

THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE

The Organ and Record of St. Aloysius' College

VOL. V

MANGALORE, JULY, 1910

No. 2

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The Grief of the Realms

☪☪☪

"I am going a long way

To the island-valley of Avilion."

The Passing of Arthur.

MOURN him, ye Realms, whose kindly sway
O'er you hath ceased! He sails the way
With Death to where his Sires did fare—
Avilion's far-off isle of endless day.

His heart was with you thro' the years
His mighty sceptre swept your fears,
And wrought your peace and brought increase
Of bliss unto his Empire. Rain your tears!

For you he would not brook to lend
Rest to himself; but, to the end,
Bearing the weight and cares of state,
He passed—his people's father, king and friend.

The world shall reverence his renown,
And Memory shall bend her down
Grateful to pray, while thrones decay,
That he may wear in Heaven a deathless crown.

☪☪☪

Ave Imperator!

o o o

ERE the old King's ashes are laid in the grave, lo! a new one throned in his stead
 To an Empire's hail that drowns the sad wail for the King that is newly dead;
 And loyal millions rejoice in their grief, uplifting voices of prayer
 To the Lord who lives and the God who gives, whose bounties are passing fair:
 "Thou hast taken the weary and worn to Thyself to rest in the bliss of Thy peace,
 "And we thank Thy grace, and Thy mercy we praise for Thy purpose that yieldeth increase,
 "By Thee the earth's empty thrones are filled, as the new doth the old succeed,
 "By right divine, a symbol of Thine, the nations to guide and to lead.
 "Vainly yon luminous wonder we dread, which Thy might in the heavens reveals,
 "Is not the world that Thy hand hath unfurled chained to Thy heart and Thy heels?
 "We are foolish and weak, we are faithless and cold, we know not the depth of Thy love,
 "We plan in our pride what Thou sweepst aside, whilst Thou willest the best from above—
 "Oh, grant to our Emperor, length of days with health of body and brain,
 "Let the sound of his name be heard with acclaim on isles of the farthest main;
 "May the lives that grow enwound with his together lend their grace
 "To Britain's throne, as their blood and bone hath done in other days.
 "Replenish the land with Thy plenty, O Lord, that Hunger and Want may be filled;
 "Bid Rapine and War and Disease flee far, and the voice of Untruth be stilled.
 "Oh grant, of Thy grace, to the King Thou hast given us, peace in his realms far and wide,
 "Let his Empire sound, to its uttermost bound, the trumpet of truce, and abide—
 "Abide in Thy love, and abide by Thy law that Concord may reign supreme
 "And the years that fleet find its life complete as a bright, unbroken dream."

o o o

An Indian Witness to the Faith

IT would be appropriate to begin this short sketch in the words of the poet who sang how

By the proud Nayrs the noble rank is claimed;
The shining faulchion brandished in the right,
Their left arm wields the target in the fight,

for Nilakandan its subject, was a Nair of Travancore. Born of a good family he, early in life, found in the military profession an atmosphere where he could exercise his superior talents. He seems to have been an educated man for his time and place, but the chief trait of his character was firmness: even at the comparatively early age of thirty he was holding a place of trust in the army. Besides being well-known and esteemed at court he, through his generosity, had cultivated the friendship of a Belgian officer, Eustace de Lannoy, who had taken service under the king of Travancore. In him Nilakandan found not only a warrior worthy of the steel, but also an earnest and practising Catholic, and the friendship that had begun on the principle of like to like soon ended in the conversion of Nilakandan to the true Faith. Commonplace as its occasion was, it nevertheless deserves to be remembered.

One afternoon Capt. Lannoy chanced to meet his friend walking listlessly about enveloped in an air of inexpressible gloom. On inquiry the good Captain found that Nilakandan was brooding over a heavy loss of fortune, and with true Christian feeling offered him all the soldier sympathy he could; perhaps, for all we know, the trained eye of the Commandant saw the opportunity for a siege long desired. Howbeit, Lannoy exhorted his friend to resignation with the thought that the loss of the things of this world is not worth grieving for, and to revive his courage

Lannoy narrated the story of holy Job as an example how earthly losses should be borne. These and other considerations of a like trend put before Nilakandan at a time when sensibility was quick with sorrow took hold of his heart and set his mind a-thinking.

The earnestness and sincerity of the Christian, the justice of his remarks and the light they cast on human life, gave him food for silent reflection: and the measure of his thoughts was full when at his request the Captain expounded to him the truths of Christianity. Reason being thus convinced, Faith, the pledge of true religion, at length became his.

Lannoy overjoyed at the happy result sent his friend for baptism to Father John Baptist Buttari who was then the Jesuit Missionary at Vodekankulam. The holy man was at first rather disposed to put the neophyte to a lengthy probation; but he soon discovered that he had to deal with a man far above the common run, very much in earnest about his conversion and seeking to be born to Christ out of the purest of motives. Accordingly the erstwhile pagan was baptized in the two-and-thirtieth year of his age under the name of Devasagayam. This brings us to the year 1745.

For the three years following, the convert led an exemplary Christian life, even exercising in the fulness of fervour a sort of apostolate around him. After a period of watchful anxiety, he succeeded in winning over to the Catholic faith his wife and some comrades-in-arms. Not satisfied with this he would, whenever the opportunity came, profess his faith very openly, sometimes going the length of discussing with the Brahmins who, often worsted in the fray, were able only to answer him with abuse.

When this state of affairs came to the knowledge of the king's ministers, they waxed wroth and vowed vengeance against the degenerate who had abandoned the worship of his fathers and dishonoured his caste, all in order to embrace a creed imported from over seas. To them it seemed the lowest depth of degradation. Nay, it was even whispered that the Christians were in the habit of insulting their gods and treading their idols under-foot. Hence Nilakandan had to bear the full brunt of friendly expostulation and official menace; but for all that they availed, he became only the more open in the profession of his faith and the more determined to keep it, even to the death. Thenceforth the wily Brahmins were always on the watch nor was the desired opportunity long in coming.

The missionary who had baptized Devasagayam having to obtain some favour from the Government naturally turned to him for assistance; but no sooner had Devasagayam busied himself on behalf of his spiritual father than the whole bureau of the governing Brahmins determined on his ruin, and their plan took form in an initial rupture with him.

A soldier of the king working over a Christian affair was to them an anomaly: the Governor in the height of anger threatened the extermination of all the Catholics in the kingdom. At this point was the firmness of Devasagayam's character put to a crucial test, and the Governor being of the plastic type could not but admire the composure and self-possession displayed by Devasagayam who now stood forth for his religion; but party feeling triumphed, for the minister repaired to the king to report that the Christians were an execrable set of people and that Devasagayam was by far the worst of them all: measures for the safety of the kingdom were likewise very loyally suggested by him.

These were accordingly adopted, for on the 23rd February 1749 a squad of soldiers

was despatched with a royal warrant for the arrest of Devasagayam. He quietly surrendered himself only asking for the favour of an interview with Capt. Lannoy, who secured for his friend all the consolations of religion. It was not long before Devasagayam was taken to the officers of justice; yet he was not unaccompanied, for Lannoy had sent one of his men with the party to acquaint himself with the wishes of the king towards the prisoner; but even this friendly act was interpreted as verging on treason. The Captain thus unwittingly drew down on himself the royal disfavour, for he was not only ordered to withdraw his man, but also to warn the missionary against any attempt at converting the Hindu nobility, and as a mark of supreme contempt in which Christianity was held, their ministrations were commanded by the king to the low castes living on the seashore.

Devasagayam was meanwhile led to the capital where every inducement to apostatize was held out to him; but he being persistent in his refusal was thrown into prison and shortly afterwards sentenced to death. This was a signal for a general persecution of the Christians: all manner of barbarities were committed both against the faithful and against their churches.

The day of execution at last arrived: Devasagayam stepped out happy and jubilant that he should be found worthy to shed his blood for Christ. Yet that was not to be the glorious honour: to his great disappointment the order was countermanded and he was led back to prison. To the pagans he was a novel spectacle, for they could not understand why the Christian longed so for death as to be unhappy at its delay.

Though deprived of his dearest wishes, Devasagayam was not held back from suffering for Christ; humiliations and tortures awaited him in plenty. Mounted on a buffalo

with hands bound behind his back and a garland round his neck, he was led through the kingdom by an escort of soldiers. To evil-doers as well as to Christians was this intended as a warning; for lo! how the king chose to treat a subject, albeit a favourite officer, who had forgotten loyalty to gods and men for the folly of the Cross. Cheerful amid so great a disgrace, the noble confessor learnt that all the sufferings of this world could never equal the glory to be revealed to those who follow the Christ. His one answer to the querulousness of friends lay in expounding the Christian doctrine and the happiness of dying for it; disconsolate they went away but ever admiring his constancy which now by this time awakened the inquisitive minds of the people, and it was among them that he sowed the saving seed.

The sixteen days during which he was subjected to this mock-heroic treatment, now as a butt of laughter to the vacant fool, and now as a deterrent to misguided loyalty, passed over him without wearing away the cheerfulness of his spirit: nothing could tread that down. Once more the ministers fell back on the expedient of slow torture: exposure to sun and rain aided on by starvation would, they thought, give the finishing touch to the entire affair: but here too were they baffled, for unknown hands provided Devasagayam with his daily bread. What a change! The man who once was sorrowing over loss of wealth is now moistening the crust of hidden charity with tears of the love of his Lord.

The king would no more be at cross purposes with so noble a prisoner and had almost decided to set him free when the ministers set their veto upon the proposal. Devasagayam was, therefore, allowed to linger on day after day in an existence that seemed to touch both heaven and earth: his preaching went straight to the hearts of hearers and even the very jailors, accustomed as they

were to look upon sufferings as something which required the care of their key, felt compassion for him. They allowed him the solace of his religion, and many a time in the hour of trial was the Bread of Angels taken unto him.

At this time one of the jailors, perhaps out of regard for personal convenience, decided to do away with the prisoner secretly by night; but his companion hearing of it not only dissuaded the man from his project but even brought him round to afford the prisoner a chance of escape; but Devasagayam not trusting to his own wisdom in the matter wrote to Capt. Lannoy, and by his advice declined to escape.

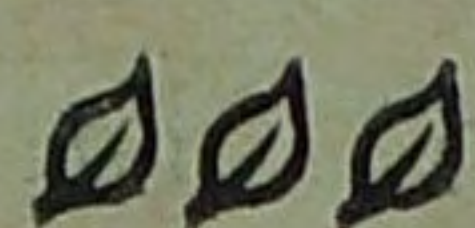
Two years had now elapsed since the day of Devasagayam's arrest, and in that time a kind of pilgrimage had been established to the door of his cell. Seeing the fame that was gathering round the life of Devasagayam, the king had him removed to a prison near the Aramboly pass. There he dragged on his existence for a year, at the end of which a change took place in the officers of the fort: a surly old man was put in command of it: cross and cadaverous he soon found out that Devasagayam was breeding insubordination in the ranks. The matter was reported to the king and means of checking the evil were likewise loyally pointed out.

Secret orders were despatched from the Court for the execution of Devasagayam. At midnight, on the 14th January 1752, the soldiers awoke the prisoner and asked him to follow them to the chief officer, who, they said, wished to see him. But Devasagayam had joyful presentiment of his end: he therefore said: "Don't pretend. I know where you are leading me to." As the feebleness of his manacled limbs and the weight of the shackles did not allow him to walk quickly enough for the soldiers, they carried him on their shoulders to the place of his doom. He

asked for a few minutes to commend his soul into the hands of his Lord, after which turning to the soldiers, "I have done my duty," he said, "now do yours." Three musket shots were discharged in answer, but none wounded him mortally. Two more at closer range proved fatal, and he died with the names of Jesus and Mary on his lips.

Thus ended in his fortieth year the life of a man who might have been the glory of his kingdom, but who for the love of the Lord that was revealed unto him, led for seven years a dying life, and died bearing out in very deed the truth of Tertullian's saying: *Sanguis Martyrum semen Christianorum.*

Taprobanensis.



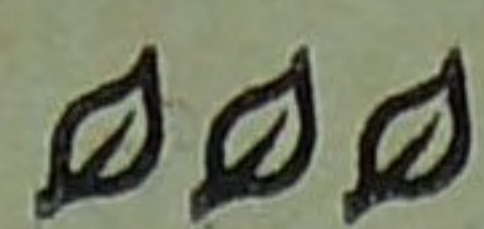
Waiting

Child, whither are the cloud-worlds fleeting
Past the full meridian?
To what glad regions with their greeting—
To the portals of the sun?

