

THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE

The Organ and Record of St. Aloysius' College

VOL. VI.

MANGALORE, 1920

No. 2.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
1. SANCTI THOMAE INDIARUM APOSTOLI MORIENTIS VATICINIUM (<i>Verse</i>)	1
2. THE TRYST	5
3. THE HISTORY OF ULLAL	11
4. THE WAY TO THE HEART	18
5. FAIRY TALES	23
6. FALLING LEAVES (<i>Verse</i>)	25
7. RECTOR'S REPORT	28
8. CRICKET	30
9. THE SANSKRIT PAGE	33
10. THE MALAYALAM PAGE	34
11. THE CANARESE PAGE	35
12. THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY	38
13. COLLEGE NOTES	39
14. BOOK NOTICES	47

ST. ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE—MAIN BUILDING.



The Organ and General of the ...

1871

CONTENTS

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24

1. ...
2. ...
3. ...
4. ...
5. ...
6. ...
7. ...
8. ...
9. ...
10. ...
11. ...
12. ...
13. ...
14. ...
15. ...
16. ...
17. ...
18. ...
19. ...
20. ...
21. ...
22. ...
23. ...
24. ...

THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE

The Organ and Record of St. Aloysius' College

MANGALORE, 1920

Sancti Thomae Indiarum Apostoli Orientis Vaticinium

GRESSUS, Viator, siste : Quis abnuat ?

Vides ut altis stet laquearibus

Superba moles,¹ fulta et instar

Marmoreis feriat columnis

Ut astra centum, pyramidum in modum

Nunc celsa, nunc et laxior arcubus

Spectanda circum ? Sacra tellus,

Quam pedibus, mihi crede, calcas.

Hastae recepto vulnere, sanguinem

Late fluentem dum cohibet manu,

Hac rupe nixus, fertur hasce,

Quo rutilas, Calamina, sidus²

Dedisse voces : " Ibimus, Ibimus

Amor Magistro quo vocat et fides,

Promissa iam servat : Valete

Quos genui, mea cura, Christo,

Et invidendam mittite lacrimis

Urgere sortem. Num querimoniae

Decent triumphum ? Purpuratum

Laetitiis properate Coelo

1. The Mylapore Cathedral.

2. Mylapore.

Inferre patrem. Quid timor occupat?
 Opem rependam rebus in asperis
 Potentiolem, seu cruentum
 In teneros agit ira partus

Hostem, recentes seu laqueis parat
 Captare foetus callidioribus,
 Vitaeque coelestis vel ipsum
 Inficit, inficiensque fontem

Siccatur veneno. Pars potior mei,
 Cavete vobis summi et imagini
 Dei. Mori num quis recuset
 Pro cruce, sidereisque regnis?

Quid Christianis arduum? Iniquius
 Tentamen urget? Non agitet dolus,
 Non pulset instantis per enses
 Triste supercilium tyranni

Perire fortes, cedere nescios.
 Sternantur! Almis Indigetum choris
 E cade victrices coronae
 Dulce dabunt iter inserendis.

Ventura pando. Cingite triplici
 Vel aere pectus vel galea caput:
 Est aere maior vis amoris
 Atque fides galeis superstat.

Furtim luporum turma furentium
 Mox immerentes irruit in greges,
 Ovesque pastoresque in unum
 Dente secant, laniant et ungue:

Mox et refusus undique fontibus
 Ganges, sinistro flumine, in aureos
 Perrumpit agros et priores,
 Invidiis domitus, Coloni

1. The persecutions of the Christians fore-
 told.

Spes perdit omnes illacrimabilis.
 Pro quanta strages! Fatus inhorreo.
 Tutanda stirps est: Me reposto,
 Occiduas reparate ad oras,¹

Qua vos deorum spretor inanium,
 De stirpe regum, nobilior fide
 Christoque subiecta corona
 Cum populo, hospitiis Sacerdos²

Invitat ultro, patria quam negat
 Pacem daturus.—Currite saecula,
 Dum pontus hanc rupem citatis
 Gangeticus veneretur undis!³

Mox infideli purius Indiae
 Quod pellat umbras lumen ab Hespero
 Nubesque surgat qua perusti,
 Imbre ferax, renoventur agri.

Haec insuetum sentiet ordinem
 Praesaga rupes, prodigium novum
 Pallente turba barbarorum,
 Sanguineis rubicunda guttis.⁴

Beata navis, qua melius nihil
 Vectavit aequor, nil pretiosius
 Transmisit Europae remotis
 Hesperiiis eisque regnis,

Ut pulcra tuto laberis aequore,
 Ut aestuoso fidis et obtines
 Secura portum, quo vocatus
 Ipse regit Deus ipse servat,

1. Malabar coast.

2. A son of the Malabar King converted and raised to the Episcopate.

3. Prophecy about the coming of new Missionaries.

4. The cross supposed to have been found by the Portuguese, covered with fresh blood.

Effunde Iberum quem vehis Indiae¹
 Haeroa natum, nomen in ultimos
 Inferre fines, atque Christi
 Imperio populos iugare.

Quantus renidet, quotque laboribus
 Functus per ausus ducitur haud prius
 Vel miles auditos, vel ipso
 Sub duce, deproperant Sodales

Jesu maniplis auxiliaribus.
 Delubra passim turpia concidunt,
 Deoque veraci trophaea
 Templa micant, mediis ruinis.

Antehac negata ridet adorea
 Goana tellus, scilicet excita
 Caelestibus circum fluentis
 Fundit ovans, genus omne, flores,

Lateque regnat, sive hominum feros
 Formare cultus docta, seu amabiles
 Proferre calles faustitatis
 Relligio, furiente toto

Nequidquam averno: Mox Malabaricas
 Reviset oras et Calaminias?
 Exinde quae non bella miscet
 Per Maravae Mathuraeque campos,

Canenda seris bella nepotibus,
 Fovetque palmas. Mi Domine et Deus,
 Veni, Magister: Quid moror? En venit...
 Aurora surgit... Sol... Valete
 Eripior super astra victor."

Repente tellus contremittit, ignibus
 Sol insuetis emicat, et Crucis
 De rupe fertur visa imago
 Angelicis digitis recusa.

1. St. Francis Xavier.

The Tryst

A CAMOUFLAGED NARRATIVE

BY J. E. SALDANHA, B. A.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light
In front, the Sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright—

CLOUGH.

**3rd January 1900—Scene: Central Station,
Madras. Platform No. III. Time: 6.30 p. m.**

*MASSALA VODE, MOORKOO-MASSALA
MASS-SA-LA VODE, MOOR-KOO-OO, MAS-
SALA VODE A jabbering crowd of passen-
gers, coolies and porters et hoc genus omne. Plat-
form hawkers crying their wares—comestibles and others.
An Engine at the far end puffing and generally strain-
ing like a hound in the leash. Opposite the Anglo-
Indian Compartment a batch of young men, evidently
students, grouped round a thin slip of a youth bound for
a Seminary on the West Coast. Laughing and joking
and an air of genial banter.*

“I say, you had better secure the services
of a curate as soon as ever you can to say
the early Mass for you, you were such an
inveterate late riser, you know,” came from
one of the group.

“And when you grow a beard in the con-
ventional style,” interrupted another.

And when Basil in his unsophisticated
innocence chimed in with “Most Reverend
Father to be, won’t you give us your last
blessing?”, suiting the action to the words,
there was a titter of suppressed laughter like
a bright ray of sunshine through the gloom of
a rainy day in mid-July.

Presently the gong sounded and our
good-humoured bantering and chaffing was
hushed into silence. A hurried grip of the
hands, a moistening, just a moistening of the
eyelids and the train slowly steamed out of

the station and vanished into the dark night—
and the last we saw of him was his boyish
face peering out of the carriage window
aureoled in the light of the Guard’s lantern.

“An immeasurable fool, to throw a bright
career to the winds and seek refuge in a
Seminary,” remarked one of us as we wended
our way home and he certainly, albeit some-
what emphatically, echoed our feelings on
that day.

And so he passed out of our student lives.
Three days later the great gates of the eccle-
siastical nursery closed upon him and he
began his higher life.

* * * * *

The 22nd of December 1919 saw me on
board the S. S. Lilavati bound for Mangalore.
As my boat weighed anchor at the appointed
hour and with a puff and a snort churned her
way into the sea, I confess I felt strangely
uneasy. At other times it was a real pleasure
“in a brief pause of Labour’s sullen wheel”
to escape from the smoke and dust of Bombay.

Oh! to be wafted away
From this black aceldama of sorrow,
From the dust of earthy to-day
To the earth of dusty tomorrow.

It meant many things sandwiched between
a junketing tour and “a good time” and the
resultant new lease of life—For one thing, an
escape from the cramped life within one

cosmopolitan City, with a sickly climate and a demoralising atmosphere with no thought beyond the unceasing round of daily pursuits. For another a freedom, for a time at least, from the monotony of three or four permutations and combinations of common-place dishes which make up our ordinary bill of fare. But other thoughts were uppermost in my mind on this voyage. I was out to keep an appointment and redeem a promise which I had made just twenty years ago. 20 years! what a change they bring in one's life! Just think of what has and has not happened during those twenty years! I knew for certain that one of three who had made the tryst would never be there. But the third—of him I was not sure. Would he spring a surprise and be there or would he not be there—that was the question.

* * * * *

It happened in this way. Picture to yourself a chummery of students in Park Town in or about the closing days of the last century. There are three of them there, the Inseparables somebody had called them and the name had stuck—*alumni* of the same College who had graduated and with great distinction too, in the same year, now studying for three different professions in the Athens of their Presidency. Few men are known in the student world by the name their father gave them—they are remembered by some oddity or unhappy lapse of conduct or the profession for which they are studying. There was the Medico—thickset, foursquare to all the winds that blow—the chill winds of adversity and the fair breezes of success alike, who was optimistically cheerful in all conditions. There was Theo of the Engineering College, Theodolite to give him his full nickname—tall, thin, delicately nurtured and greatly phlegmatic; there was Norton of the Law College—Nortie for short—bright-eyed, debonair, somewhat unsteady, ostensibly a

student of Law but really a student of things nondescript. Scan the list of successful B. A. candidates about 20 years ago and you will not find much difficulty in laying your forefinger on the names of the Inseparables. Gifts and graces had been lavished upon them by Nature and they had hitherto failed in nothing that was open to them. In the English division, high, very high on the roll of honour are bracketed together two of them. In the Second Language division, one of them heads the list and in the Science division, known to be the most arduous, their names follow each other in rapid succession among the first ten names of successful candidates, Theo. taking a first in Mathematics.

Their post-graduate course was with one exception equally brilliant. As for Theo, the mathematics prodigy, a brighter name the annals of the Engineering College boast not. The Medico had won no inconsiderable laurels in his College and his friends fondly hoped that the crescent promise of his student days would ripen into a life of enduring usefulness to his country. As for the budding lawyer, as you sow, so you reap—his life has since been a "sprawl," though in the early days he was a youth marked out for great achievement.

* * * * *

The Scene changes—It is now the dining room of Fern Lodge, Park Town, which has been the home of generations of Mangalore students. New Year's Eve—one or two favoured visitors in the background. No academic calm here this evening. Additional piquancy is lent to the occasion by the fact that it is the last year of the professional course of the Inseparables and they are nearing their goal. The Inseparables are toasting, as will all young men do, the New Year 1900 and that conglomeration of years which stretch immediately beyond it, the New Century: The world for a stage and the

Inseparables to act the swelling scene! The lawyer is descanting in style forensic on the glories of his profession and the possibilities of achievement in the opening years of the 20th century.

"The path we have to tread is a thorny one," he was saying, "and all other paths must be forsaken for it. Moreover there is no happy medium in the burden we have to bear. That burden is either too light or too heavy.....Well, if I don't rise to the top-most rung of the ladder within the next ten years or fifteen at the outside, I shall turn Sanitary Inspector."

The Doctor was not less enthusiastic. No inkling of course in these piping times of peace of the World War which would give him his Commission, but, he too, had the whole world before him to exercise his skill in the healing art. He was waxing eloquent on the nobility of his profession, interspersing his remarks with copious references to the *Materia Medica* and other text books of his profession.

Not so the votary of Engineering. He had met our remarks evidently with great interest but when his turn came to speak, he was very brief. He wished us both good luck in our respective careers, but as for himself he said that although he had only three months to run for his final and his degree, he had made up his mind to give up his profession at the call of what he considered to be a higher duty. In fact he was leaving us forthwith but would cherish the most pleasant recollections of the days he had spent with us and would always pray for our welfare. As a pledge of lasting friendship he proposed that wherever our lot in life be cast we should meet again, say 20 years thence, under the banyan tree on Light House Hill just to talk over old times and to compare notes of all that transpired in our lives in the interval.

To say that his decision came as a veritable bombshell which took us between wind and water is to put it mildly. He was so reticent, and we could only guess. Was it an impish Fate taking up the single strand of his destiny and trying to weave it roguishly with another? Or was it the old family complaint manifesting itself in its insidious loveliness and sapping away his strength? But we soon recovered our buoyancy, the eternal buoyancy of youth, and as regards the proposal for a tryst heartily nay enthusiastically endorsed it. And so it came about that "Xmas day 1919 at 5 p. m. under the old banyan tree on Light House Hill" was fixed for the Tryst and we jointly and severally pledged our word in solemn form that happen what might each and every one of us would leave no stone unturned to keep the appointment.

"Are the Kiddies welcome and their Maters?" queried the irrepressible Basil from his chair in the corner where snugly ensconced he was a silent and wondering spectator of the proceedings.

"The Kiddies—yes, if they are not too many, but we must draw a line at the mothers—no Social gathering this that we are holding," Theo. had firmly laid down.

* * * * *

Much water has flowed under the Ullal Bridge since that time.

* * * * *

"Aldemar by the Sea

5th May 1909.

"DEAR FRIEND,

Ages since I last heard from you. Five years ago you wrote to say that Fates had dumped you down in the land destined for ne'er-do-wells, videlicet Bombay, "the City of mediocrities, millowners and sycophants" as you were pleased to describe it. (I hope you have by now outgrown your first impressions). Then in Xmastide 1905 came a

stray season's greeting and then silence, dead silence. What ails you? Should auld acquaintance be forgot and ne'er brought to mind? If as I fear you have been sidetracked in the quest for higher appointments, take things like a man and don't brood. My good fellow, men cannot be content to live by bread alone. Why in the name of commonsense don't you come down for a change. Brush away the cobwebs of worry and come to a cleaner and greener land. It is the land of your birth—a country much beloved, a country to which men from overseas return gladly and where many hearts in distant places hold fast to their rocky anchorage—and fancy you have not visited it for over a decade! *Here* is superabounding health for you—plenty of shooting, boating and reading—mind a-flame, heart aglow and body atingle.

I am now the Vicar of the parish of Aldemar and have "built my soul a stately pleasure house wherein at ease for aye to dwell"—I have quite in my own design rebuilt the parish church which dates back from old Portuguese times and have transformed it into the semblance of a House of God as far as the sinews of war permitted. Won't it gladden your heart to see it? "Oh harking back to the old days in the Engineering line" you will no doubt say, but it was a consolation and joy to me to turn the little talents I was supposed to possess to the service of the Master. I have a pretty parish of simple village folk about me, Church and two Schools more or less perfect and no curate. You remember you young barbarians had advised me long ago to get one as soon as ever I could. What more could the heart of priest desire?

But—there is always a fly in the amber—the doctor tells me I have not long to live. It is the hereditary malady again which cut my father in his prime and my eldest brother

in the bloom of youth. Better so, perhaps, I have had more than my share of life's blessings and with Luke Delmege may I truly say that after all it's but a weary world. Oh! to sleep and be at rest for ever: to know nothing of the weariness of getting up and lying down and the necessities of this poor body!

As things are at present I don't know whether I shall ever be able to keep the Tryst. If not here below, we shall meet in Heaven. And then I have only my poor mother—when the shadows are lengthening for her, may Heaven be her strength! And as to my temporalities I have *inter alia* my library of books both sacred and profane which I had collected with some toil. Of the latter, would you like to have some of the books on general literature? I propose if you have no objection, to make you the Executor of my will.

May God bless you and your family. I have and always had a memento for you—the Perfect Friend—in my daily Mass. With kindest remembrances from your loving friend—Theo."

* * * * *

Three months from the date of this letter, three months to a day, I received another from home stating that Father..... was no more. He had made me the Executor of his Will.

* * * * *

Somewhere in France,
April 1915.

"Dearest Nortie," the letter ran, "Won't you be very *intrigued* to learn that I am in France, not in la Belle France of our F. A. days but in the devastated France of to-day, fighting Freedom's battle? When I say this I picture to myself your quizzical smile and saying "A modern Sir Galahad no doubt, gone to right the wrong!" I got a Commission in the I. M. S.



BOARDERS—1920.

soon after the outbreak of the War and they sent me to France. Old Maitland was awfully good to me and to him and to my record, none brighter, I owe my good luck—won't you just congratulate me, old chap? I took the boat at Bombay but couldn't give you a look-up there—hadn't the time, you know. Won't you just overlook the omission like a good fellow that you always were?

What am I doing in France? I can't disclose what we are doing for undisclosed reasons—Pelion of secrecy and Ossa of mystery and all that sort of thing—but this much I can tell you in a general sort of way—"we are" also "laying the foundations in dark places, putting the rough-hewn stones together in our respective civilisations hoping for the lofty edifice which will arise later and make all the work glorious." Is this not a noble ideal to live for and die for? and who dies if England live?

I only hope my invariable good luck will pull me through, but if I go under the World won't be the poorer: there will be one more foolhardy warrior less in this World and another and perhaps a better man will step into his place to "carry on"—the measure of life is not its span but the use we make of it—and after all—

No game was ever worth a rap
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap
Could possibly find its way.

There are many sides to this awful War but the side which presents itself to the doctor is the strangest of them because the doctor looks past the trappings of War to behold the man; he is the eye-witness of the supreme struggles in which weakness and pain and death strive for the mastery over a man's spirit. The War doctor in his round of daily duties has death always very close to him and so his vision is different from that of other men. In some ways it is a much clearer vision,

As I write the Germans are shelling us, quite up to the traditions of their race—their Berserk fury—the "Furor Teutonicus." We are treading out the winepress of the wrath of God, but we are all jusquaboutists here, every one of us. It is Sunday as I write and we shall be moving into action in the course of next week or so. This morning the priest came to us and he asked us to pray for our dead comrades and to prepare ourselves to die, if die we must—And he gave us all absolution.

