

SOCIETAS

The Magazine of
Moore Theological College,
Sydney

EASTER NUMBER

LENT TERM, 1927

MOORE THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE

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SOCIETAS

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EDITORIAL.

With this issue we enter into the fourth year of the new "Societas." Since the beginning of 1924 "Societas" has grown considerably, and has taken many steps forward.

The subscribers' list has been greatly augmented, and the size of the Magazine last issue was pleasing and encouraging. The Rev. C. W. Chandler, last year's Editor, is indeed to be complimented on the result achieved that year. The Editorial Staff this year is comprised of men beginning their first term of office. It is, therefore, with a sense of grave responsibility that we take up the work which was so ably carried on by the members of the late Editorial Staff, namely, C. W. Chandler, J. W. Russell, H. D. Bagot, B.A., and O. S. Fleck, all of whom were ordained last December to the Diaconate, and who are now labouring in a larger field.

One can hardly guess how much we miss our "Super Six" and his Editorial supporters. They have left us an example of what earnest and genuine hard work can accomplish. We therefore, looking forward with confidence to the sympathetic and practical support of past and present Students of the College, put our hands to the good work. "Floreat Societas" must still be our cry. All Collegians are earnestly asked to continue sending their articles along for publication. In the past only a few have done so. This year especially we appeal for more active interest, materially and financially. Finance always becomes a matter of worry, trouble and hindrance to us when subscribers delay in sending along their subscriptions.

Those who have not yet become subscribers are sincerely urged to begin the year well by sending along their three shillings, one shilling per copy. Our motto for the year is, "Take thy share of hardness." This year will indeed be a hard one for most of us. We have two terms instead of three in which to prepare ourselves for the Th.L., thus our appeal to the past as well as the present Students of the College for help is all the more urgent. Let us, then, strive to lighten each other's burdens by taking our share of the hardness which the upkeep of our Magazine involves. The preacher at the opening service of this term delivered a most helpful address on the above subject, which impressed the necessity

of united, unselfish participation in the hardships with which we are faced from time to time, upon our minds. With these few brief remarks we commend our Easter Term issue of "Societas" to the tender care, criticism, and consideration of our readers, trusting it will meet with their warmest support.

FLOREAT SOCIETAS.

May "Societas" prosper! Thus speaks the Editor of "Sparks Fortnightly" in a review of our Christmas issue. We thank him for his kindly message of good cheer, and pass it on to our readers:

"From Moore Church of England Theological College we have received a copy of its magazine, 'Societas.' May it prosper, because it certainly deserves to. Not, as might have been expected, is there dry, lifeless, theological matter, but real live, appealing, throbbing articles, and there is at least one budding poet. To the editors we offer our hearty appreciation of so fine an effort. With the spirit of the magazine abroad in the College, some soul winners should be regularly being released to the world. More power to you, young fellows. This is the age of youth. Make yourselves felt in the name of Love, Mercy, Tolerance, and Breadth. The world must hear you and . . . hold faith in the bigger message."

PERSONAL NOTES.

We extend our sincerest sympathy to Mrs. M. Wilson and all her relations in their recent sorrow. "Doug" won the hearts of all who knew him, especially those who spent two or three years with him in College. His sudden and tragic death was a shock to us all. He died in the Service of his Master, and we thank God for the example he has left.

The sudden death of Mr. L. A. Massie of St. Andrew's College was also a shock to us. We take this opportunity of conveying a word of sympathy to the members of that College. The Editor knew him as a friend. As a College we learnt to appreciate his friendliness, and admire his keenness on the tennis court and in the debating room. We will miss him this year.

We were pleased to hear of Mrs. A. A. Mutton's recovery. We express the hope that she may be blessed with health and strength.

We welcome Major Danby, the Principal's brother-in-law, who is our guest at present. We thank him for the help he has already rendered, and the interest he has taken in the activities of the College. May his stay in this sunny land prove long and happy.

We are looking forward with eagerness to the return of Mrs. Davies and the young prodigals from England. We are led to believe that they will arrive early next month. We wish them a safe and happy voyage.

By the time this issue appears in print "Paul" Smith and "Barnabas" Stewart will be well on their way to the back blocks of Australia. We have heard a great deal about their car. Best of luck, Old Boys!

Sister Agnes (Miss McGregor), who has been home on sick leave, hopes to resume work very shortly at White Cliffs. We are pleased to note that she is quite well again.