Nay, still afar they soul-sad linger
Held as on the mournful song
Of even softly murmuring her
Peace amid a siren throng.

Behold, thou fair, how falls their latest
Splendour on the golden sea;
And say, like unto them thou waitest—
For sweet life or love of me?

V. C.



Cruelty to Animals

IT is admitted on all hands, that man stands highest in the order of creation. He alone has been endowed with intellect, free-will and speech, which all distinguish him most signally from the brute creation. Nay more, whatever is common to both man and the lower animals exists in man in a highly perfected state. These considerations tend to demonstrate that nature has destined man to exercise an overlordship on all that is beneath him in the scale of creation. However, from this it does not follow that he is entitled to hold sway over them after the manner of a tyrant. Nevertheless, not uncommonly do we come across people,—in particular young and unprincipled men,—who take a kind of pleasure in ill-treating domestic animals, such as horses, bullocks and dogs, or in stealing birds' eggs and stoning to death lizards and frogs; in a word, perpetrating all sorts of wanton cruelty on these inoffensive creatures. And these men defend their line of conduct on the plea that animals have no right to be well-treated by us, and further, that animals do not, after all, suffer much.

Rights, in the strict sense of the word, irrational beings do not possess. For, duties and rights are correlative. If animals have rights, they should likewise be burdened with duties. But duties cannot be imposed upon creatures that have neither the intellectual power to grasp the force of the obligations, nor free-will to perform them. Consequently, it may be easily allowed, that in the strict sense of the word, the lower animals have no rights to property, wealth, honour or good treatment from us. It is also but reasonable that we, who are the masters of these creatures, may justly claim service from them. We should not, however, forget that animals

have rights in a wider sense of the term. For God, the Creator of us all, has a right that we should treat His creatures in a way that is becoming us. It is His desire that we should follow the dictates of reason and not inflict unnecessary pain on irrational beings. Again, reason clearly demands that man should consider and treat himself, as a whole, with all his complexity of feelings and sentiments, and not merely as an emotionless logician and metaphysician. The feelings of compassion and sympathy inherent in every human heart, not sprung up in the soul by accident, nor any foreign importations,—feelings divinely bestowed on man, to the end that he might cherish them—shall we allow these to lose their softening influences in us by repeated acts of wanton cruelty? A man who has begun to take delight in ill-treating cows and dogs simply for the pleasure's sake, might, for aught we know, if time and opportunities favour him, be his fellowman's persecutor like Nero or Domitian of yore. His heart will by degrees come to lose all sense of kindness and mercy, and ere long, it will make little difference with him to whip an overworked bullock, or to administer blows and kicks to his wife and children. Thus in truth, he will have lost true manliness of character. The thought that one's character may hereafter be brutalized ought surely to be enough to deter one from ill-treating animals.

We sometimes hear it said that animals suffer little or no pain. It has almost become a second nature to us to represent to ourselves the griefs and feelings of others, by comparing them with what we should have felt in similar circumstances. But it is erroneous to judge of the sufferings of animals by what we should suffer if similarly treated.

For the nervous system of birds and beasts is by far inferior to that of man, and Dr. Andrew Wilson remarks that "wanting a human nervous system, the pain must be infinitely less—absolutely and relatively—than that of man." But to make this a defence of, or argument for cruelty to helpless animals and birds is wrong; for, however imperfect it may be, all animals have a nervous system which enables them to feel pain more or less in proportion to the superiority of the system, and we should always be slow to cause even the slightest pain. It may also be added that as science has not invented any means of measuring the depth of animal feelings, we ought to judge of animal suffering mainly by the cries and movements they make. Even the least little animals show some sign of their grief, and if they do not, it is because of their inability to show these symptoms in such a way as to strike us. But we are quite sure that the dog whines when cudgelled, bullocks and cows bellow woefully, and these are sure signs that they are subject to pain and that, too, of a very real sort. Why then, shall we inflict pain on them uselessly? The absence of human intellect and want of regularity in habits which make us suffer all the more, are a boon to animals, for they suffer so much the less on that score. But there is nothing that positively proves that irrational beings feel absolutely no pain.

On the other hand, there are reasons enough to move us to kindness towards animals. For, as has been already stated, animals do feel pain, and this alone should suffice to deter us from inflicting unnecessary or unreasonable pain on them. Then also the fact that the poor birds and animals lack the faculty of speech ought to appeal to our hearts to be kind to them. We are wont to pity an accused party placed beyond the means of establishing his innocence. Now, the lower animals are much more helpless

than such a man who has some one person for other to help him directly or indirectly. At least, the courts of law give him the benefit of a fair trial. But this is not the case with the horse and the cow and the dog. Not only are they helpless, but they are brought before a human tribunal, with none to plead for them. Shall they on that account be all the more severely dealt with?

It is interesting to compare the views of ancient and of modern writers on this subject. Pythagoras and Empedocles seem to have been the first in Europe to write on man's treatment of animals. Their statements as well as those of their followers are naturally in great measure the echo of their deep-seated belief in metempsychosis. Cicero, in "De Finibus" (book III, 20), maintains a saner position and distinguishes between human and animal rights. In a magnificent survey of European morals from Augustus to Charlemagne, Lecky describes the "striking efforts made in Christendom to inculcate a feeling of kindness and pity towards the brute creation." The mind of the Christian philosophers of the Middle Ages is reflected in the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas, who may be taken to give expression to his own sentiments as well as those prevalent among the thinkers of his day. The following quotation from Fr. Rickaby's scholarly translation of the "Summa contra Gentiles" exhibits in clear terms the results of a discussion of the position of animals in the economy of creation:—"Wherever in Holy Scripture there are found prohibitions of cruelty to dumb animals, as in the prohibition of killing the mother-bird with the young (Deut. XXII, 6, 7), the object of such prohibition is either to turn man's mind away from practising cruelty on his fellow-men, lest from practising cruelties on dumb animals one should go on further to do the like to men, or because harm done to animals turns to the temporal loss of man,

either of the author of the harm or of some other; or for some ulterior meaning, as the Apostle (1 Cor. IX, 9) expounds the precept of not muzzling the treading ox."

There are likewise other motives for the kind treatment of animals. They render us many and great services, and these services we receive not only from domestic animals, but even from the untamed denizens of the mountain and the forest. Our watch-dogs guard our houses all the night against burglars. We have often heard of blood-hounds rendering inestimable service in tracing out the murderer. The services rendered us by bullocks in drawing our carts are familiar to us. The horse, too, is of invaluable service in its turn. It is believed that war-horses are gifted with the faculty of snuffing danger from afar, and they often risk life and limb to save their masters from imminent peril. Napoleon is said to have leaped upon the back of his charger in a moment of personal danger, and the sagacious steed conveyed its noble burden with the utmost speed to his destination, and there fell down a lifeless carcass. The camel is of immense use to the Arab in traversing the sandy deserts. These are great services, indeed, and beyond an ordinary man's performance. We may expect nothing but utter failure on the part of man in keeping watch the whole night with the vigilance of the dog, in detecting the murderer's guilt, in carrying our bag and baggage and ourselves over hill and dale through long distances, or over the mighty seas of arid desert and sand. Let us also consider with what readiness they obey us. Over-burden a beast of draught, or whip it, it will still do the best in its power to serve us. This readiness which strikes us in beasts is often wanting in man gifted with reason and intellect.

The question now arises whether we are right in killing animals for their flesh. If we

do our best to lessen the pain the animal has to suffer in the slaughter-house, this slaying of beasts is surely justifiable; and this for several reasons: one of which is that nature has equipped man with an apparatus for flesh-eating. Physiologists remark that the herbivorous animals have grinders, and that they are provided with large stomachs, and that their entire system is adjusted for a vegetable diet; but in the carnivorous animals, they find sharp incisors for tearing animals' flesh, comparatively small stomachs, and the œsophagus and the alimentary canal all fitted to digest meat. But man has both molars and incisors, his stomach and the entire digestive system is adapted to either diet. It seems to be nature's intention, therefore, that he should have a mixed diet. But it may be also concluded that he could rest contented with either of the two. Be it so: anyhow it may safely be inferred that he may eat meat if he chooses to do so. Besides this, it has been found that the human body thrives best under a mixed diet. Moreover the animals suffer from various agencies over which they have hardly any control; they are a prey to famines, dearth of water, sun and rain, storms and earthquakes and forest fires. When they suffer so much from external agencies, why may they not suffer a little for man's behoof? And, after all, the sharp knife of the butcher is very merciful in comparison with the teeth and claws of the tiger and the lion. It must also be borne in mind that animals do not suffer as much as we fancy they suffer. From all this we may rightly conclude that the slaughtering of animals for man's food does not deserve the hard name of cruelty. The greatest care, however, must be taken that in slaying the poor creatures, we do not mutilate their bodies limb by limb, nor make them suffer a long protracted agony.

A word must be said touching vivisection. The justification of vivisection is based on the

principle, which may easily be admitted, that it is better that one animal should perish rather than a hundred men. From the most useful knowledge gained from the vivisection of one little animal, many an improvement has been made in anatomy and medical science, thus enabling doctors to treat their patients more efficiently. It is the recorded opinion of the British Medical Association that the results of experiments on living animals have been of inestimable service to man and to the lower animals. The pain also that is inflicted, is reduced to a minimum by putting the beast to be operated upon under chloroform.

As for killing birds for their feathers, it may be remarked that since the birds of the air have been created to contribute to our comfort as also to our pleasure, we have a right over their lives on condition that in so doing there is a fair proportion between the pain inflicted and the gain expected. The fowler has a good motive for catching birds, and the gain he expects is greater than the pain he may inflict. But to make the poor birds suffer long or to pluck their feathers ere they die is most undesirable. When it is granted that we are allowed on certain conditions to put an end to the life of beasts and birds, it may be concluded that to whip a horse to a reasonable extent is likewise justifiable.

To sum up the results of our inquiry—it is generally admitted that the relations

between man and the lower animals clearly show that we are their masters and have a right to their services. But it is expected that the master does not overstep the limits of his rights by shamefully ill-treating them, and that he is solicitous for the welfare of those entrusted to his charge. The fact that the poor beings suffer much less than what we think they suffer, is in reality no excuse for ill-treating God's creatures. He, at least, may justly claim from us a fair treatment towards His creatures. Divine Providence has also bestowed on us the feelings of mercy and compassion, and we should cherish these as a great boon, for, the training and tuning of these feelings contribute largely to the formation of our character. Does not the pitiful state of perpetual muteness and undeserved suffering on the part of the poor animals move our hearts to befriend them? True generosity consists in helping one who is weak, one who is in need. Religion, our guiding star in matters of principle and morals, clearly shows us that we ought to make it a point in our life to maltreat not even the senseless beasts. It has been also shown that slaughtering cows and sheep for their flesh, killing birds for their brilliant plumage and vivisection are justifiable under certain conditions. Finally, we have also dwelt upon the services rendered to us by domestic animals in particular, and admired the greatness of these services and the readiness with which they are given.

D. J. A.

Holiday Resorts in South Canara

“WHERE and how shall I spend my holidays?” is a problem which year after year presents itself to many for a solution. To those that can afford it, there is Ootacamund and the several minor stations so beautifully perched on the Nilgris; there is Yercaud; there is Kodai-kanal, the lovely little sanatorium on the Palni Hills. The object of the present writer is not to sing the praises of any of these, but merely to point out to the reader happy spots nearer home in South Canara, where there are opportunities enough and to spare to recoup his mental and physical vigour and to offer him ample instruction and entertainment.