I must close. Now for the Tryst. We have still four years to run. If I return from the Wars, well and good—If not, I must ask you to go without me. I shall have

Paid the price to reach the goal
Athwart a world in flame.

Thank goodness I have no encumbrances, have given no hostages to Fortune, but I daresay there will be some little weeping and wailing in some corner of Mangalore. But the World has a short memory and will have soon forgotten its sorrow. With poor Theo gone before, you will be the only one left of the Inseparables. . . . *tria juncta in uno.*

Adieu, best of friends and farewell. Remember me sometimes in your prayers and kiss your youngster for me and believe me, Your very affectionate friend—Aesculapius."

Below was appended this postscript in a plump girlish hand:—

P. S. The writer of this letter Dr. has asked me to forward this letter. He was severely wounded by a stray shrapnel during the battle of Festhubert but is progressing favourably.

Amy Glaskin,
Red Cross Nurse.

* * * * *

The Scene again changes—It is Christmas day on the coast of Azure—Homeland—the land of our desires: "washed by the rivers,

blest by suns of home"—The world is very beautiful this Xmas-tide, the sky has not a cloud.

Towards the old banyan tree on Lighthouse Hill at the appointed hour wends a solitary figure. No friend rushes forward to meet him—He waits—No belated steps hasten to greet him—Can it be that the worst has happened?—Has he after all found his resting place under an alien sky? Alone for a moment he stands, silent, his thoughts his only companions. Anon the branches of the old banyan tree nod in the passing breeze—nod old acquaintance—Oh! that tree is dear to him for under its branches in the days of long ago had he and his companions played and dreamed and built their youthful castles. A flood of recollections rushes on his mind and he is lost in a reverie.

* * * * *

"It was a most terrible shock to me—when one is old, a thing like that tells—both my sons gone and so far away from me!" thus Theo's mother had wailed expression of the sorrow that was gnawing at her heart. Was there no anodyne to her pain, I wondered.

"We have had no news at all from France these four years—the last we heard of him was that he was severely wounded and that he and his hospital fell into the hands of the Germans. Perhaps the end of the War will show—We still have hopes" I had no wish to dash a brother's fond hopes to the ground.

* * * * *

Presently the reverie is broken by the glory of the Sunset. If thou would'st view Sunset aright, come view it from here, right here, from the top of Edyah Hill. Now the western sky turns to orange and the Sun "pillowing his chin upon an orient wave" floods this town nestling among palms with a mellow light, turning roofs, spires and tree-tops to gold—A moment he poises on the verge, then suddenly slips into the Sea: At one stride comes the dark!

And here in the day--death's wonder,
A marvel beyond our ken,
While the sentinel moon her watch begins,
Comes peace and good will to men".

I had kept the Tryst.

25th December 1919.

000

The History of Ullal

BY C. J. VARKEY, M. A., (HONS.)

I. Sources of Information

AS is the case with the history of other dynasties which ruled in India in the past, so also in the case of the history of the dynasty of Ullal, we are left without a complete and detailed account of the rise and fall of the Kingdom of Ullal. We may however depend upon two main sources of information—*literary* and *archaeological*. Our literary sources for the history of Ullal are (1) the writings of Portuguese historians like Duarte Barboza, and the records of the Portuguese Government in India, (2) the account of the Roman traveller, Pietro Della Valle (1586-1652) who visited the chief parts of the western coast in 1623-4, and visited Ullal in 1623; (3) the account left by the Venerable Joseph Vas who worked in Kanara as Vicar Forane and Superior of the Kanarese Mission (1681-5), and (4) the writings of the official English visitor, Dr. Buchanan, who was sent to Mysore, Coorg and Canara by Marquess of Wellesly after the fall of Tippu and the consequent British acquisition of Kanara and Mysore. The archaeological evidences which corroborate the literary sources, are mainly monumental, confined to the ruins of forts, palaces, and temples, which serve to remind us of the once powerful dynasty that ruled over Ullal, Mangalore and the adjoining territories.

In the field of the history of Ullal as in other cases also, the pioneers of research were *European* scholars. Rev. Fr. Angelo Maffei, S. J., who was the Rector and Principal of the St. Aloysius' College from 1891 to 1898, may be regarded as the Father of Kanara History. As a result of his passionate

search for original documents and his archaeological researches in Kanara, he succeeded in collecting a large amount of original materials for the reconstruction of the history of Kanara. Utilising his invaluable MSS., Rev. Fr. John Moore, S. J., his successor and the first Editor of this Magazine, wrote a series of articles on "Places of Interest in South Kanara" in the first volume, and on "The History of the Diocese of Mangalore" in the second and third volumes of this Magazine. However Kanara has produced her own patriotic student of history in the person of Mr. Jerome A. Saldanha B. A., LL. B., a scholar not unfamiliar to the readers of the Mangalore Magazine. He has also worked in the same field and has given the benefit of his researches in another series of contributions, entitled "Outlines of the History of Kanara," in the first volume of the Magazine. And still the field is wide enough for the disinterested labours of many more students of the history of Kanara.

II. Historical Importance of Ullal

During the period of Portuguese commerce with the Western coast of India, the estuaries of many of the small rivers which flow into the Arabian Sea, became very important as they afforded safe harbourage for the Portuguese commercial vessels. At the mouth of these rivers, large towns and cities rose to greatness as centres of commerce, to which the staple products of the country were brought down by the rivers from the interior, and where they were stocked for transshipping to European countries by the Portuguese merchants. Confining ourselves to Kanara, we find several towns grew into

importance in this manner. Batak, Barcelore, Onor, Gangoli, Malpe, Mangalore and Ullal, towns on the coast, thus became important. Rev. Fr. Moore has observed, "As Ullal played an important part in the history of South Kanara in olden times, having been the seat of a petty Jain prince, it presents almost as interesting a field for investigation to the antiquary as Mangalore itself." But seldom do we bear this fact in mind when we plunge ourselves into the ever-recurring pleasures of a trip and rest ourselves on the sandy shore or in the shady plantations of Ullal, the great historical city.

III. The Rise of the Dynasty

With the decline of the Vijayanagar power and the break up of its empire after the battle of Talikotta in 1565, hundreds of petty kingdoms rose on its ruins. In Kanara itself several chiefs established their independence. The principal chiefs were (1) the Bairasu Wodear and (2) the Sonda Chiefs or the Jain Polygars of Sonda, in North Kanara, and (3) the Bungher Rajah and (4) the Chautar Rajah, in South Kanara. One of the branches of the Chautar dynasty ruled at Ullal. That there must have been a long succession of Queens may be inferred from the fact that all the references to the ruler of Ullal in the writings of the Portuguese and in the account of Della Valle, are to the *Queen of Ullal*. During the Portuguese Period, the Queen of Ullal is reputed to have been one of the greatest rulers of Kanara, whose enmity should be feared and whose amity should be sought. Portuguese writers represent her as one of the tributary powers of the Portuguese in Kanara.

IV. The Relations of Ullal with the Portuguese

In 1555 Dom Alvaro da Silveira was appointed admiral of a fleet of twenty-one

sail, which had been fitted out for service in the sea off Calicut, and was sent against the Queen of Ullal who had refused to pay her tribute. Silveira, having overrun the coasts with fire and sword, destroyed many towns and ships and everything which came in his way, particularly the city of Mangalore, in which stood a rich pagoda. At the instance of the Zamorin, however, matters were amicably arranged, and a treaty of peace was concluded, after which Silveira returned to Goa, the headquarters of the Portuguese in India.

After a period of ten years we find again another collision between the Portuguese and the Queen of Ullal. As the Portuguese were involved in a great war with the Moors of Cannanore, called "the Malabar War," the Queen discontinued the payment of the promised tribute. In 1566 however the Portuguese war in Cannanore ended and their forces were sent in various directions. While different admirals were sent to the Malabar Coast, to the Red Sea, to Ceylon and to Malacca, Dom Francisco de Mascarenhas with twenty-seven sail was sent to Ullal to enforce the payment of tribute from the Queen of the place. The Viceroy, Dom Antonio de Noronha, followed him with a fleet of seven galleys, two galleons, and five smaller vessels, carrying in all about 3,000 fighting men, determined to erect a fort at *Mangalore*, and bring about the submission of the Queen of Ullal in whose territory Mangalore was.

The fleet anchored in the "bay of the city," that is, the mouth of the river Netravati between Mangalore and Ullal, and the Viceroy landed his men in six battalions on the 4th January 1567. At night, while the Portuguese, quite unconscious of danger, were supping in their camp, the men of the Queen sallied forth in a body of 500 men, followed

by another one of 1500, and fell on them so suddenly and with such fury that for a time they were helpless and thrown into great disorder. Dom Francisco de Mascarenhas, who held an advanced post, received the brunt of the attack, and though he fought well, he lost several men. He was finally relieved by Dom Luiz de Almeida, and the enemy was driven off. On the eve of the Epiphany, the Portuguese assaulted the city of Mangalore, and having forced their way to it, set it on fire, and cut down its "grove of palm-trees." The Queen thereupon fled to a mountain, and of the enemy 500 were slain, and of the Portuguese troops about forty.

This Portuguese victory in 1567 may be regarded as a great landmark in the history of Ullal and especially of Mangalore. The Viceroy, after the capture of Mangalore, laid the foundations of the fortress, and gave it the name of *São Sebastian*, because the first stone was laid on that Saint's day, and also because that day was chosen in honour of the then reigning King of Portugal. By the middle of March of the same year, the fortress with a church and other buildings were completed. The Viceroy gave the command of it to his brother-in-law, Antonio Pereira, and having left a garrison of 300 men, and ammunition for six months, he returned to Goa. Later on, during the Government of Dom Luiz de Atayde, the Queen sued for peace, which she purchased at the cost of an additional tribute, and the payment of a sum of money.

In connection with this expedition against the Queen, it is interesting to note that Father de Souza S. J., the author of the *Oriente Conquistado*, narrates that the Viceroy was accompanied by three chaplains, Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Of these one was Father J. F. Estefonio, who marched at the head of the army holding a crucifix aloft as

the soldiers advanced in the face of a dreadful fusillade to storm the Queen's position.

The next occasion when the Portuguese had come in contact with the Queen, was in 1569, but it was as arbitrators in disputes that the Portuguese interfered on that occasion. There was some disturbance in Mangalore which arose from the enmity between the King of Bangher and the Queen of Ullal, "whose kingdoms lay north and south of Mangalore, respectively." Such civil disturbances were quite prejudicial to the progress of the Portuguese trade at Mangalore. The Viceroy, therefore, proceeded to Mangalore to settle the disputes between the two rulers. He was better received than he anticipated. He had an interview with those two monarchs, and settled their differences.

However the Queen resented her position as a tributary of the Portuguese Power, and always sought an opportunity to free herself from Portuguese control and undermine Portuguese dominion in Kanara. Such an opportunity was soon found. In 1570 the Portuguese were involved in a great war against a strong coalition of the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Zamorin of Calicut and the Moors of Malabar. The allies besieged Chaul, one of the Principal Portuguese fortresses along the western coast. Thinking that she might obtain some advantages out of all the confusion of that war, and hearing that Catiproca, the admiral of the Zamorin, returning after his repulse from Chaul, was in the neighbourhood of Mangalore with his fleet, the Queen represented to him how easily the Portuguese fort of Mangalore could be captured, offering, at the same time, to defray all expenses. Catiproca accepted the proposal, hoping thereby to regain the credit which he lost at Chaul. Quite unexpectedly he landed his men, and with ladders scaled the walls of the fortress of Mangalore. Some servants of Dom Antonio Pereira, who was

commanding there, on awaking and perceiving the enemy ascending, threw out of a window the first thing which came to hand, which was a chest full of silver belonging to Dom Antonio, and with it knocked down those who were upon the ladder. The commander and the garrison waking with the noise, attacked the enemy, and forced them to retire, but as they did so they carried with them the chest to their ships. Thus this attempt of the Queen to drive the Portuguese from her dominions also ended in a failure.

Ten years later the Queen again fell a victim to the devastating invasion of the Portuguese. During his administration as Viceroy, Dom Francisco Mascarenhas, turned his attention to the reduction of recalcitrant Rajahs and Queens by destroying the nests of pirates and burning down towns along the shore of the Arabian Sea. The loss caused on this occasion in 1581, fell chiefly on the "Queens of the mountains" between Calicut and Cannanore and the Queen of Ullal, whose towns and woods had been burnt and cut down. The people of the country were thus forced to submission, and paid the tribute they had withheld for some years past.

That the Queen of Ullal was one of the powerful rulers in Kanara, whose amity the Portuguese sought, is again illustrated by the anxiety of the Portuguese to dissuade her from joining the coalition against the Portuguese in 1599. When Dom Francisco da Gama became the Viceroy of Portuguese India, according to custom, he fitted out two squadrons, one to sail off the coast of Malabar, and the other for the north. The pirate Kunhale, with the secret connivance of the Zamorin, continued to prey upon the Portuguese shipping in the Arabian Sea. During the second Portuguese attack on Kunhale in 1599, hearing of the intention of the King of Banghar and the Queen of Ullal to assist

Kunhale, Andre Furtado de Mendocça, on his way to Malabar, visited these two rulers and dissuaded them both from assisting Kunhale. Though the Queen thus kept up her alliance with the Portuguese, she continued her hostility towards them. Though she could not openly attack them, she did all in her power to help those who directly attacked the Portuguese.

By 1618, Venkatappa Naik of the Bednore dynasty had been successfully consolidating his power in Kanara by bringing under his subjection the several petty kings and queens who were mostly Jain chiefs, while the Bednore or Ikkeri rajahs were Hindus. Naturally he came in collision with the Portuguese who had already established their dominion along the coast of Kanara. The King of Banghar, then in friendly relations with the Portuguese, not being able to protect himself against Venkatappa Naik, made his territory and town over to the Portuguese for defence, and the town was accordingly placed under the command of Antonio de Saldanha. When he was attacked by Venkatappa's men, the Viceroy, Dom Joao Cutinho, sent Francisco de Miranda Anriques with reinforcements. The latter however imprudently captured a rich ship from Mecca belonging to the Queen of Ullal. She, in revenge, sent a body of men to assist Venkatappa Naik who laid seige to the fort of Bangher and burnt the town. A sharp engagement ensued, in which both sides lost heavily, but "the advantage," says Danvers, "is claimed to have been on the side of the Portuguese." Anriques in revenge made an attack on the fort of Ullal, but he was repulsed and forced to retire. This fact is of great significance in the history of Ullal. The Queen found herself freed from the control of the Portuguese, only to fall under another—the newly-founded power of the Bednore dynasty. Ullal and the adjoining territories soon fell under the Bednore Kings



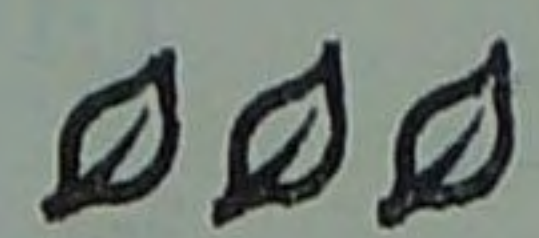
Winners of the Hockey Cup--1919.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF PHYSICIAN

and remained one of their tributary states till Mysore under Hyder Ali brought Kanara under his sway.

The remains of the palaces, forts and temples of Ullal are seen to this day. Soon after Ullal passed from the Portuguese to the

Bednore suzerainty, Della Valle visited the place and has given us a vivid picture of the Queen and her forts, palaces and temples. Rev. Fr. Moore has given us the benefit of Della Valle's writings in the article on "Places of Interest in South Kanara."



Harmony

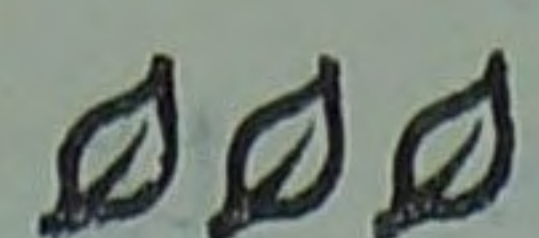
By DENIS GONSALVES, IV U. CLASS.

Tell me, how sweetly dost thou love?
 For on my heart soft splashes die,
 As measures of the rhythmic wave
 That for the landscape's kisses lie
 At curfew by the smiling shore :
 'Tis music, softly rippling o'er,
 While on thy breath my wistful senses lie.

My head is bent upon thy knee :
 As on the sparkling moon-lit sweep
 The wakeful god of Harmony
 His dreamy Dian sings to sleep.
 His strains, like swimming curls of gold
 Her breathing thoughts in trances hold
 Till all adown they sink in slumber deep.

Now are my loves like songsters come,
 With cymbals, harp, and rigadoon;
 And past my visions fall to hum
 And dreams of Graces gather soon ;
 Lo, lo, the pearls of beauty rise,
 Like our southern summer's starry eyes,
 And Hope glistens like the crystals from the moon.

Sing, ye chaste and silvern strings,
 Upon them choral breezes fall;
 And let the strains in measured swings
 Send rapture through my splendour-hall;
 Then let the spangled thoughts awake
 And festive sounds to music make,
 Till the stars descend, and their dulcet dance instal.



Mount Hyder

BY M. M. PERIS.

THE extension of the west coast Railway to Mangalore, which materially simplified the journey to the Nilgiris, signed also, so to say, the death warrant of Mount Hyder as the natural and geographical hill station of South Canara. For, till ten or twelve years ago its few European residents annually retired to Mukh as the hill was popularly called, for a brief stay during the hottest months of the year. It would not be correct to chronicle that the Government of the district used it in the manner in which Madras does Ooty. The official exodus from Mangalore consisted only of the Collector and his European assistants. The other European district officers too may have occasionally followed the Collector, but their Indian establishments in no case accompanied them. The visit of the Collector was only a holiday trip of a few weeks' duration and not a transfer of the administration which he headed. A bungalow, known as the Civilian Bungalow, had been built for the use of the officers that once or twice in the year sought rest and quiet within its mildewed walls. The German Basel Missionaries built one for themselves soon after. The last to adopt the embryonic sanatorium, now rudely nipped by the railway, were the Jesuit Fathers. They constructed there the largest summer residence for the use of their Mission about twenty years ago. It stands in extensive grounds secured by the Mission and in a salubrious part of the plateau, where the sea breeze blows eternally. For, though Kudre Mukh is over 30 miles away from the Arabian Sea as the crow flies, it yet faces and is constantly formed by it. The three houses were, as may be imagined, created at an enormous cost. The difficulties

of transporting building material to the top of a high hill by a foot path would be prohibitive to an investor for remunerative returns.

