the weaving country was inland to the east, at Hubli and other centres, where as many as 50,000 weavers were employed. Besides the great export of muslin, Karwar provided pepper, cardamoms, cassia and coarse blue cotton cloth (*dungari*). In 1665 Sivaji, the founder of the Maratha power, exacted a contribution of Rs. 1,120 from the English. In 1673 the *faujdar*, or military governor of Karwar, laid siege to the factory. In 1674 Sivaji burnt Karwar town; but the English were treated civilly and no harm was done

to the factory. In 1676 the factory suffered from the exactions of local chiefs, and the establishment was withdrawn in 1679. It was restored in 1682 on a larger scale than before. In 1684 the English were nearly driven out of Karwar, the crew of a small vessel having stolen and killed a cow. In 1685 the Portuguese stirred the *desais* of Karwar and Sonda to revolt. During the last ten years of the seventeenth century, the Dutch made every attempt to depress the English pepper trade, and in 1697 the Marathas laid Karwar waste. In 1715 the old fort of Karwar was pulled down, and Sadashivgar was built by the Sonda chief. The new fort seriously interfered with the safety of the English factory; and owing to the hostility of the Sonda chief, the factory was removed in 1720. The English, in spite of their efforts to regain the favour of the Sonda chiefs, were unable to obtain leave to reopen their factory at Karwar till 1750. The Portuguese in 1752 sent a fleet and took possession of Sadashivgar. As the Portuguese claimed the monopoly of the Karwar trade, and were in a position to enforce their claim, the English agent was withdrawn. In 1801 Old Karwar was in ruins."

The bulk of the inhabitants seem to have been affected by the decline of trade and traffic. And what is more, the near future does not hold out hopes of resuscitation. Possibly some extraordinary development in the exploitation of timber might breathe new life into the decaying town. Yet in spite of all that the hand of time has wrought, I cherish the memories of Karwar; for

There's a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There's a rapture in the lonely shore,
There's society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

ROSES

ooo

SHEAVES of them,—crimson and pink and pearly,
Growing half wild in a garden fair!
Glad shines the sun on them late and early,—
Who would not live like the roses there?

Reigning as queens of the blossomy garden,
Blessed with the joy of the warm sweet glow,
Naught can they know of the frosts that harden,
Naught of the blasts that in winter blow.

Shedding their fragrance round the old sun-dial,
Little they reckon how the days go by,
Little they dream of man's life of trial,
Lovely, contented, they live, they die.

M. B. C.

ooo

The Schools I Have Been At

By AN OLD BOY

NOTHING sets me more vigorously a-thinking than the perpetual cycle of changes that seem to come over the school-world of the present day. Indeed, at this stage of my life, when even the least of innovations fills me with secret dread of what is yet to come, I utterly fail to understand how the modern generation can reconcile itself to an existence, the elements of which are ever shifting as the sands of the illimitable sea. Looking back through a period of fifty years, I can now see what serenity of life was ours, under the kindly sway of our worthy teacher Guruswamy, who first instilled into me the salutary fear of the rod. Happy he that his days amidst us are over. Well do I remember the morn which saw me trudging along the goodly distance of a mile to the village academy, where budding geniuses were carefully nurtured under the mellowing influence of Guruswamy's lessons. It was a bright day in March, when I was ushered into his presence, as the good old man armed with the inevitable insignia of authority was impressing one of his most cherished views on the back of a refractory urchin. As a result of this spectacle, I have carried away and retained the notion of the indissolubility of birch and pedagogue. Full five summers did I spend in this haunt of rustic erudition where the breezes freely played, where in happy weather the sunlight poured in through apertures the most unexpected, where the ravages of the rainy weather necessitated holidays at unlooked-for intervals, and where, amidst all these discomforts, Guruswamy reigned undisputed monarch of a hundred and thirty-nine souls, entrusted by the village magnates to his safe keeping. Of many a companion of my child-

hood days, I may re-echo the poet's sentiments on a similar theme.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of their soul.

This will not be a matter for much wonder, if we consider that my companions were drawn from the diversified strata of society. Some of them were the lineal descendants of potters, whose thumbs must have taken more kindly to clay than to papyrus; others, as their chubby faces betokened, must have had parents flourishing in the sweetmeat line. As to the class of carpenters, we had just five representatives who, however, were more than the school could manage. There was, as well, a sprinkling of hereditary musical talent in the young hopefuls of the *Sonegars*. Thanks to Guruswamy's settled opinions on the vexed question of co-education, we had our sisters to share with us the joys and sorrows of childhood. On this point alone he was inclined to be crotchety, but his general suavity of manners which, at this distance of time, I cannot recollect but with feelings of admiration, and the profound insight he had into the minds and motives of his subjects so raised him in our estimation that we considered him a man *sui generis*. This might, perhaps, be attributed to his remarkable habit of staring at people right in the face, as though he would scan their very souls. When, of a sultry afternoon, we quietly slipped off into a state of somnolence, in sheer forgetfulness of the books that lay before us, he would bring us back to the world of realities by a thump on the table accompanied with an ominous dilation of the eye. Then did we know that it was time to take up the broken

thread of our lessons. Yet some of the more stolid amongst us would sleep on, heedless of the terrors to come. Guruswamy would then descend from his spacious *gadi*, with a majestic sweep of the hand that he sent in quest of the accustomed ferule, and with the dignified stoop that could almost have been interpreted into condescension in bringing the renegade pupils to a sense of the crime. More was not needed. As if by the magician's wand, the class was thrown into a state of feverish activity which found vent in the vociferous recital of the multiplication table, interspersed with rules of Canarese syntax.

But my connection with the school was not destined to last as long as I would have had it. With my father's transfer to more civilized localities, I had to pack up my school gear, and betake myself to "fresh fields and pastures new." Once, and only once, had I the privilege of visiting the school of my childhood.

Years later I paid a cursory visit to this primitive seat of learning where I was first initiated into the serfdom of the birch. When I approached the village-school, the grey-grown thatch of which spoke much for its time-honoured existence, I saw Guruswamy seated on a crude structure, perhaps, in the second or the third stage of development from mere sticks into the sofa. Guruswamy's educational jurisdiction extended over a hall, whose holey precincts were divided from his family habitation by a thin partition of rudely-matted palm-leaves. There is a mingled feeling of joy and regret when, after a period of long absence, one steps into the dearly-cherished "play-place of one's early days,"—joy at having the welcome opportunity of passing a few hours in a place connected with the strongest and dearest associations of childhood, regret caused by the consciousness of our utter inability to call back to life the "days that are no more." Such were my

feelings, when with a cautious hand I opened the small leafy gate of my old school-premises and walked in. Guruswamy, who I saw was seated with his wife on the bench, refreshing his aged frame in the evening sunshine, came down with outstretched arms to welcome me to his house. A thrill of pleasure electrified his tottering form, and the beam of his sunken eye, the temporary freshness which brightened his pallid face, and the tremulous voice which accompanied his speech, all gave sufficient evidences of a genuine and overflowing heart. He seized my hand, and with an alacrity seldom seen in men of his age, hastened with an unexaggerated hospitality to his seat, compelling me there to sit down on the same bench, not far from his venerable person. I cannot help recollecting the incident with a degree of satisfaction, doubtless, attributing this privilege to the love he entertained towards one of those whom he was apt to look upon as his own children. Giving some whispered directions to his wife, he returned to me, and started a conversation, so natural to men in their declining days. I joined in it eagerly for, who would not love to think or talk of the halycon days, when care troubled us not, and when our life was one long day of sunshine and happiness? And he talked of the purity of those times, talked of the unbounded happiness of his youth and manhood, and ended bewailing with the poet, in woe-begone terms "What man has made of man!" and as, after a heavy sigh, he continued his recollections of bygone days, his eyes sparkling with excitement, and his voice rising higher every moment, "tears from the depth of some divine despair," rose to his eyes, and from the lively strain with which he had started he fell into a melancholy one. Whether it was the sight of his sorrow, or the peculiarly sensitive state of my own mind I cannot say; but at the thought of those days I could not

help shedding a few tears. After some time he stepped into his house, and before long regaled me with some very dainty home-made delicacies, and all that his scanty cupboard could yield.

When, at parting, I stood before that weather-beaten countenance which had watched over me in patronly austerity in the days of yore, when I looked up to that head,

“...within whose silver hairs,

Honour and reverence e’ermore have rained,”

memory could not but once more recur to that time, when we were in the bloom of life; this naturally awakened a host of thoughts as to the uncertain future and a sigh, as if of despair, escaped my lips, when I feared that that might be the last opportunity of seeing my worthy old preceptor; casting up eyes, therefore, I called down the blessings of heaven on him, with thoughts of bubbling, spontaneous gratitude. I walked away from his presence with a profound *salaam*, and that was the last time I saw him.

The second school, on whose rolls I had the honour to be registered, and whose benches I have warmed in my educational career, beneath the searching glance of an eccentric pedagogue, was a music school, whose thatched roof upreared its weather-worn head, near the B_____ Academy of M_____. This establishment was kept by a worthy wight of the name of Caetan D’Mello, who ‘sojourned’ in the town, for the sake of instructing the young in the rudiments of music.

He was an old man, with a loosely-riveted frame, a retreating forehead, furrowed with innumerable lines suggestive of the hardships he had encountered and endured. D’Mello, to do him justice, was one of those advocates of music, who would “eat white bread or brown bread,” when working for its propagation, who would sacrifice any fortune for its sake, and even give up their lives in the cause of

that noble art. He was wont to display all his erudition particularly when in his occasional lectures he would begin with:—“Observe, lads! music, that time-honoured art, whose praises are sung by itself, which has immortalized Orpheus, the unrivalled votary of Apollo Musagetes, and which has exalted numbers of care-worn melancholy mortals to a heaven, where the shades of trouble and melancholy cannot intrude! O music—music for ever! Who can adequately sing of the unconfined glory of music? It is endowed with the wonderful power of charming the turbid feelings of a ruined man; it is possessed of the astounding property of bewitching the irrational brute, and of supernatural influence over the great works of man, of causing devastation to colossal bridges and buildings, of stirring enormous rocks, and even of making trees wave their heads, as if in approbation,” and we were invariably to expect an end to the speech, when he would thunder out: “This is what has been said of music by Shakspeare, the king of poetry—

“The man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.”

And this was the colophon to his speech. If circumstances had allowed him, he would have sung life away in perfect ease. Though he posed as an instructor in music, his was, truth to tell, none of the highest order. Maybe he had an inborn talent for music, but his voice was as changeable as the colours of a chameleon, and wholly unsuited to such an artistic profession. He had an inimitable nasal twang, which affected his singing to such an extent, that he, at length, began to boast, with unconscious pride, of the first-rate musical voice emanating from his “nasal promontory.” He was, moreover, an expert in all the abstruse practices of ventriloquism, and on several occasions, nearly scared some of the boys by acting the Robin Good-fellow

and other comical performances. But the origin of those notions of music which are still extant in me I can trace to this worthy master, and in my mind, a fiddle or any musical instrument is ineradicably associated with the *maestro* of my youth.