Many thanks to Colonel J. Allister-Smith, of the Salvation Army, for his helpful and refreshing address on Thursday last, May 12. We hope that he will receive every blessing and support in his great work.

EDITOR.

SOCIETAS.

This number promises to be so full of good things that there scarcely seems to be room for a "Principal's Letter." But I feel I must say again how useful "Societas" is and can be in the life of the College. It is an indispensable factor in our College theory and practice of educating ourselves for the ministry. I say "ourselves," as I hope my own education is still going on, and will go on until the great consummation.

And this idea prompts one to think of the great contrast between methods of education that are generally practised to-day and the methods that were usually followed a generation ago. It may be noticed that I have not used the term "modern" to describe the methods of to-day, although that term is strictly applicable as a description of time. But the term "modern" usually connotes something much more than merely "of to-day" as a mark of chronological location. It usually signifies something new with a strong suggestion of improvement, of something better than before. Whereas the methods of education that I have in mind are not really new, but as old as creation itself. What is new is the scale and extent of their application.

"What is he talking about?" the reader may ask. A fair question that demands an answer. Within my thirty-four years of experience in the teaching profession I have seen a complete transfer of emphasis and practice from one style to another in the actual art of teaching. The one familiar to me in the earlier stages of my experience was that which regarded the pupils as vessels to be filled with as much assorted knowledge as they could contain. The great question was, "How much stuff can we stow away in their minds and memories?" The emphasis now rather is on "How can we draw out and develop the mental powers of the pupils?" "How can we best help them to think and act for themselves?"

The test under the vessel-filling methods was accurate reproduction of what was put into the minds of the learners. The test nowadays is rather the skill with which the learners can grasp and use the material put before them so as to express themselves in their own way.

The former method aimed at producing infallible calculating machines or impeccable gramophone records. The latter method aims at developing personality. The defect of the former was that the pupils became too mechanical and too much like copies of a particular pattern. The defect of the latter method is the shirking of the hard drudgery that is necessary to master any subject, including one's own self, the hardest of all subjects to get under control.

What is needed is a judicious combination of the discipline of the one method with the spontaneity and freshness of the other. This is best done in a well organised—not a closely organised—College life which is fully organic. The College must have men enough to ensure a fair variety of views and temperaments, and must not be so large that a student therein is only one of a mob. A College of fifty men is just not too large to enable the College routine to be of the simplest

and the College life to be developed and run by mutual understandings rather than by a close-meshed scheme of regulations. We may regard the ideal thus: There should be a College "life" rather than a cut-and-dried routine. In this "life" "Societas" has a very important function to fulfil as an "expression" of what we are trying to feel after and attain, such an outpouring and interchange of ideas that we can give them light and air and see them in their true proportion. Thus our ideas will be tested, some will be rejected, some will be modified, and some will remain with us as permanent possessions whose value has stood the scrutiny of free examination in open daylight. It is this mutual "give and take" that constitutes the educative value of a College life. Again we say, "Floreat Societas."

D.J.D.

A.C.T. EXAMINATIONS, 1926.

MOORE COLLEGE RESULTS.

Th. Schol. Complete— Dryland, J. P. Jones, R. Harley.	Rook, W. N. Russell, J. W.
Church History— Siddens, W. J.	Part I.— Bagot, H. D., B.A. Meyer, F. H. Elliott, F. E. Jones, F. Whonsbon-Aston, C. W. Williamson, G.
Th. L. Complete— Class II.: Fleck, O. S. Pass: Pike, E. J. B. Chandler, C. W.	Held over: Tuck, R. J.

ORDINATIONS—ADVENT, 1926.

On Friday, December 17, the Most Reverend the Lord Archbishop of Sydney held an Ordination in the Cathedral Church of St. Andrew, Sydney, when eleven students from Moore College were admitted to the Holy Order of Deacons, each to serve in the parish subjoined to his name:

R. G. B. Ashcroft (Drummoyne), H. D. Bagot, B.A. (St. John's, Darlinghurst), C. W. Chandler (St. Barnabas', Sydney), O. S. Fleck (St. John's, Bishopthorpe), N. Fox (Auburn), F. Jones (Enfield), F. H. Meyer (Leichhardt), W. N. Rook (St. Paul's, Chatswood), C. E. A. Reynolds (by request of the Lord Bishop of Tasmania), J. W. Russell (St. Thomas', North Sydney), R. J. Tuck (Wahroonga).