Mt. Hyder is, as the reader may know, the most prominent of the three highest peaks of the Western Ghats and is 6173 feet above the level of the sea, the other two being Midge Point, 6177 feet, and Funk Hill, 6207 feet. A distinct view of the tabular summit of Mt. Hyder can always be obtained from the elevated part of South Canara. It is screened from view only when the weather is cloudy or the atmosphere hazy. The southern side of the hill terminates abruptly in a perpendicular precipice with a sheer drop of over 1000 feet, which feature of it is visible from the opposite sea-coast and imparts to it the peculiar shape inadequately expressed by its vernacular name.

Although Kudre Mukh is not as high as Coonoor, it is much cooler; but here ends the only point of resemblance between the two places. While Coonoor is a delightful hill-station where the charms of nature have been supplemented by the amenities that human art and science could bestow, Mukh, for what it is worth, still remains in almost the same pristine state in which it was perhaps discovered: for the three buildings that have been erected look like three peaks on the vast plateau and serve only to set off the wildness of their setting. The climate of Kudre Mukh is none the less pleasant enough to brace up the jaded visitor from the sun-baked plains below. It is, however, extremely chilly in winter. The monsoon is another inclement season on the Ghats, so that the visitor usually runs down to the

plains before its advance showers. For a rest cure, in the strictest sense of the phrase, the place is incomparable. But he who seeks to combine gaiety with rest on a desolate hill is bound to be sorely disappointed. The scenery of the range which is sublime, if not picturesque, compensates, however, for the absence of gaiety. A romantic panorama stretches before the eye and reveals a new phase at every turn. The broad hills chained to each other rise and fall like the billows of the ocean. Deep valleys and steep precipices alternate so suddenly that they might cost a careless explorer his neck. The side of the hill exposed to the sea is covered with a giant grass, which in the congenial climate of the Ghauts attains a height of 10 to 12 feet and affords shelter by day to various denizens of the forest. The land side is clad with a dense growth of shrub jungle in which the *bhalagi* shrub, *vitex altissima*, is particularly noticeable. Bird life is conspicuously absent, the only feathered tribe met with being the pea-fowl which often struts about within gun range of the bungalows.

A motor road runs to the very foot of the hill, the ascent of which commences at a village called Navoor, 44 miles from Mangalore. Motor Buses may be hired at a moderate fare, which is amply repaid by the delightful change from the monotony of town life supplied by the country journey. At Navoor the District Board of South Canara maintains a Travellers' Bungalow, where one may rest before one proceeds to climb the Ghaut. He who wishes to be conveyed on the shoulders of professional carriers may engage the services of a batch of these nimble-

footed hill-climbers at Navoor. The adventurous soul that chooses to climb on foot can find a trusty guide in return for a nominal fee. The spiral ascent is about 15 miles long and is negotiated by an ingeniously traced out bridal path which winds and rewinds upon itself in a most curious fashion. The path is a trifle over a yard in width, but may be widened and adopted to vehicular traffic if a need for it should arise. On the Mysore side, the ascent is shorter, the hill itself being reached from Kalsa, that famous seat of large coffee estates owned by European planters. The nearest railway station is Kadur on the Harihar Bangalore section of the S. M. Railway, but the journey from Kadur lies along a tortuous road, rarely, if ever, trodden by the Mysorean who may be in quest of a cheap sanatorium. For Mysore suffers from no dearth of hill stations like the neglected Mukh.

No shop or hotel marks the ancient solitary reign of the tiger and bison, so the fresh provisions have to be daily procured from Navoor. Vegetables of the exotic varieties however grow readily, demanding little or no attention on the part of the kitchen gardener. Game is abundant and provides many opportunities to a keen sportsman.

A perennial stream springs from the Shola at the edge of which the Civilian Bungalow stands, and water from it is led off for domestic purposes. The surplus drops about 15 feet over a low cliff into a pool, where it forms what is known as the Douche, appreciated by all who come home, hot and weary after a long morning's walk.

The Way to the Heart

BY THE REV. B. ROSARIO, S. J.

NOT unfrequently does it happen that we are placed in circumstances in which the exercise of a little tact would easily overcome any manifestation of reluctance, opposition or even ill-will on the part of those with whom we may have dealings in our daily intercourse. Unfortunately, however, in the rush of business we are often forgetful of its utility and efficiency, thereby greatly crippling our powers for good. This virtue is a natural gift with some; but all can acquire it and perfect themselves in it with a little practice.

Tact is defined as an intuitive perception of what is fit, proper or right; also as a fine or ready discernment shown in saying or doing the proper thing, or especially in avoiding whatever would offend or disturb; and lastly, as skill in dealing with men or emergencies.

Tact and force are at the opposite poles. Tact bends: force breaks. Tact bends the obstinacy of the will and makes it pliant to our wishes; force breaks outward opposition, but leaves the inner fortress of the will as obstinate as ever.

When we are about to be thwarted in our purpose by the sudden manifestation of ill-will or passion, or when there is an unwillingness to obey just commands, or when there are ominous signs of an attempt at open rebellion, we feel inclined to call up the full reserve force of our authority in order to crush all opposition at a stroke. Experience however shows that that is not the best line of conduct to be pursued under the circumstances. In the first place, we may not succeed in disarming opposition, or even if we do, it may only be smouldering beneath,

ready to burst into flame at the first favourable opportunity, which will prove all our endeavours to have been vain and futile. Or even supposing the best, *viz.*, that we have actually succeeded in quelling all rebellion and bringing about a complete *subjugation*, we shall have failed in one important item—the winning over the hearts of our foes. “Win their hearts,” said the astute Burleigh to Queen Elizabeth, “and you have all men’s hearts and purses.” *We* care not for peoples’ purses; but their hearts we must win, and that for their good. Then and then only shall our victory be more easy, more complete and more consoling in its results.

Two classic examples rise up before our mental gaze as the highest instances of tact recorded in history. The first is that of Nathan the Prophet, sent by God to King David to bring him back to repentance for his two heinous crimes. Instead of fulminating divine chastisements on the head of the sinner, he only remembered that David was King and Judge of the nation, and came to him with a story of injustice so touching in its simplicity that it went straight to the heart of the royal sinner who was converted on the spot and immediately pardoned in the name of God.

The second instance though now discredited as genuine history loses none of its interest for us on that account. The Roman rabble who were beginning to feel their power and in consequence had frequent scuffles with the patricians, demanded certain privileges from the senate and had seceded from it with the object of bringing it back to a better form of mind. Menenius Agrippa, so runs the legend,

who had been sent to negotiate matters with them, did not call out the military, letting loose all the horrors of war upon the revolted subjects, but Nathan-like laid siege to their hearts. He won them over by means of the famous allegory of the *Stomach and the Members*, the truth and the application of which flashed full upon their untutored minds, so that the poor misguided folk soon returned to their homes laughing at their own folly.

The foregoing, it is true, is a mere legend that contradicts certain well-ascertained facts of history; *e. g.*, the patricians were impotent to "let loose the horrors of war;" the plebeians were neither "misguided" nor did they return after the manner described above, but felt their power, secured their first victory and forced their rivals to a compromise. But this is no reason why we should not reap fruit from the legend provided we know that it is a legend.

Now arises the important and practical question—*How are Hearts to be won?*

In the first place, by restraining anger; for at the first sign of passion hearts are closed against us. We are then doomed; past all hope. Those that have misbehaved themselves think that he who has no command over his temper will not judge them leniently. They may only expect harsh treatment at his hands and become the objects of his vengeance. Moreover, anger quickly gathers force, gets the mastery over us, and before we know where we are, hurries us into words that cannot be recalled and into actions that cannot be undone. Furthermore, even when we have cause to be excited to anger, if we would gain our end, we must control our temper; but it often happens that what we blame in others is not blameworthy in them either on account of special circumstances, or through ignorance of the wrongfulness of their actions, or by reason of difference of customs of various nationalities.

This is another reason why we should not, at the first appearance of wrong or injustice, set others down as guilty and fly into a passion in consequence.

A soft answer turneth away wrath :

But grievous words stir up anger.

There are other occasions when it will be very useful to keep cool and collected. When party feelings run high or when there is a noisy controversy raging round a burning question, we must control our temper in order that we may see our way clear before us. For it sometimes happens that the adverse party puts before us some truth and we run full tilt at it under the persuasion that it is wrong. Or he may advance something that makes for us and is against himself; but in the heat of controversy we get so mixed up that we go at it blindly thus cutting the ground from under our feet. Or it may be that in the excitement of give and take, we let fall some expressions not up to the required standard of accuracy and thus give the handle to the enemy against ourselves. It requires a clear head to withdraw our incorrect assertions, to lay our finger on the weak points in the line of our adversary's argumentation, or to disengage truth from falsehood by a clear-cut logical distinction.

At other times it may happen that two disputants seem to stand at opposite poles and that an amount of wrangling is indulged in without any possibility of reconciling the combatants and putting an end to the recrimination; for example, when some unintentional ambiguity of expression has crept in, or when the whole question turns, as frequently happens in every day discussion, upon the *degree* in which some quality is said to exist in or to be absent from something; in a word, when they have not been at sufficient pains to understand each other well.

Under these circumstances a little patient questioning will probably reveal the fact that

there is a real substantial agreement between the fighters, and only the man of tact who has been silently watching the affray will be in a position to put in the right word at the right time.

But what will it avail to have won the victory if we have not made the truth palatable to our adversary? To achieve this end, our sole object must be the triumph of Truth and not the glory of victory in a keen encounter of wits. Hence we must give a fair and patient hearing to our opponent with a view to knowing exactly what is at the back of his head; coolly discriminate truth from falsehood in the position he has taken up; present his case, if possible, even in a stronger light than he could perhaps do it himself; lastly, begin to demolish his arguments one by one, by sheer force of logic.

In attacking falsehood, we must spare the man. Beware of indulging in personalities, of exposing him to ridicule, or of imputing motives to him. Try to excuse him rather, saying for example, that he may have been unintentionally misled. While you direct the cannonading with all the vigour and vehemence at your command, try to be as suave in your manner as possible. Tone down your expressions of cocksureness. Never browbeat your adversary, or lift up your voice, or vehemently re-iterate your reasons, or let personal authority do duty for argument. Finally, when the victory is won, do not triumph over the fallen foe, trampling him under foot and crowing over him as the cock from the dunghill announces to the world his victory over the farm yard rival. Try rather with a delicate sensitiveness to soften to him by every means you can think of the humiliation of defeat.

The next means at our disposal of winning hearts is a loving and careful study of the various characters of men. No two persons are possessed of the same moral texture and

their treatment must therefore be diverse. Every human being has his own strong and weak points, both of which we can call to our aid if we know how. There are high-souled characters responsive only to lofty sentiments; strong characters, capable of heroic endeavours; characters in the rough, susceptible of a high degree of polish; characters yet unformed and undeveloped; weak and flabby characters, which can be easily baited for their good if only we know how.

Weak characters require patient handling. Often it is the wisest policy to be satisfied with the little fruit the tree at present produces, and this in the hope that digging about the roots and careful pruning and manuring will yield richer fruit in due season. Such persons must be spurred on to better things by exhortation, and still more by example. Whenever there has been an honest effort at self-reform, it must be met by genuine praise, which will bring home to him the fact that his conduct is watched with an appreciative and sympathetic eye, and will prove a powerful support to him to continue in the upward path, despite all difficulties.

Nor must it be forgotten that even strong characters have weak points, which may be either the defects of their very virtues, or certain hobbies, crotchety ideas, idiosyncracies, or genuine weaknesses for something or other. A certain Sanskrit writer says that the fish is lured to its destruction by its eager desire to gratify the sense of taste, the firefly that of sight, the snake that of hearing, the deer that of smell, and the wild boar that of touch. However, profiting by such weaknesses of the great, may be put down by some as mere cunning; but cunning consists in making use of secret or under-hand means for purposes of deception or for our own private advantage.

In the matter of government of subjects, all admit that the ideal to be aimed at is the

one embodied in the motto *fortiter et suaviter*. The secret of success consists in a nice balance between the sterner and sweeter virtues of religion. But in what precise proportion the qualities of strength and sweetness must be combined is rather a difficult problem, requiring study, introspection and practice. Knowledge thus required is of too personal a character to be communicated to others, at least in its entirety. It may be said in general that the *fortiter* refers to the act itself; the *suaviter* to the mode of the act. A certain minimum of duty is to be determined upon, and to be exacted with unflinching inflexibility; but in the method of exaction sweetness is to be exercised. A knowledge of one's own heart, as well as of the character of others will go a great way in teaching one when and to what extent to be soft and yielding, when and to what extent to be stern and uncompromising. In cases of doubt we shall never be wrong if we lean more on the side of sweetness than of sternness. "More bees are caught with a spoonful of honey than with a barrel of vinegar"—as the "sweet Saint" used to say.

Another means of winning the affections of others is of a negative character, *viz.*, not giving pain, according to Newman's celebrated definition of a *gentleman*. If we devote the whole of our life-time to the practice of this one means alone, we shall have enough and more than enough to occupy ourselves with most usefully and most meritoriously. The more we think of it and the more we come to practise it, the wider will our moral horizon grow, and we shall also see that for every once we have offended or grieved our neighbour knowingly, we have perhaps hurt him unwittingly ten times. It is his virtue, his patient forbearance, and above all his tact, that have adroitly managed to hide this fact from us. Ought not this to spur us to work with renewed zeal?

In our dealings with our fellow-men not only must we carefully guard against giving any needless pain, but we must lay ourselves out to give as much pleasure as possible. And even in doing good there are ways which please more than others. In what a variety of ways can one not bestow a post or confer a favour, great or small? It may be done so churlishly and ungraciously as to amount to a positive insult. On the contrary, what cannot a bland smile, and a charming manner and a sympathetic heart accomplish? Even when obliged to refuse a request, it may be done with such sweetness and graciousness as greatly to lessen the pain of disappointment, so that the suitor retires from our presence if not with a sweet smile of satisfaction, at least convinced at heart of the sincerity of our good intentions. Can we afford to neglect enlisting the services of such potentialities in so worthy a cause?

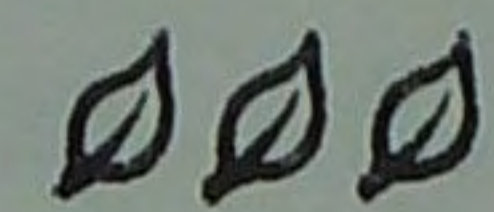
The last means of winning hearts is Love. It is not so much a distinct means as something that lies at the root of all others hitherto mentioned, so that without it they would be deprived of all force and efficacy in enlisting the affections of men in our behalf.

Would you be loved?—Love. There is no other means on earth given to man to be loved. Love, genuine love, shown forth in deeds, and deeds that cost, begets genuine love in return. That secured, everything else is secured. We can do anything with hearts that love. We can direct them at will and our success will far exceed our most sanguine expectations. Charity, moreover, covers a multitude of defects. If people only perceive that we are all things to all men, they will easily condone defects of manner in us—any sort of defects in fact. Let a person placed over others take a fair share of the common burdens himself, ten to one his subjects will, in spite of all his shortcomings,

bend their backs unrepiningly to any burdens placed upon them.

We shall thus find that where talents, position, power, fame and reputation fail, a little kindness mollifies the heart, a little sweetness wins the day. Not the thunder of the cannon, nor the flash of the sabre, but a little

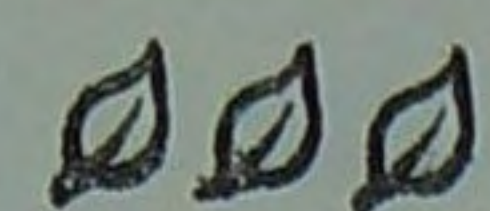
love, and a little sympathy, and a little sweet reasonableness wins the victory. And yet tact ought to be dear to us not so much for sake of the victory itself, as for the way the victory is won—easily and sweetly, without bloodshed and without pain.