It was, soon after my course in this primeval seat of music, that a High School was started in M_____. It was established on the principles of 'modern' education, and answered the requirements of the town. My father was informed of it, and was anxious to let me have as substantial and broad-based an education as could possibly be had by men of his station in life. Report declared that such instruction as was given by the newly-instituted school was, though alien to those parts, such as could very rarely be had, and my father being an advocate of the best,—the best customs, the best education and the like under any circumstances, affluent or not, I was sent to this school in my fourteenth year. It was fortunate for me, however, that I had, in the meantime, an ample knowledge of all subjects requisite, acquired of course, at home through private diligence and fraternal "coaching,"—for, what can one expect to derive from a half-literate, country pedagogue, whose modicum of knowledge sufficed for the demands made upon it by the village? However, thanks to my private labour, and my brother's kindness, I found myself able to cope with the class, where I was soon to be introduced. My earliest recollections of it are not highly consolatory.

I had, on the very first day, just crossed the threshold of the schoolroom, and was walking to a vacant place with the bashful step of a John Newcome, when my pet name Teddy was called aloud. I started, and I am sure my feelings nearly equalled those

of Robinson Crusoe when on a foreign strand he heard his "polly" shriek out his name. I was standing then with my back towards the teacher, and turning, saw him gazing full on me: "Teddy" said he, "take that seat." And I went to my place and sat down. It would require a born story-teller to narrate, with details, the proceedings of one year, but I content myself with recording that time passed so swiftly on to my fifteenth year, that before I was aware of it, I had to encounter an examination, and that was the first university examination in which I obtained a pass.

In the meantime to the School was added the College Department, and the whole establishment was now removed to another quarter of the town, where situated on the brow of a stately eminence, the magnificent pile of buildings seemed to lord it over the neighbouring country, with the high head which some good-hearted, educated men carry amongst the simple rustic folk, but not with evil pride. At the same time it was affiliated to the flourishing university of M_____, and after an undergraduate's course of four years, I appeared for the B. A., and by concentrating all my energy, to speak in scientific terms, I focussed it on the examination, and after a period of dreadful suspense, was declared a Bachelor of Arts. Now that I was graduated, speaking apart from the scientists' language, of course, my educational career terminated, and I had to bid adieu, and a sorrowful one it was, to the realm of books, and to the lecture-room. I was launched at once into the tempestuous ocean of difficulties and cares, and had to steer my way through the storm-torn waves, now exalted to the skies, now shattered by the monstrosities of life.



IN MEMORIAM

The late Sister Mary of the Incarnation

[The cause of Catholic Education in Mangalore and in Malabar is so largely indebted to the children and grandchildren of the late Sister Mary of the Incarnation (Mrs. Lazarus Rosario), that we deem it proper to preserve in these pages a record of her life. *Ed. M. M.*]

A LIFE protracted nearly a score of years beyond the psalmist's limit was closed in the Carmelite Convent of Mangalore, South India, when on January 21, 1913, Sister Mary of the Incarnation breathed her last. Born in 1825, she received at her baptism the name of Rita, thus becoming the namesake of an Augustinian saint, who had entered religion after having tasted the joys and sorrows of married life. As the blessing of a similar destiny awaited her *protégée*, it may well have been that the choice of this patron was the result not of mere chance, but of a special dispensation of divine Providence.

Her wedded life was a happy one. God, however, permitted that its happiness should be rudely broken in upon by two great sorrows caused by the deaths—one of her eldest son, the pride and hope of the family, the other of a beloved daughter—under very pathetic circumstances. During both her

married and her widowed life extending over a long stretch of years, she had also other sorrows which served to chasten her spirit and purify her heart from the dross of earthly affections. In the world she was noted for her modesty, simplicity, her unaffected piety, and the markedly religious tenor of her life. These qualities, added to her kindly disposition, made her beloved of all. The poor especially looked upon her as their mother. She had always made it a point to distribute alms to them with her own hand. She was blessed with twelve children, four sons and eight daughters, whom she brought up in the love and fear of God. No wonder then that two of her sons came to be priests of the Society of Jesus, and that four of her daughters took the veil in the Third Order of Carmel. Sacrifice after sacrifice which this entailed, she made with a great and brave heart.

After the death of her dear husband, Lazarus Rosario, on October 5th, 1875, she remained in the world eleven years more to look after the three youngest of her children, and as they grew up, she felt herself free to devote the rest of her life wholly to the service of her Maker by retiring into the Order of

the Discalced Carmelites. On the day of her Profession, which fell on July 16, 1887, she had the exquisite consolation of seeing also her youngest daughter join her within the same sacred precincts. Although the latter had four elder sisters among the Carmelites of the Third Order, she was in God's own way led to the silent cloister, as if to be her mother's ministering Angel to the last moment of her declining years.

Having briefly glanced at the main outward facts of her life, let us now enter into the inner sanctuary of her heart.

It is hard, says a certain writer, to study a manual of etiquette late in life. How trying and irksome, then, must it not have been to her to bear the yoke of the Reformed Carmelite Rule when already past sixty and to carry it right on to the tottering brink of decrepitude! "That she was," says an admirer of hers, "one of the favoured few of heaven is evident from the fact that she was singled out for a religious life at an age when one would shudder at the very thought of joining an austere Order."

How acute in its nature and far-reaching in its consequences is this crucifixion of self by the three nails of Poverty, Chastity and perpetual Obedience, can be fully realized only by those that have had a personal experience of it. Nevertheless, there is one thing that can make such a life tolerable, nay even desirable. It is the love of God. It, and it alone, turns everything bitter into sweet, and renders light what is heavy. "Life in a Convent," said Sr. Mary in answer to a visitor, "seems to me a Paradise." If life in a rigorous religious institution is a Paradise on earth, one thing is certain that the lamp of Love must be always alit in the heart of the Spouse of Christ.

During the whole of her life, specially her religious life, prayer and work seemed to be her constant and inseparable companions,

so that even when her hands were at work, her lips moved in silent prayer. Her life in the convent may be said to have been one long unceasing prayer, which gradually grew in fervour and intensity till she finally sank into unconsciousness. All broken down as she was with age, she would go about, broom in one hand, and her beads in the other. She did not waste a minute. To be one moment unoccupied was to her a torture.

Far from shirking the heavy duties of the house, she, of her own accord, joined the Novices in the hard and disagreeable task of washing the linen of the community, and would never leave off though drenched to the skin. Reluctantly did she give up this work when at last compelled to desist from it by her great age.

It is not the Novices alone that she thus helped. The lay Sisters, too, found a great resource in her all-embracing charity. Whenever they were burdened with extra work, they were sure to find in Sr. Mary a willing and ready helpmate. She may be said to have literally worn herself out in relieving them of the heaviness of their tasks.

Two years before her death, when she had an attack of the influenza, she said: "I think my end is approaching. Though I have laboured much, nevertheless, standing as I do on the brink of the grave, I seem to be going to meet my Lord with empty hands." And yet she went on working with the same hands during the two years that God prolonged her life. Even so late as a few months before the end, she could not brook to be idle, though confined to bed. Lying on her back, she continued to sew, holding up her work in her feeble and trembling hands! Could love of work further go?

Strong as was her passion for work, her love of prayer, especially in community, was none the less remarkable. When the bell went for any choir-duty, she left all to be

with the sisterhood. Neither illness nor the increasing infirmities of age could ever prevail on her to stay away from choir, though importuned to do so; for she would not miss a single opportunity of being at prayer with the sisterhood, so much did she underrate her own prayer, and so much did she value that of her holy companions. Sometimes at recreation time she worked by herself in her room. But no sooner did she hear the footsteps of the Sisters going to the Chapel at the end of recreation, than she laid aside what she might have been busy with, and hurried out in order to take her place with the rest. When asked what she said when she prayed, she replied that the following was her favourite form of prayer:—"Lord, I am like a beast of burden before Thee; I don't know how to pray. Do thou receive the prayer of these Thy servants, and make up for what is wanting to mine." Solitude never wearied her even during the enforced inactivity of the last months of her earthly existence; for she had an ever ready refuge in the rosary, which filled up nearly the whole of that time.

Poverty, one of the characteristic virtues of the Carmel, was very dear to her. She was never better pleased than when she obtained the poorest and the most worn-out articles for her use. She prized only what was old and ragged. Endued with a true spirit of humility and contempt of self, she was firmly persuaded that she was the last and the least of the sisterhood, and her conduct accorded in every detail with her conviction. She looked upon herself as a useless member of the Carmel, admitted into it on sufferance, and submitted to the guidance of the Rev. Mother Prioress with all the simplicity and docility of a child. What others might think or say of her actions, never disturbed her peace of mind.

Herself the mother of a large family, the blessing pronounced upon her at the nuptial

rite bore in her case abundant fruit; for she lived to see her children's children even to the third and the fourth generation. Nevertheless, her detachment from all earthly ties was great, as was evidenced by her surrendering so many of her children for the service of God, whatever it might cost to flesh and blood. "Whom would you," asked a Sister, "take with you to heaven? Wouldn't you take your daughter along with you?" Quick came the rejoinder—"No; I'll go alone. My daughter must stay on to labour and do penance, and rescue from perdition as many sinners as possible." The readiness of this reply makes it manifest to what extent she had habitually supernaturalized all love for kith and kin.

Though her pains and sufferings were great, she rarely spoke of them. Once when a pang, caused by a wound, due to a heavy fall, shot through her frame, she whispered to one near: "All this will cease in heaven, won't it?" In painful circumstances, or when anything came amiss, she would meekly murmur: "My God, You know all; I offer You all." Indeed, her one life-long aspiration was, "Lord, Thy will be done!" and her one aim and object in life was conformity with that holy will.

Death had no terrors for her. Years ago, when asked whether she had any fear of death, she calmly replied: "Why should I have any such fear? Did not my Jesus die for me? I put all my trust in His merits and in His mercy. I have no reason to fear at all." Nor was she disturbed at the thought of the pains of Purgatory. In a spirit of holy simplicity and childlike confidence, she had, as she said, placed herself and her little all in the hands of Mary. She, the kindest of mothers, would look to everything, and would never abandon her.

Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was a remarkable trait in her character. As was

but natural, her intense love for our Lord found vent in a great desire to decorate with the choicest flowers of the season the altar on which the Blessed Sacrament reposed. For this purpose, she sedulously looked after the convent garden, and spared no pains to have some plants always in flower.

Flowing out naturally from her deep devotion, was the fervent desire with which she yearned to receive Jesus daily in the Sacrament of His love. In her last illness, on being asked whether she wished to communicate, she replied: "It is only by holy Communion that I live and pass my days. Holy Communion is my life, my strength, my very all!" In the last days of her life, on her way down to the choir, she had to clasp the Sister Infirmarian fast, and with both her hands, in order to keep herself from falling. Once on being asked whether it was not too fatiguing painfully to drag herself step by step to the Communion grille, she answered with great simplicity: "How can I speak of pain and fatigue, when there is question of receiving holy Communion? How few in the world can enjoy such supreme happiness!" A few days before the end, when all her strength was completely exhausted, the Sister Infirmarian presented herself before her and said: "To-day, certainly, you are too weak to rise?"—"Oh, no!" she resolutely replied; "do help me to get up and dress."