The following members of the College were admitted into the Holy Order of Priests: H. E. Felton, A. E. Hodgson, S. J. Matthews, K. B. J. Smith, W. H. Stanger, M.A., and L. N. Sutton, B.A.

The preacher was the Right Reverend Bishop Gilbert White, D.D., and the Gospeller was the Rev. R. J. Tuck.

E. N. Gidley was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Tasmania, and A. G. Reilly by the Bishop of Armidale.

W. Warr has taken his M.A. at the University of Cambridge, and has been appointed Vicar of Heanor in Derbyshire.

H. G. Felton has gone to be Rector of Mungindi, away on the Queensland border.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE DAYS OF THE BOER WAR.

In the early part of 1900 I was for a time in Buluwayo, S. Rhodesia, on my way to the relief of Mafeking, and was stationed some two miles outside the town in the old police barracks. The heat at this time was somewhat trying during the day, and, of course, the usual pests, flies, mosquitoes, etc., were prevalent and most insistent. To assist in keeping the fly pest down I employed a large chameleon named "James," found by my native boy one day loafing under a bush and out of work. He was a fine specimen of his kind, being fully 6 inches long from nose to base, with a tail in proportion, and was the biggest I have ever seen. An adept at fly-catching, he would sit on my bare forearm whilst I was working, one eye fixed on a fly on my ear or cheek, the other roaming round in search of the next probable feed. On a sudden about 4 inches of tongue would shoot out like lightning and the fly be literally wrapped up. I don't remember that he ever made a miss.

After he got used to me James liked to be stroked down the spiky ridge of his neck and back, his appalling grimaces of pleasure being fearful to see—he was so ugly. His changing shades of green also were interesting to watch; not only could he colour from a mottled dark grey-green to the vivid brightness of spring grass, but his body patterns would also be affected by his surroundings and he would be almost invisible sometimes at a few yards.

Poor lad, he died on duty with suddenness and a full stomach in this wise: I was working near the window one morning, James for some unknown reason being on a tour of the rafters, when hearing a nasty squelching thud I looked round and discovered my poor creature had in some unaccountable way lost his grip of one of the wooden cross pieces of the roof, falling heavily to the ground. When I reached him he was breathing his last and never spoke again. A peculiar thing I noticed was that directly he died his body lost all semblance of its beautiful living colour and became of a dirty dull mud hue. "O pulcher chameleon, O laudande."

About this time I had been playing a certain amount of cricket for the Buluwayo Cricket Club, and on an occasion asked two civilian friends to come out and have dinner in my quarters. My particular crony at the time and I spent some days deciding on a decent menu, eventually leaving most of it to the cook-boy, but I insisted on a Xmas pudding, not that Xmas time was anywhere near, but I wanted to try to imitate my mother's wonderful recipe. We managed to get most of the ingredients requisite except citron (I used orange peel instead), and the affair at one time seemed progressing well. A bottle of brandy had been procured at great cost, and during the making of the pudding I had great trouble in preserving it from the clutches of the cook-boy and those of my pal, Bertie. The stuff was intended for sauce and to pour over the pudding, but Bertie complained of being overcome by the smell of cooking, also cardiac trouble. Anyhow, most of the bottle remained when we eventually got the mess into a large Kaffir cooking pot and pushed it on the fire—not having a pudding cloth I had to use my only decent towel.

Everyone round had had a stir and the pudding looked almost natural when it was wrapped up. I put it on to boil about midday, hoping that six or seven hours would be enough, but evidently I had not put in sufficient yeast or what not, as at 6.30 p.m., when I looked at it, it presented a most revolting and unhealthy appearance, and dinner was for 7 o'clock! The only thing to do appeared to be to bake it, so we dug it out of the towel (which never recovered), slopped it into an enamelled dish, smoothed it down and shoved it into our earth oven, shutting it out of sight and hoping for the best. Luckily our guests arrived rather late, and dinner went on very well until I begged to be excused in order to see to the real effort of the day. To my amazement on retrieving the pudding I found it firmly stuck to the pan and baked into a cake, smelling wonderfully. Somehow I got it on a dish, stuck some green leaves round it, forgot the sauce, poured brandy on it, had some myself and brought it in. Our guests seemed delighted with its appearance, even ate some, and then asked for more brandy. Still, it was a good dinner, and afterwards Bertie and I kept up a continual flow of futile chatter and inane jokes to keep our friends from brooding at all. The party broke up somewhat hilariously about 11 p.m., and our guests went home in seeming good health and abundant vitality. There were to my knowledge no ill results.