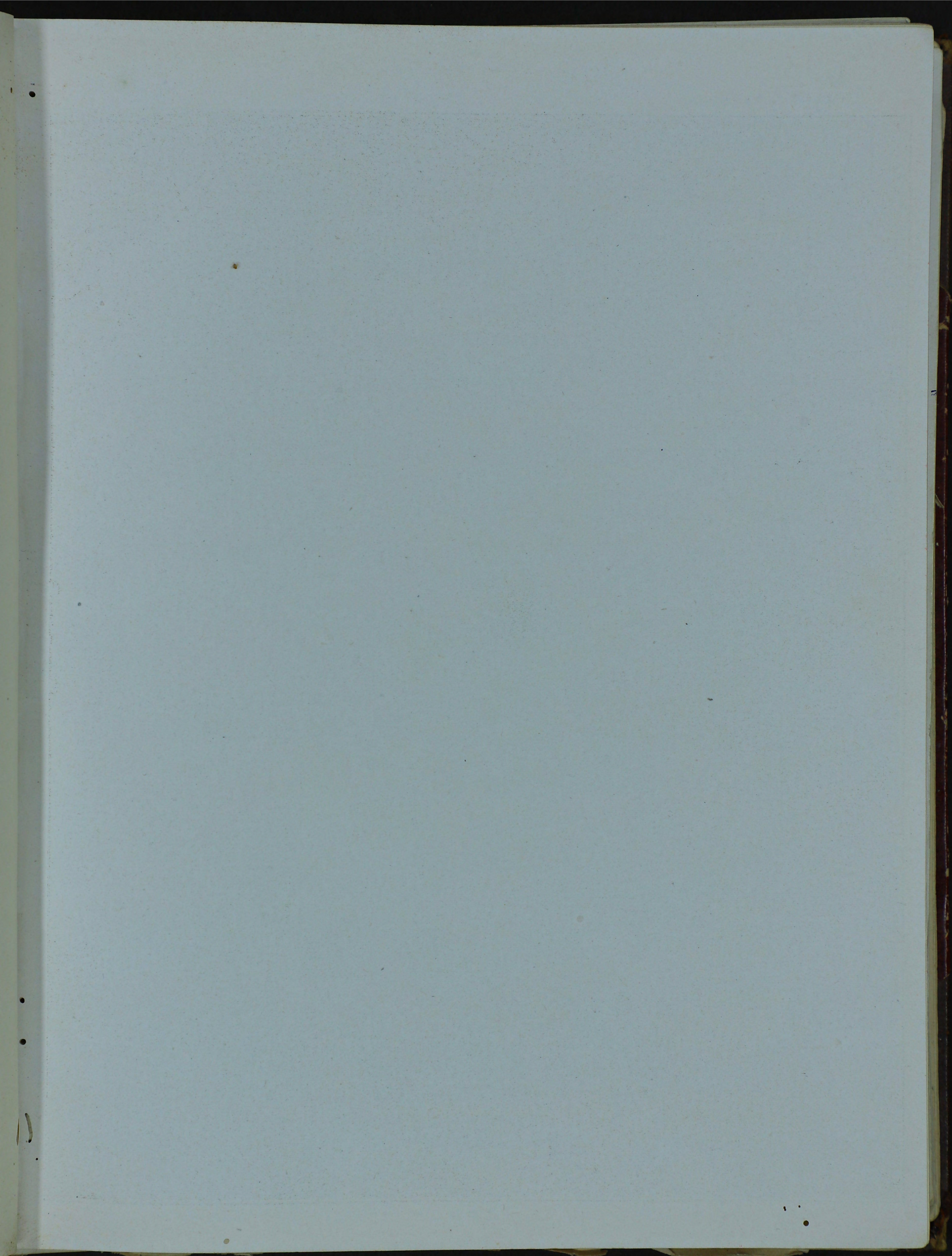


Prayer of a Soldier in France

My shoulders ache beneath my pack,
 (Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).
 I march with feet that burn and smart,
 (Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart).
 Men shout at me who may not speak,
 (They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).
 I may not lift a hand to clear
 My eyes of salty drops that sear,
 (Then shall my fickle soul forget
 Thy agony of Bloody Sweat?)
 My rifle hand is stiff and numb,
 (From Thy pierced palm red rivers come).
 Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
 Than all the hosts of land and sea.
 So let me render back again
 This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

*Joyee Kilmer,
 in Exchange.*





Fairy Tales

BY S. K. KOMBRABAIL, III U. CLASS.

OF T have I, with the help of railway timetables and tourist guides, amused myself by taking imaginary journeys to all manner of desirable places, visiting the Zambesi or the Pyramids, Damascus or Peking, in half an hour. But the mental flights and journeys that can be taken from a catalogue of books afford a keener pleasure. Lands that have never been mapped, boundless regions of imagination and fancy, lie about us in the great world of books, and "swim into our ken" as we utter the names of the great masters of literature; for theirs is the spell that lays them open to our sight, and makes us free of the vast and glorious domain. It is a fancy, perhaps, a mere phantom of the imagination, but the joy it adds to the outlook on life endures. 'Men live in their fancies,' sternly reproaches Emerson; nevertheless the fact remains, and all of us are dreamers.

Patrick Henry who, with his "Give me liberty, or give me death!" actually brought on the Declaration of American Independence, Sivaji who worked to found a Hindu Empire in India, Shelley who thought to reform the world with the writing of pamphlets, Charles Dickens who, writing his novels, did more to reform the workhouses and the public schools in England than many a professed social reformer—were they not all dreamers? Aye, and President Wilson with his "fourteen points" and his League of Nations—is he not a dreamer? A dream! who knows what may follow in "the wondrous track of dreams." But labour is often resultless like a song without an echo, and dreamers are apt to be likened to Rabindranath Tagore's madman,

his body bent and his heart in the dust, going eternally on in search of the touchstone.

Ah! what is in a dream! Yet life to the imaginative man comes to consist largely of dreams; before him flit hopes which he dallies with, while he knows that they are but a mirage, and he goes on his way with the pensive burden of an ever-increasing sheaf of memories, and always an ache of sorrow—"a sweetest song sung in dreams"—at his heart. Life for him

"Rolls over Elysian flowers its amber stream," and thus dreaming, life seems to grow more beautiful; the world takes on

"the charm

Of woven paces and of waving hands," and it takes form and colour as the substance of art.

Some one has defined a parable as an earthly story with a heavenly meaning. I think we might define a fairy tale as a heavenly story with an earthly meaning, for, the more you study fairy tales, the more you will find that they are, one and all—in spite of their paraphernalia of impossibility—fancies illustrating the hard facts of life. May be the reason of this is that they have grown out of the hard-wrought experience of the people nearest to the earth, namely, those who till it, who sow it, and reap it—the people unprotected by wealth from the terrors—and the wonders—of the world.

In fact, the value of fairy tales is just there: they are the dreams of "the common people." No rich man could make a fairy tale—according to the best-known examples—for the simple reason that he already possesses all that all the fairy tales can give him. A

fairy tale is merely a paradox made out of poverty and dreams. How do all fairy tales begin? Take any of the best known. With a beauty in rags, or an adventurous barefooted boy, with nothing but his wits. How do all fairy tales end? The beauty once in rags becomes a queen upon a throne. The adventurous barefooted boy becomes a grand vizier.

In short fairy tales represent the dreams of the poor and the unhappy. To the poor they bring diamonds, to the lazy student they bring prizes, to the enslaved worker they bring idleness. They bring to us all the Shining Impossible—they bring us the remodelled universe of which we have dreamed, the reconstructed destiny. They fulfil Omar Khayyam's wish—

“Would I could shatter it to bits and then Remould it nearer to the heart's desire!”

In a fairy tale you have only to turn the ring of an old sorrow, or rub the extinguished lantern of an old dream, and all is back again—palaces with shining windows, a thousand servants, and the loveliest princess in the world. You have only to be named Alladin, and all these things shall be added unto you.

I daresay I may be called foolish; I would take that as a compliment. You cannot sympathise with one who thinks himself perfectly sane. But fortunately for all of us, madness is everywhere, at every point, in every corner. Our insight is but shallow, our eyes are dim, our human limitations are straight and strict. We cannot see the stars when the sun shines. I sometimes think our

earthly wisdom—our human knowledge—is like the cloak of light that hangs around us by day, helping us to see our way about our business, but blinding us to the worlds above; and I sometimes think that not until the night comes, and the terrestrial light is quenched, shall we see the starry galaxies that shine beyond our present ken.

Fairy tales are the real touchstone that can transform for us into something rich and strange both past and present. These could lead us back to a world which modern civilisation has lost for us, a world for which nothing can ever compensate. We have more hope than the tired despairing madman of Rabindranath Tagore; because we have poets to guide us and fairy tales as lamps to light our own way back to the real things in life.

After all the chief business of the fairy tale is, it seems to me, to remind us that the world is no mere dustheap, pullulating with worms, as some of the old-fashioned scientists tried to make us believe; but that, on the contrary, it is a rendezvous of radiant forces forever engaged in turning its dust into dreams, ever busy with the transmutation of matter into mind, and mind into spirit,—a world, too, so mysterious that anything can happen or any dream come true. One might even set up and maintain the paradox that the fairy tale is the most scientific statement of human life; for, of all statements, it insists on the essential magic of living—the mystery and wonder of being alive, the marvellous happiness, the wondrous sorrow, and the divine expectations.

Falling Leaves

BY BHAVANISHANKER SALETORE, B. A. (HONS.)

I

A dizzying arrow sped and smote
 A poised flamingo's scarlet throat :
 The mereside with white clamour broke ;
 And scattered like wild flakes in smoke ;
 Awed silence in the iron light,
 Now struggled, now was soothed in Night.
 Then Sleep from whose bright-window'd dream
 I saw the fight and heard the scream,
 With a whisper touched me: " I am going " —
 I woke and heard in the land wind blowing :

We thrill at the touch of the Breeze,
 With the shyness of maidens we shiver ;
 — He is fear, at whose breath we freeze,
 He is love in whose clasp we quiver :
 So we fly and grow pale at the Breeze.

II

Victorious horns and timbrels bring
 Me, to our old rejoicing King ;
 Who, trembling with misgiving, waits
 His general at the festooned gates.
 On me the balconied beauties shower
 Creased rice and saffron'd, scent and flower.
 With swift eye-witchery beset,
 I heard the showers following yet:
 I shook my robes; Sleep spoke—" I am going " —
 I woke and heard in the land-wind blowing :

The feet of our fellows we fear
 Or the cool green rustle of our desses;
 We are undone by shadows too near,
 And our timidly tremulous tresses
 Startle us into strange fear.

III

In a fire-ring in the wilderness
 The sky and desert on me press,
 And thro' the lucent amber flame,
 That licks the stars, now tall, now lame,
 I hear the panthers promenade,
 And sniff my wan hope as I prayed:
 I all but saw the panthers creep,
 And take the death-relentless leap—
 I shivered Then started Sleep: "I am going"—
 I woke and heard in the land-breeze blowing:—

We are swung in the folds of his power,
 We are lost in the wilds of his voice:
 Our footfalls are waifs that cower
 In blind spaces not of our choice
 Beyond his ravishing power.

IV

I watched the dance of a water-fay
 Within her dome of emerald spray:
 Then in the breath-lull of the ocean
 Frail shadows raced in agile motion;
 I saw strange writing on the sand,
 Swift-ciphered by some spirit-hand;
 And lo! sand-simmering footfalls heard,
 Like silent grief, my hearing stirred:
 Then I was stricken—said Sleep: "I am going"—
 I woke and heard in the landwind blowing:

We sob thro' our strangling of sorrow,
 We reel with our madness of fear:
 From a weird despair we borrow
 Our lives, strange solace to hear
 Of joy after beautiful sorrow.

V

I raved because I had no power,
 To save my love in her fated hour;
 I hung upon each moment's breath

And panted lest the word be "death!"
But a silken fragrance whisked along
And waked the air with a wonder strong :
The swift sweep breathed like tongues of flame
And sered with tingling all my frame—
Sleep smoothed my stare with "I am going"—

I woke and heard in the landwind blowing :—
He has tangled our veils in his arms
And moans shrill pleas for his life :
We quail for our triumphing charms,
But our wild wills are bruited in strife,
And surrender us into his arms.

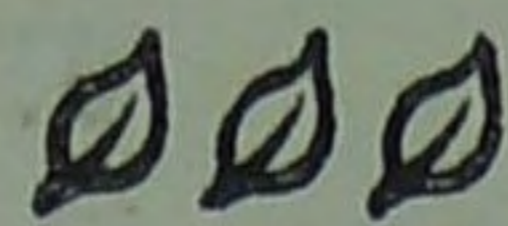
VI

So all night thro', 'twixt dream and knowing,
I woke and heard in the landwind blowing,
Dirges of spirits tortured in air,
In a Lovers' whirlwind, unaware,—
Till the high sungod began to roll
The restless sky like a scrivelled scroll
And threw it over the angered sea
Into the lap of eternity.....

But still, as late, 'twixt dream and knowing,
Methought I heard in the landwind blowing :

Naught vaileth our will and our worth
In the wildering maze of his hair,
So flung on the darkness of birth,
So rapt in his tempest with care,
Till we perish the dross of our worth

And the evil be charmed into fair ;
Till our pain shall blossom in mirth
With the joy of the stars of the air,
In the second sunrise of our Birth.



Rector's Report

READ AT THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES (1918-19).

The year under review has been one marked by prosperity in the various items of educational activity.

Strength and Attendance.—The total number of students on the rolls at the close of the academic year was 1,501, showing an increase of 43 over the corresponding figure of a twelvemonth ago. This total was made up of 220 in the College Department, 289 in the High School, 466 in the Lower Secondary and 526 in the Primary Department. The average attendance was 1366.4 against 1392.3 of the previous year. The decline will not appear to be considerable when it is remembered that the year was notable throughout for the visitation of more than one epidemic.

Public Examinations.—For the Secondary School-Leaving Certificate Examination we presented 70 candidates of whom 26 were declared eligible for admission to University Courses of studies. The revised list gave us five more, so that we had 31 passes in a year that proved generally disastrous. Our school averages were in most cases above the Presidency averages.

We presented 73 candidates for the Intermediate Examination. Of these 44 passed, 15 being placed in the First Class. There were besides 3 successful in Part I and 10 in Part II only.

In the B. A. (Pass) Degree Examination out of 32 that were examined in English Language and Literature 18 passed, and out of 28 in Group i (Mathematics) and Group v (History and Economics) 20 passed. Seventeen qualified for the Degree.

Among the number of distinguished Old Aloysians who are doing honour to them-

selves and to their Alma Mater, we are happy to count Mr. Frederick Pinto who this year won the Chancellor's Medal for English Verse in the University of Cambridge. The Prize Poem on St. Louis, King of France, appeared in the Easter issue of the "Mangalore Magazine," the organ and record of the College.

Sports.—In spite of the distressingly limited dimensions of our playgrounds, which handicap practice, our Games Clubs flourish, and interest in sports is unabated. The fine row of trophies exhibited in the Hall is evidence of a high level of efficiency. G. Aiman, of the Junior B. A. Class, won the Grigg Medal awarded to the best athlete among the students of South Kanara.

Staff.—The spirit of devoted zeal pervading all sections of the staff has enabled the institution to achieve gratifying results in the class room as well as in the examination hall. Very few changes have been necessitated on the staff in the course of the year. In January Father B. Pais proceeded to the Jesuit House of Studies at Kandy. In the College Department another Lecturer was added—Mr. V. R. Venkatramana, M. A. The Jesuit Mission will, in the course of this month, receive a reinforcement of five Fathers from Europe. Among them is Father George Albuquerque who returns to us after an absence of four years. He will join the Science Department in the College Classes.

Literary and Debating Society.—The President of this Society has been able to infuse new life and vigour into it, thanks mainly to the active zeal manifested by the B. A. students. Though membership is not compulsory, the attendance is large and

regular, and there is always a goodly number eager to speak and to take part in the discussion that follows the speeches. In addition to the usual meetings it arranged for occasional lectures on matters of general interest. Mr. Leo Wallace-Young addressed the members on "Elocution," illustrating it with a variety of recitations. Mr. A. Balakrishna Shetty lectured on "The Highest Task of a School." Fr. L. Proserpio read a paper on "Literary Studies in Indian Universities."

Exercises in elocution and in class debates are in vogue like-wise in the High School, and great pains are taken to ensure correct writing and speaking and clear enunciation.

We have to thank Mrs. Sabina Rego for an addition to the list of College Scholarships. The interest of Rs. 1,000 presented by her is to form the "D. J. Rego Scholarship" in memory of her late husband, and is to be awarded to a Catholic student of the College Department. We have likewise to thank Mr. Maneckjee Nowrojee for another contribution of Rs. 300 to the Piano Fund, which with previous subscriptions and interest thereon now amounts to Rs. 630. We are, therefore, in hopes of being able ere long handsomely to enhance the musical equipment of the College Hall.

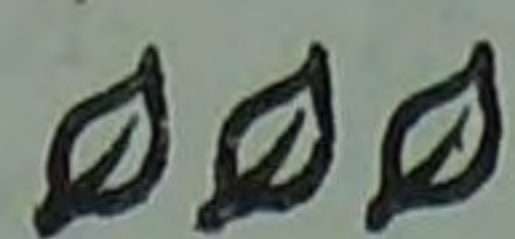
Boarding House and Hostels.—There were in all 150 students accommodated in these institutions. It may be noted here that, with the approval of the College authorities, a good many are staying in Students' Homes and Lodges supervised by responsible managers chosen from among their own communities.

Among noteworthy events we must mention the visit of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Willingdon. They spent over an hour on the premises during which they had occasion to make a brief survey of the several activities of the College. In his reply to the address of welcome, His Excellency was pleased, in gracious terms, to express his satisfaction at witnessing the success of the educational work of missionary bodies in the Presidency, and assured us of his sympathy and support.

The general impression of the efficiency of the institution is thus expressed by Mr. J. A. Yates, M. A., Inspector of Schools, Ninth Circle:—"The work of the School Department has during the year maintained its usual level of efficiency. This has been done despite the financial stringency due to the war. The secular staff has been considerably strengthened since I last inspected the work. The Society has suffered much by the loss by death of three of its members, particularly, so far as the school goes, of Fathers Zerbinati and T. Noronha. The strain has been increased by ill-health. Nevertheless, the difficulties have been nobly surmounted, and the progress made is all the more admirable."

In conclusion, we have to offer our sincere thanks to the many friends of the College who, year after year, show their interest in our work by contributing to the Prize Fund, to our guests of this evening for honouring us with their presence, and to Mr. R. H. Ellis, I. C. S., for presiding on this occasion and for kindly giving away the Prizes.

C. PERAZZI, S. J., *Rector.*



Cricket

WE mean to content ourselves with a brief survey of the cricket season. Our prospects at the start were none too rosy, defeat attending us throughout our early encounters. Towards the close however we cast off the cloud that had hovered over us, and exhibited our true mettle on the cricket field. We were fortunate to win the trophies in the Inter-School Gymkhana competition. Subjoined is an account of the Rector's Day Match and the Tournament Matches.

The Rector's Day Match

COLLEGE C. C. V. EX-ALOYSIANS.

College won by 120 runs.

It was with diffidence that we took the field against our formidable brethren, but the goddess of cricket was pleased to play one of her pranks in giving us the palm of victory over our elders. Our skipper, Cecil Pinto played in fine style and retired from the field not out with 73 runs to his credit. The disastrous collapse of the Ex-Aloysians, for they realised only 48 runs, was unexpected. It was largely due to the well regulated bowling of Mahabala Bhandary who captured 8 wickets. Bassappa, from the adversary side, did good service to his party, being alone responsible for 7 wickets. Score:—

COLLEGE C. C.