Let me now accompany my reader to some of these delightful places. Down the south where stretches the newly constructed railway across the Netravati, let us pass on to the casuarina topes which flourish along the sandy margin of the seas, and which though originally from far away Australia now form a regular feature in the landscape. This place is known as Ullal; we may call it the Brighton of Mangalore, for it is a convenient seaside resort patronized by school-folk as well as by those of much older standing. In days of yore, there reigned a Jain queen at Ullal, and the ruins of her palace are still to be seen. Further south on a rocky hill by the seashore there is a temple said to be that of a favourite deity, and about a mile distant on a similar elevation rises another lonely edifice. Twelve miles to the south of Mangalore lies Manjeshwar, famous for its temple dedicated by the Gaud Saraswat Brahmans to their god Venkatramana. Crossing the Bungra-Manjeshwar river, the traveller will find a few Jain monuments on a hill to the left of the road. These are the last remnants of Jain architecture showing that their power did not extend

far beyond that point. Kumbala, a town on a very limited scale, is situated ten miles to the south of this; it is but a short way from here to the Rajah of Maipadi's palace. The Moplah colony of Mogral is within easy reach, and the place seems to be particularly suited to the cultivation of tobacco. Branching off from the main road a path leads us to the village of Shribagalu which contains the ruins of a fort built by Maila, a pariah king who formerly ruled over these tracts. Kasaragod, the chief town in the Taluk, is to the south of Mogral; it has a comfortable traveller's bungalow which commands a view of the woodlands stretching far to the east; a fort built by the Ikkeri Rajahs attests to the forgotten glory of the place. Crossing the Chandragiri river, which forms the boundary between the Malayalam and the Tulu countries, the traveller will observe another fort overlooking the river; this was likewise built by the Ikkeri dynasty. Onwards he will pass through extensive tobacco fields to another fortified village—Hosdrug. Nileshtar within hailing distance, is the residence of a petty Rajah. Beyond the Malabar frontier, a few miles to the south, the scene is more picturesque, for, the meadowy land is deeply intersected by rivers and canals; hills, too, rise at lonely intervals and of these mount Deli is the highest; it appears to be a fragment of the Western Ghats which, according to ancient folk-lore, was hurled there by Parashurama for the purpose of reclaiming the sea. This part of the journey may be easily accomplished by boat, and at the end of it one gets a glimpse of the pepper groves cultivated on the hill slopes.

Retracing our steps to Hosdrug, we may follow a northward course along the old military road to a village called Jekkila;

across the upper reaches of the Chandragiri river we reach the waterfalls at Bevinja where Rev. Father Muller has built a classical summer-house commanding the rich scenes of river, hill and valley; turning to the east we come upon Palali, a Moplah hamlet, which on the strength of its ruins claims antiquarian regard. A few miles higher up, there is a very fertile though hilly tract of land; the system of cultivation however is rather peculiar; every tenth year one of the sides of a hill is burnt down, ploughed and sown with paddy, gingelly or other kinds of grain; when a bumper crop is harvested the slope is allowed to lie fallow for the next nine years. This form of cultivation has been carried on for centuries; the ease with which a crop may be raised and the scarcity of cultivable flat land account for its adoption. The lords of these broad domains are the Kodoth family, the richest in the district; big game shooting may be indulged in with the kind assistance of these barons. In some places the high hills with low narrow valleys remind one of the scenery of Switzerland.

From Palali the road leads on to Adoor which is noted for its temple. Jalsur, a railway junction is ten miles distant from here, being situated on the direct route to Sullia and Sampaji on the outskirts of the province of Coorg. Subramanya, a village to the east of Jalsur, nestles with its beautiful woodland temple at the foot of Kumara Parvat, one of the peaks of the Western Ghats and the source of the Kumaradhare. It is the centre of a festival held annually in December to which pilgrims are attracted from Mysore, Coorg, Malabar and Canara. On the opposite bank of the Kumaradhare is the village of Kulgunda where a cattle fair is held at the time of the festival. The cattle are brought down from Mysore to be sold to the ryots of South Canara. The river has an abundance of fish as the people are prohibited from

catching it. To the north of Jalsur is the village of Kavu in the neighbourhood of which gold dust is said to have been found. About seven or eight miles away is Puttur, the head quarters of Uppinangadi Taluk; it derives its name from the freshwater pearls (*puthu* or *muthu*) which are found in the tank attached to the temple of Mahalingeshwara. Formerly it was a military station with a few companies of native troops; these had been posted there after a local outburst popularly known as the Coorg Insurrection. Puttur is rapidly expanding into a town as it is a favourite place of residence for pensioned officials. The Roman Catholic Church is situated in the centre of the town. It has a well-conducted club and its inhabitants appear to be more public-spirited than those of other places in the district. They have formed a Co-operative Credit Society and an active Land-holders' Association. About nine miles to the north-west of Puttur is Vittal, the residence of a Rajah. In its neighbourhood there are extensive arecanut plantations which are well worth a visit; the planters are mostly Brahmans who are a very hospitable and industrious race, though given much to litigation. Uppinangadi, the former capital of the Taluk, is to the north of Puttur; it is situated at the confluence of the Netravati with the Kumaradhare and is a place of pilgrimage. It is a straight cut from here to Shiradi which lies at the foot of the Ghats; here the mountain streams afford delightful opportunities for fishing. A journey up the Ghats takes us to the Southern Mysore Planting district. Passing over Beltangadi which is but an apology for a town, and following the road which branches off to the left, we arrive at Jamalabad Rock historical with the ruins of a fortress built by Tippu Sultan; at the foot of this rock was a town whose very foundations are now overgrown with thick jungle; during the so-called Sultanate this

was the seat of a governor. The road again bifurcates and its left arm winds up to Kudremukh which is six thousand feet above the sea-level; it has been converted into a lovely sanatorium with three fine bungalows built respectively by the Jesuit Mission, the German Mission and the European Club. The right branch leads to Bangadi, one of the olden towns of the Jains. By far the most pleasant feat, however, would be an ascent to the summit of the Ghauts; for the scenery disclosed at every move is unrivalled. Through the mountain-gaps glimmering in the distance one gets a view of the magnificent woods ranged in "gay theatric pride," and at every turn miles and miles of primeval forest meet the ravished eye; the simple huts of the workmen throw an air of repose on the scene around, but the touch of foliage is so perfect that they seem to have been fashioned out by nature herself. The path threads along, with high mountains on one side and deep chasms on the other. A short sojourn at one of the coffee-plantations will show how many of our brethren eke out a scanty livelihood either as superintendents, clerks, agents or coolies. Within a few miles of Beltangadi stands the beautiful Jain pillar of Guruvainkere, and the Church of Madantar, a lasting monument to the generosity of a Catholic landlord, is ten miles to its west. The next place of any importance is Bantwal, situated on the Netravati and peopled chiefly by Konkani Brahmans; it has a Deputy Tahsildar's office, a hospital and a traveller's bungalow; the Catholic population, too, is considerable, for besides the parish of Borimar there are three others not far outside the circuit of the town. Bantwal is a convenient centre for traffic from Coorg and Mysore and marks the upper limit of the navigable portion of the Netravati; still an expedition higher on the river would show how quick and dexterous the Moplah boatman is; on narrow

creeks he is as much at home as on rock-strewn cataracts.

Bantwal, with its neighbourhood, is remarkable for the number of sturdy palmyras which enter so largely into the landscape; the tree yields a sap from which is made jaggery, the staple of a very thriving trade. Between Bantwal and Mangalore is the village of Feringapet where there are the ruins of a seminary on a hill called Monte Mariano. Proceeding northwards from Bantwal, we enter a region where Jain influence is still paramount; the villages of Hospet and Phulmogar covering this region can, however, boast of a goodly number of Catholics. The river here is bridged, and a new church has been erected at a cost of over Rupees 50,000. The chief industry of the place is the growing of betel which supplies all the markets as far as even Karkul on one side and Mangalore on the other. A mile from the lonely Church of Takodi is the junction of the Hosangadi and the Venoor rivers to form the main stream of Phulmogar. Here on a rocky islet stands a small temple built wholly of stone pillars and slabs; it is the shrine of many a pilgrimage from far and near; close to the bathing-place there is a rock with a hole through which every votary must squeeze himself, perhaps to symbolize the trials which the human soul must undergo before attaining Nirvana. Three miles from Hospet is Mudabidri, another of the sacred places of the Jains; it is venerable with the mouldering ruins of a palace, and its enormous bastis are invested with an air of departed grandeur. The high-priest lives here among the rich community of the Shetties, and the establishment of a Sanscrit school ushers in an age of revival for the once moribund Jain influence. It is said that in Mudabidri there are numerous valuable Jain manuscripts written in letters of gold; at present these are being copied. Hosangadi is situated a few miles

away by the main road, and farther on in the same direction is Venoor with its Gumtaraja, a monolithic statue. Standing on level ground, Venoor also contains a few bastis which excite admiration in the unsuspecting traveller. Narol, ten miles to the north-east of Mudabidri, is the centre of a Catholic Mission conducted by Father Corti, S. J.; it is worth while paying a visit to this place, at least for the sake of admiring the excellent work done by the good missionary Father. Narol turns out fine wicker-work, and the soapstone quarries in its vicinity supply material for an extensive manufacture of pottery. Karkul, an ancient strong-hold of the Jains, is ten miles to the north of Mudabidri; it contains the second largest monolithic statue in India, a magnificent pillar with several small *stupas*, three tanks and the residence of the high-priest; the spirit of Jain renascence has penetrated even into this remote district. Mala, the birthplace of the well-known Pandita Rama Bai, is eleven miles distant from Karkul, and its inhabitants are mainly Chitpavan Brahmans. They cultivate the areca, the cocoanut and the plantain, and live in those parts of the valley which are most abounding in springs. They are fair-complexioned and speak Marathi with a peculiar lilt. Sixteen miles to the north-west of Karkul is Heriadka where the only object of attraction is its temple. Udipi, the second town in South Canara, lies in westerly direction at a distance of eight miles; it is the seat of eight *mutts* (monasteries) founded by Madhavacharya, a Hindu reformer, and as such is frequented by his followers from all parts of Southern India. The town is always busy and full of life and is steadily growing in extent; every other year a festival is held to celebrate the accession of one of the *Swamis* (lords) to Madhava's *gadhi* (throne). The town is the headquarters of the Inspector of Salt, Abkari and Customs Revenue of Udipi Circle and contains

a Munsif's Court, a Taluk office and a hospital; the last has been considerably extended through the munificence of the leading citizens of Udipi. Having been impressed with the good work done by Mr. A. F. Mathias, L. M. & s., they directed their charity into this channel. Malpi, the seaport is opposite the rocky island of Dariabahadurgurh, and a few miles to the south of Udipi is Kaup, well-known for its revolving lighthouse. Kallianpur, the native place of Madhavacharya, is within a radius of four miles from the town; adjoining Kallianpur is the village of Tonse which geographically bears a faint resemblance to the island-city of Venice. Well might we say of this place that

"In florid beauty groves and fields appear,"

but unlike the Cispadane type the man of these regions is far from being

"the only growth that dwindles here"

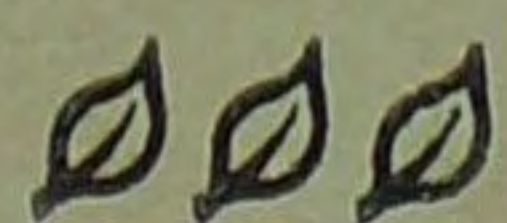
for the village and its environs are densely peopled by Catholics who are the exact antipodes of the "rude Carinthian boor." A boat journey by the Sitanadi leads us to Barkur once an important town, but now desolate as Balclutha. The Jain edifices were demolished by one of its apostate kings, and his iconoclastic spirit is still brooding over the ruins. Near Barkur is the town of Brahmavar, the seat of a local schism. Kota, a village easily reached by a narrow backwater, has given its name to a sect of Brahmans; it has several large tanks and its temple presents the curious phenomena of "growing stones." They are at various stages of growth; some are just sprouting, while others, fully matured, are fallen flat on the ground. The temple of Koteswar is six miles away to the north of this. From here a road leads to the temple of Shunkar Narayana and eventually to Nagar, once the capital of the Bednore dynasty who ruled over Canara before the advent of the Mohammedans. Coondapur, the head-quar-

ters of the divisional office, is two miles to the north of Koteshwar; formerly it was called Lower Barcelore as distinguished from Upper Barcelore, a place now full of ruins, and was the capital of a Jain princess, one of the daughters of the last king of Karkul. We might form some idea of its bygone importance from the fact that it traded with Arabia and Persia; decayed temples and gateways moreover amply attest to it. Gangoli to the north of the lagoon of Coondapur is its port; it carries on much trade in rice with foreign countries. Byndoor one of the most delightful places in the district, is a few hours' journey from Gangoli. Situated where the ghauts come nearest the sea, it combines the advantages of the sea-breeze with those of an inland climate; its forest scenery is relieved by flat meadowy land, and its woods are well stocked with game. Beyond Shiroor is the frontier of South Canara, but the traveller may with advantage cross it for Bhatkal, an ancient town ruled by a scion of the Karkul house. This town is inhabited by a fair-complexioned race of people, the Navayat Mohammedans, who speak Konkani with a sharp nasal twang. These are said to be the descendants of refugees from Persia, who owing to a religious dispute had to flee from their country, and who found shelter in the dominions of the hospitable Jain king. The great mosque built about two hundred years

ago is fairly representative of the Moham-
medan architecture of that period. The port
is nearly two miles to the west and is reached
by a creek lined by cocoanut palms. The
road east of Byndoor leads to Kollur where
there is a temple at the foot of Kadashadri
Parvat. The temple contains jewels presented
by the Rajahs of Mysore. Once more we
turn back to our own town and following a
northerly course for ten miles up the road
that leads to Mudabidri reach Gurpur; it is
pleasantly situated on a bend of the Netravati
and commands a view of the distant sea.
Bajpe, a favourite watering place, is only
eleven miles to the north of Mangalore.
Surathkal and Pejavar deserve mention as
being the centres of very active missionary
work. The interior stations of Kirem, Bel-
man and Shirva should also be included in
our tour; the people living in these villages
have to support themselves mainly by culti-
vating the hard soil; but if one of the objects
of travel be to learn by actual experience
how people live in far-off lands, then surely
have we here opportunities that bring their
own fulfilment; for, to know how poor they
are, how scanty their means, with what
economy and thrift they live, how simple
their nature is and how pure the tenor of
their lives, would secure for us

“our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.”