On a certain occasion her room was darkened just to enable her to snatch, if possible, a little sleep, without her perceiving that it was already morning. But somehow or other she came to know that it was time for Mass, and asked to be led down to the choir. In spite of all that was urged to make her lie down again, she could not be quieted, nor could she reconcile herself to the thought of going without the great daily Banquet. "Take me down for holy Communion, please. Take

me down for holy Communion!" she piteously pleaded. Who could be proof against the sweet vehemence of that trembling pathetic appeal? On reaching her cell again, she gave her daughter a look of tender reproach that went straight to the heart. It expressed, as no mere words could, how grieved she was at the mistaken pity which they attempted to show for her enfeebled condition, as also how much she disapproved of their method of showing it. When, about an hour later, her daughter called on her again, she gave expression to her feelings in the following words, full of grief and full of pain: "Never, my dear, never attempt such a thing again. To-day I had no Angelus, no Mass, no blessing of priest, and I was very nearly deprived of holy Communion too!"

On account of the state of utter prostration she was in, the Doctor had ordered absolute rest, with strict injunctions that she should not be permitted to move from her place. In the morning, having awoke by herself when the others were at Mass, in her eagerness for the holy Eucharist, she rang the little bell of the Infirmary, calling on the Sisters in utter distress to come and dress her for Communion. As her voice could be distinctly heard down in the choir, the Infirmarians, mindful of the peremptory orders of the Doctor, thought that the best course for them to pursue would be to keep out of her sight altogether. But she rang again, and yet once again. Alarmed at the repeated calls, one of the Sisters rushed up from below to ascertain the cause and proffer aid. The invalid, making a sign to her to approach, said with pain and sorrow depicted in the face: "Do you know, Sister, they won't take me to receive holy Communion to-day?" But on hearing that holy Communion could not possibly be administered to her in the state in which she then was, and that she would in consequence have to go without it, she could answer only by the tears that welled

forth from her eyes, and was inconsolable the rest of the day. To assuage her grief they told her that a priest would enter her cell on the morrow and bring her holy Communion. "Must I then," she mournfully exclaimed, "wait all day long and all the night through, to receive my Lord again?" But as towards evening her state was becoming critical, a priest was sent for in order to administer to her holy Viaticum, which she received with lively sentiments of joy and devotion.

From the foregoing, it is easy to conjecture how great must have been the sacrifice on her part when, on a previous occasion, in tender consideration for her great weakness, and in view of the lateness of the hour, she was recommended to abstain from approaching the holy table. However, to avoid causing her acute pain, as also because of the hope entertained that she could stand the fatigue without collapsing, the permission at first refused, was afterwards granted. When she was told this and her mantle was brought to her, she rose up, but sank down again in her place till the end of Mass. On being afterwards questioned why she did not avail herself of the permission, she confessed that she was afraid lest she should not be conforming to what she considered were the real wishes of her Superior. In matters spiritual, what a high degree of self-denial such submission of intellect and will implies is known only to those that are well-versed in spirituality.

During the last years of her life she seemed to be seized with one absorbing desire, viz., to see and possess God. The longer that happiness was delayed, the greater became her torment. Never exile pined for home half so passionately as she panted for heaven. One of the Sisters asked her whether she was not sorry to leave this world, her religious Sisters and all her relations behind. Didn't she wish to stay with the sisterhood some time more? "So many years have I been

with you," she replied, "that it would be almost a sin to wish to tarry any longer." Her standing complaint to her confessor, to the Mother Prioress, to her religious Sisters, and to the doctor in attendance on her, was that she was still left here below. When the doctor was first introduced to her, she asked: "Is it time for me to go, doctor?" Her heart sank within her when the latter said that he could not tell, but that God alone knew; for, to her, this meant only longer exile.—"Do you wish to die because you suffer so, and would like all your pains were over?" asked a Sister. "Must I not see my God?" she queried back; "I want my God!" Oh, the thirst of a soul for God! Who or what can slake it but God Himself? "I shall be satisfied when Thy glory shall appear."

More than a month before the end, being completely in the possession of her senses, she expressed a vehement desire for Extreme Unction, which she had the happiness of receiving at the hands of her own son, assisted by his brother. For the last three or four days of her earthly pilgrimage, she had lost consciousness, though she recovered her senses occasionally for a few brief moments. In one of these intervals, she was heard to exclaim with unusual warmth: "Let's go, let's go!" and on being asked whither, she replied: "Let's go—to heaven!" Oblivious of all else, she thought only of the Beloved of her heart. Sleepless often, through the long watches of the night, she would, as she confessed to some one who questioned her on the subject, hold sweet converse with Jesus, asking Him to come and take entire possession of her heart and soul. To all comers, she would pour out the same plaint: "I'm still here in the land of the living. God has not yet called me away to Himself. Nevertheless, not my will but His be done!"

Thus after a long life of steadfast fulfilment

of His holy will, God remembered His faithful servant and called the exile to her eternal home. Long as the end had been in coming, nevertheless, as often happens, when it did come, it took all by surprise. In the eighty-eighth year of her age, on Tuesday, January 21, 1913, the day when the Church commemorated the Prayer and Agony of Our Lord in the Garden, a little after eight in the morn-

ing, Sister Mary of the Incarnation peacefully yielded up her pure soul into the hands of her Creator, her own agony having taken place on the vigil of the feast itself. And now in the solemn quiet of the Carmelite cloister-yard, laid to their final rest, lie her mortal remains, awaiting the day of a blessed resurrection.

Ah, rarest lot, in one life's space,
To fill the goods of earth and Heav'n,
And give the Lord what He hath giv'n,
Enriched with treasures of His grace!

Yea, such the bliss she found below
As, all her worldly tasks well done,
She lived to God alone and won
The rapt repose, the quenchless glow

Of spirit steeped in Love's own fire
Purging of earthly loves the dross,
And, fastened to the flaming Cross,
Burning the sacrifice entire.

Upsoared her ceaseless pray'r and praise
From heart and busy hand and lip,
Her one great yearning but to dip
Her soul in the Blest Vision's rays:

There to be lost in Him Whom so
The Eucharist had made her taste,
That unto Him she seemed in haste
With her "Thy will be done!" to go.

R. I. P.

Discipline in the Schoolroom

OUT of a sense of justice to my readers, I must, at the very outset, confess that this essay has little new or original about it. For the question of school discipline has, at all times, engaged the attention of all right-minded teachers. The outcome of their work is daily seen in the rules and regulations that are instituted for the guidance of schools and colleges. But in the matter of understanding them, we are like one of Moliere's heroes who appreciated all the Latin and the Greek quoted to him, but who invariably asked for a faithful translation of what he called the 'delightful sentiments.' In like wise our knowledge of abstract principles is such as to warrant the assumption that we have made a thorough study of them. Yet these very principles must needs be translated into practice. The remarks made in the course of our discussion may serve to illustrate some of the simplest ways of practising them. I have yet another word of caution. Various passages in this paper might bring before us irresistible pictures, the subjects and the objects of which, we might recognize to be ourselves. We may, however, rest assured that they are not directed towards any individual teacher. Coincidences there will be, particularly because the subject is confined within professional limits. These coincidences, I hope, will, at the worst, provoke but a kindly smile.

The question of discipline may be considered from at least three points of view. First, as affording free scope for that peculiar kind of satisfaction that one feels in imposing oneself upon others. This, no doubt, is most flattering to one's sense of importance; but if the feeling is allowed to gain any hold upon us, be that the slightest, it will lead us imperceptibly on towards tyrannising over the

boys originally entrusted to our care. This feeling of self-importance, on the part of the teacher was, I believe, the *motif* of the many pedagogic vagaries described to us by students of a bygone age. It would be superfluous to say that this manner of regarding discipline is far from the righteous one.

Secondly, school discipline may be classed with those circumstances of life that are aptly termed inevitable. There is not much to be said against such an idea, for, taken at its worst it cannot be anything but innocuous. By discipline being called inevitable we understand that discipline is a mere matter of routine and that it can be best secured by enforcing specific rules as immutable, perhaps, as the laws of the Medes and Persians. This rigid system of rules contemplates only a definite number of contingents and takes no notice of any that might fall outside this number. Indeed, it may be spoken of as a lifeless system answering to no external impulses.

Thirdly, we may look upon discipline as essential to the building up of character in schoolboys. This is the only true way of understanding our work as disciplinarians. A certain relation must be established between the teacher and the taught; hence, in its ultimate analysis, the subject of discipline is reducible to two main points: (1) the cultivation of a distinctly elevated personality by the teacher in himself, and (2) the obtaining from the boys an instinctive submission to its influence. I shall now try to point out how we may attain to this end.

Experience tells us that the teacher's 'life upon earth is a warfare.' The moment he enters his class-room he may be said to have taken his stand upon the battle-field. I do not, however, mean to support the view that

he is the 'natural enemy' of the pupils. The obstacles to a smooth course of business in the class-room are of a different nature. They are offered by those faults and defects that the teacher must find in his pupils. He must, in order to combat these evils successfully, work himself into a place of authority over the boys. Advisedly I say he must strive for this authority and not simply rely in fancied security on the rules of the school or college where he may be working. The rules, as I have said, are a dead thing and will of themselves avail but little. To invoke their help is to declare ourselves powerless. It may, however, happen that in practical purposes the teacher is not sure of his rights and privileges and of the sanction he may receive for his acts from the headmaster. Or it may happen that in matters of discipline the assistant depends on his headmaster too palpably to be revered by the pupils. In the one case it is a form of vaguely decentralized government, and in the other of a strongly centralized one. A comparative study of these two forms will take us beyond the bounds of the subject; but one may suggest that the middle course will here be as fruitful of happy results as in other affairs of human interest. Be that as it may, the efficient teacher is the living principle of law and order. This indeed presupposes that he himself is thoroughly disciplined, for, says the old monastic maxim, 'no man securely commands but he who has learned well to obey.' Consider the state of things when teachers show a remarkable deficiency in their sense of punctuality for one thing, and of personal reserve for another; and the inconvenience of classes going on on their own responsibility without even so much as the semblance of a teacher to keep them in order. Are not noise and disorderliness in a neighbouring class as bad as confusion is in one's own?

Authority has been defined as 'influence

over others derived from character, example, mental and moral superiority. Three things specially conduce to the acquirement of authority by teachers.'