B. N. Punja, l. b. w., b. Bassappa	5
Vishvanath, b. Bassappa	1
Mahabala Bhandary, c. L. P. Fernandes, b. Bassappa	4
Paul Lewis, b. Bassappa	16
Cecil Pinto, bat-in-hand	73
Jerome D'Sa, st. Shetty, b. W. D'Souza	1
N. R. Suarna, c. S. D'Souza, b. Bassappa	13
Sheenappa, b. W. D'Souza	13
S. K. Kombraboil, b. Bassappa	0

D. Sequeira, c. and b. J. Fernandes	11
R. Minezes, b. Bassappa	8
Extras	10
<i>Total</i>	<u>168</u>

EX-ALOYSIAN C. C.

J. Albuquerque, c. Vishvanath, b. Mahabala	1
J. Fernandes, l. b. w., b. Mahabala	6
Vittal Shetty, c. Suarna, b. Lewis	5
Janarthen, b. Mahabala	1
Bassappa, c. Pinto, b. Mahabala	10
Appayya, c. Sequeira, b. Mahabala	6
C. Fernandes, c. Suarna, b. Lewis	7
L. P. Fernandes, b. Mahabala	0
W. D'Souza, c. Vishva, b. Mahabala	1
Maindappa, Bat-in-hand	2
S. D'Souza, c. Sequeira, b. Mahabala	0
Extras	9
<i>Total</i>	<u>48</u>

Inter-School Gymkhana Competition

COLLEGE C. C. V. B. M. HIGH SCHOOL C. C.

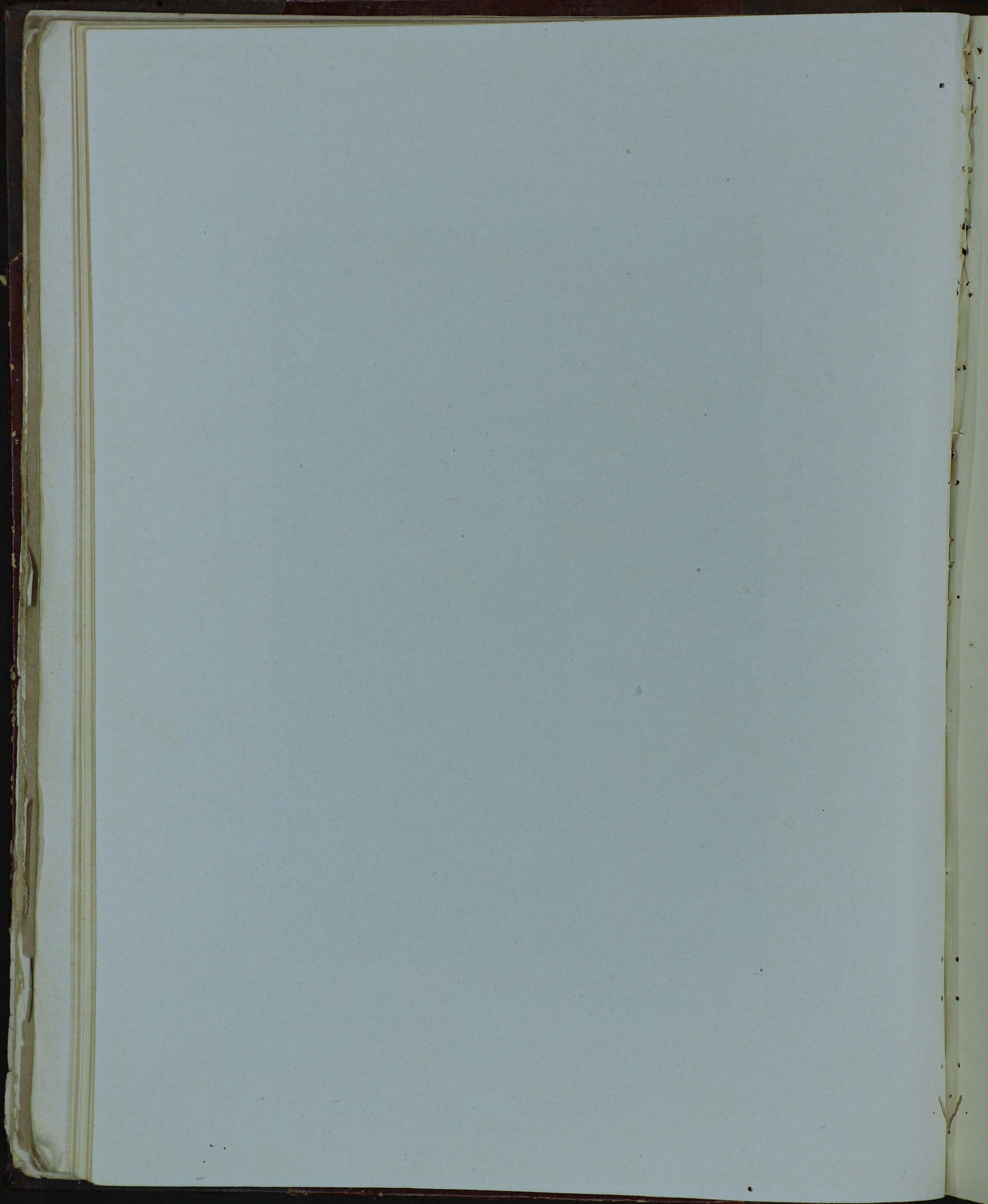
College won by 1 innings and 78 runs.

We were pitted against the B. M. High School in the first round of the Inter-School Competition. B. N. Punja carried the day with 49 runs for the College, while Mahabala captured 16 wickets in the two innings. Pinto was remarkably sharp behind the wickets and stumped as many as seven—a fine piece of wicket-keeping indeed. Score:—

Cecil Pinto, c. Mahabala, b. Ragu	9
N. R. Suarna, c. Jeshua, b. Ragu	0
Mahabala, c. Roberts, b. Jeshua	6
Punja, b. Jeshua	49
Paul Lewis, b. Ragu	9
Jerome D'Sa, b. Ragu	0
Vishvanath, bat-in-hand	30
Sheenappa, b. Jeshua	6
Kombraboil, b. Jeshua	0
D. Sequeira, c. Jeshua, b. Ragu	15
Minezes, b. Ragu	0
Extras	14
<i>Total</i>	<u>138</u>



Winners of the Senior Cricket Cup—1919.



B. M. HIGH SCHOOL C. C.

<i>I Innings.</i>		<i>II Innings.</i>	
Mahabala, st. Pinto, b		c. Vishvanath b.	
Mahabala	1	Sheenappa	2
Rathnaker, c. Suarna,		c. Vishvanath b.	
b Mahabala	3	Lewis	0
Jeshua, c. Lewis, b		st. Pinto, b. Maha-	
Mahabala	2	bala	0
Augustine, run out .	1	b. Mahabala	10
Ragu, c. Suarna, b		st. Pinto, b. Maha-	
Mahabala	10	bala	8
Janardhan, st. Pinto,		b. Mahabala	0
b. Mahabala	4	c. Vishvanath, b.	
Furtado, Bat-in-hand.	6	Mahabala	6
Solomon, b. Maha-		st. Pinto, Mahabala .	
bala	0	Bat-in-hand	0
Alwa, c. Pinto, b.		c. Pinto, b. Lewis .	
Mahabala	0	Extras	2
Roberts, st. Pinto, b.			
Mahabala	0		
Sunder, st. Pinto, b.			
Mahabala	0		
Extras	4		
<i>Total.</i>	<u>31</u>	<i>Total.</i>	<u>29</u>

COLLEGE C. C.

V.

GOVERNMENT COLLEGE C. C.

College won by 9 wickets and 3 runs.

The two colleges of the town met for the final test of the Inter-School Competition. No small credit is due to Mr. R. M. Savur and Anappa Bhandary who held their ground for nothing short of three hours and left the field with a well-earned score of 35 and 39 runs respectively. For the College Cecil Pinto played in splendid style in the first innings: and in the second, Paul Lewis's vigorous batting secured an easy win. Our bowlers did themselves credit, Mahabala having captured 10, and Lewis 9 wickets in all. Score:—

GOVERNMENT COLLEGE C. C.

<i>I Innings.</i>	<i>II Innings.</i>
Sadashiva Rao, c. Ma-	c. Suarna, b. Lewis .
habala, b. Lewis .	6

Koragappa, b. Maha-	13	c. Pinto b. Mahabala .	8
bala		c. Mahabala b.	
Mr. R. M. Savur, c.		Lewis	35
Suarna, b. Lewis .	6	b. Mahabala	0
Chickappu b. Maha-		b. Mahabala	2
bala	8	c. Mahabala b.	
Karambayya, run out.	1	Lewis	39
A. Bhandary, c. Suar-		Bat-in-hand	4
na, b. Mahabala .	9	b. Mahabala	15
N. Bhandary, b. Ma-		c. Suarna, b. Lewis .	2
habala	7	b. Mahabala	0
Nagappa, c. D'Sa, b.		b. Mahabala	1
Lewis	6	Extras	19
Yellappa, b. Lewis .	3	<i>Total</i>	<u>126</u>
N. Rama Rao, Bat-			
in-hand	7		
Ibrahim Sahib, b.			
Lewis	0		
Extras	7		
<i>Total</i>	<u>73</u>		

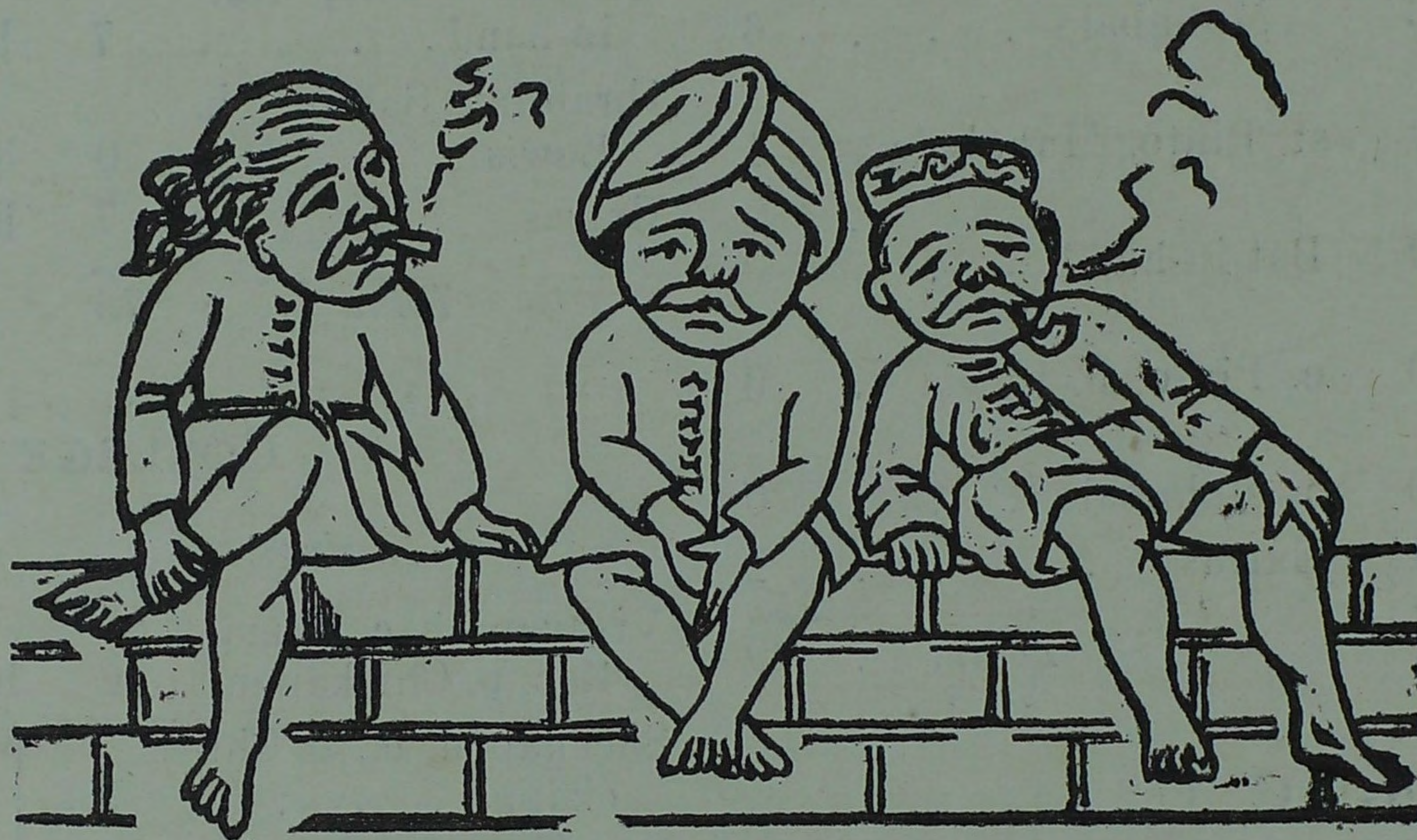
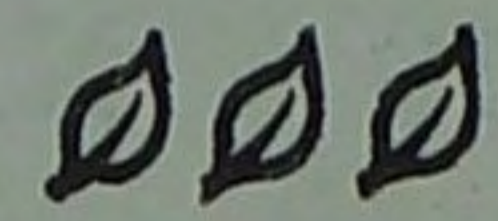
COLLEGE C. C.

<i>I Innings.</i>	<i>II Innings.</i>
Vishvanath, c. Rama	b. Chickappu
Rao, b. Chickappu.	7
Sheenappa, c., b. Chi-	} Did not bat
ckappu	
5	
Punja, run out	} Did not bat
10	
41	
Cecil Pinto, c. Rama	
Rao, b. Chickappu .	
Mahabala, c. and b.	Not out
Chickappu	19
Paul Lewis, b. Yella-	Not out
ppa	54
N. R. Suarna, b. Chi-	} Did not Bat
ckappu	
11	
4	
Denis Sequeira b.	
Chickappu	
George Aiman b.	
Chickappu	
0	
Jerome D'Sa b. Kora-	
gappa	
21	
Kombraboil, Bat-in-	
hand	
10	
Extras	Extras
9	3
<i>Total</i>	<i>Total for 1 wicket.</i>
<u>119</u>	<u>83</u>

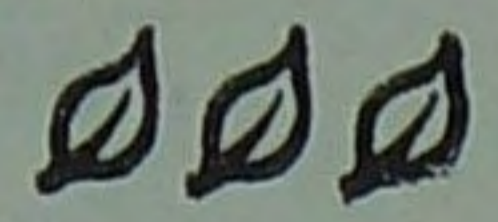
A word may be added about the Juniors. Our Juniors as in past years have won laurels in the field. In each of the three matches they played they completely out did their opponents. In the encounter with the Rosario School, Shanker Narayana was the

top-scorer. He was also very successful with the ball; and the wickets fell like nine-pins before him. Mention must also be made of Stany Sequeira who proved a reliable batsman and in the match with the Canara High

School opened the innings for the College and returned not out. The match with the Canara High School was not fully played out as they backed out at the Critical juncture, leaving the cup in our hands.



Sweet friends, we are the famous batch,
Of past and future we have knowledge.
We're watching now the cricket match,
But *know* the cup is for the College.



The Sanskrit Page

ब्रह्मचर्यम् ॥

Studentship

महत्त्वं नाम देशानां तदीयेन दैर्घ्येण आयामेन वा न प्रसिध्यति । किं तु तद्वास्तव्यजनताया नियम विशेषैरेव प्रादुर्भवेत् । तेषां मध्ये च ब्रह्मचर्यमेवा प्रेसरीभवितुमर्हति । तच्च शरीरेन्द्रियसंयमात्मकमेव स्यात् । अस्या भारतभूमेः पुरातनमुन्नतिकारणमप्येत देवासीत् । अदसीयाभावनिमित्त एवास्या अधःपातः । एतादृशब्रह्मचर्यनियमानुष्ठानमप्यतिबाल्ये एवारब्धव्यम् । अन्यथा नीरापगमे सेतुबन्धवत् अखिलोऽपि प्रयासः मुधैव भवेत् । ईदृशब्रह्मचर्यसंपादनमेव दैवी जीविका । इयमेव परमानन्दसरणिः । इदमेवातीन्द्रिय वस्तुसंदर्शकं तेजः । इम एव प्राणानामपि प्राणाः । अयमेव वपुषोऽलंकाराणां श्रेष्ठोऽलंकारः इदमेव सकल तपसां मुख्यं तपः । किं बहुना । अनेन परिहीणाः स्त्रियः पुमांसश्च निस्तेजस्का दीना अल्पायुषश्च भवन्ति । प्रायेण रुग्णशय्यामधिशयाना भुवने दरीदृश्यन्ते च । यदि, विद्यार्थिनो जनाः सुखेन दुस्तरपरीक्षापारावार मुत्तितीर्थेयुः, अन्ये च अरोगदृढगात्रामात्मीयां प्रजां काङ्क्षेयुः, भूपाः स्वीयाः प्रजाः वशीचिकीर्षेयुः, योधाः शत्रून् लीलया पराजिगीषेरन्, पतिपत्न्योऽपि परस्परं प्रेम्णैव वर्तितुमभिलषेयुः, तर्हि ते सर्वेऽपि यथावत् ब्रह्म चर्यव्रतमनुतिष्ठेयुरेव । अनेन विना शारिरिकी मानसिकी च शक्तिर्नदृष्टचरी । ये येऽस्मत्पूर्वपुरुषा अद्यापि कीर्तिकायेन जीवन्ति, तद्धेतुरपि शरीरेन्द्रियसंयम- एवेति चरित्रवेदिनां सुगमम् ॥

एतदनुष्ठानं नाम सर्वदा यथार्थस्यैव भाषणं, मनोवाक्कायकर्मभिः परपीडावर्जनं, बाह्यायामाभ्यन्तरायां च शुद्धौ देहेन्द्रियाणां संस्थापनं, मद्यादि मादक- वस्तूनां समस्तविधधूमपानस्य च दूरीकरणं मानस- स्यापि वनितादिविषयभोगस्य निरसनं, सर्वप्रकारेण

वीर्यसंधारणं, योग्यसमये हितमिताहारस्वीकरणं, व्या- यामाभ्यसनं, निद्रासंग्रहणं, कल्ये एवोत्थानं, सर्वेष्वपि प्राणिषु दयाप्रदर्शनं, सर्वप्रयत्नेन समाजोद्धरणं, अज्ञान- निवर्तकस्य तत्त्वज्ञानापादकस्य ग्रन्थस्य पठनं, अजस्र- मीश्वरप्रणिधानं, चेत्यादि स्वरूपम् ॥