Some few days after this festive occasion the news came through that Mafeking still required relieving, so I had to pack up and get going to see about it, most of us by this time having almost forgotten that there was a war going on South, and not altogether in our favor. Soon, however, we were made almost unpleasantly aware of this fact; in fact our train was fired on not far from a place called Palapwe, some miles North of Mafeking, and one or two men nearly hit! This served to rouse our latent warlike spirits, so we all detrained and formed up preparatory to attacking the Boers. There were about 400 troops on the train, nearly all being new to the actualities and potentialities of bullets. Most of these men were under one command, but there were nine others, of whom I was one and in charge, a mixed bag, so to speak, all going to rejoin our pukka units down South. The commanding officer of the gallant 400 therefore decided to send us out in advance to see where the enemy was and to draw his fire—in my opinion a rotten thing to do. I did not say so at the time, though. However, we advanced towards the skyline from the direction of which the shots had come, six men in front about 30 yards apart, then myself as far behind as I dared; finally the last two as connecting files. I kept looking back, but it seemed as if we had gone miles before the first line of our supports began to move. Still we pushed boldly on, topped the rise cautiously, and with mingled regret and relief found nothing. Congratulating myself on the extraordinarily successful issue of an involved and delicate manoeuvre, I ordered my force to lie down, instead of standing on the skyline, then reported the total absence of any Boers to the O.C. He also seemed relieved, so we all retired again to the train discussing volubly the operations of the day.

Later in the campaign I really did come under fire, but the affair is too harassing to allude to now.

BY THE WAY.

A very interesting article in one of the magazines in our Library took my fancy a few weeks ago. The article was entitled "On Taking a Sun Bath." I should like to quote a sentence or two:

"Just as thoughts are changing, music is changing, food is changing, and clothes are changing, so will house construction change. Fifty years from now a sun room will be as necessary as a bath room is to-day."

Every student in College at present cannot help but feel the truth conveyed in these short sentences. These words are pregnant with meaning and full of hope to all who have the future welfare of Moore College at heart.

It is true, even within the walls of the College, that thoughts are changing. One day we are eagerly discussing the important question of Co-education; the next Predestination; and perhaps on the same day we are considering carefully what Evangelistic "Alexander" hymns we are to sing at our open-air service on the Friday evening.

As regards music, we realise that evidence of change. We are gradually breaking away from what has been termed "simpering rubbish," and turning to more classical productions. Last year we were blessed with five organists, this year we gladly suffer four; as a result Chapel music has undergone a decided change, perhaps "for better for worse, for richer for poorer." Last year we heard a great deal of a certain ukelele; this year we have been introduced to the mouth-organ.

Is food changing? We naturally ask this pertinent question. The answer, we feel, must be in the affirmative. Not so long ago we did our level best to enjoy "Super Six's" favorite dish, commonly called, in the vulgar tongue, curry. At present we enjoy steak-in-batter; and on Sundays our menu has undergone a change from eggs and bacon to bacon and tomato, all done well de luxe.

As far as clothes are concerned there has been a distinct change. New garments have been put on in the place of old. Each Saturday evening sees our "filthy garments" replaced by clean. Such articles as handkerchiefs and socks change hands periodically. There has even been—"tell it not in Gath"—an exchange in second-hand pyjamas. One dinner suit has saved the honour of many a worthy member of this seminary.

We thoroughly believe that house construction will undergo a decided change. The last Easter downfall has convinced us of that. The old College will undergo a decided change in regard to construction if such rough weather persists. The Hostel has experienced a great and sudden change. It will be worth your while to stroll along and have a peep at it.

We are hoping in the near future to have a sun room in the College. Being an optimist I assert that before fifty years have sped we will have a real new College facing St. Paul's College Oval, when we will not be able to prevent the sun from streaming in day and night. Day and night? What am I thinking about? You see, my enthusiasm carries me away. In the morning we will sit in the warm glow and dream like modern lotos-eaters; in the afternoon, ditto; and in the evening cover ourselves with cocoanut oil. We hope, finally, that bath rooms will play as important a part in the College routine as they do to-day.