B. Colaço.



The Singer

☐☐☐

THEY gave him gold and made him sing—

Sing for their delight;

And he sang loud and he sang low,

And many a note on his pipe did blow,

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

But the joy with the song took flight.

Then they followed him in lonely ways

Where he sate and mused, apart,

Alone on the side of a desolate mound

Where wood-notes wove their magic of sound:

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

But the song—it still sings in their heart.

J. S.

☐☐☐

Poetry and Eloquence

IN the merest outline of a thought there often is a breadth of vision which opens out but warily even to the most determined of critics; the obscurity is still greater when its suggestiveness, the characteristic of all true art, is overlooked. Hence, subjects which at first sight present only vague points of connection are drawn so closely to each other that they may be looked upon as two phases of the same principle. So it is with Poetry and Eloquence: without eliminating the line of demarcation that has been drawn between them, the one may be called the handmaiden of the other; for, the orator cannot be, unless the poet has gone before him as his harbinger.

For, indeed, what is the poet? Boileau assigns to him the work of representing the "beau-ideal," and to the orator that of persuading the "beau-pratique;" and since the former is the rule of the latter, it follows that the beautiful must be first contemplated by the mind before it can become the subject of persuasion for others. A momentary glance at the literature of the world will confirm this statement; for, the prophetic song of Jacob and the first canticle of Moses preceded the history of the Genesis and the Exodus. Orpheus Linus and Homer came before the history of Herodotus and the harangues of Demosthenes.

We see thus that the poet must first conceive the beautiful before the orator can move others to the practice of it. But the word "beautiful" holds such an important place in the province of poetry that a note of explanation will hardly be out of place. St. Thomas defines it: "Pulchrum est quod sui cognitione placet." The sense of pleasure here referred to is of the artistic type which appeals solely to the higher emotions; these may be stirred

by the apprehension of good and evil. To illustrate the argument, love, desire and joy proceed directly from our instinctive longing for good; while hatred, aversion and pain from our natural distaste of evil; all the irascible passions may likewise be brought into play by some cause going counter to the attainment of good or to the avoidance of evil. It is, therefore, clear that anything in the world which represents itself as either of these, may set one or more of the emotions at work and for the time become the "beautiful." The whole range of existence—from the Creator of all things to the least thing created—is covered by it: and the poet is one whose emotions come largely under its influence.

The question at once arises whether all men are not entitled to be called poets, for there is scarcely any one who at some period of his life does not experience such artistic pleasure. On this point Hazlitt remarks: "Man is a poetical animal, and those of us who do not study the principles of poetry, act upon them all our lives, like Moliere's Bourgeois Gentilhomme who had always spoken prose without knowing it. The child is a poet in fact when he first plays hide and seek, or repeats the story of Jack the Giant-killer; the shepherd boy is a poet when he first crowns his mistress with a garland of flowers; the countryman when he stoops to look at the rainbow; the city-apprentice when he gazes after the Lord Mayor's show; the miser when he buries his gold; the courtier who builds his hope upon a smile; the savage who paints his idol with blood; the slave who worships a tyrant; or the tyrant who fancies himself a god."

Why, then, is the name of poet generally reserved for a select few and not extended to every human being? Because the degree of

this artistic pleasure varies in different men, and he, in whom it is intense, is honoured with the name of poet. This intensity depends not only on the feelings but still more on the mental power which is called imagination: what this consists in, perhaps few could tell with precision; yet we may indicate the main lines on which it works.

To man's ordinary conception of things imagination adds force, distinctness of outline and vividness of colouring. Again it seems to be a power intermediate between intellect and emotion, looking towards both and partaking of the nature of both. In its highest form it would appear to be based on "moral intensity." The emotional and the intellectual in it act and re-act on each other.

Closely connected with this is what some have called the penetrative, others the interpretative power of imagination. It is that subtle and mysterious gift, that glowing intuition, which piercing beneath all surface appearance goes straight to the core of an object, enters where reasoning and analysis are at fault, lays hold of the inner heart of a scene, a character, or a situation and expresses it in a few immortal words.

A further note of imagination is its synthetic power by virtue of which the poetic mind selects, out of a mass of incongruous materials, only those which suit its purpose, dropping whatever is accidental and irrelevant. Moreover imagination has the faculty of bodying forth all intellectual conceptions and conversely of spiritualising what is visible and corporeal.

These, then, are the two endowments of the great poet—a lively imagination and warm feeling. Such a man will often experience artistic pleasure and that in a high degree. But there are moments, when the poet contemplates the beautiful in an ecstasy of joy. These are called by Père Felix "le passage de l'astre" which he describes in these

graphic terms: "Consider the artist when for the first time he looks down into depths of the infinite catching a glimpse of his destiny. The star of eternal beauty rises slowly above the far-off horizon of his creative thought. It is no mere twilight, but a deathless aurora of the beautiful which glints with gold the first efforts of his intellect. And as the star rises, the hour broadens into day, the light sinks down into the very depths of his soul and what glorious visions spread out before him!" Yet the poet does not always pour forth the product of his feelings and imagination in suitable language. "The power of clear and eloquent expression is a talent distinct from poetry, though often mistaken for it"—and Wordsworth himself reminds us

"Many are the poets sown by nature,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse."

But when the "vision" reveals itself we may ask what kind of language it uses, how far the revelation is true and what the purpose of it is. As regards the first point, the necessity for adapting sound to sense is expressed in the well-known couplet:

" 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense."

In most cases the verse is but an imperfect representative of the vision; however enchanted the reader may be with the poem, the artist thinks it infinitely short of what he beheld in his dream. Thus it was that Keats found his exquisite Ode on the Nightingale an imperfect copy of his thoughts. Virgil after having laboured for ten long years over his immortal work, wished at the end of his life, to consign it to the flames.

The poet's object in giving free expression to his feelings and imagination is the immediate fulfilment of his aesthetic desires. This holds true of short lyrics and brief arrow-flights of song. But in the richest poetic

natures the inspiring verve cannot be maintained long at its height,

“And tasks in hours of insight willed,
In hours of gloom must be fulfilled.”

Effort long sustained implies the presence of conscious purpose. Great poets cannot be conceived to have girded themselves for their longest and most deliberate efforts. The bloom of high thought and the efflorescence of noble emotion is what they strive for. The truly great poet, therefore, aims not merely at giving pleasure, but at ennobling the soul; he is not content with setting forth in language the “beau-ideal” contemplated by him, but makes a step towards the great end of the orator which is to persuade the “beau-pratique.”

Before passing on to the orator, it would be well to compare the following lines from Byron's “The Coliseum and the Gladiator” with an extract from Spartacus:

“I see before me the gladiator lie—
He leans upon his hand his manly brow,
Consents to death but conquers agony
And his drooped head sinks gradually low
And through his side the last drops ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one;
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the
wretch who won,
He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play;
There was their Dacian mother—he their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
All this mated with his blood—shall he expire
And unavenged? Arise ye Goths and glut your
ire.”

This kind of poetry excites pleasure and kindles the nobler emotions of the soul—notably that of commiseration for the gladiator. But there it stops, and it is left for the orator to make use of these misfortunes to goad men

on to action. Spartacus accomplishes this with graphic vehemence:

“Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are. The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis breathing sweat perfumes from his curly locks shall, with his lily fingers, pat your red brown arm, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear you yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours; and a dainty meal for him you will be. If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife. If ye are men, follow me! Strike down your guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylae. Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins that you do crouch and cower like a belaboured hound beneath his master's lash? O, comrades, warriors, Thracians, if we must fight let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die let it be under the clear heavens, by the bright waters in noble, honourable battle!”

Here Spartacus has succeeded admirably in arousing the passions to such a height as to bring them under his control; he has spoken “accommodate ad persuadendum.” But to secure this result he has not, like the poet, poured forth spontaneously the product of his imagination and feelings, but he has given them a particular direction ever having his object in view; he has put into practice all the precepts of the art of eloquence. The invention, the order, and the expression of thought are set forth to advantage by his memory and elocution. Crudity in a speech goes but a short way towards attaining success; it is therefore necessary that the subject of discourse should be placed on a proper footing. The *Miloniana* aptly illustrates this point. The flow of thought is

determined by the speaker's moral force which at all times tends to the natural; and it would answer the orator's purpose as well if he were to act up to what Cicero says: "Res autem ista dispositionem dico, tantum potest in dicendo, ut ad vincendum nulla plus sit."

Expression might be called the garb of thought, and what has already been pointed out as belonging peculiarly to the poet does also include the sphere of the orator; the latter, however, has to fall back upon the mechanical device of memory; yet for him the manner of delivery is of supreme importance. Demosthenes was thoroughly convinced that the entire efficacy of oratory depends on action. This power is ingrained deep in human nature. Shakespeare, who knew mankind so well, makes the Duchess of York thus impeach the sincerity of her husband:

"Pleads he in earnest? Look upon his face;
His eyes do droop no tears, his prayers are jests.
His words come from his mouth, ours from our
breast;
He prays but faintly and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul."

Steady management of the voice and suitable intonation tend to make the orator's manner pleasing and effective; gestures should likewise find a place in his programme for they are intended to add grace to his speech. He should in particular cultivate a dignified bearing of the body and a great variety of movements with his arms. Indeed most men, if only they would seriously apply themselves to this practice, could acquire a certain skill in the art of oratory, and it is thus far that we understand the trite saying "Poeta nascitur, orator fit."

But the great orator, like the poet must have certain qualities inborn in him without which he could never rise to eminence. To attain this height genius is required. Dr. Webster remarks: "True eloquence indeed does not consist in speech. It cannot be

brought from afar. Labour and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it, but cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbursting of a fountain from the earth, or bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives and the state of their wives, their children and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain and all elaborate oratory is contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent, then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception out-running the deductions of logic; the high purpose, the firm resolve; the dauntless spirit speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man, onward, right onward to the object—this, this is eloquence, or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence, it is action noble, sublime, godlike action."

We are not, however, to infer from this forceful description that the orator may with impunity look down upon the precepts already mentioned. It is true that art cannot bestow genius but it prunes wild shoots. Nor will mere technical knowledge make the man of genius a perfect orator. He must be a cultivated genius, whose every power is developed to its fullest proportion. First of all, he needs a clear and full knowledge of the particular profession in which his oratorical efforts are to be exerted. If he be a lawyer, he must be conversant with law, if a divine with theology. In addition to this he requires

a considerable amount of general knowledge. In fact Cicero insists that "omnibus disciplinis et artibus debet esse instructus orator." By this he means that the orator should have received a liberal education embracing the thorough study of languages, history, philosophy and a certain familiarity with the finest productions of poetry and with the general circle of polite literature. Nor must we omit another important requisite the "peritia rerum humanarum." Under this heading we may treat of the necessity which the orator has of understanding the minds and the hearts of his audience. Written books provide us with a large vocabulary, and mark out an appropriate vesture for our thoughts. But to know what sentiment will move our hearers, what similes and comparisons will throw light on their minds is to survey the whole range of oratory. But above all morality is the motive in the true orator: "Non posse oratorem esse nisi virum bonum" sums up the ideal of the ancients.