ये नाम बाल्यावस्थायामेव संप्राप्तदारादिभाराः सन्तो विषयसुखोन्मुखा भवेयुः ते तारुण्ये, प्रौढि- मनि, विशेषतो वार्धके च यदि जीवेयुः, अवश्यं दुःखसागरे निमज्जेयुः । अकृतब्रह्मचर्यानरा यद्यत् शारीरं मानसं वा कार्यं मासेनैकेन साधयेयुः कृत ब्रह्मचर्यास्तदेव कार्यं क्षणेनैकेन साधयितुं समर्थाः । क्रोधादयोऽन्तरङ्गद्वेषिणोऽपि तैरेव सुजय्याः स्युः ।

अत एव वैद्यशास्त्रेऽपि बाल्यविवाहनिषेधपूर्वकं ब्रह्मचर्यं स्त्रीपुंसयोः समं वर्णितम् । तदपीत्यम् । चतस्रोऽवस्थाः शरीरस्य, वृद्धिः यौवनं, संपूर्णता, किञ्चित् परिहाणिश्चेति । आपोडशात् वृद्धिः, आपञ्च- विंशतेयौवनं, आचत्वारिंशतः संपूर्णता, ततः किञ्चित् परिहाणिश्चेति ॥

तस्मादस्मत्पूर्वपुरुषाणां चत्वरींशतेः परं समभ्युप- गतप्रजननानां सन्ततिर्यावत्पर्यन्तमासीत् तावत् सार्व भौमत्वमपि सुलभमास्त । अतो भारतीयाः पुनरपि ब्रह्मचर्यदीक्षायां बद्धकङ्कणाश्चेत् तेषां दासभावोऽपि दूरे परास्तो नूनं भवेत् ॥ उक्तं च —

इन्द्रियाणां प्रसंगेन दोषमृच्छत्यसंशयम् ।

संनियम्य तु तान्येव ततः सिद्धिं नियच्छति ॥

इति

पण्डित निड्डोडि अनन्त भट्टः

N. Anantha Bhat.

The Malayalam Page

മദ്രാസ് ഗവണ്മെന്റുടെ കൊളജ് സന്ദർശനം

His Excellency the Governor's Visit

1. നേരം പ്രഭാതമായി. ബാലാകുമാരന്മാർ ലിങ്കെ ഞ്ഞു വിലസുവാൻ തുടങ്ങി. ആകാശം കാമേഷ്വരന്മാർ കടും തന്നെ മലിനപ്പെട്ടിരുന്നില്ല. അങ്ങമിങ്ങും പറന്നുകൊണ്ടിരുന്ന പക്ഷികളുടെ കണ്ണുമാധുര്യമറിയ സംഗീതധ്വനികൾ നാലു ഭാഗത്തുനിന്നും ശ്രവിക്കാമായിരുന്നു. രാത്രികാലത്തെ മഞ്ഞുവെള്ളം കൂടി വറുന്തില്ലാത്ത പത്രസമൃദ്ധത്തിൽ നിന്ന് തേജസ്സറിയ രവിരശ്മിസംകലനത്താൽ എന്തെന്തില്ലാത്ത ഒരു കാന്തി പുറപ്പെട്ടുകൊണ്ടിരുന്നു. ഈ വിധം പ്രകൃതിവൈശിഷ്ട്യത്തോടു കൂടിയ ആ ദിവസം ആകും ഒരു സുദിനം തന്നെയായെന്നുവെങ്കിലും മംഗലാപുരത്തുകാർ പ്രത്യേകിച്ചു ഭരണഭാരത്തെ ഉളവാക്കി. ദിനചയ്യകൾ കഴിഞ്ഞു പുറത്തേക്കിറങ്ങുന്ന ഏവരുടേയും ദുഷ്ടി, മനോഹരമായിരുന്ന ആ ദിവസം, അടുത്തുള്ളതും കേമമായി അലംകരിക്കപ്പെട്ടിരുന്നതും ആയ സെൻറ് അലക്സാണ്ടർ കോളേജിലേക്കായിരുന്നു. ഇതു കടും അകാരണത്തോടു കൂടിയല്ലായിരുന്നു. ഇപ്പോഴത്തെ മദ്രാസ് ഗവണ്മെന്റായ, ശ്രീമാൻ വെല്ലിംഗ് ടൗൺപ്രഭുവും പത്നിയും കോളേജ് സന്ദർശിച്ചുനായി നിശ്ചയിച്ചിരുന്ന ദിവസമായിരുന്നു അത്. ഈ സംഗതി കഴലേ തന്നെ അറിവുകിട്ടിയിരുന്നതിനാൽ കോളേജധികാരികൾ അതിന്നു വേണ്ട സകല ഒരുക്കങ്ങളും ചെയ്തിരുന്നു. ഉന്നതമായ കോളേജ് സ്റ്റുഡന്റിന്റെ ഉച്ചയിൽ നാട്ടിയിരുന്ന ബ്രിട്ടീഷ് കൊടി ഏതു സ്ഥലത്തുനിന്നും നോക്കിയാൽ കാണാമായിരുന്നു. ഹ്രാൻസ്, ഇററലി മുതലായ ഐക്യരാജ്യചിഹ്നങ്ങളോടുകൂടിയ കൊടികളുടെ ഭംഗിയായ സംഘടനം പ്രധാനകെട്ടിടത്തിന്നുരഭരണം തന്നെയായിരുന്നു. വിന്യാസഭയത്താൽ ആവക ഭൂമണവിശേഷങ്ങളിൽനിന്ന് വിർമിച്ച് അനുണ്ടായിരുന്ന പ്രധാനസംഭവത്തിലേക്കു നമ്മുടെ ശ്രദ്ധവെക്ക തന്നെ.

2. കാലത്തു കമ്പതു മണി ആയപ്പോഴേക്കു വിശേഷ ഉന്യങ്ങൾ ധരിച്ച കുട്ടികൾ കൂട്ടുകൂട്ടമായി വന്നു ചേർന്നു തുടങ്ങി. ചിലർ പട്ടുകോട്ടുകൾ ധരിച്ചും ചിലർ കസവിട്ട തൊപ്പികൾ വെച്ചും മറ്റു ചിലർ കൈവെച്ചുകൾ കെട്ടിയും തങ്ങളുടെ സമ്പന്നത്വത്തെ പ്രകടിപ്പിച്ചു. ഏവരുടേയും മുഖത്തുനിന്ന് ഒരു സന്തോഷരസം സ്പുരിച്ചിരുന്നു. നേരം മണി പത്തടിച്ചു. എല്ലാവരും "ഇതാ വരുന്നു, ഇതാ വരുന്നു വണ്ടി", എന്നിങ്ങനെ പറഞ്ഞു തങ്ങളുടെ അക്ഷമന്മാരായ ചങ്ങാതികളുടെ ശ്രദ്ധയെ ആകർഷിച്ചു. അധികസമയം കഴിയുന്നതിന്നു മുമ്പ് ആരോ പ്രഭുവിന്റെ 'മോട്ടോർ'വണ്ടി

അടുത്തുവരുന്നു എന്നു പറഞ്ഞുപറഞ്ഞി. അതുവരെ പണിപ്പെട്ടു വരിയായി നിർത്തിയിരുന്ന കുട്ടികൾ തത്സമയം അധികാരികളുടെ വരുതി വിട്ട് തങ്ങൾക്കു വ്യക്തമായി കാണാം എന്നു തോന്നിയിരുന്ന സ്ഥലത്തോടു പാഞ്ഞുതുടങ്ങി. അനേകം ഉണ്ടായ ലഹള എങ്ങിനെയായിരുന്നുവെന്ന് വിവരിപ്പാൻ പ്രയാസം. ഒരു കൂട്ടർ ചെന്നു മുമ്പിൽ നിന്നവരെ ബലം പ്രയോഗിച്ചു ഇടയിൽ കയറുകയും ഉടനെ മറ്റൊരു കൂട്ടർ ചെന്നു അവരുടെ സ്ഥലം അപഹരിക്കയും ഇങ്ങിനെ ഒരു 'തിരക്ക്' എന്നല്ലാതെ ഒരുവക നിയമവും ആരും വകവെച്ചില്ല. ഉടനെ പ്രഭുവും പത്നിയും കയറിയിരുന്ന വണ്ടി പാഞ്ഞുപോയി. പിന്നാലെ കലക്ടർ ഡാർ അവർകളുടെ വണ്ടിയും അതിന്റെ പുറകിലായി അനേകം ഉദ്യോഗസ്ഥന്മാരുടേയും മന്ത്രിപുരന്മാരുടേയും വണ്ടികളും വന്നുചേർന്നു. എല്ലാവരും ശ്യാസം വിടാതെ ഉറു സൂക്ഷിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരുന്നുവെന്നു പറയേണ്ടതില്ലല്ലോ.

3. കായ്പരിവാടിയിലെ നിശ്ചയംപോലെ ആദ്യത്തെ ജോലി കോളേജ് ഭാരവാഹികളുടേയും ഹിദ്യാത്മികളുടേയും പേക്കായി ഒരു മംഗളപത്രം വായനയായിരുന്നു. ഇത് നിവൃത്തിയുള്ള പ്രത്യേകം ഒരുക്കിയിരുന്ന നാടകാഭിനയഹാളിൽ വെച്ചായിരുന്നുവെന്നതു പ്രസ്താവയോഗ്യമാണ്. രമണിയമായ ചായപ്പണികളാലും, മനോഹരമായ വൈദ്യുതലീലാപാലിയോലും നവീനവസ്ത്രഭാരത്തിൽ മോടിപിടിപ്പിച്ചിരുന്ന ആ ഹോളിൽ ധ്വനിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരുന്ന സംഗീതം ആരേയും അപഹൃതചിത്തന്മാരാക്കിയിട്ടുണ്ട്. എല്ലാവർക്കും കേന്ദ്രധ്വാനത്തിട്ടിരുന്ന വിചിത്രപണികളോടുകൂടിയ കസേരകളിൽ പ്രഭുവും പത്നിയും ഇരുന്ന അവസരത്തെ യാതൊരുത്തരും മറക്കുന്നതല്ല. പ്രിൻസിപ്പാൾ Rev. Fa. Perazi S. J. അവർകളായിരുന്നു മംഗളപത്രസമർപ്പണം ചെയ്തതു. തന്നത്തരം വന്ദനശ്ലോകങ്ങൾ ചൊല്ലി. സമയമൊഴുപ്പുത്താൽ കായ്പരിവാടിയിലെ നിശ്ചയങ്ങൾ എല്ലാം അനുഷ്ഠിക്കുന്നതിന്നു സാധിച്ചില്ല എന്നു വ്യസനസമേതം പറയേണ്ടിയിരിക്കുന്നു. ഇത്രയും കഴിഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ നേരം മണി പതിനൊന്നു കഴിഞ്ഞു. പ്രഭു അവർകൾ പത്നി സമേതം കോളേജ് ചാപ്പലും, കെട്ടിടങ്ങളും സന്ദർശിച്ച ശേഷം വളരെ തൃപ്തരായി മടങ്ങുകയും ചെയ്തു.

L. T. Paul.
H. U. Class.

The Ganarese Page

ಕಳೆದುದರಿಂದ ತಿಳಿವುದೇನು?

ಚಾಪದಿ ||

ಕಳೆದ ಕತೆಯಿಂ ನೀವು ತಿಳಿವುದೇನೆಂಬುದನು |
ತಿಳಿಯಲಿಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ಪೇಳುವೆನಿದನ್ನು ||
ಇಳೆಯನೋಡಲು ವಿಜಯನಗರದಿಂದಂ ನಾಲ್ವು |
ರೇಳೆಯರೊಡನೊಬ್ಬನೈದಿದನು ಕಡಲೊಳು || ೧ ||

ನಾನೆಯಲಿ ಕೆಲದೂರ ಹೋಗೆ ಬಿರುಗಾಳಿ ತಾ |
ನಾನನೆನ್ನಯದಾರಿಗಡ್ಡ ಬಂದು ||
ಜೀವನಸಮುದ್ರದಲಿ ತೇಲುವನು? ಎಂಬವೋ |
ಲಾವರಿಸಿ ಮುಳುಗಿಸಿತ್ತೇನೆನ್ನಲಿ! || ೨ ||

ಕಡಲೊಳಗೆ ಮುಳುಗೆ 'ಹಾ!' ಎನ್ನುವೆವು ಯೋಚಿಸದೆ |
ಜಡರಾಗಿ ಸಂಸಾರಸಾಗರದಲಿ ||
ಎಡೆಬಿಡದೆ ಮುಳುಗುತಿಹ ದೇಹನಾವೆಗಳ ಕ |
ಣ್ಣೆಡುತ ನೋಡಿದರೂ ಗಣಿಸೆವಕ್ಕಟಾ! || ೩ ||

ಹೋಗಲಿನ್ನೇನದರೊಳಂಬಿಗಂ ಕತೆಯಿದನು |
ಲೋಗಕರಿಯಿಸಲೆಂಬ ತೆರದೊಳುಳಿದು ||
ಸಾಗಿ ಕೆಲಗಾಲವಾದುದು ವಿಜಯನಗರವದು |
ನೀಗಿದುರ್ವದಾ ಪೂರ್ವವೈಭವಗಳಂ || ೪ ||

ಸಂಸಾರಸಾಗರದ ತೆರೆಯೊ, ಜರೆನಿರಿಯೊ? ಮೇ |
ಲಂಸಾರ್ದ ನೊರೆಯೊ, ನರೆಯೋ? ಸುಳಿಗಳೊ, ||
ಪಿಂಸರಿದ ಗುಳಿಗಣ್ಣೊ? ಎನಲೂರುಗೋಲ್ಮುದುಕಿ |
ತಾಂ ಸುಳೆಯುತಿದ್ದಳಾ ಬೀದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ || ೫ ||

ಹಣವಿದ್ದವನ ಕೈಯಹಿಡಿದರೇಂ ಕಡೆಯಲ್ಲಿ |
ಋಣವಿದ್ದುದೇ ದೊರೆವುದಕಟ! ಎನುತ ||
ಗೊಣಗುತವಳಧಿಕಾರಿಯೊಬ್ಬನ ಗೃಹಾಂಗಣವ |
ನಣೆದು ಚಾವಡಿವೊಗಲ್ಪಗಳಲ್ಲಿ || ೬ ||

ಪುಲ್ಲಿಹೂವಿನ ತಳಿರುಡೆಯ ತುಂಬಿಹಾಡಿನಾ |
ಬಳ್ಳಿವೆಣ್ ಮಲಗುಂಮಣೆಯೊಳೆರಗುತ ||
ನಿಲ್ಲುಗನ್ನಡಿಯೊಳು ಸ್ವಮುಖವ ನೋಳ್ವಳು ಸೃಷ್ಟಿ |
ವಲ್ಲಭನ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಕಳೆಗೂಡಿಸಲ್ || ೭ ||

ಬಾಗಲಿಂ 'ಭವತಿ ಭಿಕ್ಷಾಂದೇಹಿ' ಎಂಬ ನುಡಿ |
ಯಾಗಳಾ ರತಿಯ ಕಿವಿವೊಕ್ಕು ಮನವಂ ||
ತಾಗಿ ಹುಬ್ಬಾಯ್ತು ಕೊಂಕಾಯ್ತು ಕಣ್ಣೆಂಪುನುಡಿ |
ಸಾಗಿದುದು ನಳಿಗೆಗೊರಳಿಂ ಪರಳಿನಲ್ || ೮ ||

ಹಾಳಾಗಲಿಂಡಿಯವು ಬೇಡುವುಜ್ಜುಗವೆಂಬ |
ಗೋಳನೀವೆಣ್ಣುಕ್ಕಳಿಗುಮಿತ್ತುದು ||
ಮೂಳಿ, ಕೇಳಾನೋದಿದವಳಾಗಿ ಈ ಕೆಲಸ |
ಕಾಲಂಬನೆಯ ಕೊಡೆಂ ಪೋಗೆಂದಳು || ೯ ||

ಆಹ! ನಿಷ್ಕಾಮಕರ್ಮಕೆ ತಾಯಿನುನೆಯಾಗಿ |
ಸಾಹಾಯ್ಯದಾಸೇತುವಿಂತಡಿಗಳಂ ||
ಬೇಹಂತೆ ಜೋಡಿಸುವ ಭಾರತದಿಕಾಮವೆಂ |
ಬೀಹದ್ದು ಹಾರುತೇನೆಂಗೆಯ್ಯುದೋ? || ೧೦ ||

ದಿಕ್ಕಿಲ್ಲದವರೊಳೂ ಬೇಡುವುದು ನೀಚತನ |
ನಕ್ಕೆಂದುಬೈವ ನುಡಿಯೊಳಗಡೆಯನು ||
ಹೊಕ್ಕು ಬಿಂಬಿಸುವುದದಕಿಂತಲೂ ದಾನವೇ |
ಮಿಕ್ಕ ನೀಚತೆಯೆಂದಿದೇಂ ಜ್ಞಾನವೋ! || ೧೧ ||

ಇರಲಿ, ಆಕೆಯ ಮಾತ ಕೇಳುತಡಿವೊಗವಾಗಿ |
ಎರಡು ನಿವಿಸಂ ಕಂಬನಿಯ ಸೂಸುತ ||
ತಿರುಗುತಾ ಮುದುಕಿ ಮೆಚ್ಚಿಲನಿಳಿಯಲಧಿಕಾರಿ |
ಹೊರಗಿಂದ ಬರುತ ನೋಡಿದ ನವಳನು || ೧೨ ||

ಕಣ್ಣು ಕಣ್ಣನು ತಾಗಲಿಬ್ಬರ ಮನಂಗಳೂ |
ತಣ್ಣಗಾದುವದೇನೋ? ಬಳಿಕೆಣಿಸುತ ||
ಕನ್ನಡಿಯ ನಿಶ್ಚಯಂವೋರದಿರ ಲಾತನೀ |
ಗೆನ್ನೊಳೊರೆ ಯಾರಮ್ಮ, ನೀನೆಂದನು || ೧೩ ||

