



SOCIETAS



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Sydney

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EDITORIAL.

The year is drawing to a close. Th.L. (that ordeal of all students) has come and gone; and some of us have begun our next year's work, while others are preparing for ordination in December. Those who are looking forward to going out are busy trying on clerical collars and stocks, or discussing the advisability of wearing the "flat hat." Yet underneath the buoyant hopes of each candidate there is a dull ache. On all sides can be heard the exclamation, "Out into a parish at last—but I'll be sorry to go and leave the old place!"

It is no wonder that those who are going out find it hard to leave. It has been a good year in more ways than one. Friendships have been formed that will not be easily broken, and the majority of us have learned to pull together. Living together has enabled us to appreciate the other fellow's point of view; and, to quote the present Premier, "the things that unite us have been more than the things that divide us." Realisation has dawned on all of us that we can never be truly ourselves until we are Christ's.

If we go out from here with a full realisation of our obligations, if we go out having learned to do our little bit, however humble; if we go intending to fight the good fight, to work and not to faint, then has the term in College not been in vain. That the willing horse may carry the load, irrespective of the importance of the task, is a philosophy which is absolutely fatal to those who have entered or are entering the ministry of the Church. College life is one of the correctives that kills this philosophy.

Besides all this must not be forgotten that the course of studies that has been pursued during the past two or three years, though being in itself far from exhaustive, has laid a sound foundation upon

which we can build in the future. Systematic division of time into set periods for prayer, study, and play have bred regular habits, which will serve as guiding principles in the new sphere of work when we shall be more or less masters of our own time. As a final thought, let us add, "Remember the smaller society in which we were fitted for the larger; and let us strive to pay the debt that we owe to it by being worthy sons of our Venerable Mother."

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The foundation stone of the new Principal's residence was laid by the Governor-General on September 14th. There was a great gathering. More of this anon.

Congratulations to the Rev. C. Kenderdine upon his appointment to the Curacy in Charge of the Provisional District of Lane Cove. We wish him the best of luck.

We are glad to have George back with us again, and we hope that his holiday has improved his health. What will it be next time, George?

Welcome to Mr. "Papa George" to our family; and also as a Greek coach he will be doubly welcome. Our Greek badly needs a little of the "local touch."

We were glad to hear of the appointments of the Rev. O. S. Fleck as curate of St. Clement's, Marrickville; F. E. Elliott, as Curate of St. Mark's, Darling Point, and of the Rev. E. J. B. Pike to the parish of Dalby (Qld.). "Pastor" Reynolds has also had a new appointment.

Young Peter had an accident by falling from a ladder on the Principal's new house. He sustained slight concussion. Anyway, it will help to drive home Sir Isaac Newton's theory of gravity.

We wish the best of luck to Fred, Foss, Rudy, Tiger, and Doc in their examinations. They have our sympathy.

Ron. O'Brien met with an accident the other day through trying to argue with a motor-car. He escaped with a few cuts and bruises and the loss of a couple of teeth. It is to be hoped that no more of our number will get smashed up. This is the fourth.

We badly miss Herb, who has been acting Rector of Picton. We believe that he will be glad to get back among the boys again, as he finds an empty Rectory rather lonely.

Mr. Thorpe has left us and gone to live with his family at Maroubra. He likes the locality, and is doing very well. We wish him the best of luck and every success.

The Rev. D. H. Bagot has left for England, where he will pursue his studies for his M.A.

One of the Old Boys has returned in the person of the Rev. E. J. Davidson, who has been appointed Toc H. Padre for Sydney, in succession to the Rev. H. D. Bagot. He says that he is very glad to be home again.

We held a very successful concert in the Record Reign Hall on Monday, the 19th of November. The proceeds of this concert will go towards the "Societas" funds. We are very grateful to the Rector and Wardens of St. John's, Glebe, for the loan of their hall, and also express our gratitude to those performers who made the function such a success.

All best wishes to those who look forward to Ordination in December. May they be richly blessed. We are as sorry to lose them as they are to leave us.

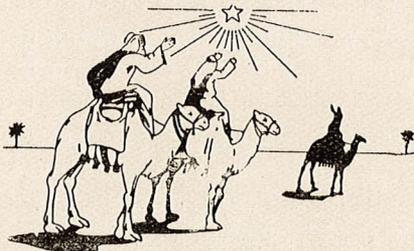
—:o:—

THE STAR.

Wise men 'neath the Eastern skies,
As they heavenward turned their eyes,
Saw the Saviour's birth-star rise,
O'er the hills afar.

Watching o'er their flocks at night,
Awe-struck by a heavenly light,
Shepherds saw the Angels bright,
And the Christmas star.

From the East the Wise Men came,
In their hearts an eager flame,
Heeded not the wind or rain,
Following the Star.



At the manger men of old
Offered frankincense and gold,
And to Mary, wondering, told
Of the Saviour's Star.

Shepherds came and bowed the knee,
Homage gave the wise men three,
High above, for all to see,
Hung the glorious Star.

Still, folk say, on Christmas night,
If your heart is pure and white,
You may see that wond'rous light
Shining from the Star.

—H.E.S.D.

PEOPLE WE HAVE MET.

"Good afternoon, are you Church of England people?"

"Well, yes, I suppose we are—at least I am, but I haven't been to church for about eight years."

"So your husband and yourself are really C. of E. then?"

"Why? What do you want to know this for? What's the idea?"

"I am assisting the Rev. ——— to compile a new census of our parishioners, and find your house is not included in our list. May I have your name, please?"

"Oh, I am Mrs. ———, but really it's no use your worrying about us; we don't want to have anything to do with the Church; you needn't put our name down, thank you!"

"I'm sorry to hear that, Mrs. ———, but you might tell me what has caused you to turn from your Church lately—perhaps I can correct some wrong impression or explain something which offends you."

"Well, if you want to know, it's this: I want to have nothing to do with the Church—first of all, I am just as good by staying at home, and much better than half the people I know at that church. Besides, all the people I know attending are a crowd of hypocrites—why, I wouldn't trust any of them out of my sight. Then the Church is always begging. I've got no money to give to the Church, and I'm no use unless I have, I suppose. Besides, I can get enough Church services by radio, sitting here at home——"

"But, Mrs. ———"

"No—I don't see why I should go to church after working hard all the week, my husband and I. Sundays is my day of rest—Mr. ——— wouldn't go anyway, and I can't go and leave him at home alone—see—well, good afternoon, Mr. ———. Try next door; they don't go either."

"You surprise me, Mrs. ———. Perhaps you will allow me to defend the dear old Church you so much hold in contempt? Your first remark may be true, that is, provided you devote yourself to God in your home on the Sabbath; by a study of the Scriptures, by prayer, earnestly seeking after God's grace upon yourself and husband, and also in thanking God for all the blessings He has bestowed upon you both. As for the hypocrisy of others attending church, I also think it is sad, but I believe each one of them is trying to overcome his or her faults by a close contact with holy influences, whenever possible. They go to a source of healing and blessing on the Sabbath Day, just as you would quickly go to a doctor to be cured of a malady. You should not expect to find all saints at church. Why, "Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Then why

should you judge others. "Christ said also: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." That the Church begs may be true in a sense, but that it depends upon the freewill offerings of its faithful few is also true, and it is up to us all to relieve the needs of God's work, by such loving self-denial offerings as will please God and at the same time banish such need for begging as you term it. Then, Mrs. ———, it is not so much what you give. Remember the story Jesus told about the widow giving her mite. As regards radio services, I thank God that He has given us this among other blessings —because the radio takes the Word of God into houses where it would never otherwise penetrate. But surely all able-bodied Christians would not be content to sit at home in luxury while other earnest souls kneel in church in praise and devotion to God. What would Jesus say to your spiritual condition? As for Sunday being a day of rest, who will dispute that but you should remember that real rest comes from **within**, not from **without**. Jesus said: "Come unto Me all ye that labour and I will refresh you." How long will you content yourself with doses of the drug 'false rest'? Why not come to the true Physician of souls and feel the spiritual rest and strengthening, which will fit you, beyond all imagination, for your daily tasks, and, too, for a life worthy of a Christian?"