The teacher should be esteemed by his pupils for both his learning and his character. This postulates that he is thoroughly master of the subject he has to deal with. His information on the subject must be fresh and his manner of presenting it interesting. He must try to concern the boys deeply in their work by appealing to their knowledge and experience of things. If he can make his class interesting, he has little need to trouble himself with keeping the boys in order. The adjustment will be almost automatic. Apart from this, it would be disastrous for the teacher's authority if his pupils were to detect in his knowledge any deficiency due to neglect of study; for, with their innate ability to put two and two together boys can find out whether their teacher is in earnest about his work or not. But sometimes there may arise a question that the teacher has not thought of beforehand in the course of his preparation; then to catch at some frantic explanation would be as unconvincing as to frown at the earnest inquirer after truth; let the teacher rather say 'I am not sure, but I shall look it up and tell you more about it to-morrow.' This example of honesty will not be lost upon the pupils. Again, the teacher should not be hobbyhorical; collecting photographs and making newspaper cuttings are excellent pastimes in their own way, but when carried on in the class-room will not win for us the esteem of our pupils. I would suggest another hobby in the place of these, namely, the extending our acquaintance with books bearing on school matters. Nor would it be amiss if we were to examine our professional consciences regarding the time we devote to and the delight we take in the preparation

of lessons. Speaking on the point of character, a Jesuit Father says: 'Anything like passionate and irritable behaviour, abusive language, haughtiness, levity, whims, fickleness, inconsiderate or idle talk, mannerisms, peculiarities of gesture and expression which will strike the pupils as ridiculous and any other defect of mind or character will at once be detected by the keen eyes of the students and will more or less weaken his authority.' I would draw your especial attention to the mannerisms. There is nothing so harmful to a teacher's authority as the undue prominence of these. Our speech is seen bristling with them. A teacher who, according to statistics, seems to have used the word 'consequently' seventeen times and the interrogative 'do you see' sixty-nine times in the space of a period must have been a source of genuine amusement to his pupils. We should cultivate a habit of varying our phraseology even when it is a question of the most trifling item of school-work. Then again I have seen teachers so familiar with their pupils as to pat them on the back and allow them to crowd round the chair. No boy should ever be permitted to come anywhere near the teacher's table. The teacher should have a certain kind of mystery clinging to him. Balancing oneself on the arm of a chair, perching on the top of a desk, sitting down with one leg crossed over the other, and pinioning one's arms to the back of the chair are some of the gaping unconventionalities of the day. The evil does not end here; there are some teachers who in order to enforce discipline go so far as to hold a discussion with some refractory student in the class. This procedure I would ascribe to the dim perception they have of their own sanctity. Next, in the matter of gestures, I have had the singular good fortune to have seen such as cannot well be described by any except the word astounding. Capering

about the room does not seem to be the best way in which a teacher may maintain his dignity. To summarize, let there be nothing in the teacher that can by any stretch of ingenuity serve as a handle for the boys to catch hold of and use vigorously. Discussions on the subject of discipline should be most sedulously avoided. They do not convey to the boys any idea of their master's authority. The boy with whom such discussions are held 'plays to the gallery'; the rest of the class applauds him and the teacher invariably has the worst of it. Think twice before giving an order. Once it is given, insist upon it, but always politely. If the case proves a hard one, hold it over for treatment at a more propitious time.

The teacher must try to gain the affection of his pupils by evincing an eagerness for their advancement. Whenever occasion offers, he will do well to admit some of the amenities of social life into his routine. An enquiry after the health of some of his pupils, a kindly word of either sympathy or thankfulness or of apology may be taken as fair specimens of the amenities. Care must be taken not to make these too frequent since they can easily degenerate into excessive familiarity. Above all, however, we can have no better assurance of having earned the affection of our pupils than that we conscientiously do our duty by them. The students should find their teacher cheerful when they assemble for the day's work. We may keep the picture of the 'Village Schoolmaster' constantly before us and derive some profit thereby:

A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.

Do not, therefore, let the boys read your face as they would read a weather-chart. The teacher can gain yet another hold upon the affection of his pupils by not demanding too high a standard of excellence. This tends to give him an impression that his students are dull. Says a writer in the *Hibbert Journal*: 'Those teachers are utterly wrong who have assumed that most pupils are incapable of understanding what their teacher wishes them to learn. A good teacher will find most pupils prompt in thought and retentive in memory.... Real dullards are as rare as freaks in the animal world. In most pupils you can catch the promise of different ambitions, which would come to their fulfilment if the teacher only did his duty.'

I now take up the third and last element, the element of fear. It is the fear reverential and not the fear servile. It is a kind of instinctive homage which boys pay to the manliness of their teacher. Consistency in word and in action, prudence in the framing and in the enforcement of rules are the best aids to inculcating this kind of wholesome fear.

I have so far dealt with what I have called the cultivation of a distinctly elevated personality in the teacher. I have tried to explain how the teacher's authority depends upon the esteem, the love and the fear which his pupils feel for his personality. This is the sterner aspect of his nature as it ought to be; there is another, a milder one, which likewise makes for his authority. *Politeness* is the first of the gentler virtues; let the teacher take care to be exceedingly polite to his pupils. It costs little, but is productive of great good. A uniformly dictatorial manner unrelieved by any traits of politeness is apt to be looked upon as conceitedness. The boys enjoy the bootless pomposity of such a teacher. They know he is playing a part and a bad one at that; 'he is under the

restraint of a formal and didactic hypocrisy.' Politeness, on the other hand, does not only raise the teacher in the estimation of his pupils, but does as well form an active example to the boys who naturally take well to it. How pleasant it is to thank some pupil of ours for any little service he may have done for us! To the teacher of English are here afforded opportunities for the instruction of his pupils in the true language of politeness. An informal talk on this subject may be occasionally held with advantage. The second of these virtues is *patience*. 'Impatience, vehemence and rashness' says Fr. Schwickerath, 'are signs that a teacher lacks knowledge of the frail human heart.' Another distinguished Jesuit writes 'no one likes to settle at the foot of a volcano. A wrathful, excitable teacher will do great harm. The outbursts of his anger will destroy all around like the eruptions of a volcano.' But sometimes the teacher is liable to lose temper as when he hears the boys have given him a nickname, or when they detect some hideous slip in some statement made by him. It is natural to feel irritated at these little rubs, but a happy hearty laugh can save the situation. A certain modicum of humour goes a long way towards alleviating many of these unforeseen accidents. The third and last among these virtues is a studied *indifference* to any by-play that we may find kept up by the boys during hours of work. The most noticeable failings are the exchange of little notes, the exchange of eatables and of ideas, a rare happening, the latter,—the exchange of pin-pricks and other such trifles. How would it do to storm over these? Would it not be better to reserve them to be dealt with unofficially? Sometimes for the sake of variety it will be found useful to direct the attention of the class to these trespassers. They feel withered up and the rest of the class feels complimented. Any irregu-

larity on the part of a boy should be construed into an offence against the sanctity and the sanity of the class as a whole. The teacher should beware not to entangle himself in a personal quarrel with the offender. It must never become a Johnson-Jefferies fight.

I now come to the second part of my paper. How is the personality of the teacher to be brought to bear on the conduct of the boys? I would lay it down as a principle that the teacher should never make a show of his attempts at discipline. The attempts must be slow and imperceptible. Caning the boys into shape is an ugly process. They must be made to feel that there is nothing alarmingly new about their conditions of life. At first the rules must be such as will be easily obeyed. A few more may be added in the course of the year, but we, in general, find that fortunately there is not much scope for legislating in the class-room. The question of punishment, when any breach of rule is concerned, requires careful study. Two points should be borne in mind with regard to it: (1) The punishment should be proportionate to the offence and it should not be inflicted too often. (2) The teacher should not be known among the boys for an irrepressible fault-finder. It should be his boast to mete out as little punishment as possible. Contrary to the proverb 'the more the merrier,' the fewer the punishments the greater the satisfaction of both teacher and pupils. But ours would be a regrettable regime if punishment occupied a not inconsiderable place in it. Walking along the verandahs of schools one comes upon petty offenders held up to public scorn. They are either made to stand up on the bench, or sent out of the room or made to kneel down on either side of the teacher's chair as so many adoring angels. What would you think of a teacher who, in the course of half-an-hour, conjugates himself through all the forms of the imperative mood—and forms greater in

number than the ordinary grammar knows of? Here is an incident of the kind: the teacher first made the boy stand up in his place, a few minutes later, he thought it fit to let the boy have a few touches of the rod, and he rounded off the whole performance by ordering the boy out of the class-room. The interludes I have not mentioned. They chiefly consisted of growls and ejaculations. I had stepped in there by special courtesy of the teacher in order to get an insight into the method of teaching, but he gave me a sample of a thing I had never bargained for. I have described this incident so minutely for do not similar incidents often happen? Here is a string of common offences: late-coming and absence, neglect of lessons, talking during class hours, and the surreptitious habit of prompting, a proneness to distraction and inattention, (here the teacher is largely to blame,) disobedience and insubordination. With regard to late-coming, one is apt to wonder what good there is in sending the boy to the headmaster. The boy does get a ticket of admission; what reasons he generally gives is more than we can say, but neither the class nor the teacher is edified by them. It is waste of time for the boy to have to loiter about the Prefect's Office; but if on the contrary late-coming and unexplained absence were to be equated with the infliction of some corporal punishment or with the levying of some fine, things would, I am sure, soon come round to a normality. But a good plan is to treat the late-comer with a turn of ridicule. I have known this method to succeed well. The greater the authority a teacher has the more efficacious is this remedy. When a boy neglects the day's work, insist upon his doing it that very day. Talking and prompting can be easily stopped by that weapon of gentle ridicule. I need not speak of disobedience and insubordination, not because they are rare occurrences, but

because they lie outside the teacher's sphere of authority, in as much as they would be proof positive that the teacher has begun to be an egregious failure. What we can do is not to give room for the display of insubordination. The Rev. John Abbott thus appositely remarks: 'It is always best to avoid such collisions. Wisdom teaches us to guard against giving a child an opportunity of summoning all its energies to disobey. Those are peculiar occasions, and peculiar moods of mind, which generally elicit this strength of rebellious feeling. A little foresight will often enable us, without any surrender of authority, to calm the rising feeling, instead of exciting it to its utmost strength.' There are some other faults: flagrant violations of modesty and decency, impudent insults offered to elderly persons, and continued laziness; the rod is the panacea for all such evils, specially when friendly advice has proved unsuccessful.

O ye who teach the ingenious youth of nations
Holland, France, England, Germany and Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions
It mends their morals, never mind the pain.

But if practised on the scale obtaining in certain seats of learning, the use of the rod will, in the course of a few years, have reached the figures attained by the Suabian school-master in his fifty-one years of teaching.

Another point on which one can hardly lay sufficient stress is the necessity of showing strict fairness and justice. Favouritism and familiarity strike at the very root of the teacher's prestige. It is in the interest of the students that the teacher should show an unvarying spirit of kindness towards all of them. If the teacher must practice favouritism, then let him choose the dullest, the poorest, the ugliest from among the boys of the class.

Discipline in the class-room must be spoken of at some length, but I hope, not at too great a one for the reader's patience. A few good rules concerning order in it are to

be firmly adhered to. The danger of disorder is always great when one has to manage a new class. Firmness may be interpreted into tyranny and kindness into senseless familiarity. Yet these five rules may be suggested as applicable to all classes both new and other.

First, resist the evil from the beginning. Even the least disturbance must be promptly checked. Secondly, the boys should not be allowed to choose or change their places as they wish. The teacher should exercise some thought before assigning places. Thirdly, entering into class and going out of it must never be accompanied by noise or confusion. I have sometimes seen boys rushing out of class like a pack of wolves, but the usual sight is of boys straggling and loitering about the class at the end of the session. Fourthly, the salutary rule of silence during hours of school should be rigidly maintained. Boys I have found are often mystified into silence by the teacher using mere signs of the hand to enforce order. The shouting out of the word 'silence,' or the irrational thumping on the table is not the best way of securing silence. Conducting the lessons at an inch higher than the top of one's voice cannot be expected to impress anyone with any reasonable idea of silence. Carlyle, you may remember, wrote forty volumes to convey the message of silence to mankind. Fifthly, the teacher should insist upon the boys standing up both when he enters class and when he leaves it. Lounging on the benches, leaning forward on the desks and other forms of misdemeanour should be immediately corrected.