It is easy to see why the number of orators is small. Many there are that presume to speak, but few that realize the boast of oratory. "Quid tam porro regium, tam liberale, tam munificum quam opem ferre supplicibus, excitare afflictos, dare salutem, liberare periculis, retinere homines in civitate." Such is the great orator, and of his type were Burke and Chatham in England, Bossuet and Fénelon in France, Demosthenes and Pericles in Athens. To them is due more than to the poets the glory of nationality and the splendour of civic organization. The poet exerts in all ages a quiet influence which runs in a perennial stream of loveliness and pathos; the orator is synonymous with action, strong, united and resistless. Still the drama combines the delicacy of verse-composition with the vigour of rhetoric, and perhaps goes to show that the poet and the orator are essentially the same inasmuch as they proclaim the beautiful.

B. A.

Miserere

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NOT in Thy wrath, O Lord, nor yet in dread,
Judge thou my sinful soul when I am dead,
Mindful for even me Thy Heart hath bled.

Still self-deceived the path of hell I trod,
Still hugged delight, forgetful of Thy rod,
Still loved to crucify Thee, O my God!

But now repentant cling I to Thy Cross,
Detesting all my baneful bliss as dross;
O save me lest I lose myself in loss.

Thou who with lamps wilt search Jerusalem,
Know'st all my secret sins I now condemn;
Yet healing floweth from thy garment's hem.

Thro' dim-seen ills Thou sufferest to be planned,
I fear the doom I cannot understand,
Yet know Thy Heart directs Thy striking Hand.

So will I trust Thee whatsoe'er betide,
And plunge me in Thy mercy's ocean wide,
"In life, in death, O Lord, with me abide!"

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THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE

MANGALORE, JULY, 1910

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

OUR readers will have discovered that the present number of this Magazine partially adheres to the Horatian principle of delay in the publication of trustworthy literature. But classical ways, though full of solace, do many a time go counter to the requirements of the modern Press. Accordingly we have formed under our immediate guidance, an editorial syndicate the members of which pledge themselves to see the Magazine through all the successive stages of its growth, and in the measure of things journalistic, to avoid every species of anachronism. This arrangement, while being distinctly economical in its aim, has a further advantage: for the Personal Paragraphs, which are of living interest to our Old Boys and which constitute for them the only tangible link with the past, may now rely on something surer than our own inner sense. Within these limits it shall be our highest purpose to give them

"The veriest touch of powers primordial
That any hour-girt life may understand."

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In the midst of his official duties, Mr.

Jerome A. Saldanha, B. A., LL. B., Chief Judge, Savantvadi, has found time for the strenuous occupation of a *littérateur*. His researches into the history of Mangalore have been from time to time published in these columns. His recent work, *Notes on the First Anglo-Indian and other Subjects*, contains reprints of his contributions to various periodicals on matters literary and historical, as well as essays of local interest. There is, however, a certain degree of obscurity attaching to the term "Anglo-Indian," for it has often been found to be as elusive as "The Far East"; else the subject of the Puran has been treated with clearness and decision. The Essay on *Indian Castes* is very near getting at the crux of the problem; still, when all the evidence has been sifted the fact proven apparently is the identity of the caste system with itself. *Feudal Tenures in Western India* deserves our warmest praise for the comparisons drawn are not over-fanciful, but on the contrary are distinguished by rare historic discernment. We trust that it will help to stimulate "deeper research and investigation" on the part of its scholarly readers.

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1910

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

April 9th, Saturday.—The College and High School Departments closed to-day for the midsummer vacation. There is no saying what solace this day brings to the school-boy in this quarter of the globe. For, as the student of physical geography is aware, the round of seasons in our zone is only too simple; there are but two seasons, a hot season and a hotter season. Now, as the schoolboy passes from one into the other, he verily fancies himself cast from the frying pan into the fire; and before April is a week old, he feels sure he is entitled to a long vacation. But, alas! just then, as if to heat his heated brain, he finds his presence is requested in the examination hall. Directly he has written his examination, he walks home with the resolve to play out his holidays with a vengeance, and to make good use of the scorching sun to vaporise every atom of his school lore. This year, in particular, he would turn the vacation to good account, as he ought to gather health and strength for two more terms of the academic year.

April 14th, Thursday.—The Most Rev. M. D'Oliveira Xavier, Archbishop of Goa, accompanied by his secretary, arrived in Mangalore by steamer. His Excellency was met by Rev. Fr. M. Lunazzi, S. J., at the Bunder, whence the guests drove to Bishop's House. After only a day's stay, during which some of the Catholic institutions in town were visited, His Excellency left for Ootacamund.

April 26th, Tuesday.—The Month's Mind of Dr. A. Cavadini, S. J., late Bishop of Mangalore, was kept at the Cathedral. The Office of the Dead was solemnly chanted, after which the Very Rev. J. B. Rossi, S. J., sang the Requiem High Mass. A panegyric discourse in Konkani was delivered by Rev. Fr. D. Fernandes, S. J. The Absolutions pro-

nounced at the burial-place brought the mournful service to a close.

May 1st, Sunday.—The usual May devotions commenced to-day in the College Church. For once the *laudator temporis acti* deserves a hearing. The Old Boy still loves to tell how, in the palmy days of his youth, the May devotion was a favourite with him, and how the boy clients of Mary mustered strong before her altar in the College Church to swell the chorus of her praises. It is, to say the least, regrettable that the number of May devotionists here should have dwindled to a handful of boys who can scarce pull themselves together into an audible choir. We trust the present College-going generation will not suffer the traditions of the College to be broken and will make ample amends next year.

May 9th, Saturday.—To-day word was brought to the College that an official intimation had been received of the demise of Edward VII, King-Emperor of India. A hitch in the telegraphic communication on the Malabar Coast was responsible for the delay in the arrival of the news. The Union-jack was hoisted half-mast on the College tower. The Catholic community of Mangalore, with characteristic energy and wonted loyalty, lost no time in calling a meeting to consider how it might express its sympathies with the bereaved members of the royal family. At a meeting held in the Catholic Union Club, a resolution was passed to the effect that a telegraphic message should be despatched to the Governor of Madras, begging His Excellency to convey to the Royal Family the condolences of the Catholics of Mangalore.

May 15th, Sunday.—Rev. Fr. D. Giovanini, S. J., Headmaster of St. Michael's European School, Cannanore, came to spend a few days at the College.

May 20th, Friday.-- The National Mourning Day. The death-bell was tolled in all the Churches of the diocese for a quarter-of-an-hour in the morning, at noon and in the evening. A solemn service was held at the Cathedral where Rev. Fr. G. Saldanha, S. J., pronounced the funeral oration.

June 1st, Wednesday.--The devotions to the Sacred Heart took the place of the May devotions. The present chronicler may be pardoned for a certain measure of secret mortification at the paucity of worshippers in our Church; and he has no more to do than say ditto to the regrets and hopes expressed in regard to the May devotions.

June 3rd, Friday.--As the feast of the Sacred Heart occurred this year in the course of the midsummer vacation, it had unavoidably to forego some of its usual solemnity. Fr. Colaço celebrated Mass and preached to the College Sodalities. The Blessed Sacrament was not exposed on this occasion. The Rosary of the Sacred Heart and Solemn Benediction formed the evening service.

June 10th, Friday.--Father Perazzi returned from Kodaikanal, this evening.

June 11th, Saturday.--The College and School classes reopened to-day with the usual *Lectio Brevis* for the second--now called long term. The students of the College and High School Departments were addressed by Fr. Rector, who briefly set forth the aim and character of the recent changes in our educational system. The new scheme of studies in the High School will begin to work immediately. Of the subjects prescribed for the Secondary School Leaving Certificate and included in Group C, the following shall be taught in the College: Algebra and Geometry, Physics, English History, a Classical Language, Book-Keeping, Commercial Correspondence and Short-hand.

The bustle incidental to the reopening of classes was enhanced this year by the slow

and spontaneous re-arrangement of classes in the High School, according to the students' free choice of subjects. It is a treat to observe how the boy makes a judicious selection for himself. Some indeed made a happy choice, others made a second choice, while several had only Hobson's choice, and a few preferred to make no choice whatsoever.

The College Department which from the beginning of this year had been located in the new buildings was *pro. tem.* transferred back to its former place, while the students of the Lower Secondary Department were given the privilege of occupying the new buildings. It was a sight to watch the pigmy stalk over the bridge, and look down on the mortals beneath him, then stamp his little foot on the boards of the upper story, fully conscious of being placed upon a superstructure, and finally enter the palatial class-room with a step that clearly indicated he was entering the proud realms of knowledge.

June 12th, Sunday.--Father Ghezzi returned from Bangalore.

June 13th, Monday.--The Principal called a meeting of the Fathers and lay-teachers engaged in the High School Department to discuss certain points connected with the School Final. After mature deliberation a system of working was adopted which would at once meet the demands of the new scheme and secure, among the several teachers, a sufficiently uniform standard in the allotting of marks to the students.

June 21st, Tuesday.--The Feast of St. Aloysius, Patron of the College. Rev. Fr. M. Fernandes, Vicar of Urwa, sang High Mass. After the Gospel, Rev. Father Rector made the usual recognition of the Founders and Benefactors of the College. At the afternoon service, Rev. Fr. M. Rebello sang Vespers, after which Rev. Fr. P. Rego, S. J., preached the panegyric of the day, and Very Rev. Fr. J. B. Rossi, S. J., gave Solemn Benediction.

Early in the day several telegrams from Old Boys were received by the Rector and were duly posted up on the College notice-board.

From Mr. J. Rego, B. A., Bombay: Kanara Catholic Association warmly greets Rector, staff and pupils and prays the mighty patron for intercession in securing the College fresh laurels and yet brighter record during the current year.

From Mr. Robert Charles Aranha, Bombay: Wish you, Fathers, professors and students a happy feast.

From Mr. Callistus D'Souza, Bombay: The Rector, staff and students, kindly accept my most sincere greetings on this occasion.

From Mr. Rosario D'Cunha, Bombay: A happy feast to all.

From Mr. Joseph Junghen, Rangoon: Best wishes, happy feast to College staff, pupils.

From Mr. Camillo Lobo, Delhi: Wish a happy feast and ever increasing prosperity.

From Mr. Basil P. Mathias, Karachi: Old Aloysians once again heartily greet their Alma Mater and wish every success.

June 27th, Monday.—To-day the Cricket season was formally opened with the organization of the College teams. In the afternoon the members of the first team met in the College hall to elect their captain and secretary. S. Narnappa (III University Class) was elected captain with William D'Souza (II University Class) as secretary. All laurels to the new team! We shall, no doubt, miss some of our crack players of last year; but with the tooling of Fr. T. Gonsalves and the cricket that is bred in the bone of our youngsters, there can be no cause for alarm.

July 13th, Wednesday.—To-day Rev. Fr. Rector sang Solemn High Requiem Mass for our late beloved Bishop, Dr. A. Cavadini,

S. J. This tribute to our Pastor's revered memory had to be put off owing to the absence of students during the midsummer vacation. A goodly number of boys received Communion during the High Mass. Rev. Fr. Rector pronounced the Absolutions at the catafalque raised in the centre of the church.

July 28th, Thursday.—This afternoon the College Eleven played the first match of the season with the Police Cricket Club. The issue was awaited with no small interest, and well might it be so; for, if the memory of the trophies won by the College Eleven last year was fresh, the record of the victories scored by the Police Eleven this year was fresher still. Our opponents won the toss and went in to bat. The score ran up steadily, till, when the last wicket fell, the telegraph announced a hundred and thirty-four. Our players then commenced to bat, but, as the ball broke in very fast, some of our best wickets were brought down only too soon. Great credit, however, is due to our recruits who pluckily stuck to their work and brought up the score to a decent eighty-nine. Thus the College lost. But the saying, "you cannot keep a good man down," is as old as cricket. So it was agreed to play another half-day match, and we came away, glad to know we had found a combatant on our favourite field.

July 29th, Friday.—An uncommon spell of dry weather, lasting for about 25 days, came to an end with a downpour of 4.53 inches of rain.

July 31st, Sunday.—The Feast of St. Ignatius Loyola, Founder of the Society of Jesus. Fr. Noronha sang the High Mass at 7 o'clock, at which there was General Communion of the students. In the afternoon after Solemn Vespers, Fr. Em. Coelho, S. J., preached the panegyric of the Saint.