—MERVYN A. PAYTEN.

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THINGS THAT DO NOT APPEAR IN THE DAILY PRESS.

The Use and Abuse of Spectacles.

Dear reader:, please do not think that what you are about to read is a thesis on Spectacles. If you expect such you will be sadly disappointed. But consider the following remarks, dear friend, as a timely suggestion in the form of a guide to your future conduct and comfort—you forsooth who look upon the world, mankind, and other things through what we may call . . . well, . . . no fault of your own.

If, perchance, you do not agree entirely with my particular theories concerning the above title, just sit quietly and say to your better self:

“Picnic all day,
Pie for tea,
Th.L. scare,
I pity thee.”

Well, now, to begin:

I suppose you know, by the way, that there are various names given to these Good Samaritans of life. In Australia their most common appellation appears to be “Winkers,” in America “Glasses,” in France “Specs,” and in the Old Country, the land of the famous “Cambridge and London,” we are led to believe they rejoice in the title of “Twin Monocles,” joined together, Siamese-like, by two gold rims and hook for the nose.

The best definition, however, one can find for Spectacles is, “Glasses to assist the sight;” and for our purpose we may add: “Two glasses only as generally necessary to good sight seeing and happiness,” for any more than that two may cause us to become “misty optically.”

The Use of Spectacles is common knowledge, so common indeed that few seem to remember until they begin to see double or not at all. An enlightening example of the use of spectacles, and also of their abuse, was afforded at the recent outing at one of our most beautiful rivers when one of the male species took to the water, specs and all. Everything went swimmingly for a time (so far so good for the use of spectacles). Then, to assist the sight, or, rather, we should say, to enhance it; this particular individual tried to teach the dear little specs to swim all by themselves. The result was fatal, as you can guess. They sank. Yes, they went to the bottom, “Never to rise no more,” as an old Welsh song says. This, my friend, is, and I say it with all the conviction and emphasis that is at my disposal, a most flagrant abuse that could ever be offered to Spectacles.

Yet the desired effect was produced, the great sight of the day was enhanced tenfold, and there appeared from all sides divers multitudinous. Just to recall the experience one is tempted to wax eloquent and to break forth in Chaucerian strains:—

Oh! I thought I saw his glasses on the bottom of the brine,
So I dived into the river, but I couldn't fine a dime,
Then I dived again a second time, and thought I'd met my fate,
For I nearly came a header right on top of M——ard's pate.

Or in the metre of Spenser:—

The day was warm, the sun was bright,
The glassless student looked a fright, etc., etc., etc., etc.

Dear reader, I therefore appeal to you and say, should not the Use and Abuse of Spectacles be made a subject for study in the Colleges and Universities of this fair land of ours?

In conclusion, let me add just a hint to glass-wearers.

Those who hope to spend a happy picnic in glasses let them be supplied (at their own expense) with a reel of strapping, twine, string, cord or rope. Such things may be easily affixed to the rims of the glasses, and then twisted several times round the body. The best method I suggest would be to twist the twine round the body as many times as possible according to the I.Q. of the owner of the glasses, one end being firmly tied to the rims of the glasses, and the other to the big toe, if one exists, of the right foot. I can conceive of no other way of obtaining mutual love and service between you, glass-wearer, and your Good Samaritan who continually sings, "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

A. N. ONLOOKER, Esq.

—:O:—

BUSH DREAMS

'Midst the fev'rish rush and hurry,
And the never-ending worry
That is always "part and parcel" of the life the city lives;
Thoughts of other scenes, returning,
Set our hungry hearts a-yearning
For the free and open country, and the joys the country gives.

'Till we seem to smell the clover
Which the bees are flying over,—
Whilst the golden-blossom wattle sheds its fragrance far and wide;
We can hear the wild-birds calling,
And the sound of water falling
In that cool and shady valley where the curlews love to hide.

Oh, how oft' such thoughts come thronging!—
And still stronger grows the longing
To return to where the gum-trees in their stately splendour grow;
Where the heart knows no repining,
And the sun is always shining
In a gentle benediction o'er the peaceful world below.

—H. E. S. DOYLE.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety" is applicable to the Christmas message. Not that the essential principle of that message varies, but that its application to the circumstances of life are many and various. And these applications are as various as the circumstances.

The essential principle is suggested in the familiar greeting, "A Happy Christmas to you." It is true there is no absolute standard of happiness, for tastes and circumstances are so different. Men's likes and dislikes vary so widely, and the same individual finds himself differently situated at different times. The picture one man admires another man will despise. The dainties of yesterday are rejected with loathing to-day. The enterprise that was a joy in youth and health becomes a wearisome task as the years roll on. It seems impossible to cater to all tastes. Is it possible then to attach any definite meaning to the greeting, "A Happy Christmas"? Is it merely part of the small change of social intercourse, the proper thing to say at a certain season of the year? Is it nothing more than a current conversational platitude?

It must be admitted that in many mouths and on many occasions the recognised Christmas greeting is merely a conventional commonplace. It conveys no real wish, it expresses no active concern in another person's welfare. Yet this very fact may suggest to the careful observer that it does mean something worth while, that it does express a real state of mind, and that it does embody a principle of conduct that when faithfully followed yields the secret of a happiness that is not limited by or dependent upon circumstances.

The Christmas message is the message about God and the world which Christ, after whom the festival is named, brought to men. Jesus describes His mission upon earth thus to His ambitious disciples: "The Son of Man came, not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many." The great saying in John 3, 16, expresses the same principle in another way. The words are familiar to us from their use at the Holy Communion. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Even God Almighty could not give more than that, because he was giving Himself to and for the world.

Some would interpret this text to mean that Christ came to make men happy by assuring them of a good time in the world to come. This is undoubtedly true, as far as it goes, but it is only a part of the truth. Christ did give us a sure and abiding hope of a blissful future life beyond the grave. He has transformed death from

the last enemy into the "gate of life immortal." In a real sense we can say, "There is no death" to the Christian believer.

This is all very comforting and consoling, and also inspiring as we struggle along in the life that now is. The comfort and consolation are obvious, and the Christian hope is generally regarded as the source of such comfort and consolation. There is no need just at this point to dwell upon the importance of this product of the Christian hope. It is equally important to note that the Christian hope serves not only as an anodyne to the sorrowful, but also as a tonic to the strenuous striver in the struggle that is always going on between the forces of good and evil. The Christian hope makes the struggle worth while because it assures us of ultimate victory. The hope of reward sweetens labour and the hope of victory nerves men to endure to the end.

But those who need consolation and comfort can scarcely be called "happy," neither can those who are needing a tonic to nerve them to endurance, although there are some who find a fierce joy in fighting against odds. The Christian hope points out to all these the road to happiness and gives them an impulse to go along it.

The Christmas message does more than this. It makes people happy here and now. It does not merely tell us, "There is a happy land, far, far away," it gives us the secret of creating a happy land around us. It is such a simple secret, namely, in making others happy we find our own happiness. Christmas is associated with the giving and receiving of gifts. Christmas presents remind us that, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The selfish pleasure-seeker, the hedonist, sees the object of his search retire further and further beyond his reach the more eagerly he pursues it. It is the people who are always seeking for pleasure who never get it. When we cease to seek for our own pleasure and devote ourselves with all simplicity and sincerity to give pleasure to others we find we have achieved it for ourselves. Such is the hedonistic paradox, namely, pleasure eludes him who seeks it, but comes to him who seeks it not. Also the purest pleasure in life is yielded by seeing others made happy by us.