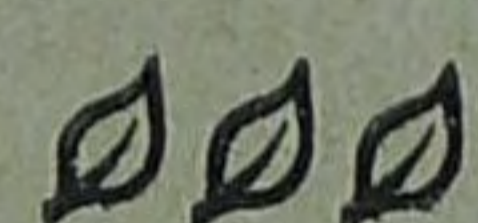
I have said all that I could remember on matters of discipline. Briefly it is this: the teacher, in the first place, should build up a personality worthy of reverence, a personality that meets with the unquestioning homage of the boys. In the second place, boys must be slowly and gradually accustomed to the

idea of discipline. They must be taught that
 Perfect law commensures perfect freedom.
 And this happy consummation will be sweetly and certainly achieved if the teacher, in season, and out of season, were to instil into his young charges a high sense of honour and of morality as well as of their individual and corporate responsibility. This is not the work of a day nor even of a year; it is the striving and straining of a teacher's lifetime. He must be ever on the look-out for those opportunities that will help him to accentuate the note of morality in his pupils; a short paper cannot hope to indicate the various methods. Trust your boys and your boys will trust you. Punishment must be had recourse to in rare cases; the teacher must try to do without them. A few rules judiciously thought out

must be set up for the guidance of the class with regard to both its work and its conduct.

I would not imply that I have now dived into the psychological depths of the subject; or that the opinions sketched out in this essay have in them anything more than a vestige of personal experience; to claim absolute infallibility would again be as little to the purpose. But, in the last instance, I would advert to the one fact that as teachers we belong to the vast commonwealth of learning in which we move regardless alike of grade and of glory and in which it should be our ambition to emulate Chaucer's schoolmaster; for, of him it was said, as it should be of each one of us:

gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.



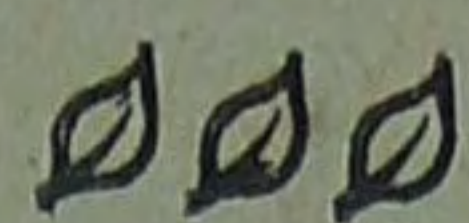
Far far away

O, what sweet sorrow woos our hearts to tears
 And wakes the mind to thoughts of other years,
 When life was in its blossom-scented May
 'Mid chances of alternate hopes and fears—
 Far far away.

Yea, where are they who've been my earliest gain,
 Those friends with whom we halved our mutual pain,
 Dividing our felicity? But they
 Now lie entombed within oblivion's fane—
 Far far away.

When memory wafts back glimpses of old years,
 To gentle bliss we're reconciled by tears:
 'Tis yet hard lot to wail our vanished May—
 Departing, that has left us but our fears,
 Far far away.

B. S.



Pursuit and Possession

IT requires only a commonplaceness of thought and observation to be convinced of the truth of the apparent paradox that nearly all earthly pleasure lies in expectation and not in fruition—in the pursuit, and not in the possession of the thing pursued. Every object of human seeking, however dazzling in the distance, is apt to fade in splendour when it is won. With what zeal, in what high spirits and with what glorious anticipations do we set out on a tour, and with what a weight of gathering dulness do we return! Many a noble argosy launched with streamers flying amidst the salvos of artillery and the huzzas of thousands, has come back 'rent and beggared' by the stripping sport of the elements. Give the huntsman the game that he is in quest of, the sportsman the shield that he strives for, or the gambler the money that is staked, that each may enjoy with satisfaction the object which he pursues, and he will only laugh at your folly. The path of love, a primrose path at the outset, has it been one of undiminished and uninterrupted pleasure in its continuity? Rather how often as the poet says,

The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Has lost its charm by being caught.

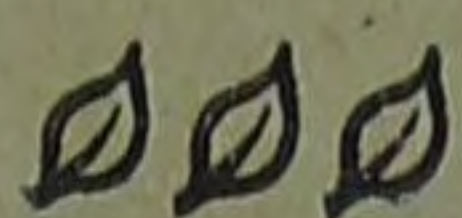
Again, whether it be the almighty dollar that you run after, whether your ambition be to scale the dizzy heights of fame, or Wolsey-like 'to sound all the depths and shoals of honour'—in any case, when your darling and cherished wishes have been realized, when the dream in which you have so long indulged has gathered shape and become a solid fact, when the object your heart yearned after is at your command, what do you find but that the expected enjoyment is no more, and that you have been pursuing only a will-o'-the-wisp? In truth, many a

prize of life, like Dead Sea fruit, turns to nothing but ashes in the grasp. Hence, it may be said that no earthly object that is chased is ever enjoyed with anything like the zest and enthusiasm with which it is pursued.

All true pleasure, therefore, consists in the means and not in the end—in quest, and not in possession. And wisely has it been so ordered. Our tendency of constant seeking is the very backbone of life's activity, and a part of the fundamental law of progress. It is, as it were, a piquant sauce without which the cold-mutton monotony of insipid existence would be unendurable. Were all our desires satiated and all our expectations fulfilled no sooner than they were born, active life would sink into dull repose deadening the very faculties whereby we live. If then continual seeking forms the sum total of life's business this side the grave, wherein else but in such seeking may true pleasure be said to lie?

'We are such stuff as dreams are made on.' Yonder blazes in inviting splendour our looked-for Elysium. Hope sheds a sweet radiance on the stream of life; and it is the pleasing emotion that springs from hope and expectation that constantly cheers us on along our course. Glorious thoughts and pleasurable anticipations like the gentle sea-breezes at even-tide, lighten the tedious hours. Thus under the spell of pleasure that is to be, cheerfully we move on until the mists of vision roll aside, and we find ourselves face to face with the reality. But the charm of it is fled! Yet another Elysium gleams before us, and invites our reinforced attempt. We greedily accept the chance. Thus ever on from pleasure to pleasure, we travail only to realize that it is not here below, but only beyond the grave in Heaven lies man's happiness.

M. A. F. Coelho.



The Ideal

A Tribute to the Memory of Captain Scott, the Antarctic Explorer

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TO heights no man hath won,
 To far, untrodden plains,
 To shores where chills the sun
 Beyond earth's icy mains,
 It beckons them, the brave,
 The hero-hearted few,
 Who stake their life to save
 What keeps the old world new.

And scorning smooth-brow'd ease
 And pleasure's soft caress,
 With toil denied surcease,
 Untired they onward press—
 On to the glimmering goal
 That still recedes from view,
 Content, if but their soul
 Unto its quest keep true.

Not theirs the lust of prize,
 Nor love of paltry fame;
 These, in all wondering eyes,
 Their selfless deeds disclaim.
 But if proud History's page
 Record their worth sublime,
 The example lifts the age
 And fructifies thro' Time.

O daring spirit spent
 In strife to touch earth's bounds,
 Fired with such grand intent
 As envious fate confounds,
 What reck'st thou of the doom
 'Twas thine to share below,
 Where tells thy snow-clad tomb
 Its wonder and its woe!

Deep on thy Country's heart
 Shall graven be her debt
 To one who played his part,
 And left her greater yet;
 And while from pole to pole
 Men cherish dreams sublime,
 The world shall bless thy soul,
 Thy legacy to Time.

J. S.

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THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE

MANGALORE, MARCH, 1913

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

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

THE Very Rev. E. Frchetti, S. J., who was recently nominated Superior of the Mission of Mangalore, in succession to the Very Rev. J. B. Rossi, S. J., left the College for Codial-bail on the 24th March. His tenure of office as Rector has been a brief one, but in the higher level which he now occupies he will still be able, and have many an opportunity to work for the progress of Catholic education. To review the years of his rule over us would be patently presumptuous on our part; but there are changes and improvements effected by him, writ so large that he who runs may read. The Primary Department owes its organization to him, and the measures taken both here and in Milagres for the better instruction of the children will reach far into the history of the coming years. The physical and chemical laboratories have received costly reinforcements, and the installation of gas and electricity will soon complete their equipment. Not the least among his claims to our grateful remembrance is the founding of the Teachers' Provident Fund, which is intended to offer happier chances of educational service in the College.

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The Rev. Cornelius Perazzi, S. J., assumed charge of the Rectorship of the College on the 30th March. It is now nearly a twelvemonth since he left us for Europe, and he has turned

these months of his stay there to good account by re-visiting England and acquainting himself with the latest developments of educational methods. In welcoming him, we welcome no stranger, but one who has worked in the College as Professor for fourteen years, and who has always retained his interest in it despite his prolonged absence. We wish our new Rector many a year replete with Heaven's rarest blessings on whatsoever he shall set his hand to.

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Mr. Peter John D'Souza has just published a Konkani version of Canon Von Schmid's story of the *Rose-tree*. This is a step more towards the rise and progress of Konkani literature in Mangalore. Mr. D'Souza must have had to cope with grave difficulties in the course of his work; for the story must be set in such a mould as will, without proving false to the original, win the appreciation of the generality of readers in Canara. Moreover, the interpretation of purely European scenes and sentiments, is seriously hampered by the insufficiency of Konkani idiom. Under such circumstances, the translator's only resource is to import phrases that may, on first appearance, strike the average mind as outlandish. We are glad to say that the work has been accomplished with tact enough to ensure a wide circulation for the book.

1912-13

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

November 26th, Tuesday.—An exhibition of class-work by the teachers and the students of the Primary Department.

December 9th, Monday.—His Lordship the Bishop of Mangalore returned from Europe. He landed at 4 p. m., and drove to the Rosario Cathedral, where Mr. Ignatius P. Fernandes spoke words of welcome to him on behalf of the Catholics of Mangalore. The Bishop thanked the vast concourse of people that had met to receive him, told them of the special audience granted him by His Holiness the Pope, and conveyed to them the message of comfort and encouragement which the Holy Father had entrusted to him. At the conclusion of the speech, the Bishop entered the Church where he intoned the *Te Deum* and imparted the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

December 11th, Wednesday.—Prize Day for the Primary and the Lower Secondary Departments.

December 12th, Thursday.—Durbar Day. Distribution of prizes to the students of the High School and the College Departments. Master M. Bhavani Shanker, of the Fifth Form, sends us an account of the day and its doings. It is written from the standpoint of a student, who might with justice say of some of the events *quorum pars magna fui*:

To an earnest student who has toiled at his books all the year, and who has spent many a sleepless night over the prospect of an approaching examination, no day is more gladsome than the one appointed for the giving away of prizes. It is with a degree of self-importance and a consciousness of having done his duty, that the prize-winner walks into the Hall, not alone generally, lest slander should whisper that he goes unaccompanied because of his arrogance, but talking to his associates, not necessarily about

the impending distribution, but of other subjects of a wider interest. He does not swagger; he speaks familiarly to everyone, walks with a step more than usually dignified, and casts furtive glances on every side, as if to ascertain whether everybody's eyes are directed towards him.