The fact that change plays such a great part in every branch of life ought to make every Moore College supporter a thoroughgoing optimist.

F. A. S. SHAW.

THE GREATER PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THE MINISTRY OF THE CHURCH.

I. THE SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

By THE VICE-PRINCIPAL.

The Editor of "Societas" has asked me to begin a series of articles upon the contribution of the Greater Public Schools to the Ministry of the Church, by indicating what claim to recognition my old school has to offer in this respect. The only way in which to carry out so important a trust was to consult one of the former masters of the Sydney Grammar School. I applied to my own housemaster and form-master in bygone days, Mr. C. J. D. Goldie of "The Kurrajongs," Rose Bay, for information. He has very kindly furnished me with a list which he declares to be very far from complete. Amongst the names of those whose careers he himself has been able to follow are:

Archdeacon A. B. Tress (Grafton); Canons W. H. W. Stevenson (Principal of St. Francis' College, Nundah, Brisbane), W. H. Kemmis (Glen Innes, Armidale), and the late A. E. Bellingham (St. Philip's, Sydney); the Reverends H. K. Archdall (Headmaster of King's School, Auckland, N.Z.), H. S. Begbie (Willoughby), L. Charlton (Killara), J. H. A. Chauvel (Headmaster, St. Lawrence College, Sydney), W. B. Docker (North Adelaide), A. H. Garnsey (Warden of St. Paul's College, University of Sydney), G. R. Gibson (Bush Brother, Bathurst), G. C. Glanville (V.-P., Moore College, Sydney), John Hope (Christ Church, Sydney), S. J. Houison (Parkside, Adelaide); the late Copeland King (New Guinea), C. J. King (Camden), the late R. R. King (Gordon), F. M. McKeown (South Yarra, Melbourne), K. L. McKeown (Young, Goulburn), G. F. B. Manning (Balmain), F. B. Mullens (Cabramatta), H. W. Mullens (Granville), A. F. Pain (Narellan), A. Renwick (Gosford), E. C. Robison (Liverpool), W. N. Rook (Chatswood), J. F. Russell (St. James', Sydney), J. W. Russell (North Sydney), H. Saumarez Smith (Waldershare, Canterbury, England), C. M. Statham (St. Nicholas', Goulburn), J. C. W. Stretch (Merriwa, Newcastle), C. M. O. Stretch (Stroud, Newcastle), C. A. Stubbin (Ryde), T. B. Tress (Marulan, Goulburn).

The Rev. J. H. G. Auld, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of N.S.W. in 1926-1927, and Rev. R. A. Thompson, Chairman of the Congregational Church in 1906-1907, are old boys of the S.G.S.

The school is represented in Moore College at the present time by two students, F. E. Elliott and A. E. Elliott.

Nearly all old boys declare that one factor in leading them to decide for the ministry was the atmosphere created throughout the whole school by the old "Chief," Mr. Weigall, and many of his masters, of whom Mr. Goldie himself was an excellent type. Boys were led to think and remember that they ought to do something for their State, and that a really worthy Church represents the highest interests of the nation and deserves the support of every citizen who has his country's true welfare at heart. Members of the Old Boys' Union know how well the grand old atmosphere and tradition are being maintained by the present Headmaster and his staff.

HOW TO BE A STUDENT.

Let me state at the outset that I like students. This is important because there are a number of people who do not. I like students because I have no money, neither have they; thus a point of contact is formed, a common bond of sympathy and understanding.

I can enjoy listening to the stories about the things they have done. All funny stories are supposed to originate in a Theological College, so if you laugh at a student he believes he is really a clever fellow—it doesn't matter in the least what the story is about.

However, on behalf of the Editor of "Societas," and in the interests of parents in search of a profitable career for their sons, I have interviewed a famous Theological student, and the result of this interview may be interesting and useful in these days of keen professional competition.

I had some difficulty in obtaining the interview, for, like all famous men, he loathed the publicity of the press. When I went to his study he was not there; he was not in the Lecture Room or Library; but eventually I found him exercising his wonderful brain at a game of draughts. I at once began to address him in the conventional manner. "Tell me, Mr. W——, to what phenomena do you attribute your extraordinary success as a student?" "The fare," he answered without hesitation. I turned this statement over in my mind. The truth of it could not be doubted, for less than half an hour previously I had seen several groups of students in the dining hall, prior to adjournment to their studies. Yes, certainly the fare seemed to suit them now that I come to think of it.