Hence, when the wish, "A Happy Christmas" means, "I would like to see you happy at Christmas," or, better still, "I would like to see you happy because it is Christmas," then it does express a principle that yields the secret of happiness. No more eloquent and moving exposition of this principle has ever been penned than Dickens' "Christmas Carol." If you want to enjoy life, help others to enjoy it. This recipe for happiness is an infallible cure for the dumps. It is homely and homelike, and therefore Christlike. In this spirit may we wish one another "A Happy Christmas."

FEAR.

It was a beautiful sunny day, and the mountains in the distance danced in the heat of the sun. Talbingo House was so far from the maddening crowd that everything seemed to sleep in the secure knowledge of its isolation. Turning my head, I was annoyed to see a person tampering with my car. Thinking that it would be as well to investigate the case I sprang to my feet and set off to the car at a brisk trot. Just as I reached the parking yard I was astonished to see the strange person sauntering off with my pump, which he had pulled from underneath the seat of the car.

"Hey," I yelled, "that's my pump you've got!" "All right," growled the strange person, "I won't hurt it." "But," said I, "really I don't let people use it without asking first!" "Oh, well, take the blooming thing!" And he slung the pump round in my direction with such force that the handle end flew out, catching me a sharp slap in the face. "Thanks," I hissed, "your manners match your morals."

"Come on," retorted my pump-stealing friend, shaping up at the same time. "Come on, and I'll knock your head off!" As I didn't want my head knocked off, I turned on my heel and left him. As I went he jeered after me, "Eah! You're yellow!" It was only too true. I was yellow, afraid to fight.



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That night I lay awake thinking and thinking. Why should I be a coward? Why was I afraid? I could not answer, and after turning the question over and over in my mind I fell asleep. Next day the heat seemed to have grown worse. A blue haze hung over everything. The ground was cracked and broken, and the grass had long since died for want of moisture. The coolest place, I thought, would be the caves at Yarrangobilly, some miles further up the mountain. About ten o'clock I started. The journey took me most of the day, and I returned just in time for dinner at the hotel. To my surprise I was the only man present at the table. Upon asking where the others were, I was informed that they had gone down the mountain to help control a "back-fire" which was being made because of the approaching bush fires that had been reported creeping up the mountain. I thought no more of the incident, as bush fires were common in that district at that time of the year.

The following evening, after dinner, the manager of the hotel came into the smoking room with a telegram in his hand. "Gentlemen, I have some rather unpleasant news for you," he announced. "The fires are reported to be creeping up the mountain, and have reached the River Junction; those of you who must return to town before the end of the week are requested by the police to leave at once, as this hotel may be isolated if the fire crosses the river. It will be some days before the road will be cleared of fallen trees and be safe for travelling."

Upon the announcement several of the parties left for the town that night. I was in no immediate hurry, and a few days would not matter to me. Next morning the rest of the people left, and I spent the remainder of the day fishing in the stream. At dinner I was surprised to find that my only companion was my pump-stealing friend. Needless to say, we did not exchange any conversation, but ate in silence. While dinner was in progress the manager again entered the dining-room, and announced that he had received another telegram from the police, and that the fire had reached the Junction, but was still on that side of the river. "I think," he concluded, "that you gentlemen had better start back for town; there is no sign of rain, and heaven alone knows when the fire will end. If you leave now you will get down to-night—to-morrow may be too late."

"Very well," said I, "kindly have my bags packed, and I will leave as soon as dinner is over." Immediately after dinner I brought the car around to the hotel and had my bags stowed away. Just as I was going to board the car, I was stopped by a yeli from behind, and lo, there was my pump-stealing acquaintance running up behind. "Well," I inquired coolly, "do you wish to borrow the pump again?"

He did not bother to answer my question, but proceeded to request that I should give him a lift to town. "What about your own car?" I retorted, "are the tyres flat?" "No, no, it's not the tyres, I just chopped off the bolts in my 'universal' and I am stranded unless you give me a lift to town. Will you?" "All right," I growled, "throw your bags in." He did so and we started.

Everything went well for the first ten miles. Then the smoke from the fires became thicker and thicker. It swirled up the mountain and turned the moon to blood red. I pushed my foot on the throttle and we whizzed down the mountain at a reckless speed for another five or six miles. Little sparks began to fall on us, and I began to wonder if the fire had managed to jump the river. Round the next bend I knew the worst. The little sparks had set fire to the bushes, and the forest was ablaze. It was too late to turn back, so on we went. My companion sat very still, clutching the sides of the car as we lurched round the corners. Suddenly, like a pistol shot he screeched at me: "Faster, man, faster; we won't make it!" His voice was cracked and hoarse, quite unlike that of the man who had threatened to knock my head off. Giving him a quick glance out of the corner of my eye, I was astonished to see that he was deadly pale. The flickering of the flames as they shot up made him look ghastly. The man was afraid! Afraid with that sickly fear that renders them helpless. His teeth were chattering as with cold, and beads of perspiration were running down his face. I did not bother to reply; I was disgusted. This great bully blenching like some girl. Suddenly again he spoke. "Will the petrol tank burst?" "No," said I, "not hot enough yet." On we rushed; only another two miles, and we would be at the bottom and out onto the plain. Hanging on to the wheel, I stared ahead with the tears running down my face from the smoke. My burly friend just clutched the sides of the car and moaned, "We'll never make it; we'll never make it!" "Shut up!" I said, "you'll put me off, and then we won't make it!"

Just as suddenly as we had entered the sheet of flame we were out of it at the bottom of the mountain. The Grassy Plain stretched for ten miles, before it entered the beaten track for the township. But the worst was yet to come. The long grass of the plain was on fire, and I could see it running along in the distance. Suddenly, with the report like a gun, the front tyre blew out. With a lurch the car shot round, and with difficulty I prevented a complete somersault. "Quick," I yelled, "the spare tyre" Together we worked like niggers changing the tyres while the grass fire crept nearer and nearer. We slammed on the spare tyre and screwed the bolts home like mad men. Just as I was about to put the tools back in the car, there was a

hiss, and one of the back tyres went down. The heat had lifted a patch. "Come on, off with it, and let's stick another tube in!" And again we worked, but too late. A breeze had sprung up, and was carrying the grass fire in our direction with the speed of an express train. Little sparks were falling around us. "Get it on; get it on!" screamed the pump-stealer, "we will be burnt to death if you don't!" "Then lend a hand," I said, "and don't stand there blubbing." For reply he backed away, and crouched at the other side of the car away from the fire. I struggled as best I could, single-handed. Little fires were starting only a few yards away. My companion crawled round the car and clutched at my leg, helpless with fear. "Get me out! Get me out!" he whimpered. "Don't leave me to die here!" "Oh, don't worry," I retorted, "I won't let your precious skin get burnt more than I can help!" By now I had the tyre on, and was working at the pump. "Here, give me a hand with this. Take a turn at the pump, and don't crouch there grovelling in the grass." He struggled to his feet and seized the pump, and for a few seconds worked like a madman. Suddenly a spark fell on his hand, and he let out a scream and dropped the pump. The man was mad with fright. He ran a little way from the car, and then ran back, crying: "Drive without the tyre." Seizing the pump I had the tyre up and on in a few minutes, and we were again on our way. Sparks fell into the car and singed

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the hair on our hands. The paint on the doors was fast blistering from the heat. Suddenly there came a smell of burning close at hand, and to my horror I found that the hood of the car had caught fire. Some of the little sparks had lighted on the tinderish fabric, and the speed of the car had fanned them into a flame. "Fold the hood," I shouted, and, steering with my left hand, I unfastened the catches on the right side of the car while my companion did likewise on the other. Pushing the hood up the wind took it back with a crash, and my frightened companion scrambled over into the back seat and smothered the flames with his hands. The immediate danger seemed to have at last awakened him into action.