The prevailing commotion caused by the hurrying of eager feet, the loud talk resulting from the extreme garrulity of some boys, and the boisterous laugh of a puerile association suddenly subside into a low murmur and then die away, as the full-voiced College Choir is about to burst into music. As the applause greeting the music faded away, the Principal of the College stepped on to the stage and read the Annual Report, in which much to the edification of professors, teachers and boys, the Inspector's remark on the well-organized condition of the College and of the Boarding-House, was received with genuine pleasure. The prizes were then given away by his Lordship the Bishop of Mangalore. Special congratulations are due to S. Narnappa, Edward Carlson, G. Paniker, J. Pettah, M. Atmaram, Frederic Pinto, Krishna Bhat, Camillo Fernandes and many others, who have continued to maintain their reputation by carrying off the lion's share in various subjects every year.

Next His Lordship the Bishop addressed the audience with his characteristic dignity. He urged the boys to enter heart and soul into their studies; he advised those of slender means to realize their position better, and to strive manfully against difficulties, and the less mentally gifted ones to embrace the Commercial Courses, recently opened in the College for their special benefit, as it would prove more immediately fruitful in these days, when Indian industries are being encouraged everywhere. He concluded by

counselling those boys who had been sadly disappointed in their hopes, not to desist from trying, for arduous labour would be sure, at some time or other, to reap and enjoy the results.

The Bogus Inspector, a comic operetta by Frank Booth, was then acted by students, the majority of whom belonged to the lower classes. This was a new departure from the practice of previous years, when the privilege of appearing in public used mostly to belong to the higher forms and the College Department. It was indeed a pleasant change: and the innocent cherub-like faces, the clear, ringing voice, and the free and easy ways of these actors, worked together in happy combination to make the entertainment appreciated by all; and the perpetual smile that played on the lips of these boys, who by their happy frame of mind helped to add a little sunshine to their surroundings, contributed to give each scene and act an air of extreme naturalness and naïveté.

December 21st, Saturday.—The annual retreat for the English-speaking Catholics of the town began to-day at 5 p. m., under the direction of Father A. M. Colaço, S. J. It is now close upon thirty years since the starting of these spiritual exercises. More than a hundred have yearly been attending it with recollected mien, and drawing therefrom the principles of happy lives. The retreat ended on Christmas Eve when His Lordship the Bishop said Mass and gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

December 25th, Wednesday.—Christmas day.

High Heaven in mercy to your sad annoy
Still greets you with glad tidings of immortal joy.
Think on the eternal home,
The Saviour left for you;
Think on the Lord most holy come
To dwell with hearts untrue:
So shall ye tread untir'd His pastoral ways,
And in the darkness sing your carol of high praise.
Keble.

December 31st, Tuesday.—The thirty-fourth anniversary of the landing of the first batch of Jesuit Fathers in Mangalore was marked by the announcement of the Very Rev. Father E. Frachetti, S. J., Rector of the College, being appointed Superior of the Mission of Mangalore. He will, however, continue to rule this institution till the arrival of his successor, the Rev. C. Perazzi, S. J., who is now in Europe.

January 1st, Wednesday.—New Year's Day.

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.—*Young.*

January 7th, Tuesday.—Reopening of classes. To students the new year is only a calendar arrangement. For the first four months of it are an integral portion of the scholastic year.

February 8th, Saturday.—The Students' annual retreat began this evening: the Rev. A. Macry, S. J., conducted it for the seniors, and the Rev. F. X. Aranha, for the juniors. A retreat is a time for mental and spiritual stock-taking: it is a halt and a retrospect in the pilgrimage of life, and as such, ought to appeal to every honest Christian. It emphasizes one's idea of duty and makes one look upon the fulfilment of duty as one's divinely-appointed path to greatness here and hereafter.

February 12th, Wednesday.—The retreat ended this morning with General Communion, *Te Deum* and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

February 24th, Monday.—At a conference of the teachers of the Lower Secondary Department held this evening, Mr. V. P. Coelho, B. A., read a paper on the much-debated question of *Discipline in the Classroom*. The Rev. Father Principal, and some of the Professors of the College Department were present at it. Similar conferences, it is

intended, will be called together, in the course of the scholastic year, in order that the teachers may have an opportunity of exchanging their experiences with regard to school matters.

February 26th, Wednesday.—Exhibition of class-work by students of the Fourth Form. A few scenes from Miss Charlotte Yonge's story of *The Little Duke* were acted, and in the intervals of these several of the students read essays on subjects of their own choice allowed them, perhaps, for the exercise of what we may be pardoned for putting down as gumption. The scenes seemed to be snap-shot-like, but the actors were equal to the dramatic strain of it. As a reward for this labour of love, a half-holiday was granted to the classes.

March 3rd, Monday.—"The Novena of Grace" in honour of St. Francis Xavier for the success of our students in the forthcoming public examinations began to-day.

March 11th, Tuesday.—Prize debate for the students of the College Department. Somewhat to our surprise there were only six speakers engaged on the subjects, which surely offered a tempting choice. Possibly the nearness of the University examination was accountable for the seeming lack of enthusiasm among the students. The competitors acquitted themselves most ably of their self-imposed task: to use a certain professor's summing up—there was in the speeches plenty of good—and common-sense, the expression of both sense and sentiment was satisfying, and the delivery was clear and distinct. We may here correct certain impressions vaguely hovering over the minds of young debaters. Nothing sits so well on a public speaker when first he opens his mouth, as an air of modesty accompanied by slow and deliberate speech; again, a high hectoring voice is not indispensable to his dignity. To the audience we should recommend greater

restraint in the manifestation of their feelings. Applause does indeed connote high approval, but it loses meaning when made to punctuate paragraphs heavy with platitudes.

March 15th, Saturday.—The Rev. C. Ghezzi, S. J., Principal of the College, went to Calicut to attend a meeting of the Principals of the Colleges on the West Coast to discuss the requisite qualifications for admission of students into the Junior Intermediate class and other questions regarding the S. S. L. Certificate.

March 31st, Monday.—Rev. Father C. Perazzi, S. J., Rector of the College, received the homage of the staff and students this morning immediately after the opening of classes. The lay professors and teachers assembled in the Recreation Hall to tender their greetings and services to the new Rector. In his happy little speech, Mr. Jos. Saldanha, B. A., expressed on behalf of his colleagues their genuine joy in having him once more in their midst. After replying, Father Rector went round and warmly shook hands with each one; he renewed his acquaintance with a kindly word reminiscent of other days. Rev. Father Principal then took him round the classes introducing them severally to him. A holiday was then granted to such of the classes as were not actually engaged in the final examinations.

Report for 1911-12

The scholastic year 1911-12 has been one of quiet but steady progress. The strength of the whole institution was well maintained, as is shown by the following figures:—

	July '11	April '12	Dec. '12
College	143	133	153
High School	270	253	267
Lower Secondary	416	401	410
Primary	284	285	298
<i>Total.</i>	1113	1072	1128

The students at present on the rolls are classified as follows: Christians 757, Hindus 349, and Mahomedans 22. In June last, at the special request of the Milagres Church Board of Administration, and with the sanction of the educational authorities, we took up the entire management of the Milagres Secondary School, which numbers 204 pupils.

S. S. L. C. Examination. Out of 87 students on the rolls of the Sixth Form last year, 72 were presented for the Secondary School Leaving Certificate Examination, and 25 out of these found admission into our College Department; a few more obtained entrance elsewhere. The registered applications for admission into the Junior Intermediate from holders of complete Secondary School Leaving Certificates from other High Schools, were 151, and of them 29 were accepted, thus bringing up to 54 this year's admissions to the First University Class.

Promotions. From the applicants' point of view the selection may have appeared somewhat ungenerous; but it was not really so, if looked at in the light of the true interests of higher education. Because at present there are no precise percentages laid down which students should have gained before being considered qualified to enter upon a University course of study, High School students are apt to jump to the conclusion that every one who has *somehow* gone through a High School course may seek admission to the College classes. On the contrary, as the Syndicate of the Madras University plainly puts it in the circular letter, dated November 14, 1911 for the guidance of the Principals of Affiliated Colleges, "a considerably higher standard of attainments than that indicated by the Presidency average mark of the Public Examination should be required of all candidates accepted for admission to Affiliated Colleges." That important document has lately been made public, and to it we invite

the attention of all concerned, pupils as well as parents. A careful consideration of the wise principles it lays down may have, it is hoped, the much-to-be-desired effect of allaying somewhat the importunity of pupils, oftentimes too ably seconded by their parents, to be promoted to classes for which they are not qualified.

In this connection it may be well for all to remember that "next after the efficiency of the staff, the most important element of success in a school and college, is the strict promotion of pupils into classes which they are properly qualified to enter: importunity on the part of parents and others to have unqualified pupils promoted should be resolutely withstood." (*Madras Educational Rules.*)

Commercial Course. The introduction of a commercial course had been a long-felt want in this institution, and we are glad to report that, thanks to Government aid, this class has at last been opened, and that Commercial Practice and Geography, Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, Typewriting and Shorthand are included among the optional branches of the High School curriculum. The number of students who have taken these various subjects is 50. We recommend this practical course especially to such students, as either from an innate disinclination to academical studies, or from a variety of other circumstances do not aspire to a University career.

University Examinations. For the Intermediate Examination of 1911-12 we presented 40 candidates, and passed 16, six of them being placed in the first class, viz., Messrs. Jos. Franco (10), Joseph Petta (14), M. Atmaram (29), K. C. Matthew (30), P. G. Panniker (36), Edwin D'Souza (123): altogether 18 distinctions in the various subjects went to the credit of the successful candidates. For the B. A. Degree examination in English

13 candidates were presented, and *all passed*, 5 of them in the second class; 3 more candidates, who after attending the lectures here chose to appear as private students, were likewise successful. In the Second Language Branch (Canarese, Malayalam, Latin) 9 passed out of 12, 6 of them in the second class; in the History Branch 8 were successful out of 12, five of these in the second class.

New Courses. Of the new courses of study for the B. A. Degree (Philosophy and Mathematics), in which we have been affiliated, Branch i (Mathematics) was opened this year, and for this the valuable services of Mr. T. S. Krishnasamy, M. A., L. T., have been secured.

Laboratories. The thorough equipment of the Science Laboratories, both in the School and in the College Department, has been satisfactorily pushed on; a sum of over Rs. 32,000 was expended last year on the gas installation, books and apparatus, a part of which sum, *i. e.*, Rs. 12,058 was granted by Government. For the current year, an additional supply of apparatus, including a large electric installation, is on order at a total cost of Rs. 14,000, whilst a special Government Grant of Rs. 1,725 is being expended on the High School Laboratories.

Libraries. The joint number of volumes in the various Professors' and Students' Libraries is now over 11,300. The books added since last year were 544.

Hostel. The hostel accommodation has been considerably extended by the recent purchase of lands and houses at a total cost of Rs. 16,500, towards which Government has promised Rs. 5,042. Various other improvements are in contemplation, and will be taken in hand as soon as the sanction of the Director of Public Instruction is obtained.

Teachers' Provident Fund. The new year 1913 will see, we trust, the realization of another long-felt desire, the establishment

of a Teachers' Provident Fund, for the benefit of our large staff of lay teachers.