I felt that the conversation was becoming profound, in fact almost beyond the range of one who was not initiated into the economy of a College menu, so I hastily changed the subject. "My readers would be greatly obliged to you," I suggested, "if you could give them a few words of advice about student life as a help to their sons. Some maxims based on your wide experience would be invaluable."

W—— gathered his brows in silent meditation for a moment. At last he spoke.

"A young fellow who wants to be a student should be clean, ambitious, persevering, energetic, industrious, religious, athletic, upright, downright, and capable of—er—absorbing——" "One minute, Sir," I interrupted. "What sort of things should he be capable of absorbing?"

"Oh, everything set forth in the Australian College of Theology Manual, with a working knowledge of the list of suggested text books, and also whatever the cook prepares for table," he replied.

"Is there anything else a student ought to know?" I queried further. "Oh, yes, rather," said he. "He should learn the habit of punctuality. Of course some students never get to Chapel before 7.45 a.m. The beginner ought to get there about 7.35 at the latest, unless he has had a busy night previous, when it is not expected."

"There must be other qualifications," said I, "such as some capital, and a fairly decent education." "Certainly a little capital is useful at first," said he, "but it can be dispensed with readily; and as regards education, some knowledge of public speaking is required, but that can be picked up on the telephone."

"Really"?!?!

"REALLY!"

C. W. DILLON.

REMINISCENCES OF MANLY.

During the month of March the Clerical Prayer Union held its monthly meeting at Manly. It was organised on the same lines as the Darlington Conference. The meeting commenced with a "Song Service" conducted by the Rev. H. S. Begbie, in St. Matthew's Church. After the service we proceeded to the Vestry for the Session.

The Chairman of the Session was the Ven. Archdeacon Martin. The Rev. D. J. Knox, of Chatswood, read a most inspiring paper on "Our Evangelical Heritage." All those present seemed delighted with the manner in which the paper was presented. Mr. Knox maintained that much inspiration was to be gained by the reading of the lives of the Evangelical leaders of our Church, and his remarks were supported by the Chairman.

The second paper was read by the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond on the vital subject "The Spiritual Needs of To-day and How to Meet Them." The speaker reminded us of the appalling amount of convictions for criminal offences which had occurred in N.S.W. during the last five years, which showed a decided increase each year. Mr. Hammond emphasised the need of "personal conversion." It was a paper which brought to our minds the purpose of the Church in the World. The speaker said there were two classes of people we had to deal with. There were those who were in despair and needed to be lifted, and there were those who were lost and needed to be saved. It was our business as ambassadors for Christ to be the channels through which both needs may be supplied. The paper left a marked impression on all present, and each felt the truth of the facts laid before him.

The Chairman warmly supported the remarks of the speaker. The Session then adjourned to enable us to replenish the physical body with its material needs.

The third paper was read by the Rev. J. W. Ferrier of the C.M.S. His subject was "The World Call to Evangelists." He pointed out that the Church was faced with a great task, the Evangelisation of the World. He briefly outlined the Church Missionary Society's work in various parts of the world. He said that "the need to-day was more of Jesus the Saviour." Until we realised the importance of this we could not hope to win the World for Christ. The speaker closed his remarks by pleading for loyal and consistent support of the C.M.S., both in service and prayer. So ended an inspiring day which will not soon be forgotten by those who were privileged to attend the meeting.

F. JONES.

MOORE COLLEGE APPEALS.

The illness of the Commissioner in August, 1926, put a check on the progress of the appeal for a time, but a fresh effort is being made this year. So far, in cash received and promises the fund has reached about £2200, and money is still coming in.

A further stage has been reached in the preparation of actual designs and plans for a full set of buildings that will completely occupy our extended site. These plans are in course of preparation and will form a great asset in making the appeal effective.

WELCOME.

We hope to spend a very happy and helpful time in College this year. Everything tends that way. The College is practically full, with the exception of one or two rooms at the Hostel. We sincerely hope that many more men will feel called to offer themselves for the work of the ministry and come to join our happy family.