On we rushed, mile after mile, and at last were out of the blazing inferno and on to the hard metal road that ran over the barren hills on which nothing ever grew. The strain was over, and I nestled down in my driving seat with a sigh of relief. I began to wonder what had happened to the pump-stealer. Perhaps he had fallen out. Turning my head to look I could see no one in the back seat, and concluded that he must have fallen out. I stopped the car with a jerk, and looked back. I could see nothing! Suddenly I thought to look on the floor of the back seat. There was my bully lying in a huddled heap between the seats! He had fainted! With a grunt of disgust I let in the clutch and moved off. When I arrived in Tumut I dumped him at the hospital, where they dressed his burnt hands and brought him round.

As I left the hospital I wondered what a peculiar thing was fear. He had said that I was afraid to fight, that I was "yellow." He was afraid of fire, for which I had felt no fear. Why? Were we both cowards in our way. No? That could not be right because I was not afraid of pain and death where he had been terrified. Then why was I "yellow," as he said. I could not have been afraid of the pain or I would have been as frightened as he at the fire. Yet I was afraid of something. What was it? Gradually by a process of analysis it dawned on me I was not afraid of pain, but I was afraid of **myself**. I lacked confidence. I could not bear the thought of defeat, and was subconsciously afraid that I would have to go too far in order that I might win. I was afraid, not of fighting, but of the consequences; he was afraid of death. Both of us were afraid of something that we knew nothing of—

"Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turn away
And lose the name of action!"

—R. B. DRANSFIELD.

"DAY BY DAY" RELIGION.

“ Natural things
And Spiritual—who separates those two,
In art, in morals, or the Social drift,
Tears up the bond of nature.”

With these words the poet would teach us that there is a certain connection between the highest spiritual experiences that fall to the lot of man and the most ordinary everyday events of life. Man's "mountain-top" experiences, it is true, come infrequently, but they are, nevertheless, experiences which must be translated into terms of common life, each making its permanent contribution to life's fulness and beauty. Religion, rightly understood, is an intensely personal affair, which refuses to be excluded from any portion of a man's life. In the morning when he rises from his bed, at the close of day, and in the midst of his labours or pleasures its influence is constantly at work guiding, strengthening, and enriching all his thoughts, words, and actions.

Yet to many people Religion is but a thing for Sunday use—something to be stored away on a shelf for six days in the week, brought out for a brief airing on the seventh, and then carefully wrapped up and replaced in its hiding-place ere the next week's work begins. It is from the lips of such folk that the complaint, "Things



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never seem to be right with me lately; I never have any luck!" is most often heard. Nor is it any wonder! For they have, all unconsciously perhaps, been denying themselves the very thing that makes life really worth while—they have been missing that which alone brings happiness and gives the ability to make the loads of others lighter—they have lost the blessings that come from daily contact with the Lord.

Others there are, and how we wish that they were more numerous, who seem to carry joy and gladness wherever they go—men who, like Bishop Handley C. G. Moule—can claim that "Jesus Christ has, somehow, touched and changed and set free" their souls; or, like Phillip Brooks, of whom it was once said that on a dull, rainy day, when things looked dark and lowering, his mere passing down the street made everything appear bright. These are they who have made their religion an integral part of their daily lives, who have learnt how to find Jesus in the "daily round, the common task," and who have received from Him the grace and strength faithfully to fulfil all their obligations and duties, no matter how irksome they may be.

Woven Stripe Poplin Shirts, 10/6

*And each shirt has two
collars to match with
twin tabs and stiffeners*

Men appreciative of quality and workmanship invariably prefer "Marlboro" Shirts! The designs are exclusive—the colorings are newest. With reinforced neck and two Prince of Wales collars, soft double cuffs. Price, 10/6



DAVID JONES'

Castlereagh, Market, Elizabeth Streets
Branch Men's Shop, Opposite G.P.O.

Say: "I saw your Advertisement in Societas."

It is this "Day by Day" Religion that the world needs most of all in these times; the religion that causes its followers to respect the religious belief of others, and that keeps them from gossiping about their neighbours. It is not a religion of a Creed, but of the heart; and it manifests itself not in affirmation of any particular set of shibboleths, but in kindly deeds, cheerful words, and acts of unselfish charity. Whilst the world around is torn with controversy as to the meaning of life and the way to make the best of it, those who have learnt the secret of bringing the Christ of the Mountain-top into the Valley of Daily Experiences are quietly going their way telling the truth and paying their debts, thereby finding the "Philosopher's Stone," long sought by others, which has the power to transmute the dull dross of their seemingly humdrum existence into the pure gold of a life that "is hid with Christ in God."

And this is the only kind of religion that is of any effect in the world; this is the only religion that has the power to transform men into the image of the Sons of the Most High. It does not merely pray "give us this day our daily bread," but it also forgets to worry about to-morrow's needs, knowing that He Who has provided for the sparrows their meat in due season, will not forget the requirements of His other Children. It makes no distinction between those who have much of the world's good things and those who have less; but it seeks to make all men honest and upright in the sight of God and of their fellows. Through seeking to do God's will on earth it fits its devotees for the blessedness of that land which lies beyond the Veil. And thus, whether in wealth or poverty, in sickness or in health, in sorrow or in gladness, in life or in death, those who practise "Day by Day" Religion, who link the natural with the spiritual, and whose very beings are filled with the consciousness of the Divine Presence, are also those who live the truly victorious life, and of whom it shall be said that they have not lived in vain.

—H. E. S. DOYLE.

THE RIVER OF LIVING WATERS.

Long years ago a Man, weary and way-worn, sat upon the stone coping of a well. The day was hot, and the tropical sun beat down relentlessly upon hill and plain, ~~and~~ what time the Traveller longed to cool His parched throat with a draught of the clear, sparkling liquid which issued from the depths of that ancient spring. Yet, thirsty as He was, He perceived in her of whom He asked the favour of a drink the need of waters more precious and satisfying than those of Jacob's well, and in His gracious mercy supplied her need, leading

her to find in Him the Fountain of those Living Waters which spring up "into everlasting life."

The need of the woman at the well of Sychar is the need of the world to-day. Thirsting for it knows not what, it seeks to satisfy its unrecognised longing for the Waters of Life at earth's transient springs of joy, and, finding there but a small measure of satisfaction, is soon as thirsty as ever again. The truth is that man's soul is spiritual and immortal, and cannot long be satisfied with any good that is not also spiritual and immortal—nothing else than the Waters of life, nothing less than God Himself can satisfy its cravings.

But how can we come to know God so perfectly as to find in Him the answer to all our longings and the satisfaction of all our desires? To those who love Him God reveals Himself through the wonders of the Universe, and the beauties of Nature; but we can only come to a realisation of His all-sufficiency for our every need through a close and constant study of the Sacred Scriptures.

Never before has there been so much writing, reading and discussion about the Bible as in these days, yet by common consent we have allowed ourselves to become appallingly ignorant of its real contents. We have, as it were, come to know God and Christ only by hearsay, and this accounts for much of the indifference towards holy things that is rife in the world. Thirsting for the Living Waters, we have allowed ourselves to be satisfied with the bitter waters of criticism and contention rather than take the trouble to search out the Fountain of the Waters of Life.