Donations and Prizes. One more name has been added to the golden rolls of our Benefactors and Founders, in the person of Mr. Joachim Saldanha, who has subscribed Rs. 1,000. The Codialbail Sodality and the C. U. Club have also founded a prize in memory of their late Director, Rev. Fr. C. Perazzi, S. J. To these generous benefactors, and to the kind contributors to the Poor Students' Fund, we beg to tender our most grateful acknowledgements. We deem it our duty also to avail ourselves of this public occasion to express our indebtedness to Government for the liberal grants-in-aid sanctioned on behalf of this institution. This generous help, whilst evincing on the one hand the good will of Government for the furtherance of education, on the other will act on us as a spur, inasmuch as it shows that our efforts in the good cause are appreciated by the powers that be.

The Inspector's Report. Mr. C. Ransford, M. A., Acting Inspector of Schools for the Circle, who lately visited our School Department, has recorded his personal impression as follows: "The work is thoroughly well organized: the importance of a good grounding is shown by the good condition of the Primary Department. . . . Science work and equipment is highly satisfactory." After the inspection of our Boarding House and Hostel, he wrote in the Visitors' Book: "I was much pleased to see the Hostel on my first visit to St. Aloysius' College. The arrangements are very good. The rooms are slightly overcrowded at present, but with the extension contemplated, this will no doubt disappear, and the evil system of boys living in lodges will, I hope, be ended. The Father in charge is most enthusiastic, and looks after the boys admirably. Their life is made as pleasant as possible." His other suggestions on the need

of a few more trained teachers, and of paying more attention to the vernacular (Canarese) are being duly attended to.

The Staff. We sincerely regret the loss of the able services of Rev. C. Perazzi, S. J., for the last twelve years Lecturer in Political Economy and Political Science. His weakened health made a change of climate imperative: but we hope and pray that we may have the pleasure to welcome him back renewed in health and vigour at the next reopening in July. Mr. J. Mathias, B. A., is now qualifying for the L. T. degree at Saidapet, Mr. F. Correa is likewise undergoing training in the local Normal School. Mr. H. Srinivasa Rao has rejoined duty after his course of training. The Revs. N. Fermi, S. J., and G. Albuquerque, S. J., and Messrs. J. P. Noronha, B. A. (History), K. Ryru Nair, B. A. (Physics), J. T. Rego and M. R. Nambiyar were welcome additions to the Staff this year. A notable feature of the year has been the introduction of women teachers into the Primary Department, a departure which has met with the Inspector's approval.

Sports. The traditional keen interest of the Aloysians in outdoor games and field sports has been kept up, though the actual results of the year's competitions fell short of what our students' preliminary successes had led many to anticipate. We are the holders of the Tennis Cup for the year 1911-12 and of the Junior Cricket Cup, and Junior and Senior Athletics Cups for 1912-13.

In conclusion, we have to thank the many ex-Aloysians and kind friends who have favoured us by awarding prizes to the successful students, our many guests for honouring us with their presence here this evening, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Paul Perini, S. J., Bishop of

Mangalore, for kindly consenting to preside on this occasion.

E. FRACHETTI, S. J.,
12th December 1912. Rector.

THE THIRTIETH ANNUAL PRIZE DAY

12th December 1912.

PROGRAMME

PART I

- The Boatman's Song... *M. Johnston*... College Choir
- The Annual Report
- Distribution of Prizes
- The Labourers' Chorus... *Auber*... College Choir
- The Chairman's Address
- March..... The Boarders' String Band

PART II

THE BOGUS SCHOOL INSPECTOR

A Comic Operetta in Two Acts

BY FRANK BOOTH

Between the Acts: .. *Violin Solo*.. Vincent D'Souza

GOD SAVE THE KING

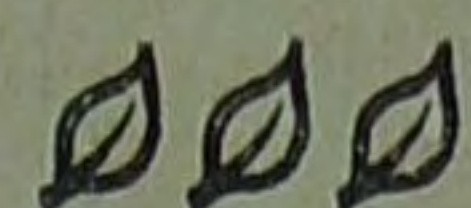
The Bogus School Inspector

- Colonel Fig, *Inspector of Schools* . J. F. X. Saldanha
- Valet, *to Inspector* Egbert Pinto
- Mr. Pointer, *School Teacher* . . . Albert M. Pinto
- Mr. Fetcham, *School Attendance Officer* Bertie D'Souza
- Johnny Stout, *A Lazy Schoolboy* . Elias Lobo

DUNCES AND SCHOLARS

INCIDENTAL SONGS

1. Opening Chorus... Hark! there's the school bell
2. Song (*Inspector's Valet*)... I really can't say
3. Song and Chorus (*School Attendance Officer*).. Some time ago the Legislature
4. Chorus... Good-day to you
5. Song and Chorus (*Johnny Stout*)... As a babe, sir
6. Dunces' Chorus... Pray, pardon this intrusion
7. Song (*School Teacher*).. The first Inspector ever I knew
8. Trio (*Colonel, Teacher, Valet*).. The Departmental anger
9. Finale (*Chorus*)... Our task is done



1912-13

PERSONAL AND PARTICULAR

THE Rev. C. Ghezzi, S. J., Principal, St. Aloysius' College, has been once more appointed Examiner in Latin to the University of Madras. The forthcoming examinations from the entrance to the M. A. Degree will, in that branch, be under his chairmanship.

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The Rev. Diomedes Gioanini, S. J., Director of Father Muller's Charitable Institutions, Kankanady, has been appointed a member of the District Board of South Canara.

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Dr. Lawrence P. Fernandes received the Gold Cross *Pro Ecclesiae et Pontifice* from the hands of the Bishop of Mangalore on the 8th January. The function took place at Kankanady in the presence of a vast gathering of the residents of Mangalore. The highest officials, European and Indian, and the prominent figures from every section of society, were there together with the many hundreds who, at some time or other, must have come into personal contact with the Doctor. Before presenting the Cross, the Bishop eulogized the eminent services rendered by Dr. Fernandes to his fellow-citizens. The next speakers were Messrs. A. J. Lobo, B. A., B. L., and R. M. Roy, Bar.-at-law, each of whom dwelt on diverse aspects of the Doctor's distinguished career. On the 11th January Dr. Fernandes was entertained by the Catholic Community at the Catholic Union Club.

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Our hearty congratulations are offered to the Rev. Francis Rota, S. J., who has just been ordained to the Priesthood at Milltown Park, Dublin. The College still remembers him as among the first who worked in it during the early days of its expansion.

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Mr. J. H. Alban Mascarenhas, B. A., LL. B., has returned from Bombay to take up legal

practice in Mangalore. We heartily wish him success in his learned profession.

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Mr. S. G. Thomas Vas is now Manager of a large commercial concern in Antung, Manchuria. A recent number of *The Frontiersman* chronicles his admission into the Legion of Frontiersmen which confers upon him many valuable privileges.

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We congratulate Mr. Robert Charles Aranha on his election as an Associate of the Institute of Bankers, London.

◊ ◊ ◊

Mr. John Pinto has joined the Papal Seminary at Kandy. His brother Louis is undergoing a course of studies for the Priesthood in the Diocesan Seminary at Jeppoo.

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The Rev. William Noronha, an alumnus of the Papal Seminary, was ordained Priest at Kandy. On New Year's day he sang High Mass in the Milagres Church. He is now stationed at Tellicherry where the European School and the Parish are both availing themselves of his services.

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It speaks well for the excellence of home-spun cloths that the two local weaving establishments of Messrs. Philip Tauro, at Attavar, and P. Machado & Sons, at Kadri, are so extensively patronized. Mr. Tauro's new buildings were solemnly blessed on the 2nd February. Mr. Machado's enterprise has been growing apace through the interest taken in it by both employer and employés.

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

Mr. Joachim L. D'Souza to Miss Agnes Mary Saldanha, at the Church of the Holy Cross, Dharwar, on November 16th, 1912.

Mr. Denis A. Coelho to Miss Adela Saldanha, at the Church of Our Lady of Miracles, on November 26th, 1912.

Mr. Marcel A. M. D'Souza to Miss Jane Mary Rodriguez, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Urwa, on January 8th.

Mr. Gelasius D'Souza, of St. Mary's College, Bombay, to Miss Amy D'Souza, at St. Anne's Church, Mazagon, on January 11th.

Mr. Albert C. Gonsalves, B. A., B. L., to Miss Maria Teresa Rodriguez, at the Church of Our Lady of Miracles, on January 28th.

Mr. Gregory Vaz to Miss Lily Mary Coelho, at the Church of our Lady of Miracles, on January 29th.

Our attention has been drawn to an inaccuracy which inadvertently crept into one of the obituary notices in our last number. *Ut veritati suus sit locus*, we place on record the following details regarding the manufactories of tiles opened by Catholics. The late Mr. Manuel Coelho, of Falneer, and his brothers were the first to open a factory which, however, seems to have worked only for a few months. Messrs. Joseph Lobo and Son were the next to embark on the same industry, and with them, the late Mr. Alexis Albuquerque was associated for a time. But this firm was a short-lived one. Then followed the partnership of the brothers, Messrs. Pascal and Alexis Albuquerque, and subsequently the business was conducted by each one for himself. So much for the pioneers of tile industry among Catholics. But, indeed, it is generally known that the credit of founding and fostering the Mangalore tile and brick is due to the Basel German Mission.

Mr. Marcel A. M. D'Souza, Headmaster and Manager of St. Xavier's Higher Elementary School, Kadri, sends us an account of his institution from which we learn that the

number on the rolls is 328, looked after by a staff of fourteen teachers. The departmental inspection of the school has been very favourable, and has obtained for it a grant of Rs. 800. With such a record the school has a bright future in store for it.

We were startled to find not long ago, that we are not alone in the field of College journalism. The students of the Fifth Form (A Division) have set on foot a magazine styled "Our Own Paper," on lines not too modest to pass unnoticed. The literary venture, which has already passed through two numbers, is at present allowed to appear in manuscript form. Its pages comprise stories and articles by the students themselves interspersed with juvenile verse—original and perhaps, at times, verging on the aboriginal. We hope that the day is not far off, when we shall see the Magazine in the pomp of print.

We have received a copy of the rules and report of the *Mangalore R. C. Clerical Mutual Aid Union* and its Fund. Within the few years that have elapsed since its opening, it has been making steady progress and may well be looked upon as a firmly-established institution. It has fully justified its existence in having proved beneficial to several of its members disabled by ill-health. We commend a study of the *Union* to every Aloysian Priest.

St. Ann's Girls' High School Report for 1910-12

It is now three years since any account of St. Ann's High School was rendered to the public; for, though these years have been marked by the usual number of school entertainments, yet at none of them was it judged worth while to present a Report of the work done in the twelvemonth preceding the event.

The most noteworthy happening of these years was the complete separation of the High School from the Teachers' Training Section which, from its start in 1899, had been under one and the same management and staff. Such a radical change could only be effected at the cost of great hardships and heavy outlay. Our present position will be understood when we state that here on these premises, we are conducting two schools independent of each other: a High School with a fully equipped staff, and a Model School with its own staff. To the latter are attached Students under training who come to us from this town and from various parts of Southern India. Both in the fitness of things, and in the interests of comfort and efficiency, the two distinct departments ought to have found accommodation in separate buildings. But this we regret to say that we have not succeeded in securing, and that the ten efforts we made in this direction have been just as many failures. So hard it is to adjust a variety of claims and interests. But we have not yet given up the quest, and shall continue it until our plans shall have become accomplished facts.