We extend a hearty welcome to the following "freshers": C. J. R. Moran, C. Alexander, A. E. Elliott, R. F. Dillon, R. A. Ezzy, J. E. Baker, A. N. S. Barwick. We hope their stay at Moore College will prove a real blessing to them. We also welcome S. C. van Breda, who, though not a "Theolog," has come to stay with us while taking a course of architecture at the University. We wish him every success in his work.

Finally, we welcome, or rather we have already welcomed, our old friend, Mr. Flying Fox, with many a harsh word. We wish him no ill, but we hope his stay will not be long.

In 1924 we welcomed Ginger the cat into our midst. His second cousin once removed appeared on the scene a few days ago. We welcome him too, but for his own sake we hope he will take up his abode elsewhere before the young fry arrive from England.

VALETE.

R. G. B. Ashcroft, H. G. Bagot, B.A., C. W. Chandler, O. S. Fleck, N. Fox, W. N. Rook, J. W. Russell, C. E. A. Reynolds, A. G. Reilly.

May God richly bless each one in their respective fields of labour. We need hardly say that we will miss the counsel of Ashcroft, the knowledge of "O Harold," the poetic freshness of "Super-Six," the songs of O.S. and N.F., the cricket ability of "Billy-de-Rook," the genius of one of Prayer Book fame, the twitting of "Ren," and finally the diversifications of Allen after meals.

THINGS THAT DO NOT APPEAR IN OUR DAILY PRESS.

No. 2.

The Dream of G. (Not Gerontius).

At the close of one of those memorable days of College life when we are blessed with steak for breakfast, soup for lunch, and pie and "sinker" for dinner, I turned into bed feeling as comfortable as a beggar in Aberdeen, or a pork sausage in Jerusalem. But, strange to tell, I had a most peculiar dream, call it nightmare if you will, which set me thinking, broadened my outlook, and strengthened my optimism, as well as stimulated my tender emotions.

This was the dream, the interpretation of which must be left to the modern Belteshazzar, whoever he may be.

I had taken a leap into the year nineteen hundred and eighty, and was in the company of three of my fellow students with whom I had passed through Moore College somewhere in the nineteen twenties. We were at the moment passing the College grounds and thinking of old times spent within. My friend J——, who was once a sober deacon, was now Coadjutor Bishop. Brother A—— had but a few days before put aside his breezy uniform to become President of the Non-Militarist Cam-

paigners of the Domain. My third jovial companion was the outspoken E——, who, having spent fifty years in the crowded areas of the city since ordination to the Priesthood, had now come into possession of numerous shares in a certain jam factory in the vicinity, and had taken a room at the People's Palace, determined to lead a quiet life for the rest of his days.

Although now close on eighty years of age I was still a deacon, even more sober than hitherto. My hair was of a snowy white, and my beard was neither bobbed nor shingled. I was one of those dear old men who love to dwell on the thoughts of the glorious past.

In my dream we were walking past the College and were surprised to find, instead of the dear old Chapel in which we loved to worship, a newly-built stuccoed edifice. For the minute we thought we were back at Cambridge. I wonder what made me think of Cambridge in my dream. One look at the chimney stack on the opposite corner, however, was enough to assure me that we were still in "Neapolis." We stood and looked at one another in surprise, unable to utter one word. We remained perfectly mute and stupid-looking for at least five whole minutes until suddenly my poor old eyes beheld a familiar object on the ground just inside the fence. Apparently it had been rejected and thrown to one side when the new Chapel had been erected. What should it be but the old Chapel bell. I could contain myself no longer, and, calling the attention of my friends to its presence, burst out with indignant feeling mingled with grief in Shakesperean language:

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You three do know this bell: I well recall
The first time ever I did hear it ring;
'Twas on a winter's morning, in my bed,
The day I first woke up in Moore College:
Look, in this spot its tongue did strike for years:
See what a crack the cruel workmen made
On this the well beloved students' bell:
See how the rust has soiled its noble front:
Mark how the roots of trees do welcome it.
You all did love it once—not without cause:
Why then withhold your tears for that lost friend?
My heart is on the ground with that Old Bell;
And I must pause till it come back to me."

Heartbroken I hardly knew what my companions did, but I faintly recollect hearing Brother A—— say, "Methinks there is much reason in his sayings."

I awoke with a start to realise that the janitor had begun his week of duty in real earnest, with a complement of vim, vigour and vitality.