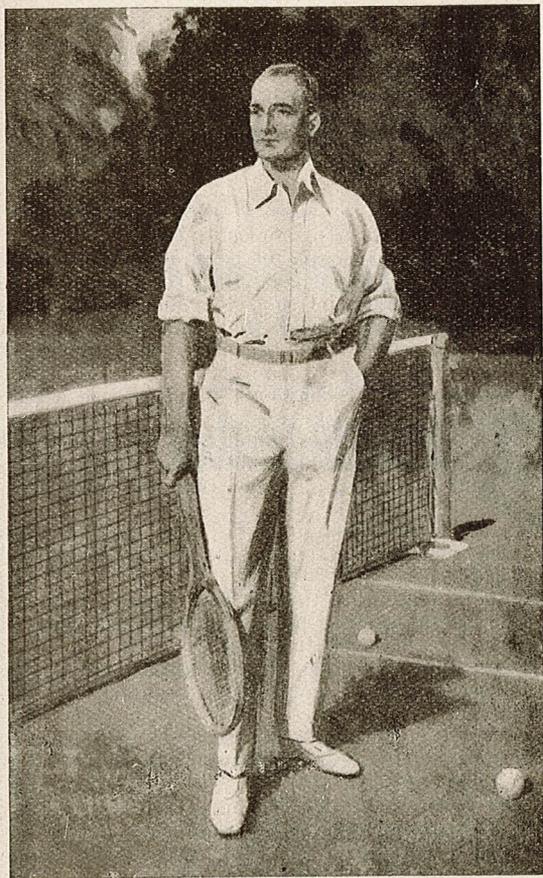
Yet it is only by the study of the life-giving, life-nourishing words of the Bible that we can learn to know the real Jesus, the Maker and Master of men. It is only through the revelation of Divine Love which He brings to us that we can hope to find soul satisfaction in communion with the Great Father of All. Mere hearsay is not enough. We must come into real and vital contact with the Jesus of the New Testament or we will soon find ourselves following but an imaginary Christ of our own making, who is as powerless for good as any idol of old.

Truly, to those who read them closely, the Scriptures are a veritable river of Living Waters, yet we are not nearly so conversant with them as we should be. Through them Max Muller declares that he found "the fulfilment of all hopes, the highest perfection of philosophy, the explanation of all revelation, the key to all seeming contradictions of the physical and moral world;" while Carlyle felt that through them, "as through a window, Divinely opened, all men can

look into the stillness of eternity and discern their far-distant, long-forgotten Home."

No study, then, can be more important to us than the study of the Bible and the truths which it contains. Yet this study should not by any means be haphazard and irregular, and an orderly, systematic study of the text and spirit of the Bible will be found most fascinating and inspiring. No other book yields its knowledge so readily to those who attentively read it, and no thirsty soul need ever seek in vain within its pages for the Rivers of Living Water, which shall not only present refreshment, but also the blessings of eternal life.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The following subscriptions since last issue are thankfully acknowledged by the Editorial Staff:—

The Ven. Archdeacon Davies, 10/-; H. E. S. Doyle, 10/-; The Rev. G. C. Glanville, 6/-; Bishop D'Arcy Irvine, 3/-; The Rev. Canon Langford-Smith, 3/-; The Revs. W. E. Maltby, E. J. Davidson, A. E. Morris, F. H. B. Dillon, F. H. Meyer, C. C. Dunstan, A. W. Setchell, A. L. Wade, A. Colvin, W. H. Stanger, 3/- each; Major L. J. Danby Mr. E. W. R. Brabrook, 3/- each; Messrs. J. F. G. Olds, F. A. S. Shaw, 2/- each. From Evening Students, 2/-. Miss Barker, 1/-; The Rev. Canon Garnsey, and the Revs. A. D. Johnson, E. C. St. Clair Coleman, C. W. Whonsbon-Aston, L. Gabbott, G. N. Macdonnell, W. T. Price, J. Poole, H. S. Cocks, S. E. Jones, 1/- each. Messrs. S. G. Stewart, G. R. Mathers, A. H. Edwards, H. G. S. Begbie, G. G. Mottram, E. G. Thorpe, F. W. R. S. Shaw, R. F. Dillon, C. M. Kemmis, S. A. Mainstone, A. N. S. Barwick, R. T. Hallahan, T. E. Whiting, A. E. Bardner, C. B. Alexander, J. Cable, A. Hann 1/- each.

Note—Those who wish to receive copies of "Societas" next year should notify the Editor as soon as possible. Those who still owe their subscriptions for 1928 should send their 3/- to the Editor immediately.—Treasurer.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

- Mill.**—No. Th.L. does not give a man a right to a bishopric at once
- Gordons.**—They are much cheaper if you buy a couple of bags and cut them to the right shape. Fur edged, they will make good B.A. Hoods.
- Braid.**—If you really want to know the Australian method you should buy Bag's Book, "How I learnt to swim." Page 129. Par. 3. It is quite handy if you fall in the water. All that is necessary is to remember the number of the page.
- Jono.**—Red noses look bad in our College. We recommend that you use a sunshade next time you go swimming.
- Aub.**—Why write to the Editor about rowing? If you cannot keep to the straight and narrow channel why steer at all? You had the Editor with you.
- Roy.**—You require something more than curly hair in order that you may write poetry. Consult Harold.
- Merve.**—We have no remedy for drink—especially if it is the type that you prefer. We have already noticed that the water shortage has become acute in the Sutherland district.
- 'Arold.**—The only way to stop the 'phone ringing is to take the receiver right off the hook. If of course they begin sending letters return them with a note on the outside that you have lost your address.
- Card.**—Buy an alarm clock. Or if that fails go to bed after breakfast and get up before Compline. That is very practical, and insures regularity at the Chapel. We have tried it.
- Tige.**—Several letters have been received at this office stating that weird sounds have been heard from your room. Is it Greek, Hebrew, or Latin? Give it a rest.
- Bert.**—Evolution is both upwards and downwards. Be careful.
- Blood.**—We can safely recommend the "card system." But remember that a sermon cannot be preached more than three or four times to the same congregation.
- Mot.**—Are you any relation to Roger of Salisbury? Evensong in fifty minutes won't get you a bishopric these days. Try nationalism.
- "Charles."**—You're a dirty fellow. Why "sling mud" at a College picnic?

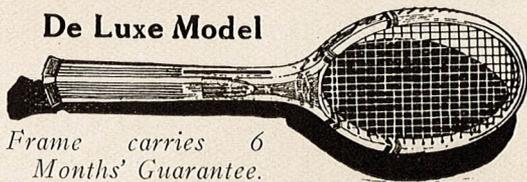
HERE AND THERE.

- Perce.—We notice how conscientiously you visit your parish in the evenings.
You are not the only one who frequents Skinnyville.
- Grm.—We are glad to have George back from his annual twelve months holiday.
We trust that he will not overwork himself.
- Main.—We hate to think that you had to walk back from a picnic on the river.
It is a good thing that we don't go in Aeroplanes.
- Oldsmobile.—It has been noticed that you eat more cheese than jam lately—and
that has been plum.
- Muss.—You are very able as an administrator—but as a financial expert we wish
that you would arrange a system of time-payments for students. In fact,
"more money and less art"—as Shylock said.
- Rudy.—Why so quiet lately? Have the fire brigades threatened you with a
damper?
- Hall.—You are a wonder. The time that you must get up to catch the train in the
morning takes our breath away. Perhaps you know the song, "It's nice
to get up in the morning."
- Hoi Polloi.—Drat these flies.
- Rennie.—You say that it is strange that William I. could be both strict and
tender. The answer is that he inherited it. Half of his ancestors were
of the gentle sex, the other half were men.
- Drano.—Put the brake on. Or you will meet yourself coming back one of these
days. Remember the hare and the express train.
- Chum.—Take a course of memory lessons. They are wonderful. We knew a man
who, after twelve lessons could remember on Wednesday what he had
to do on Monday. The only trouble was he forgot the days of the week
and always tried to finish Saturday's work every Friday.