ಬಿಕ್ಕೆಬೇಡುವಳಾನು; ನಿನ್ನ ಹೆಸರೇನು? ಎ |
ತಕ್ಕೆ? ನಿಜವರಿಯೆ; ಫಲವೇ? ನದೆಫಲಂ ||
ಅಕ್ಕೆ, ಕನ್ನವೈ ಯೆಂಬುದು ನಾಮವೆನ್ನಲೈ |
ಫಕ್ಕ ನಾತಂ ದಿಗ್ಭ್ರಮೆಯನಾಂತನು || ೧೪ ||

ಎಷ್ಟೆಷ್ಟು ಕಲಿಯುತನುಭವದಿಂದಲರಿತರೂ |
ಬಿಟ್ಟು ದಾರಿಯನಲೆಯೆ ಗುರುದೊರಕುತ ||
ಗುಟ್ಟನರುಹಲೈ ತತ್ಪವನರಿವಶಿಷ್ಯನಂ |
ತಷ್ಟರಲಿ ತಾಯ ಕನ್ನಣ್ಣನರಿತಂ || ೧೫ ||

ತಾಯ ಕಾಲ್ಗೆರಗುತ್ತಲಂದಿಂದುವರೆಗಿನ ಅ |
 ಪಾಯಂಗಳನ್ನರುಹುತವಳ ಗತಿಗೆ ||
 ನೋಯುತ್ತ ಬಿರುನುಡಿದ ಹೆಂಡತಿಗೊರೆಯಲಾಕೆ |
 ಹಾಯೆನುತಲತ್ತೆಯಡಿಗಳಿಗೆರಗಿದಳು || ೧೬ ||

ನಡೆದ ಕತೆಯಿದನೋದಿ ವಾಚಕರೆಣಿಸಿ ನಮ್ಮ |
 ಪಡೆದ ಕನ್ನಡದೇಶನಾತೆಯಿರನಂ ||
 ಸುಡುನುಡಿಯೊಳಂ ನಾತೆಯಂ ಬಯ್ಯ ಬಾಯ್ಗೆನು |
 ದ್ವಿಡದೊಟ್ಟುಗೂಡುತೇಳಿಗೆಯೊಂದಲಿ || ೧೭ ||

M. Thimmappaya.

000

The Literary and Debating Society

THE Literary and Debating Society set to work on July 16th, 1919 under the able and genial guidance of Rev. Fr. L. Proserpio S. J., M. A., F. M. U., as President. His regime has happily fostered activity and enthusiasm in the Society whose progress during the course of the present year has in many respects been remarkable. The numerical strength of the members has increased two-fold, while their lively interest in the work of the Society may in some measure be inferred from a passing remark of Rev. Father Rector who once said that he would rejoice of a Wednesday afternoon when the evening breeze wafted to his room the loud peals of applause that greeted our youthful debaters in the College Hall.

In the course of the year we held nineteen meetings at which the varied activities of the Society exhibited themselves in the shape of debates, lectures and entertainments. Members of the College Staff, professors of the sister-college in the town and other well-wishers have with ready sympathy responded to our invitation to preside over our gatherings. Of these some deserve special mention. At the very start we had the privilege of welcoming among us Mr. Leo Wallace Young, well known for his 'presentation of the classics.' His address on Elocution in which he gave us some of his own experiences in the acquisition of his favourite art was rendered all the more interesting by a specimen of his 'classic recital.' On a subsequent occasion our revered President read a paper on "Literary Studies in Indian Universities," in which he emphasized the importance of the study of literature as the artistic expression of the beautiful in imparting nobility to

character. Literature, he said, has a permanent value, independent of the language in which the literary idea happens to be conveyed. Mr. A. B. Shetty in his lecture on "the highest task of a School" showed that since education is mainly responsible for the transformation of the thought and life of a nation, it should be of a kind that will enable the student to imbibe ideas of true citizenship, moral responsibility and corporate life.

The Society closed its work for the year with the prize debate which was held on February the 25th. On this occasion a departure from the past was noticeable in the prize competition. The debaters after delivering their set speeches had to enter into an extempore discussion for a quarter of an hour. The innovation proved highly successful and entertaining. The competitors were eight in number, and the subjects for discussion were:—
1) Has Shakespeare represented in Hamlet his artistic temperament? 2) Should Indian Literary Renaissance seek inspiration from the West? 3) Who gives more pleasure—Tennyson or Keats? 4) Should higher female education be encouraged?

On the whole it may be said that the prize debate was conducted with considerable ability, and the audience was much impressed by the eloquence of some of the speakers. Without pronouncing on the relative merits of the competitors, we may be allowed to say that Mr. S. K. Kombrabail's treatment of Hamlet's artistic temperament gave evidence of no small literary talent. His opponent Mr. Surendranath Prabhu rendered himself conspicuous by his free, stage-like delivery and quaint humour.

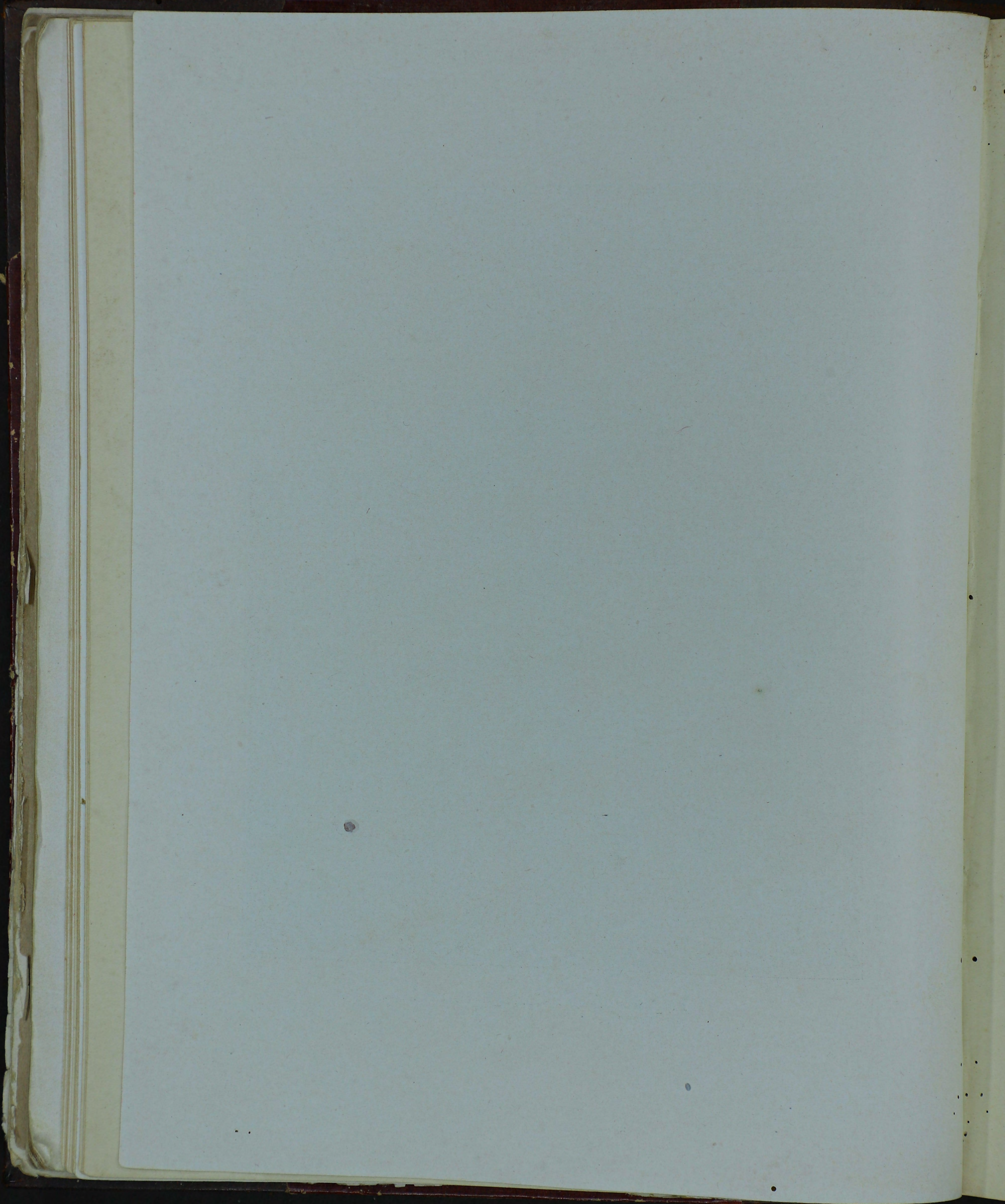
M. G. Ananda,

Secretary.





Façade of the College Church



College Notes

1919

June 25. College reopened. Mass of the Holy Ghost at 9 a. m.

June 27. Feast of the Sacred Heart. General Communion. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the College Church from 11 a. m. to 4 p. m. Sermon by Fr. Fermi. Fr. Rector gave Benediction.

June 29. His Lordship the Bishop of Mangalore being at Kotagiri, the usual presentation of greetings on the eve of his patronal feast did not take place. But many a message of respectful homage and congratulation was on its way to the sanatorium where His Lordship was recouping his health.

During Benediction news was received that Peace had been signed. The Sodalties sang the *Laudate*, the Union Jack was hoisted, the College bell rang, and the Boarders' Orchestra struck up the most patriotic of its strains.

July 2 Government Holiday for the signing of Peace.

July 6. At 4 p. m. Benediction with Te Deum in the College Church in thanksgiving for the Peace.

July 16. Fr. Fermi preached his first Konkani sermon at the Cathedral.

July 17. Mr. Leo Wallace "presented the classics" in the Academy Hall before a large and appreciative audience. It was a treat to listen to his recitals. On his part Mr. Wallace expressed his deep sense of gratitude at the warm welcome Mangalore had given him.

July 19. Public Holiday for the Peace celebration. Mass in Thanksgiving at 6.30 a. m. followed by Benediction. As desired by Government a treat was given in the afternoon to the children of the Milagres and the Kodialbail Primary Departments. Fr. Rector,

Fr. Gioanini and Fr. Proserpio represented the College at the Durbar held by the District Collector at the Govt. College in connection with the Peace celebrations.

July 22. Novena in preparation for the feast of St. Ignatius. Prayers daily recited at the altar of St. Joseph after the 6.30 Mass.

July 31. Feast of St. Ignatius. High Mass at 7 a. m. by Fr. Proserpio. At 4 p. m. Vespers, Sermon by Fr. Ambruzzi and Benediction by Fr. Rector.

August 12. Cricket Match—College v. Govt. College. We lost.

August 13. Feast of St. John Berchmans, Patron of Altar Boys. Mass at 7 a. m. at St. Joseph's Altar to the Altar Sodality arrayed in gown and surplice. Fr. Fermi said the Mass and preached.

August 15. Assumption Day, Titular Feast of the Junior Sodality. High Mass at 7 a. m. by Fr. Zanetti. In the afternoon Rosary, Sermon by Fr. S. Minezes, and Benediction by Fr. Rector.

August 17. Treat in the College Hall to the Altar Boys. 40 attended.

August 25. Treat in the College Hall to the College Choir. 50 attended.

August 29. Cricket Match v. Ex-Aloysians. College lost.

September 11. Cricket Match v. Govt. College. College won at last.

September 12. First Communion for 65 boys. Mass at 7 a. m. followed by Benediction. A touching sight to see so many little ones in spotless white receiving the Bread of Angels. May they ever preserve their innocence! Of course a sumptuous breakfast after the ceremony.

September 21. The Malayalee students of the Boarding House celebrated the Onam

festival with an abundant crop of songs, recitals and speeches. Fr. Rector and some other Fathers were present.

September 24. Cricket Match v. Rosario School. College won.

September 25. Cricket Match v. The Bunt Team. College lost.

Cricket Match v. Govt. College. College won.

September 27. Cricket Match v. Govt. College. College won.

September 28. His Lordship gave confirmation to a large number of boys. Solemn Benediction followed.

September 29. Eve of Rector's Day. Presentation of greetings by the college Dept. at noon. The same by the School Dept. at 4 p. m. At 6 p. m. *Saul* staged for the School Department, The Seminary present.

September 30. Rector's day. Fr. Rector's Mass at 6 30 a. m. A very wet morning. It clears up at 8 a. m. Sports with enthusiasm in the forenoon. At 6 p. m. entertainment to the public. Says *The Madras Times*, October 1:—"The annual Rector's Day celebration in the St. Aloysius College, Mangalore, which is always eagerly looked forward to, by both present and past students, was held on the 29th ultimo. The programme for the occasion covered a period of three days, and was opened with the offering of the student's greetings on the afternoon of the 29th, when they assembled in the Academic Hall to greet their popular Rector, the Rev. Fr. C. Perazzi, S. J., D. D., F. M. U., and his staff, secular and religious. Two addresses were presented by the senior students, one from the College and the other from the School Department, to which the Rector made a suitable reply conveying seasonable advice to the young hopefuls confided to his care. The Rector was verily smothered under garlands. As the

evening closed the students were entertained at a musical and a dramatic performance, which went with a swing from start to finish. The piece staged was "King Saul" a tragedy in five acts, and was cleverly acted by the students, among whom there is always no lack of *histrionic* talent. The next day was devoted to outdoor sports, and the several events were enthusiastically competed for. Handsome prizes were presented at the end to the winners. In the evening the dramatic entertainment was repeated for the benefit of friends and the senior students. Space forbids me to refer in detail to the items presented. To-day the present and past students are engaged in a cricket match, the issue of which is not yet known."

October 1. Rosary Devotion began as usual. Rector's Day Cricket Match v. Ex-Aloysians. College won.

The Juniors competed for the cricket cup with the Kanara High School. It ended in a quarrel. The two umpires were in our favour. Matter referred to a special committee.

October 5. Feast of the Guardian Angels. Fr. Fermi sang High Mass. At 4 p. m. Rosary, Sermon by Fr. Fermi and Benediction by Fr. Rector.

The Boarders gave an entertainment in their study hall in honour of the Rector's Day.

October 8. Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Willingdon visited the College. *The Madras Mail* of October 9, thus describes the visit:—"Notwithstanding the heavy downpour of rain all the forenoon, Their Excellencies carried out all the functions set down on the programme. After a visit to the Wenlock Hospital, they proceeded to St. Aloysius' College, an institution which, last year, had the phenomenal number of 1,458 students on the rolls. Their Excellencies were received by the Rev. Father C. Perazzi,

Rector and Principal, who introduced to them his staff. Their Excellencies were then conducted upstairs to the main hall, where an ode of welcome was read by a young student. The Rector then read an address welcoming Their Excellencies and giving a brief history of the institution. He pointed out that there were to-day more than 1,600 pupils on the rolls of the College and that the institution, which was founded in 1880, had grown to its present strength.

His Excellency in replying thanked the Rector and students for their kind welcome and regretted that Lady Willingdon and he could not spend a longer time at the institution. Addressing the students His Excellency said:—

I wonder if you all realise what a tremendous thing it is in life to be a citizen of the British Empire. You are all young citizens growing up to do your duty and I am sure you will do it well when you go out of this College and take upon yourselves far greater responsibilities for that Empire than we have undertaken. This great war has increased those responsibilities a hundred-fold and it is for you who are growing up to be young citizens, to realise those responsibilities, and if we can turn out straightforward, honourable and upright citizens from all colleges of the British Empire, then you need have no fear for the great Empire's future.

His Excellency expressed his gratitude to the Missionaries for their moral and educational work in India and then proceeded to inspect the college and the beautiful church attached to it and which is dedicated to St. Aloysius."

October 9. Michaelmas Holidays began.

October 13. Cricket Match v. Mission School. College won.

October 17. Cricket Match v. Govt. College.

October 18. His Excellency the Governor's Holiday. Yesterday's match continued. College won. Cup brought home in triumph.

October 19. Votive Procession to the Carmelite Convent, Kankanady. Fr. Colaço preached.

The same evening Fr. Fernandes presided at the Distribution of Prizes at the Jeppoo School.

October 20. College re-opened after Michaelmas.

October 25. The Annual Retreat began. Fr. Buzzoni conducted it for the seniors, and Fr. Coelho for the Juniors.

October 26. The President of the Inter-School Gymkhana notified the Rector of the College that the College had been declared the winner of the Junior Cricket Cup. A boy wrote to another—"The decision of the two *Empires* has thus been confirmed."

October 29. Feast of St. Aloysius—High Mass by the Very Rev. Fr. D. Alberti, S. J. Fr. Buzzoni gave a 'ferverino' at the closing of the Retreat. At 4 p. m. Rosary, Sermon by Fr. Colaço and Benediction by Fr. Rector.

November 5. Hockey Match v. Govt. College. Drawn.

November 6. Hockey Match v. Govt. College. Somebody wrote: "We got a defeat and three broken heads."

November 11. As directed by Govt. at 11 a. m. "all activities were suspended in the classes for two minutes in order that thoughts might be concentrated on the glorious dead."

November 13. Br. Zamboni's Golden Jubilee of entrance into the Society of Jesus. Mass at 6.30 a. m. by the Very Rev. Fr. Alberti, the Jubilarian being present in the sanctuary. A plentiful shower of congratulations by letter and telegram, in poetry and in prose, in song and recital, rained on the dear Brother who had just completed 50 years of faithful service in the Lord's vineyard.

Presents came from far and near. Old boys who had known the Brother Sacristan in the vigour of manhood a quarter of a century ago, thought of him and sent him messages of grateful affection. Br. Zamboni is the only surviving member in the Mission of the first batch of Jesuits who landed in Mangalore on December 31, 1878. May he be spared to us for many years more!

In the afternoon the Juniors won at the Inter-School Sports competition. Says *The Madras Mail*, November 14:—"The annual competition for the junior Inter-School Sports Cup was held on the Gymkhana ground on Thursday, when three out of the four institutions in the town, viz., St. Aloysius College, the Government College and the Canara High School, took part in it. Only the Basel Mission High School did not compete. The programme comprised high and long jumps, throwing of the cricket ball; tug-of-war, hurdle, 100 and 220 yards races. The events were keenly contested by St. Aloysius' College and the Canara High School, the former of which won the silver trophy by a narrow margin."