Another great change and one affecting the curriculum of studies has been the introduction of the Secondary School Leaving Certificate in the room of the Matriculation Examination. It was but natural that the change should have been made with some trepidation and continued with much dubiety. But the results have completely dispelled our fears and justified our conduct in the eyes of the most captious critics. There have been so far two public examinations and in both of them our students have obtained high percentages in every subject, while the class percentages and the examination percentages in English have been so consistently high that they afford the strongest testimony to the quality of the instruction imparted in the

School. For the fourth time in the history of this institution, one of our students secured the highest percentage in English among students sent up from Girls' Schools in the Madras Presidency. But the Gold Medal usually awarded to this distinction has recently been set apart for the Intermediate Examination under similar conditions.

The Secondary School Leaving Certificate is all the more welcome to us as enabling us to carry out certain measures which we had in view for years, but which the Matriculation course debarred us from adopting. We now find room in our time-table for the congenial study of what may be termed the necessary accomplishments of a woman's life, namely,

Needle-work: Plain and Fancy.

Patching and darning in every conceivable variety.

Dress-making.

Domestic Economy including Physiology and Sick-nursing.

Practical cookery.

Botany.

We are sure that the parents of our students and all advocates of Female Education will view the adoption of the S. S. L. Certificate as a blessing in the interests of the students themselves and of the community at large.

Prizes are awarded to the following candidates who appeared for and passed creditably at the last S. S. L. C. Examination.

1. Denise Lobo.
2. Catherine Lobo.
3. Mary Fernandes.
4. Lucy Lobo.
5. Jenny Coelho.
6. Magdalen Pinto.
7. Rosie Pais.
8. Grace Alvares.

Music—theoretical, vocal and instrumental—has been steadily growing in popular favour. Candidates are yearly sent up for the

London College of Music Examinations. The results have been, in every case, excellent: and two Medals and two Prizes have been won.

In the Training Department, the results of the examinations have been as usual extremely good. Many have begun to perceive that a year's training at the end of a girl's general educational course, fits her better not only as a teacher, but also as a mother and mistress of a home.

In conclusion, we offer our cordial thanks to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Paul Perini, S. J., Bishop of Mangalore, for kindly consenting to preside on this occasion, and to our many friends who have honoured us with their presence this evening.

13th December 1912. SISTER ALOYSIA.

Results of Examinations.

Examinations	1910		1911	
	No. presented	PASSES	No. presented	PASSES
S. S. L. Certificate	8	4	9	8 (one failed in Mathematics by 3 marks)
Teachers' Examinations, Secondary	4	4	4	3
Elementary Higher	22	22	22	22
Music	1911		1912	
Senior	1	1 with honours	6	6 (two with honours)
Junior	10	10 (four with honours), 1 medal	8	8 (six with honours), 1 medal
Theory of music	4	4 I Class	8	8 I Class— one Prize

Examinations in Music, 1912.

1. Theory of Music—Presented 8.
 Results: a) All passed.
 b) First Class.
 c) One won a prize.
2. Practical: pianoforte—Presented 14

from the Primary to the Advanced Senior Grade.

Results: 8 passed with honours.
 4 First Clas.
 2 Second Class.

Master N. M. Nowrojee was awarded a Medal.

3. Violin. Intermediate: Presented 1.
 Passed with honours.

Among the successful candidates was Miss Annie Tellis, aged 10 years, from St. Mary's School.

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Mr. Nicholas M. Rego died at his residence in Codialboil on the 7th November 1912, at the age of 58 years. He received his first education at the Parochial School of Urwa, and on the completion of his secondary studies in the Provincial School, Mangalore, took up a professional course at the Agricultural College, Madras. After a year's training at Dehra Dun, he joined the Forest Department in which, by dint of hard and honest work, he rose to the grade of a District Forest Officer. The history of his life during this period was characterized by an eminent love of duty which, besides obtaining recognition at the hands of Government, won for him the esteem of all classes of men. A true Christian feeling permeated his life at home; it sought for no ostentation, but worked in unobtrusive ways for Christ's Church and for Christ's poor. His last illness came upon him while out camping, away from medical aid and from human habitation. He was brought home by Dr. P. P. Pinto, of Madras, who had hastened to his side directly on receiving intimation of his illness. But he was brought home only to die. His mortal remains lie interred in the porch of the chapel of Our Lady of Dolours, Codialbail. R. I. P.

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A kind friend sends us a copy of the *Rangoon Gazette*, containing an obituary

notice of Mr. Joachim Sequeira, (in religion Br. Theodoret of Mary), a Mangalorean, who died in the service of the Lord in far-away Rangoon: "Br. Theodoret of Mary, of the Brothers of the Christian School, died in the General Hospital on the 22nd November 1912, after an illness of two months. The deceased was born of Christian parents in Mangalore, and was educated in the Christian Brothers' School in Colombo, where he served his novitiate in the order, and where for eighteen years he was a master in their College. In 1896, he was transferred from Colombo to Rangoon, and for ten years he taught the senior classes of St. Paul's High School. In 1906, he was sent to Moulmein, as sub-director of the school, but was taken very ill about two months ago, and brought to the hospital here. He has no relatives in Burma, so far as is known. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon from St. Mary's Roman

Catholic Cathedral, the interment being made in the Brothers' plot in Pazundaung Cemetery." R. I. P.

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Mrs. Anne Frances Saldanha, *née* Noronha, wife of Mr. Lawrence J. Saldanha, died after a long illness, at Falneer, on the 18th December 1912. She was a prominent member of the Sodality of the Christian Mothers to whom her life of piety and patience was a constant inspiration. Blessed in her children, she lived to see that the care she had bestowed upon her home brought solace to her during the last days of her life. R. I. P.

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Mr. Casimir Coelho died, at his residence in Kankanady, on the 19th February, after a few weeks of severe illness. Owing to the low state of his health he had, for many years, lived in absolute retirement. R. I. P.

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BOOK NOTICES

1. A FIRST ENGLISH GRAMMAR: BY LLEWELYN TIPPING, M. A., I. E. S. *Macmillan & Co., Ltd.* (Price 4 annas.)

This follows the syllabus of studies laid down by the Government of Bengal. An attempt is made, an adequate one we should think, at the Direct Method of teaching English. The exercises are carefully graded so that the need for formal instruction in Grammar is reduced to its lowest.

2. MANNERS FOR BOYS: *Codialbail Press, Mangalore.*

Here is a booklet to charm away the boorishness that is sometimes met with among boys. It aims at correcting their behaviour, and is well adapted to the intelligence and the requirements of the genus Boy. It is divided into sections for each standard of pupils, though it would be good to offer the whole book to each standard as so many drill-exercises. It is particularly recommendable to Indians, for it is evidently the work of one much used to boys' moods and tenses.

3. FIRST BOOK OF SCIENCE: RURAL SCIENCE: BY J. J. GREEN, B. SC. A FIRST BOOK OF EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE: BY W. A. WHILTON, M. SC. *Macmillan & Co., Ltd.* (Price 1s. 6d. each.)

The series to which these two primers belong is intended as an introduction to the practical Sciences. When compared with the primers of five-and-twenty years ago, these little volumes exhibit a distinct improvement in matter as well as in manner. *Rural Science* would appeal mostly to pupils living in an English environment. But much of it could, with advantage, be adopted by Indian Schools, if only the teacher can bring himself to apply its principles to Indian surroundings. To each of the chapters are appended questions and

exercises practical and written which, in the hands of a skilful instructor, will serve to gauge the progress of his pupils.

4. LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND NEWLY ABRIDGED AND BROUGHT DOWN TO THE ACCESSION OF KING GEORGE V: BY DOM HENRY NORBERT BIRT, O.S.B. *G. Bell and Sons, Ltd.* (Price 3s. 6d.)

Dr. Lingard's position as an English historian is an assured one, and his work needs no new introduction to the reading public. The present volume is chiefly intended as a text-book for students in secondary schools. To Catholic students, in particular, we could not recommend a more dependable book for the S. S. L. Certificate and the Intermediate examinations. True it is, there are excellent manuals written on similar lines, but one regrets to find them disfigured by insinuations against the Catholic Church and tainted by a spirit of bigotry. Father Birt alone is responsible for the history of England from the coming of William and Mary to the accession of George V. We may note that the treatment of this period, crowded as it is with events, is complete though concise, and shows a freshness arising from the author's profound intimacy with the subject.

5. THE CHILDREN'S STORY BOOKS: SCENES IN FAIRYLAND, TALES FROM NURSELAND, OLD GREEK TALES, OLD ENGLISH TALES. *Macmillan & Co., Ltd.* (Price 2s. 9d.)

Dainty books these, and all the daintier for they bring back to the present reviewer the days of his own childhood when the paths of knowledge were tearful ones. Here we have a set of most inviting booklets in which letterpress, illustration, and binding conspire to make them things of beauty and joy.

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D. V.

THOUGHTS ON TEMPERANCE

IT HAS been said that greater calamities are inflicted on mankind by intemperance than by the three great historical scourges—War, Pestilence, and Famine. That is true for us, but not for Europe and civilized countries in general.... It is the measure of our discredit and disgrace.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

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Unless progress is made in grappling with the evils of the drink traffic, much of our social legislation will be brought to naught, or long delayed. Every moral and social cause is involved in the victory of the Temperance movement.—*Mr. Winston Churchill.*

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If I could destroy to-morrow the desire for strong drink... what changes we should see! We should see our taxes reduced by a million sterling a year; should see our jails and workhouses empty. We should see more lives saved in twelve months than are consumed in a century of bitter and savage warfare. We should transfigure and transform the whole face of the country.—*Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.*

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I entered upon the enquiry (regarding drink) without any conscious bias, and during more than three years I studied the question from many points of view. The result was, in my own mind, a deep conviction of the magnitude of the evil to be grappled with, and of the necessity of stringent remedies, if any definite improvement was to be effected.—*Lord Peel.*

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Drink is the mother of want and the nurse of crime.—*Lord Brougham.*

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I think it is in the course of my duty to

say that, within my experience as a judge, and having lived some considerable time in the world among other judges and judges of much larger experience than myself, it is certainly the case that, if we could make the country sober, we might shut up nine-tenths of the jails.—*Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.*

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I have thought very seriously as to what is for the most part the origin of crime, and every day I live, and the more I think of the matter, the more firmly do I come to the conclusion that the root of almost all crime is drink, that tyrant which affects all ages and both sexes—the young, the middle-aged, the old, father and son, husband and wife; all of them in turn became addicted to its tyranny. I do believe that nine-tenths of the crime committed in this country—and certainly in this country—is engendered within the doors of the drinking-house.—*Lord Brampton.*

(*Justice Hawkins.*)

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Twelve murders, eighteen attempts at murder, and woundings without number that were just as likely to have ended in murder, as far as the conduct of the criminal was concerned, have been mine and my brother judges' daily fare for the last four weeks in one circuit, and in almost every case, as appeared in evidence, drink was the cause.

—*Justice Grantham.*

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(President of the Divorce Court, 1906)—
"I am fairly convinced that if drink were eradicated, this Court might shut its doors, at any rate for the greater part of the time.

—*Sir Gorrell Barnes.*

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