The Famous Racket with the Slotted Throat !

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De Luxe Model



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*Gut carries 3 Months'
Guarantee.*

Price 77/6

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Sir,

(To the Editor.)

Very unpleasant news has come to my eyes in the last few days but i frankly admitt that i was very disaggreably surprised when, being presant at a koncert at the record Rain hall on the night of the 19 insistant my eyes were affronted with a pley in which my name was promiskuusly mentioned and my character inflamed.

I kead hard-ly mention that I intend preffering a cost of liabel against you & (and) the promotories of the before said pley.

You will with doubt here Moor of this During the corpse of the last few days.

I have placed the box in the hand of my solissitor See Ethelbert P.C. the gardiner of Nos. 4 Bly street Knewtown and do knot wish to be troubled any moor with any co-respondant.

Kindly insult the above for any moore information.

Mine annoydfully HERR BERT VON SCHMIDT.

also at Nos. 4 Bly Street

Witnessed my hand this 20th day of November A.D., nineteen nineteen
—Tigersible Alexander.

R.S.—To mark my annoyance I have returned the ticket for which I desire know refund:

Dear Sir:

* * * *

You should consider yourself honoured that you are receiving a personal reply to your communication of the 20th inst. Had it been anyone else they would have received two personal replies. Very Personal, in fact.

You claim that you were injured by the use of your name in a play that we presented. Such a thing, we assure you, was very far from our thoughts. In fact, we did not even know that you existed. However, I made inquiries at "Smith's Weekly," but they did not know you. I even asked "Bill," who knows everything, and he did not know you, so I decided that I had better look up the directory.

I saw in the Director about three or four "Smiths," one of whom had a factory. Upon making enquiries at the factory, I found that they had turned out several "Smiths" that week. The manager said that they were all worthless fellows.

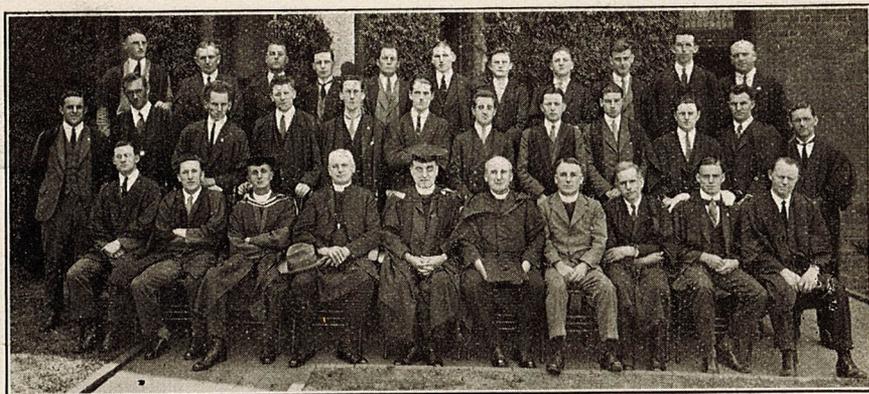
Therefore, Mr. Smith, know this, that I do not consider that we who promoted the play committed a libel. In fact, I believe that we did not go far enough with the abuse that we made of your name. In our humble opinion you must be one of those black smiths who do nothing but stand under chest-nut trees all day. As far as we are concerned the matter is now closed; but if you continue to press the case we assure you that the whole thing will be settled out of court—or out of the boat.—Yours, etc.,

EDITOR.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

The following unique composition was picked up by A. P. Green, of Auburn, Indiana, in Corinth, Mississippi, on the morning that the Confederate Forces evacuated the town on 30th May, 1862.

Thou to the Mercy Seat, our souls doth gather
To do our duty unto Thee, "OUR FATHER,"
To Whom all praise, all honour should be given,
For Thou art the Great God, "WHO ART IN HEAVEN."
Thou, by Thy Wisdom, rul'st the world's wide ~~time~~ *frame,*
Forever, therefore "HALLOWED BE THY NAME."
Let ~~nevermore~~ delays divide us from
Thy glorious grace, but may "THY KINGDOM COME."
Let Thy commands opposed be by none,
But Thy good pleasure and "THY WILL BE DONE."
And let our promptness to obey be even
The very same "ON EARTH AS 'TIS IN HEAVEN."
Then for our souls, O Lord, we also pray,
Thou would'st be pleased to "GIVE US THIS DAY,"
The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed
Sufficient raiment and "OUR DAILY BREAD."
With every needful thing do Thou relieve us,
And of Thy mercy, pity and "FORGIVE US"
All our misdeeds, for Him, Whom Thou did'st please
To make an offering for "OUR TRESPASSES."
And for as much, O Lord, as we believe
That Thou will pardon us "AS WE FORGIVE."
Let that love teach wherewith Thou dost acquaint us
To pardon all "THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US."
And though, sometimes, Thou find'st we have forgot
This love for Thee, yet help "AND LEAD US NOT,"
Through soul or body want, to desperation,
Nor let earth's gain drive us "INTO TEMPTATION."
Let not the soul of any true believer
Fall in the time of trial, "BUT DELIVER,"
Yea, save them from the malice of the devil,
And both in life and death, keep "US FROM EVIL."
This pray we, Lord, for that of Thee, from Whom
This may be had, "FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM."
This world is of Thy work, its wond'rous story
To Thee belongs "THE POWER AND THE GLORY,"
And all Thy wond'rous works have ended never,
But will remain "FOREVER AND FOREVER."
Thus, we poor creatures would confess again,
And thus would say eternally "AMEN."



Back Row (Left to Right).—K. Brodie, R. F. C. Bradley, M. A. Payten, R. A. Johnson, C. Kemmis, G. G. Mottram, C. B. Alexander, R. T. O'Brien, T. E. Whiting, H. Smith, E. L. Millard.

Middle Row (Left to Right).—S. G. Stewart, A. H. Edwards, R. A. Ezzy, R. Moran, H. E. S. Doyle, R. B. Dransfield, E. Brabrook, R. F. Dillon, A. E. Elliott, A. E. Gardiner, R. T. Hallahan, S. A. Mainstone.

Front Row (Left to Right).—J. F. G. Olds, F. A. S. Shaw (Senior Student), Rev. A. L. Wade (Lecturer), Archbishop of Sydney, Ven. Archdeacon Davies (Principal), Rev. G. C. Glanville (Vice-Principal), Rev. Canon Langly (Lecturer), Major Almond (Tutor), H. G. Begbie, H. P. Wade.

—:o:—

REMINISCENCES II.

It was in Perthshire, we sat in the mystic twilight at the end of a glorious summer day. Our hike tents formed a little semi-circle on the slope of the mountain looking down upon the beautiful waters of Loch Tay now looking like a sea of burnished copper in the last rays of the setting sun, whose crimson rays seemed to make the tall pine trees appear blacker and more majestic than ever. It was an impressive hour and a lazy one. A time when, feeling replete after a goodly repast consisting of fried "bangers," followed up by "flap jacks," we sat, our pipes glowing and our thoughts wandering goodness knows where. We had spent a wonderful holiday together among those Scottish Highlands, and on the morrow we would tramp down the glen and board the express for London. We yarned away together in a very desultory manner for some time when Jimmy seemed to express what must have been a common thought

by giving vent to a deep sigh and saying, "Ah, well! I suppose it's 'Hobson's Choice.' We'll have to go back to-morrow."