November 15. Inter-School Sports Competition for the seniors. College won. To quote *The Madras Times*, November 16:—"The past week was the annual sports week in Mangalore and was opened with the Junior Inter-School Athletic competition held on Thursday, the 13th instant. Three schools viz., the St. Aloysius' College, Government College, Canara High School entered the list. The competition was throughout the whole of it a tussle between the St. Aloysius' College and the Canara High School, the former of which won the day by a narrow margin. The senior competition came off yesterday and was taken part in, only by the St. Aloysius and Government Colleges. The usual excitement was absent owing to the inequality of the competitors engaged. The result of the competi-

tion was a certainty before the first item was closed. The St. Aloysius' College was uniformly successful in almost all the items. Only the third place (only two competitors for each item are allowed) was won by the Government College in all, except in the last two contests, where it won the first and third places in the 440 yds. race and won also the tug-of-war. On the conclusion of the sports, the trophies of the year's public competitions, eight in number, were handed to the winners by Dewan Bahadur M. M. Bangara, retired District and Sessions Judge and once Municipal Chairman of Mangalore. Four of the cups were carried by the St. Aloysius' College viz., Junior and Senior cricket, and Junior and Senior sports cups. The Canara High School won the senior gymnastics cup, the junior cup having been won by the Udipi Christian High School. The Dewan Bahadur M. M. Bangera Football Cup for 1918 was awarded to the Young Men's Union Football team. The Coronation Cricket Cup was presented to the Hindu Cricket team. Here it might be added that no match for the cup was played this year, the cup being given to the Hindu team as there was no other team to compete with it. George Aiman of the St. Aloysius' College secured the Grigg medal for the highest number of marks obtained by him in the present sports competition. His side scored 29 out of a total of 41 marks and 13 of them stood to his credit. Also silver medals were given to Harischandra of Canara High School, and Sanjiva Pai of the Udipi High School for standing first in the Senior and Junior Gymnastics competition.

The following are sores of the result.

I. 100 YDS. FLAT RACE:—Narayana Punja (1) George Aiman (2) Narayana Rao (3).

II. HIGH JUMP:—Narayana Punja (1) George Aiman (2) Chickappa Naik (3).

III. HURDLES :—George Aiman (1) Cecil Pinto (2) Narasing Naik (3).

IV. LONG JUMP :—George Aiman (1) Narayana Punja (2) Appaya (3).

V. THROWING THE CRICKET BALL :—George Aiman 98 yds. (1) Paul Lewis 92½ yds. (2) Chickappa Naik 87½ yds. (3).

VI. 440 YDS :—Narayana Rao (1), Cecil Pinto (2) Narasing Naik (3).

VII. TUG-OF-WAR :—Govt. College."

November 17. Fr. Proserpio presided at a meeting of the Students' Union, Govt. College.

November 20. The Annual Requiem Mass for the deceased members of the Senior Sodality.

November 29. Fr. Dalton, S. J., an Australian Missionary, was a guest at the College.

December 3. Feast of St. Francis Xavier. Three of the College Fathers were present at the feeding of the poor at Mr. M. Pais' house. The College took an active part in the Xavier's Day celebration of which *The Madras Times*, Dec. 6, gives the following account:—"The whole of Catholic Mangalore and its suburbs turned up at the newly erected Church of "Our Lady of Miracles" at 5 on the afternoon of the 3rd instant, to take part in the annual celebration of the St. Francis Xavier's Day. It was a religio-social function, the religious part of which consisted of a sermon by the Rev. Fr. J. S. C. Vas and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament by His Lordship the Bishop of Mangalore. The Congregation in and outside the Church was estimated at six to seven thousand people. St. Francis Xavier is, by the way, the apostle of Western India from whom the forefathers of its Catholics, including those of Mangalore, received their holy faith. His Lordship presided again at the open air social function held on the maidan opposite the Church and opened the proceedings with a short intro-

ductory speech. The next item was a "chorus" by the St. Ann's Convent Choir which was much enjoyed. The Rev. Fr. R. F. Mascarenhas' address on Lay Apostolate was very interesting but a little too long, so that an item or two had to be cancelled. The St. Ann's Convent Choir was responsible for the Duet that followed. Mr. J. H. A. Mascarenhas next addressed the gathering on 'organisation' in general and on 'co-operation' for a commercial purpose in particular. In view of the distress that seemed permanent as far as the prices are concerned, he exhorted his audience to start co-operative stores so that they might be independent as far as possible of the profiteers. For the last three musical items the gathering was indebted to the St. Aloysius' College and the Boarding House Choirs whose execution was up to their usual high standard. The President's closing speech was an eloquent appeal to carry out the several suggestions urged by the previous speakers. "God Bless the Pope," by the St. Aloysius' College Choir, and "God Save the King" by the St. Aloysius' College String Band, brought the proceedings to a close and the numerous gathering broke up as the clock struck eight. The Jeppoo St. Joseph's Asylum Band was in attendance."

December 7. Entertainment at the Boarding House by the Coorg students in celebration of their national feast.

December 8. Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Mass with General Communion at 7 a. m. At 4 p. m. Rosary, Sermon by Fr. Proserpio and Benediction by Fr. Fermi.

December 9. Classes closed at 4 p. m. for the Gymnastic competition.

December 12. Durbar Day and Distribution of Prizes. An account of the latter appeared in the *The Madras Times*, December 14 :—"Friday the 12 instant, was the annual prize day at the St. Aloysius College,

Mangalore. Mr. R. H. Ellis I. C. S., Acting Collector of South Kanara, presided; and the fine College Hall, lighted up by the electricity from end to end and tastefully decorated, was filled with a large appreciative gathering of European and Indian guests. On the table in the centre there was a rich display of Silver Cups and the Pentland Shield, the trophies won by the College at cricket, tennis matches and other tournaments. The evening's programme opened with Bonheur's "Vesper Bells" rendered by the College Choir which was responsible likewise for Gounod's "O'er Babylon's Wave." They were at their best in the operetta "Mad Men's Chorus" by Fioravanti. A university student, who has just taken his Degree, is looking forward to a joyous time among friends. He is startled to meet strange faces. It dawns upon him that he has mistaken the spot. He finds himself surrounded by mad men who offer him a musical entertainment. He declines it, pleading his lack of taste for music. But they force him to say. Then follows a performance by a company let loose from a Lunatic Asylum, who evidently have both method and music in their madness.

The distribution of prizes was preceded by the reading of the Annual Report by the Rector and Principal Rev. Fr. C. Perazzi. S. J., D. D., F. M. U.

After distributing the prizes, Mr. Ellis in his address thanked the College for the artistic entertainment provided for the guests of the evening. He congratulated the Rector and his staff on the excellent results obtained in the University Examinations and in Sports. He regretted that the College was handicapped in the matter of an adequate playground. The Governor had expressed to him his desire that the want should be supplied. He was, therefore, glad that ere long the students would be in possession of an extended playground.

In place of the usual drama acted on such occasions there was "The Pagent of the Empire" in four gorgeous tableaux on which an enormous wealth of colour, costume and scenery was lavished. The Pagent exhibited the British Empire in the making. It commenced in humble beginnings with "The Promise of Ancient Heroes" and closed with "The Great Trial" in the world-wide war. The climax was reached in "The Final Triumph" and victorious peace. The perfect success that rewarded the fine display was due to the careful selection and training of the boys by Rev. Fr. Nebulone, S. J., the Stage Manager of the College. The figures entered into their picturesque parts with such dignity and spirit that the result was simply thrilling.

The singing of the National Anthem brought the evening's programme to a happy close."

December 21. The Editor received the following for favour of publication:—"Dr. W. E. Mascarenhas M. B., B. S., son of the late Mr. V. C. Mascarenhas B. A., B. L., who passed out his M. B., B. S. Degrees Examinations held by the Bombay University in November 1918 from the Grant Medical College, securing the coveted distinction of Charles Morehead Prize in Clinical Medicine, has been granted a commission in the I. M. S. and has been posted to the Marine Lines War Hospital, Bombay. Lieut. Mascarenhas is the fifth member of our Kanara Catholic Community and the third of our alumni to get a commission. The other four members of the community are: Capt. A. Abreu, Capt. J. W. F. Albuquerque (both of them Ex-Aloysians), Capt. A. J. De Souza, and Capt. J. L. Saldanha." Since this was written we have had news of Dr. Mascarenhas from the land of the Pharaohs and seen him mounted on a lofty camel with the everlasting pyramids for a background.

December 13. The Milagres and Kodial-bail school-children could have no doubt that Peace was a good thing when each of them received a sugarcane with which to celebrate it.

December 14. Benediction at 4.15, after which the Sodality went in procession to the maidan where the entire Catholic town had gathered round an improvised altar. The Te Deum that was sung by thousands of grateful voices for the restoration of peace to the world was at once the closing and the most impressive event of the Peace Celebrations in the town.

December 19. Men's Retreat began. Fr. Colaço gave it.

December 25. A merry Xmas! Midnight Mass said by Fr. Nebulone. Fr. Colaço preached.

1920

January 1. A Happy New Year!

Br. Keagan and Br. Logue of Coonoor arrived on a visit to the College.

January 2. Br. Germiniani transferred to St. Joseph's Seminary.

January 3. College re-opened.

January 4. Mr. Charles Roberts, late M. P. and Undersecretary of State for India, visited the College this morning. He was accompanied by the Dt. Collector.

Fr. L. Vanpeene, Rector of St. Joseph's College, Bangalore, visited the College in the evening.

Fr. Martin of Belgaum came to the College to spend some days with us.

January 12. The Hon'ble Mr. R. L. Litterhails, Director of Public Instruction, visited the College.

January 12. Francis Joseph Vas, IV Class, Milagres, died. A Requiem Mass was said for the repose of his soul in the College Church. R. I. P.

January 18. Titular feast of the Senior Sodality. High Mass by Fr. Fermi. In the afternoon Procession, Vespers, Sermon by Fr. A. J. D'Souza, and Solemn Benediction.

January 22. The Senior Sodality Trip. Thoroughly enjoyed, of course, as every trip is.

Tennis Tournament in the afternoon. Victory for the Govt. College.

January 24. Fr. Laval of Mercara came to the College for a few days.

January 25. Mr. Yates began the inspection of the College.

January 30. Classes closed at 4 p. m. for the final Hockey Match. College won the cup.

February 2. Altar-boys' trip to the sea-shore.

February 3. Juggler performed. General disappointment. Every one says, as Goldsmith once said, 'I could do as much.'

February 4. Mr. Yates gave a lecture to the teachers of the town in the Academy Hall on 'the method of teaching English up to III Form.'

February 5. A concert at the Boarding House in celebration of the Boarding House Day.

February 12. Junior Sodality Trip to sea-shore.

February 24. Fr. G. Albuquerque arrived from Italy.

February 25. Prize Debate for the College Department.

March 20. Prize Debate for V Form. Mr. U. Kannappa, M. A., presided.

March 21. Fr. Colaço took his pupils of V Form to a B. I. Steamer lying in the roads. They were initiated into the mysteries of steam navigation, but it cost them a dinner. They were out nearly the whole day. But science fed them and they want to go again.

March 22. The S. S. L. C. Examination began. The Kanara High School comes to us. 170 candidates in our Hall.

April 7. The B. A. Examinations began. 80 candidates in our Hall, 2 of these from St. Ann's Convent.

April 13. Midsummer Holidays began. At noon Fr. Rector addressed the students in the Church. Benediction and Te Deum followed.

May 1. The usual May Devotions began.

May 16. Fr. Fermi left for Bombay on his way to Rome. He leaves us after eight fruitful years of varied activity. He possessed in a rare degree the art of mingling *utile dulci*, and would diffuse the sunshine of his cheerful disposition wherever he went. His students of science, in particular, will long remember the note of hilarity that always accompanied his performance of an experiment in class. Though the teaching of science was congenial to him, it gave no scope for his knowledge of Holy Scripture in which he had specialised. Rome is an ample field for his favourite subject, and our prayers and wishes go with them as he enters upon it.

May 23. Fr. Saldanha handed over charge to Fr. Nebulone as director of the Boarding House.

June 2. Novena for the feast of the Sacred Heart began.

June 5. Fr. L. Proserpio appointed Minister of the College.

June 11. Feast of the Sacred Heart. Mass and General Communion at 7 a. m. Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament from 11 a. m. to 4 p. m. At 4 p. m. Rosary of the Sacred Heart, Sermon by Fr. Saldanha and Benediction by Fr. Rector.

June 14. Fr. M. Coelho returned from Bombay, where with Fr. P. D'Souza he gave a Mission in Konkani. He has brought away happy impressions of Mangaloreans in Bombay and of the good work done by the various societies organized by them. He feels very grateful to the Mangalore Catholic Association and in particular to the St. Antony's League connected with it for all the kind help given him during his stay in Bombay.

June 21. The following telegrams were received from Bombay, today being the feast of St. Aloysius (now celebrated by the College in October):

"Mangalorean Association offer felicitations—Coelho Secretary."

"Kindly accept my hearty greetings wishing Alma Mater and all those glorious ideals she stands for every success. Alex Pais." To these messages telegraphic replies were sent.

Book Notices

PLANE TRIGONOMETRY FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS. BY CHARLES DAVIDSON, SC. D.—(*Cambridge: At the University Press. Bombay, Calcutta, Madras—Macmillan & Co., Ltd.*).

We welcome this excellent handbook of Trigonometry. The propositions are treated with all the simplicity and clearness consistent with thoroughness. Geometrical proofs are given wherever possible. The author's treatment of graphs and the solution of equations is excellent. The examples are progressive and numerous, the typical ones being fully worked out. The get-up leaves nothing to be desired. The book would serve admirably as an introduction to the larger treatises. It must however be added that as a text-book for the University classes, it goes a little too far for the Intermediate course, and not far enough for the B. A. pass course.

OUTLINES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE. BY HAROLD BINNS. (*B. Herder, London, W. C. Price—paper, 7 sh; bound, 8/3*).

The masterpieces of all the literatures have been translated in almost every language, and as we read them or talk with those who have read them, we desire to know something about their authors, the period in which they lived and the position they hold in their respective literatures. This book satisfies such a desire. In some 470 pages it gives a short history of all the principal literatures of the world. The book is by no means a mere collection of names. It summarises accurately and estimates the work of all the most celebrated authors of each country, indicating at the same time the course and developments of literature as a whole. Dusty though it may

seem at first sight, the book makes pleasant reading. It is like travelling by train across a wonderful country and catching at every turn glimpses of some of man's finest creations. The book contains eighty beautiful portraits and a good index.

ENTHRONEMENT OF THE SACRED HEART IN THE FAMILY. (Kodialbail Press—price 1 anna). It was a happy thought of Rev. Fr. E. Mathias, Cathedral, Mangalore, to bring out a small pamphlet with all the necessary information about the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the family, against the long-expected canonization of St. Margaret Mary. It is, in fact, an act of homage to the newly canonized Apostle of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. All lovers of the Divine Heart will do well to procure a copy and have the Enthronement performed according to the instructions contained in the book. There is also a Konkany edition for the convenience of those who may be in need of it.



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

The Georgetown College Journal, The Annual (St. Joseph's Bangalore.) Catholic Opinion, The Morning Star, The Mountaineer, The Konkni Dirven, Our Alma Mater (Trichinopoly), Madonna, Holy Cross College Bulletin, The Josephite, The Trumpet-Call, O Oriente Portuguez, St. Xavier's College Magazine, The North Point Annual, The Xaverian, The Clongownian, The Catholic Register, St. Joseph's College Magazine (Colombo), The Presentation Annual, Our Little Paper, Angelus.



A. J. SALDANHA & SONS,

ESTABLISHED IN 1848

Balloor Coffee Works

MANGALORE

COFFEE CURERS

AND

COFFEE PLANTERS.

GENERAL AGENTS AND MERCHANTS.

AGENTS IN

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

ALVARES & COMPANY,

MANGALORE & BOMBAY

Tile and Brick Manufacturers.

GENERAL MERCHANTS

AND

COMMISSION AGENTS.

DEPÔTS:

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

ST. ANN'S CONVENT SCHOOLS

(Established 1859).

HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

BOARDING HOUSE

Training Department for Teachers

This Convent School, conducted by the Sisters of the Apostolic Carmel, affords European and Indian families the means of securing for their children a suitable education. Every attention is paid to the health, manners and deportment of the young ladies, and no efforts are spared to give them habits of order and neatness that they may return to their homes both accomplished and useful in all that regards the duties of a woman's sphere. The system of education is in accordance with the programme of the University of Madras. Candidates are prepared for the School Final with French as second language, and the Teacher's Certificate Examination, Lower and Upper Secondary Grades. The course of tuition is thorough, and has been crowned with conspicuous success. This year we have opened a special class for such as desire to study privately for the Intermediate Examination of the University of Madras. We have secured the services of competent lecturers for Part I and Part II, Group III.

*Vocal and Instrumental Music, Plain and Ornamental Needlework
are carefully taught.*

For particulars apply to

The Lady Superior.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS AND PLEASE MENTION THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE

Fr. Muller's Charitable Institutions,

MANGALORE, SOUTH KANARA.

HOMŒOPATHIC POOR DISPENSARY,
LABORATORY AND DEPOT,
(OPENED 1880.)

FATHER MULLER'S SOLEKI-BELLOTTI NEW SPECIFIC REMEDIES
SCHUESSLER TISSUE REMEDIES

General Agency in India, Burma and Ceylon for Luyties Homœopathic Pharmacy Company; Walker Pharmacal Company and Manola; Tenifugo Erba for Tape Worm.

All our medicines, of which we have always a fresh and large stock, are imported directly from Europe and America and, notwithstanding the rise of prices in general, are sold at the usual moderate rates.

Medical advice and prescriptions gratis.

Optical Room under the supervision of a Specialist; sight-testing and a large assortment of superior spectacles and eye-protectors always in stock.

Caution:— *We have no agencies anywhere* but all medicines should be ordered directly from—

The Rev. Director,
Kankanady P. O., S. Canara.

“GUIDE TO HEALTH” As. 5, Postage extra.
THE TWELVE SCHUESSLER TISSUE REMEDIES,
In English and in Hindi, As. 8, Postage extra.

PATRONISE OUR ADVERTISERS AND PLEASE MENTION THE MANGALORE MAGAZINE