PERSONAL AND PARTICULAR

WE rejoice to note the appointment of Mr. M. S. Mascarenhas, B. A., to the post of Under-Secretary to Government. *The Madras Mail* of a recent date, prefacing his new career, says: "This appointment will give satisfaction to those who have been pressing the Government to give effect to the recommendation of the Public Service Commission listing one of the Under-Secretaryships to members of the Provincial Service. It was only in April last that this matter formed the subject of a special Resolution in the Legislative Council, when the Government, while recognizing the reasonableness of the Resolution, pointed out the difficulties in the way of getting a suitable Provincial Service officer to fill this responsible office. Mr. Mascarenhas, during his twenty-five years' service, has filled various posts with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the higher officers of Government. He has had the advantage of spending a number of years in the Secretariat, with the routine and requirements of which he is familiar. A good part of his service was spent on special deputations, in Madras and elsewhere, his work in connection with the Plague Department having been specially commended by the Hon'ble Mr. Hammick, as Plague Commissioner, and Sir Henry Bliss. His good work while engaged on the enfranchisement of village service Inams also attracted the attention of Government. Mr. Mascarenhas has had administrative experience in the Districts of Tanjore, Tinnevely and North Arcot, where he proved himself a capable assistant and adviser to the Collectors. In recognition of his uniformly good work, the Government selected him to reorganize the Municipal establishment in Madras, where his duty is nearing completion. Here also his work has given satisfaction to the Corporation Executive and to the Commissioners.

Mr. Mascarenhas, who is an Indian Christian, is the third Indian in the last thirty years to be selected for an Under-Secretaryship, and his past record gives every promise of his proving successful in the new sphere to which he has been called."

Mr. P. F. X. Vas, L. C. E., State Engineer, Sangli, has received the following laudatory letter from Capt. R. C. Burke, at the close of the fifth year's administration of the State:

Red Sea,
11th June, 1910.

MY DEAR MR. VAS,

Just a line to express my appreciation of the manner in which you have carried out your duties as State Engineer during the last few years. You have carried out an enormous programme of works of all kinds amounting to some 20 lacs of Rupees and you have done it excellently well. The works have been well designed and economically carried out, and the net result reflects the greatest credit upon your professional skill, zeal and honesty. I know I have been a hard taskmaster, but you have always willingly responded to my call. The State is fortunate to have you for its Engineer, and I trust you will long remain in the appointment you so honourably fill.

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,
R. C. BURKE, CAPT.

Mr. Henry Gonsalves writing from the British Consulate General of Isfahan relates his adventures with a gang of Arab robbers. If accidents were not proverbially limited to a single chapter his account could, without great stretch of imagination, be called a novellette of the Henty specimen. We print the main portion of the letter at full length:

"Here I am at last more dead than alive. It was a terrible journey indeed, and if I am

still alive you must consider it a miracle as you will presently understand. The waggon joggled on as far as Seidoon without much difficulty, though a stage north of Shiraz the road was blocked by more than 200 robbers. A Basiri caravan escorted by about sixty armed men cleared them away exchanging a few shots with no casualty on either side. While we were driving across a stream 4 miles north-east of Seidoon, we were suddenly fired upon by five Arab robbers, the bullets whistling close by my head. Quick as lightning I alighted and took shelter behind the waggon, the other passengers followed my example. A few more shots were fired on the waggon, but no one was harmed. Meanwhile the robbers surrounded us threatening to shoot us if we made the slightest move. As a preliminary they struck us with the butt-ends of their rifles, and I received on the forehead a wound which made me unconscious for some time; a rifle accidentally went off and the smoke burnt my face. Being satisfied that we were perfectly intimidated, they stripped us, then, blindfolded and chucked us into the waggon forcing the driver to lead it up a steep hill which was quite inaccessible. Here they abstracted all our things, and returning me only one shirt disappeared on the other side of the hill not without treating us to a severe thrashing. From here we continued our journey, but after four hours we were attacked by another gang of eighty Arabs; they fired on us, but having nothing to rob allowed us to proceed. For the third time during the day we were fired upon by another gang of robbers, but as they were a good distance off their bullets did not reach us, and we galloped away our waggon to foil their murderous intentions. We reached Quadirabad in the evening, hungry and shivering with intense cold, and stayed there for the night. I had only one shirt on to protect me from the severe cold. You may, therefore, imagine

in what a miserable strait I was. Next day when about to leave Quadirabad, we were once more attacked by three robbers who fired their rifles over our heads. Furious with disappointment, as we had nothing to give away, they attempted to shoot me, but one of them, probably their leader, who had still some milk of human kindness left in him took pity on me, and interfered in the nick of time just allowing his men to stone me. These again left us. After a series of adventures fraught with the greatest danger we reached Dehbid on the third day. A European lady whom I had known in Shiraz gave me a pair of trousers, and a pair of shoes; it seems to be a trifling matter, but I cannot tell you how grateful I felt. By difficult travelling I overtook at Abadha a party of men belonging to the 18th Tivana Lancers. Here we heard a startling report that the road was blocked up by about 400 robbers. The men did not flinch, but proceeded bravely; as we approached Shulgistan, we sighted six armed men who disputed our way; they were the scouts of a large band of robbers who had encamped not far from us. Without warning they opened fire. We broke up into two parties, and though under heavy fire, attacked their rear and front; the robbers suddenly ceased fire and we, presuming that they would yield to a disciplined body of men better armed and better mounted than themselves, galloped on to seize them; but as we approached they fired on us, and two of the Lancers fell dead on the spot; our men then rushed on with sword drawn and lance in rest, while the other division submitted the enemy to a heavy fire; two of the robbers were run through and cut down; the rest galloped away as fast as they could. A larger party of robbers was meanwhile endeavouring to surprise us; but we, noting the odds against us, immediately captured the horses of the enemy, picked up our dead and retreated to Shulgistan. Here we

obtained reinforcements in the shape of local levies; in all we now formed a body of sixty well-armed men determined to fight our way through to Isfahan. The headman of the village dissuaded us from undergoing the enormous risk, but the Lancers furious with the reverses they had suffered would not listen to reason. I considered it better to join a fighting force than proceed by the post waggon which is never well defended. We saw several gangs of Turk robbers on the hills, but they dared not molest us; some did fire at an impossible and out-of-range distance, but as they were in an advantageous position, we thought it prudent to leave them alone.

I was robbed of most of my things, but as I had sent up a part of my luggage by a caravan, I have here at least something for daily wear. As regards injuries, I have a contusion on the forehead, two wounds on the nape and two on the left forearm caused by blows with the butt-ends of rifles in close engagement; besides these I have sustained several minor injuries. Mr. Grahame has pressed my claim for robbery, assault etc. on the Persian government, but I don't expect to get compensation before doomsday. Indeed I had a terrible experience; who can imagine the agonies I suffered when shivering with cold and hunger and oppressed by a continual fear of losing my life. I never thought I should reach Isfahan, but thank God, I did. The entire road from Shiraz to here is literally a den of robbers who have not the remotest idea of pity or of consideration for human life. The slightest resistance offered amounts to suicide! They are not satisfied with robbing travellers but delight themselves in torturing them. When any one wearing a hat travels in a waggon they take particular delight in making the hat a target for their bullets. They did the same to me as I was afterwards told by the driver who is a good hand at such adventures. On

this occasion as soon as the first shot was fired the driver pulled the hat off my head and chucked it away. When they blindfold any one of their victims they drag him over rocks to their own retreats, and if a false step is taken some accident to limb or life is certain. The villages on the road which are continually subjected to depredations by these human vermin are wholly abandoned: the desolate appearance of these villages will make you shed tears. Every village has a good supply of water as well as cultivable land in it. They are worth a gold mine to the cultivator had his life been placed in greater security; the night I was at Seidoon a band of Arabs invaded the headman's house and after a friendly conversation with him coolly demanded 1,000 maunds of barley, 200 maunds of flour and some fodder for their horses. The poor wretch yielded them without a word. This is their mode of dealing with the villagers.

From the time of my arrival here I have been surrounded with mountains of work. Everything is in arrears and my work is of such an important and urgent character that I scarcely find breathing-time, let alone time for eating. I am putting all my energy to the work and I am determined to bring everything up-to-date. Mr. Grahame is an extraordinary man, he is a genius indeed. He takes great interest in and appears to be highly satisfied with me. He is in office from 5 a. m. till midnight. So much work, indeed, is there in this office. You will, therefore, understand why I was unable to write to you before this."

On the 22nd May, the Revv. Emmanuel of the Holy Ghost, Elias of St. Joseph, Boniface of Jesus, and Athanasius of the Blessed Sacrament were ordained priests at the Convent Chapel, Manaloor, by the Rt. Rev. J. Menachery, Syro-Chaldean Vicar-Apostolic of Trichur.

Mr. Martin Lobo, a former student of this College and at present working in Bombay, was married in the Cathedral, on Tuesday the 26th April, to Miss Juliana Bridget Lobo.

The marriage of Mr. Nicholas F. Noronha, L. C. E., with Miss Louise Gonsalves was solemnized on May 6th, in the Church of our Lady of Miracles. Mr. Noronha has attained to considerable distinction in the Bombay Public Works Department.

Mr. Louis L. S. Pais, (B. A. Lat. '09) was married in the Chapel of our Lady of Dolours, on the 14th June, to Miss Rosie Mary Gonsalves.

We regret to chronicle the death of Mr. Manuel Noronha, at Honnavar, on the 27th of April last. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. Peter Hyacinth Noronha, of Bolar. Indifferent health led him to seek the advice of the physicians of Honnavar, but during the voyage thither he succumbed to a stroke of paralysis. His genial ways had won for him the esteem of a large circle of friends. Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Noronha and her five children in their sad bereavement. R. I. P.

Mrs. Catherine Seldon, wife of Mr. Martin Seldon, of the Bombay Telegraph Service, died on the 7th May after a long and painful illness. The deceased was the daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Noronha, Sheristadar of the Sub-Court of Mangalore. There was a large attendance at her funeral which took place at 5.30 p. m. the next day when her remains were committed to earth in the Sewree Cemetery. May the Lord console her sorrowing family in their affliction. R. I. P.

Miss Mary Magdalene Lobo, daughter of Mr. F. X. Lobo, died on June 7th of enteric fever in Bhavnagar, Kathiawar. She was born on the 7th November, 1881, and at the end of a successful course of studies matriculated from St. Ann's High School. The best years of her life were spent in the midst of children whose ways she could thoroughly understand. Fitted thus to be a teacher, she had worked at some of the most prominent girls' schools in Madras and in Mangalore. Though her death took place in a strange and far-away land, it should yet leave for her parents the consolation that her days were those of Christian piety and usefulness. R. I. P.

BOOK NOTICES

1. THE CHILDREN'S SHAKESPEARE: KING LEAR: THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. *Macmillan & Co., Ltd.* (Price Four pence each.)

Nothing could give children a taste for literature more effectively than these editions of Shakespear's plays. The easier scenes are woven together with readings from Charles and Mary Lamb to form a simple and continuous narrative; the notes and composition exercises are judiciously strewn at safe intervals; but the illustrations form the best feature of these books combining the two very happy aims of instruction and entertainment.

2. LA PISTOLE: RÈCIT TIRÉ DES MÉMOIRES D'ALEXANDRE DUMAS. EDITED BY MARC CEPPI. *Macmillan & Co., Ltd.* (Price 1 shilling).

Of the various methods followed in studying a foreign language the one suggested in this neat little volume is perhaps the simplest. To the beginner the text offers few inconveniences of idiom and synthesis, and the arrangement of the subject-matter into appendices aims at training the intellectual powers of the pupil without making them the victims of the by-rote system; the questionnaire is a right step in this direction as it encourages the conversational use of French. There is no doubt that the series of which this book is one will be found really useful by teachers and by pupils alike.

3. A FIRST BOOK OF PHYSICS. BY L. LOWNDS, B. SC., PH. D. *Macmillan & Co., Ltd.* (Price 1 shilling 6 pence.)

To deal with the main principles of physical science without being unnecessarily learned is an achievement worthy of praise; for notwithstanding the apparent contradiction in the axiom, a work on science must appeal to the unscientific, getting them to

observe and to experiment. The book has precisely this object in view; to well-arranged chapters on measurement, mechanics and heat, are added exercises, that go far towards laying the foundations of more advanced study. The excellence of type and diagram is characteristic of the publishers.

4. NARRATIVE GEOGRAPHY READERS. BOOKS I AND II. BY GEORGE F. BOSWORTH, F. R. G. S. *Macmillan & Co., Ltd.* (Price 1 shilling each).

It is not often that books on Geography are written in any but the most matter-of-fact manner; but the idea underlying the plan of these, though not new, certainly deserves to be commended on points of clearness and interest. Juvenile globe-trotting cannot extend far beyond the limits of the school-room. However, with the help of pictures and stories a vision of distant lands can be called up before the minds of the young. We trust that in these two ways the lessons will prove as pleasant as they are accurate.