"Suppose we must," remarked the Commander, "but who was old Hobson any way?"

Hobson, Hobson, what had I heard about Hobson? Ah, I remembered at last.

"Well, there used to be a picture of him in the Black Bull Inn in Bishopsgate Street, Within. I remembered hearing about in a lecture at Toynbee Hall on "Old London Inns." The lecturer described it with a fair amount of detail. "It was," he said, "that of a bearded old man wearing a large felt hat and a long cloak with a ruffle round his neck. He had a grave and solemn expression and he was a plain and homely man. I believe he was a carrier of some description. Thomas was his Christian name."

"I think he had something to do with Cambridge," said the Scientist, "I seem to remember an old rhyme which I am told refers to him.

"There's few in Cambridge, to his praise be't spoken

But may remember him by some good token."

"We had in 'Bart's' remarked the Doctor, "a fellow who was simply a mine of information on such matters. He told me a good deal about Hobson. It appears that he was the official carrier to the University of Cambridge and was also licensed to carry letters. He had inherited his wagon and team of eight horses from his father, who had also been a carrier. He conveyed parcels, letters, and sometimes passengers between London and Cambridge. In those days there was considerable traffic between the two cities, and Tom's business thrived. He invested his profits in purchasing horses, and is said to have been the first man in the Kingdom to let them out on hire. Steele refers to this in the Spectator. Hobson was a wise and peace-loving old man, so for the better security of his horses and to avoid all dispute he insisted that the horses should be taken in rotation—the horse nearest the door should start first in course. "This or none," he would say and so Hobson's Choice became a cant phrase among the undergraduates to indicate no choice at all. I'm afraid that's about all I can tell you."

The sun had set, we had a long walk to face next day, so we turned in to dream, and all night long I seemed to be arguing with a bearded old man with a large felt hat. I wanted that fine stallion, but the horse next to the door was a piebald hack with a "gammy" knee.

Hobson's Choice!

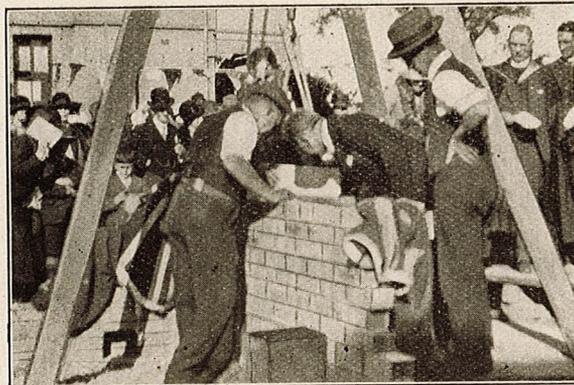
—E.B.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW COLLEGE.

Friday, September 14th, marked a very important event in the history of the College, when the Governor-General laid the foundation stone of the Principal's new residence. This building commences the extensive, wise and necessary scheme of new College buildings.

The ceremony commenced punctually at 3 p.m. The clergy and students in robes occupied the specially erected platform, and a large number of visitors the seats below.

A brief and interesting history of the College was read by the Principal, and at its conclusion his Grace invited Lord Stonehaven to lay the stone and speak. His Excellency, after performing the ceremony, made a strong appeal and gave an eloquent address upon



the College considered as an institution for the training of sky-pilots. He made reference to his necessity of often travelling by 'plane, and the efficiency that he required in his pilots. In the same way he pointed out, efficiency is required in the sky-pilot, that the many souls soaring upward may be skilfully piloted and not liable to crashes.

The Archbishop thanked his Excellency and endorsed the appeal.

Including sums received beforehand, about £450 was placed on the stone, and other sums received soon afterwards brought the amount up to nearly £500, leaving another £1500 to be found towards the total cost of the new building, which approaches £5000.

Afterwards the large company assembled in the quadrangle, where afternoon tea was served. Among those present were representatives of other Churches, heads of Colleges, and the Deputy-Chancellor of the University.

The day was fair and concluded in a happy way, the students

wondering where the money was coming from and when they would have their new College; also, hoping that the people realized their responsibility toward the future of the College.

THE REAL THING.

Holidaying is a pleasant experience and a fine art. Somewhere in the grey matter is an idea that this is not an original remark—it is probably one of Koheleth's—but it serves its purpose. These are a few reminiscences and practical suggestions concerning holidaying from One Who Knows.

To begin with, the perfect holiday, like the perfect sermon, should consist of groups of threes—at least, that is my considered opinion after our last experience. The party consisted of three (mostly), the holiday lasted for three weeks, we had three course meals (crispies, meat, and bread and jam) three times a day, we had three different kinds of meat (sausages are "mousterion"—unclassified), three vegetables (cauliflower, cabbage and spuds), there were three doors by which one might enter the house, and, in fact, as some modern scholars affirm, etc., ad. infin.

This is how it all came about. Chiller and his Doug. engaged in knightly joust one car (he swears it wasn't a Ford), immediate result—one bust leg to Chil.; consequence—long holiday. By means known only to himself he procured the use of one mod. bung. all con. sit. Collaroy, name "Tingha." Well, the upshot of this was that Chiller, Sid and myself, laden with pyjamas, tooth-brushes and a bag of bananas, and filled with a desire to make merry, boarded the Manly ferry on Monday, 3rd of September last.

I will be kind, gentle reader, and not make you "sweat and grunt under a weary load," nor even give Chiller a hand with his spare props, nor yet will I ask you to mix yourself up with the dust of cleaning operations prior to taking possession.

Sid pleaded the press of parish duties after the first week, so I will not introduce him. After he left, Peter Dawson, full of Scotch spirit and Dutch courage, took up the running—and singing. The neighbours and myself were nightly tortured with "I am a stranger here," in two parts, and "Home, Smeet Home," in small bits. For variation we had "I would I were where Helen lies on fair Kirconnel Lea," and "O, once I had a nigger girl, and she was fat and lazy," both rendered in a loud raucous voice with a Gaelic burr and much energy, not entirely pleasing, when one is trying to get another five minutes sleep at eight in the morning.

But, gentle reader, it is now breakfast time and, as it is not my turn to cook the meal I do not feel justified in inviting you to stay

and partake. When Peter cooks a meal the house is so littered with saucepans, potato peelings and onion skins, that we are constrained for convenience sake to eat our meal on the back verandah. However, if you will just turn your back for a moment—there, all is over and everything is again moderately clean and tidy.

We are now going down to the beach, and you are earnestly invited to accompany us. It were deemed expedient that you attire yourself in accordance with the prevailing mode. We are each dressed in a bathing costume, a pair of shorts and a towel. My shorts are khaki, the others are white and are worn normally—the towel may be worn twisted round the waist, bound round the head, or draped across the shoulders, according to the individual fancy and the heat of the sun. Chiller is also provided with one pair of crutches which rather cramp his style. He overcame this to some extent with the aid of two tins (one originally contained peaches and the other pineapple) which act as a special brand of shock absorber for use in the sand. They are a tribute to his fertile mechanical brain, but don't try to use them on the rocks—they won't work.

For some unexplained reason the beach always makes one sleepy and hungry, so, if you are willing, we will return and eat the lunch which Peter should have ready for us by now. We change out of our wet costumes into shorts or bags according to taste, and draw round the festive board and groan with it, for there is the packet of crispies again! We are under oath to eat whatsoever is set before us (if we can), and question not, neither complain. The second course is something in the casserole dish, which Peter says is shepherd's pie, but which we fear is some of his vile haggis. However, the cauliflower and spuds are quite all right—we know them. Chiller thought he recognised one of the 57 varieties (not the pork). Peter swore it wasn't, but we found the tin, and proved the beggar lied. I recognised a piece of the German sausage which we did not finish for tea on the previous night. The sweets consist of rice and peaches, and if you don't mind your rice being hard in patches it will not be so bad.

After lunch comes a typical afternoon's outing. Sid and Cap. have come up, and we decide to go up on the Narrabeen Lakes. Well, we get there and get into the boat without mishap, but there the fun begins. The depth of water varies between twenty feet and six inches—we found nearly all the water under eighteen inches deep. However, we did have one little bit of excitement with a bush fire on the lakeside, which kept us busy for the better part of an hour.

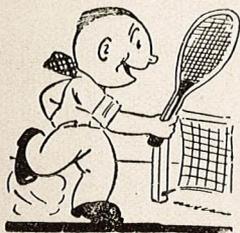
After this, if you are as tired as we are, you will want to go home, but first let me give you a few disjointed suggestions, the fruit

of much practical experience. If you are cooking cabbage, be careful to wash it well—most people prefer it that way. If one of the party refuses to get out of bed, pile all the available bedding on him and take a quarter pound tin of pepper with holes in the lid and shake over the aperture through which you judge he breathes. It is effective, in fact, very effective. It is advisable to be fully dressed before commencing operations—pyjamas rather cramp one's style in the getaway. When boiling rice, do not fill the saucepan more than half full of rice. It is amazing how the stuff swells.

In view of the near approach of the Christmas holidays, a few practical suggestions from old Moore Collegian holiday-makers would be gratefully received.

—ROY A. EZZY.

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SPORTING NOTES.

More time than usual has been given to sport this Term. Those who play are asked to play more, those who do not play are asked to try and play, and those who simply cannot play are asked to give their moral support.

Next year the College must take the inter-collegiate tennis honours, and that can only be done by the co-operation of all players and non-players.

In the following Term it shall be decided who will represent the College in the Combined Faculty Football Team playing Rugby Union in the Kentwell Cup. We bear in mind also that the formation of a hockey club is under consideration. Tennis, football, and hockey; here is an opportunity for all.

On October the first, at the kind invitation of S. John's College, a party of six, including the Vice-Principal, paid a visit to Morpeth, where the annual tennis match was played. The College team received a better reception off the court than on it, for the match resulted fourteen sets to two in favour of Morpeth. However, Moore Coolege turned the tables in the return match.

On Monday, November 5th, the annual Clergy v. Students cricket match was played on St. Paul's Oval, resulting in an easy victory for the Clergy.

Clergy.—Rook, A. E., 54; Rook, W. N., 54; Pearce, L. A., 10; Dillon F. B., 25; Dent, O. G., 43; Terry, T., 11; Kenderdine, C., 1; Garnsey, A. H. 2 n.o.; Harty, F., 7; Glanville, G. C., 0; sundries 17; Total 225. Bowling: Brodie, 3—20.

Students.—Dillon, R., 11; Alexander, C. B., 27; Begbie, G., 3; Brodie, K. N. not out 18; Elliott, A. E., 19; Wade, A., 2; Shaw, F. A. S., 0; Whiting, T. E. 4; Davies, T., 3; O'Brien, R., 1; sundries 18; Total 107. Bowling: Dillon, F., 2—20; Harty, 2—9.

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MOORE COLLEGE AND THE WORLD CALL.

III. The Rev. E. C. Yarrington.

Twelve months ago we recorded the first response made by Moore College to the "World Call" in the appointment of one of our old students, the Rev. G. A. Chambers, M.A., as the first Bishop of the new Missionary Diocese of Central Tanganyika. In our last issue we reported the farewell given to the second Moore Collegian to respond to the "World Call," the Rev. E. R. Elder, B.A., and now the name of yet another of our number has been added to the roll of those who have answered the Call—that of the Rev. E. C. Yarrington.

Eric was trained at Moore College, and was ordained in 1924. Since then he has served as curate of the parish of St. James', Croydon, and later of Holy Trinity, Erskineville. Recently he was accepted by the A.B.M. for Missionary Service in Papua, and sailed for Samarai by the "Morinda" on October 25th.

Our prayers for your success and safety go with you, Eric!

C.E.M.S. NOTES.

Looking back upon the year that is now fast drawing to its close, we can thankfully say that, in spite of many blunders, countless mistakes, and innumerable faults, it has been a good year for us all as members of the C.E.M.S. There have been times when things did not seem to run as smoothly as they ought, and there have been the almost unavoidable little frictions, yet on the whole we are able to report a certain amount of helpful progress in the affairs of our Branch.

Weekly Devotional Service.

"It should be remembered," said Principal Forsyth (1848-1920), "that human personality is not a ready-made thing, but it has to grow by moral exercise, and chiefly in the Kingdom of God, by prayer. The living soul has to grow into moral personality." We are indeed thankful that this is true, and we recognise its truth by our weekly hour of Meditation and Prayer every Friday, at which we strive to gain food for our souls such as will fit us for greater service for the Master. This Term we are especially grateful to the Revs. C. J. King, R. J. Hewett, W. F. Pyke, A. J. A. Frazer, Frank Harty, T. Terry, J. W. Ferrier, C. Hughesdon and W. E. Bennett (Principal of Leigh College), for their helpful addresses at our Devotional Services.

Open-Air Meetings.

That every man needs Jesus Christ as a necessity and not as a luxury is the principle upon which the College Open-Air Campaign has been conducted. This Term the parish of Ultimo has been the sphere of our labours in this direction, and meetings have been held every Friday night. Considerable support has been given us by members of St. Alban's church choir, and all who have taken part in our meetings testify to their helpfulness in the strengthening of our spiritual lives. The Open-Air Meetings this Term have been a living commentary of the saying that it is only by sharing our blessings with others that we really make them our own.

C.E.M.S. State Conference.

A preliminary notice regarding the C.E.M.S. State Conference has been received from the Secretary of the Provincial Council. It is intended to hold the Conference at Trinity Grammar School, Prospect Road, Summer Hill, from Friday, December 28th, 1928, to Wednesday, January 2nd, 1929. The Subject of the Conference will be "The Church—Her Problems and Responsibilities." Speakers will include The Archbishop of Sydney, The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Swansea and Brecon (Chairman of the C.E.M.S. in England), the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Goulburn, Archdeacon Davies, the Rev. Dr. Micklem, the Rev. H. N. Baker, and others.

"The Australian Churchman."

All members of the C.E.M.S. are urged to support their own magazine, "The Australian Churchman." It is issued monthly, is full of interesting and informative articles, and is well worth the small sum of 2/6, which is the cost of the annual subscription. Subscriptions may be given to your Branch Secretary or to Mr. W. J. B. Turner, 41 Belmont Avenue, Kew, Victoria.

Looking forward, we are hoping for greater things in the new year. As the second year of the Missionary World Call, 1929 is to be known as the "Year of Consecration." It is the prayer of all members of the C.E.M.S. at Moore College that 1929 will also be a year of deeper consecration and more earnest Service for all of us who have answered the call of the Master.

HAROLD E. S. DOYLE, Hon. Lay Secretary.

STOP, LOOK, AND READ !

"Stop, Look, and Listen" are the words that we generally see near a railway crossing, which mean danger. We have changed the last word to "read," and what we mean by this is—"Stop at all the pages where there is an advertisement." Read these advertisements—it will be dangerous to your pocket if you do not. Remember that although these firms are reasonable in their prices, they keep only the best makes of goods. They are helping to keep "Societas" going, and we trust that you will help them.

When making a purchase, please mention "Societas."

We take this opportunity to thank all those firms who have entrusted us with their advertisement, and we wish them a bright and prosperous Christmas and New Year.

RENNIE MORAN, Advt. Manager.