5. HISTORY OF INDIA FOR SENIOR CLASSES: PART I. THE HINDU PERIOD. BY E. MARSDEN, B. A., F. R. G. S., M. R. A. S. *Macmillan & Co., Ltd.* (Price Rs. 1/8).

Many difficulties beset the path of the student of early Indian History, and these become tenfold when the subject has to be gone through against the day of University reckoning; but the researches of eminent scholars and archæologists have thrown marvellous light over what seemed to be hidden in perpetual chiaroscuro, and Mr. Marsden has availed himself of these to give a very clear outline of an otherwise amorphous lump of learning. The two Aryan invasions of India before the dawn of the Vedic age are treated in all their bearings on later history, and chapter XIII is particularly interesting as

it attempts an explanation of the origin of castes. The hygienic theory is more pretty than consistent, as the making of rules for the observance of cleanliness would rather tend to emphasise existing differences than give rise to new ones; the same could be said of the other causes of this unique system, and hence we are not very much nearer the right solution of the question. Chapters XIV and XXX on Hindu philosophy might have been filled out to the advantage of even the problematic school-boy for whom the book is intended; still the main historical narrative gains in lucidity as it proceeds not without bearing testimony to the words of the Poet who might have sung of India

"no speech reveals thy name
Yet, all things changing, dieth not thy fame."
(page 305).

6. LESSONS IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION: BOOKS I, II AND III. BY J. C. NESFIELD, M. A. *Macmillan & Co., Ltd.* (Price 1 shilling 3 pence).

Mr. Nesfield has brought his long experience in educational matters to bear upon important points in the teaching of English composition. The series insists on conversational lessons and the hints offered to the teacher if worked upon are sure to yield good fruit. It is not, however, correct to say that the remarks on pronunciation could be taken wholly as applying to certain Indian tricks of speech. Good material for written work has also been provided, but it somehow strikes us that Mathew Arnold's theory of repetition has been too closely adopted by the author of these useful books.

7. ಜೆಜು ಚೊ ಕುರೊವ್. *Codialbail Press, Mangalore.* (Price 2 As. 6 Ps.)

If the number of religious publications is any measure of practical piety, then indeed,

this book is as consoling as it is welcome. Intended primarily for parents, it will yet guide many to a right understanding of the duties proper to their state of life; for the chapters on the Sacrament of Penance are exceptionally full. All the most favourite devotions are included, and the book as a whole has the correct tone derived from choice translations sweet in their simplicity; the hymn at page 147 is a fair specimen of this. We may only hope with the foreword that the "Crown of Jesus" will awaken holy aspirations in the hearts of the faithful.

8. A FIRST BOOK FOR CHILDREN IN KONKANI. BY THE REV. M. P. COLLAÇO. *Codialbail Press, Mangalore.* (Price 1 Anna.)

A welcome primer characterized by much originality and freshness of method, certain to find favour with the bairns. The lessons seem well-chosen and admirably graduated. Among the prose pieces most of which are not translations, are interspersed pleasant bits of verse well adapted in translation for the purposes of the Konkani pupil. Over and above all is the importance given to the inculcating of right moral principles which are best conveyed to the minds of the young under the attractive garb of stories.

9. NEW SACRED HYMNS IN KONKANI. BY THE SAME AUTHOR. *Codialbail Press, Mangalore.* (Price 6 Pies.)

These must be regarded as a worthy addition to the Konkani hymns already extant. Though written, as we are told on the title page, for children under instruction in Catechism classes, yet the hymns would appeal largely to seniors also. There is no lack of originality in the metrical forms employed by the writer, working within narrow limits to such delightful results.

V. C.

THINGS GRAVE AND GAY

Kindness

HERE'S a golden rule I give you,
 To your heart 'twill gladness bring.
 When another's faults you're scanning,
 THINK the kindest thing.
 Would you keep your heart from knowing
 Many an ache and bitter sting;
 Teach your lips this golden lesson,
 SAY the kindest thing.
 Would you be true child of Mary,
 Closely to your mother cling;
 Then to all, with all, at all times,
 DO the kindest thing.—*Madonna.*

♦♦♦

A Few Holds

Hold on to your hand when you are about to do an unkind act.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to speak harshly.

Hold on to your heart when evil persons invite you to join their ranks.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of forsaking the path of right.

—*The Weekly Scotsman.*

♦♦♦

Precautions with Medicines

Never give medicines without first reading the directions carefully, no matter how well you think you know them.

Never give a larger dose than directed, in the hope of more quickly allaying symptoms: you may thereby kill the patient.

Never keep the medicine for internal use beside any for external application.

Do not glance hastily at the label, thinking all is right; carbolic acid might readily be mistaken for carbolic oil.

Never give or take several kinds of drugs without consulting a doctor: much mischief might be the result.

Never urge another to take medicine

which has benefitted you; it might not suit the other case at all.

Never use medicine which has been kept a long time; it may not merely have lost its strength, but may have become harmful.

Never take medicine if you can possibly do without it.

Once having obtained a doctor's prescription, don't think you have only to renew the same if another illness takes place, though the symptoms seem exactly the same as formerly.

♦♦♦

Application

The best of us are idle half our time. It is wonderful how much is done in a short space, provided we set about it properly and give our minds wholly to it. Let anyone devote himself to any art or science ever so strenuously, and he will still have leisure to make considerable progress in half-a-dozen other acquirements. Leonardo da Vinci was a mathematician, a musician, a poet, and an anatomist, besides being one of the greatest painters of his age. The prince of painters was a courtier, a lover, and fond of dress and company. Michael Angelo was a prodigy of versatility of talent—a writer of sonnets (which Wordsworth has thought worth translating), and the admirer of Dante. Salvator was a lutanist and a satirist. Titian was an elegant letterwriter and a finished gentleman. "Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses" are more polished and classical even than any of his pictures. Let a man do all he can in one branch of study, he must either exhaust himself and doze over it, or vary his pursuit, or else lie idle. All our real labour lies in a nutshell. The mind makes, at some period or other, one herculean effort and the rest is mechanical. We have to climb a steep and narrow precipice at first; but after that the

way is broad and easy, where we may drive several accomplishments abreast.

— *William Hazlitt.*

☐☐☐

The Admonitions of Wan-chang

Te-heung

Beware of wicked thoughts.
 Do not harbour a dangerous thought.
 Do not look on gain and covet it.
 Do not see ability and envy it.
 Beware of errors of the mouth.
 Do not meddle with clandestine affairs.
 Do not publish people's defects.
 Do not make loose songs.
 Do not revile the sages.
 Be most cautious with respect to superiors, relations, and the dead.
 Beware of sloth.
 Do not go to sleep early and rise late.
 Do not neglect your own field and plough your neighbour's.
 Do not run too fast after gain.
 Be most on your guard against having the body present, but mind absent.
 Do not blot good books.
 Do not write at random against the doors and walls.
 Do not destroy a rough copy.
 Do not throw away writing on the road.
 Pay due respect to the relations subsisting amongst men.
 Kindness is the principal duty of a father.
 Respect is the principal duty between a prince and his minister.
 Brothers should mutually love.
 A friend should speak the truth.
 A husband and wife should mutually agree— they should be particularly careful to show respect.
 Cleanse the ground of the heart.
 Consider the doctrines of the ancients to regulate the heart.
 Sit in a retired place, and call home the heart.

Be sparing of wine and pleasure, and purify the heart.

Reject selfish desires, and purify the heart. It is particularly requisite to understand the utmost reason of things, to illuminate the heart.

Establish a good manner.

Be diligent in business, and attentive to your words.

Let your intentions be exalted, but your manners humble.

Be bold, yet careful.

Reject the depraved, and revert to the upright.

Study the sages' nine topics of study :

1. When you look, study to see clearly.
2. When you listen, study to hear fully.
3. In your countenance, study to be placid.
4. In your appearance, study to be venerable.
5. In your words, study to be faithful.
6. In business, study to be respectful.
7. In cases of doubt, study to inquire.
8. In anger, study to recollect the difficulties in which you may be involved.
9. In what you acquire, study to be just.

Be attentive to your intercourse with a friend.

Be not inattentive from first to last.

Let your inside and outside be the same.

Do not make a difference between the noble and the ignoble.

Living or dying, be the same.

Let the meritorious and defective mutually advise.

Reject the dissipated and boisterous, and associate with the moderate and upright.

You should establish yourself as a friend, whom ten thousand ages may imitate.

Widely diffuse instruction and renovation.

When you meet with superiors, discourse on right reason.

When you meet with equals, speak of the rewards of good actions.

Print a number of good books.

Speak much of good actions.

• **The Coming Man**

A pair of very chubby legs,
 Encased in scarlet hose;
 A pair of little stubby boots,
 With rather doubtful toes;
 A little kilt, a little coat—
 Cut as a mother can—
 And lo! before us stands in state
 The future's "coming man."
 His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
 And search their unknown ways;
 Perchance the human heart and soul
 Will open to their gaze;
 Perchance their keen and flashing glance
 Will be a nation's light—
 Those eyes that now are wistful bent
 On some "big fellow's" kite.
 Those hands—those little, busy hands—
 So sticky, small, and brown;
 Those hands whose only mission seems
 To pull all order down;
 Who knows what hidden strength may be
 Within their tiny clasp,
 Though now 'tis but a toffy stick
 In sturdy hold they grasp?
 Ah, blessings on those little hands,
 Whose work is yet undone;
 And blessings on those little feet,
 Whose race is yet unrun!
 And blessings on the little brain
 That has not learned to plan!
 Whate'er the future holds in store,
 God bless the "coming man."

—*T. P's Weekly.*

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**A Salad of Wisdom from
 Modern Authors**

What great events from little causes
 spring!
 Death cannot be an evil, for it is universal.
 The abstruse is not precisely synonymous
 with the absurd.

We are near awakening when we dream
 that we dream.

No book or good thing of any sort shows
 its best face first.

Smite only the lofty, that the example
 may be the greater.

Nature is the voice with which the Deity
 proclaims Itself to man.

Young men may think old men fools; but
 old men know young ones to be so.

Forms of fancy may live forever; forms of
 thought perish with the age that gave them
 birth.

Man is not what one calls a happy animal;
 his appetite for sweet victuals is so enormous.

Convict: My lord, am I to be hanged for
 stealing a horse? Judge: No, you are to be
 hanged that horses may not be stolen.

Men now pick up knowledge as the Jews
 did manna in the wilderness. He that gathers
 most has nothing over; and he that gathers
 least has no lack.

Most men seem to consider their school
 learning as if it were like a tadpole's tail, meant
 to drop off as soon as the owner comes to full
 growth.

Our sacrifices are rarely of an active kind;
 we, as it were, abandon what we give away.
 It is not from resolution, but despair, that we
 renounce our property.

Some people are seriously discontented
 with Providence for not having placed them
 in a station to become distinguished without
 taking any trouble about it.

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Geometrical Boarding

Definitions. 1. All boarding-houses are
 the same boarding-house.

2. Boarders in the same boarding-house
 and on the same flat are equal to one another.

3. A single room is that which hath no
 parts and no magnitude.

4. The landlady of the boarding-house

is a parallelogram—that is, an oblong angular figure that cannot be described, and is equal to anything.

5. A wrangle is the disinclination to each other of two boarders that meet together but are not on the same floor.

6. All the other rooms being taken, a single room is said to be a double room.

Postulates and Propositions. 1. A pie may be produced any number of times.

2. The landlady may be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.

3. A bee-line may be made from any boarding-house to any other boarding-house.

4. The clothes of a boarding-house bed, stretched ever so far both ways, will not meet.

5. Any two meals at a boarding-house are together less than one square feed.

6. On the same bill and on the same side of it there should not be two charges for the same thing.

7. If there be two boarders on the same floor, and the amount of side of the one be equal to the amount of side of the other, and the wrangle between the one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other boarder, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal. For if not, let one bill be the greater, then the other bill is less than it might have been, which is absurd.—*T. P.'s Weekly.*

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Eight Rules about Hotels

I will assume that our untravelled man has reached the hotel. Only experienced travellers get full value for their money in hotels; and it is curious that people who can be proper wolves in English hotels will behave like lambs in foreign hotels. Under a demeanour of smiling politeness the traveller should always indicate his full appreciation of the fact that he is conferring a favour on the landlord, and not vice-versa. (Of course,

when a town is "full," he must alter his tactics, but towns are really very seldom "full.") This attitude on the part of the traveller is all important, and should be worth to him quite ten per cent. on his expenditure. For the rest, he need only observe the eight cardinal rules of the hotel-guest:

1. Never arrive at a hotel famishing: it puts you at a disadvantage.

2. Never stay at a terminus-hotel, unless you have positive information about it.

3. Never dismiss the cabman, nor allow your luggage to be carried upstairs, till you have taken your rooms.

4. Never accept the first rooms offered.

5. Never agree to any terms which do not include attendance and lighting.

6. Never omit to ascertain the prices of meals.

7. Never, if you contemplate staying for more than a week, omit to demand your bill at the end of the first two days.

8. Never hesitate to give trouble, and never accept what you don't want, merely because it is offered to you with a threatening air.—*The Book-Lover's Magazine.*

♦♦♦

Whims of Great Men

Study the private lives of all truly great men, both present and past. It is not difficult to determine that all of them, to a greater or less degree, furnished material of the "odd and eccentric" kind. Cardinal Richelieu found pleasure and amusement in jumping and leaping with boys. Oliver Cromwell sometimes cast aside his Puritan gravity and played at blindman's buff with his daughters and attendants. Henri Quatre delighted to go about in disguise with the peasantry. Cowper occupied a great deal of his time in making bird-cases and in feeding and caring for his hares. Dr. Johnson was so fond of his cats that he would even go out himself to buy

oysters for them, his servants being too proud to do so. Goethe despised dogs, but he kept a tame snake. Gray expressed the wish to be always on a sofa reading new novels, and Fenton, the eminent scholar, died from sheer inactivity; he rose late and when he had risen sat down to his books and papers. A woman who waited upon him in his lodgings said that he would lie abed and be fed with a spoon. Contrary to this was the example of Sir Walter Scott, who wrote all his finest works before breakfast. Spinoza delighted to set spiders fighting, and would laugh immoderately at beholding their insect warfare; and Anthony Magliabecchi, the famous librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, took a great interest in the spiders which thronged his apartments, and while sitting among his mountain of books would caution "visitors not to hurt any spiders."

When he felt that he needed a little activity, the great logician, Samuel Clarke, would leap over tables and chairs, and it was not infrequent that the upholsterer had to be called in to repair damages. Tycho Brahe diverted himself with polishing glasses for spectacles. Former President Cleveland would quit talking politics any time to go fishing; and so it was with Paley, the author of "Natural Theology," who was so much given to angling that he had his portrait painted with rod and line in hand. Louis XVI, of sad memory, amused himself picking locks, while Salvator Rosa performed in *ex tempore* comedies, taking the character of a mountebank in the streets of Rome. Charles II.'s most innocent amusement consisted in feeding the ducks in St. James's Park, and in rearing numbers of those beautiful spaniels which still bear his name. It was difficult for Beethoven to be free from a cold from the fact that he delighted in splashing in cold water at all times of the day, swamping his chamber until the water oozed through the flooring to the rooms

beneath. He would also walk out in the dewy fields without stockings or shoes.

Shelley could spend an entire day floating little paper boats on any water he chanced to be near. Poor Goldsmith's "oddities and eccentricities" were chiefly dandyisms, and the story of his peach-blossom coat is known the world over. Montaigne had an aversion for Friday, and, while he preferred odd numbers, he would not sit down to a table with 13 people. Friday was always a black day in Byron's calendar, but Byron believed in omens, dreams, supernatural appearances, apparitions, presentiments, and all such. He succumbed before the weakest prejudices, and afforded proof that even the strongest intellects have always their weak side.

Hobbes did not believe in God, but he kept a light burning in his bed room all night, being afraid of the dark. Rousseau was another who was afraid of the dark, and the approach of night brought only terror to him. Before retiring at night, Sir Samuel Romilly always looked under the bed, to see if anyone was concealed there. He dreaded to see night come. Great warriors have been afraid of thunder. Cæsar was almost thrown into convulsions by it, and St. Thomas Aquinas suffered greatly in thunderstorms. Queen Elizabeth, Talleyrand, and others could not bear to have the word "death" uttered in their presence. Marshal Saxe, who overthrew armies, fled at sight of a cat.

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Physiognomists say that a face denoting strength of purpose, truth, honesty, courage, and determination is marked by a broad, straight nose of perfect shape, the bridge clearly defined, the outlines angular. Compact, firm lips meet closely over straight white regular teeth, the under lip projecting beyond the upper lip rather than below it.

A strong dependable character is further shown in horizontal eyebrows meeting close

to the bridge of the nose, the eyebrows darker in colour than the hair itself. The chin should be broad and prominent, but although in a man a deep cleft in the centre signifies added strength and determination, the same characteristic in a woman's face is considered to be a blemish, and demonstrates a hard and unsympathising nature, in addition to more than a touch of obstinacy.

A weak character, on the other hand, is marked by a smooth retreating forehead, a round face with a bad profile, a small retreating chin, a long neck—cylindrical in shape—and a small nose with tiny nostrils.

The longer and deeper the forehead the quicker the intuitions and greater the reasoning power. When the outline is curved there is less brain-power but more tenderness and charm; the owner may be easily led, and is certainly less logical and exact than is the case when the brow is long and straight.

If the upper half of the brow is much wrinkled and the lower half smooth, dulness and stupidity are denoted. Large "bumps" show much originality and powers of invention, while selfishness and meanness, combined with little intelligence or culture, are exhibited in a perfectly smooth forehead with neither wrinkles nor bumps.

Arched eyebrows are indicative of a certain nobility combined with delicacy, refinement, and artistic sense, while those which are long and lie horizontally on either side of the bridge of the nose denote firmness, strength, and determination. Perpendicular wrinkles between the eyebrows are a sign of deep penetration and good reasoning power.

The mouth, of all the features, is the one which betrays the character at a glance. A tightly-closed mouth signifies courage and endurance, while the woman who habitually keeps her mouth open, while not possessing any great talent, is also probably of a complaining, petulant nature.

A pointed chin is a sign of mental acuteness and a taste for dramatic poetry and art, and, if angular, great discretion as well as determination may be looked for, while sharp indentations denote coolness and presence of mind in danger. A flat chin shows a puritanical sternness, but one which is small, rounded, with perhaps a small dimple in the centre, is not only benevolent and kind, but its owner is a good conversationalist, clever at repartee, and possesses a keen sense of humour.

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A Queen's Maxims

Queen Christina of Sweden, who died about the end of the seventeenth century, was a wise and magnanimous woman. Many years after her death some of her maxims were published. Now they have been translated by Una Birch and issued in a dainty little volume by Mr. John Lane of the Bodley Head. Here are some of Queen Christina's sayings:—

We should forget the past, endure or enjoy the present, and resign ourselves to the future.

To expect the recognition of benefits is almost to merit ingratitude.

We should revenge ourselves in benefits; all other vengeance, no matter how just, is unworthy of an heroic soul.

Fools are more to be feared than villains.

Just as a pilot marks the rocks on which he has made shipwreck, so ought we to mark our faults in order to avoid them.

We should be more miserly with our time than with our money.

We should never speak of ourselves either in praise or blame.

Reading is part of the duty of an honest man.

Those who do not please seldom deceive.

We should rather fear those we love than those we hate.

We should never believe anything we have not dared to doubt.

The sea is the symbol of great souls. However agitated may be its surface, its depths are always calm.

Enemies are always sincere in their hate, though friends are not in their love.

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Chinese peculiarities

The Chinaman shakes his own hand instead of yours.

He keeps out of step when walking with you.

He puts his hat on in salutation.

He whitens his boots, instead of blackening them.

He rides with his heels in his stirrups, instead of his toes.

His compass points south.

His women folks are often seen in trousers, accompanied by men in gowns.

Often he throws away the fruit of the melon and eats the seeds.

He laughs on receiving bad news. (This is to deceive evil spirits).

His favourite present to his parents is a coffin.

He faces the bow when rowing a boat.

His mourning colour is white.

To bore a hole he uses an instrument that works up and down, instead of around.

The children of a Chinese school study out loud.

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Twelve Rules for Mothers

Mothers are God's vicegerents on earth. Here are twelve rules for their guidance:—

Home life is the school in which permanent impressions are made.

Teach by your own example, tenderness to age, infirmity, deformity, also kindness to dumb animals.

Don't criticize your friends unkindly in the hearing of your children.

Always fulfil promises if at all possible.

Be prudent in giving pocket-money; little is better than too much.

Don't insist on children going to school when they feel ill.

When finding fault, don't talk loudly; the example is bad.

Don't punish by causing fear.

Show the bright side of religion.

Be careful not to exaggerate when relating any incident, as example is more powerful than precept.

Encourage your children to bring desirable companions home.

As your sons and daughters grow up, show you trust them, and endeavour to make home cheerful.

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On Drunkenness

There have been many suggestions made for the prevention and cure of drunkenness, and they contain many points which, if obvious, are not altogether useless. Healthy and attractive homes will do something. So will public recreation grounds and the teaching of children the physical and economic and social effects of intemperance. When we are told to treat drunkenness as a disease, physical and mental, and to separate drunkards into two classes, the curable and the incurable and to build new and improved hospitals for the former, and to put the latter where he will not disgrace or endanger society, and keep him continuously at work for his own support, *i. e.*, condemn him to imprisonment with hard labour for life, we feel that our wise men are on dangerous ground.

Drunkenness is a disease, no doubt, but its cure is very simple, namely, abstinence. Medicine, pure food, pure air, education of mind and will may help, but abstinence is the

only radical cure. When one stops drinking in circumstances in which he can drink if he wishes, then only he ceases to be a drunkard. But drunkenness is more than a disease; it is a sin. If one wishes to cease to be a drunkard, he must use the ordinary means for avoiding sin and relapses into it. These are prayers and the Sacraments. Let any Christian use these properly and his cure is certain. As a proper use we suggest the following: First, a general confession, with hearty sorrow for the past and a sincere purpose of amendment. Second, morning prayer, in which one puts himself under the protection of the Mother of God, his patron Saints and guardian Angel, begging them to obtain for him the grace to keep for the day his resolution not to break his abstinence. Third, evening prayer, in which one returns thanks for the victories he has gained over his passion, and, should he have fallen, makes his act of contrition and resolves to do so no more. Fourth, weekly confession and at least Holy Communion. Fifth, the avoiding of the occasions of sin such as going into a saloon to take a cigar while your friend drinks. Sixth, perseverance in these practices, rising at once should one be so unhappy as to fall. This cure is inexpensive and very soon becomes pleasant. It can, moreover, be used to demonstrate to the wise men that there is no such thing as incurable drunkenness. If Catholics would only help their weak brethren to use it they would be doing grand sociological work.—*America.*

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One of the most striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives.

If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous he will not bite you. This is the chief difference between a dog and a man.

The holy passion of friendship is of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature that it will last through a whole lifetime, if not asked to lend money—*Mark Twain.*

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OBITUARY

MARTIN ABDON COELHO, the only son of Mr. Julian Coelho, of Falneer, died on August 5th. He had been in a declining state of health for over a month, but the extreme weakness brought on by several operations for pyemia was the immediate cause of his death. Born on July 30th, 1869, he entered the College soon after its foundation and was among the earliest batches of its Matriculates. For several years he was employed in the firm of Messrs. A. J. Saldanha & Sons, but with a view to improve his prospects, he left for Bombay where, to the time of his death, he was holding an office of considerable importance in the Electric Supply and Tramways Company. Gifted with exceptional ability for work, he was at all times of a most unassuming nature; his last days spent in ceaseless prayer were in keeping with the quiet and exemplary tenor of his life, and served only to bring out the qualities of patience ingrained deep in his character. The funeral in the Sewree Cemetery where his mortal remains were interred, was attended by a large number of friends and relations. The Very Rev. Fr. Gyr, S. J., V. G., officiated on this mournful occasion.

ERNEST COELHO, aged twenty-six years, died of typhoid fever in Bombay on July 27th. He studied in this College some years ago, and subsequently went to Bombay where he was employed by Messrs. Thacker & Co. Though the attack was not severe, his delicate constitution yielded to it; but he was always prepared to meet his end. The widest sympathy is due to his parents who have lost in him a true-hearted son.

MARTIN D'SOUZA died at his residence in Mangalore on July 16th. A remarkable man was he for his social tact and cheerful manners. He was a faithful member of the Sodality at Codialbail where a Mass of Requiem was celebrated for him on July 21st.

R. I. P.