Moral: Help to keep all awake by ringing in your "Societas" subs.

A. N. ONLOOKER, Esq.

WHITE CLIFFS.

The sun was hot, at the post office the temperature was 106 degrees, as I sat under an iron verandah and looked at the little village. No trees or river or creek, just a white hill covered with smooth round stones and hundreds of shafts where opal had been found. Some years

ago one thousand five hundred men worked there, but now the whole population is eighty, half of whom are over eighty years of age.

One old man of eighty-five, who lived among the "dumps" in a tiny iron house, became ill and needed an operation. His people lived in New Zealand, so he went home, underwent the operation, recovered, and—returned to White Cliffs. Another old pioneer lives also alone among the "dumps," and he is an Irishman generally known as "Kerosene Tin Jimmy." I invited him to my service, but he stood at full height and said, "My dear girl, I am a Roman Catholic!" I assured him that I did not mind in the least, and that he would be welcome at my service that evening, but he replied, "There is only One True Church, and don't forget it." We parted friends, but as the car (the police sergeant drove me up) moved off "Kerosene Tin Jimmy" called out, "There is only One True Church, and don't forget it." A few days later he met the sergeant and asked after me, saying, "I like that girl; she is a good woman, but she is on the Wrong Road."

A week at White Cliffs, visiting the old and young, preparing girls and boys for confirmation, and holding services and Sunday School, passed away happily. But it was very trying and hot. The temperature on Monday was 104 degrees, and each day became hotter until Saturday, when it was 116 degrees. Then it was that we had a glorious dust storm and a cool change. We pray for dust storms out back, for you can be sure of a cool night afterwards, and a sleep.

The first morning I looked for a shower, but found, to my sorrow, the tank was empty and water was very scarce and had to be treasured.

In spite of heat, dust, and loneliness one feels it well worth while to minister to those women and children in isolated parts of our own State.

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J. PEARSON

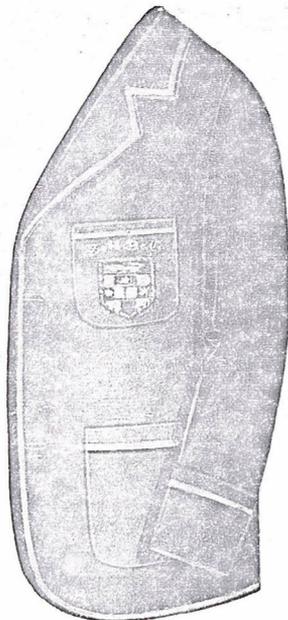
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I am praying for a car of my own so as to be able to drive about and visit the lonely women, and to preach to them the wonderful message of God's Love. At present I have to travel by mail car, which means expense and great inconvenience. The real "out back" people never even see the mail car; their letters are put in a box some miles away.

One woman, who lives fifty miles from Wilcannia, eighteen miles off the main road, desired me to baptise her eighth babe. I did so, and while talking to her about the Master she said, "Yes, sister, it is lonely; we have had to live on boiled wheat for a week sometimes while father has been away and we have had no food. But I always say to my husband, 'There ain't no luck unless the children say their prayers.'" What an idea of God! How I long to teach these women, whose hearts are golden, what the Master came to teach us.

Please pray and help the B.C.A.

AGNES MCGREGOR.

A PLACE FOR ALL.

There's a place for all in the plans of God,
To help in His mighty scheme;
He has need for the men who plough the sod
As well as for those who dream;
For each has his contribution to give
To the heavenly music's theme.

H.E.S.D.

TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR ORGAN.

AVOCA. F.A.S. Shaw.

A-men.

A prize will be given to the author of suitable words for this Hymn, subject to the author's approval.

STOP PRESS.

17/5/27.

A wire has been received from Sid. Stewart stating that he and the Rev. K. Smith had arrived safely at Trangie. So far everything is going well.

DONATIONS.

The following donations have been thankfully received: J. W. Russell, 6/-. Two blocks for this issue have been donated anonymously, 10/- each. Another anonymous gift of 2/6 has been received. Promises amount to £2/12/-.

A generous donation of £5 has been offered towards the upkeep of "Societas" on condition that we receive, in the near future, fifteen other donations amounting to £1 each. Here is a great opportunity for all interested in our Magazine.—Editor.

Seeing that the advertisements in our Magazine help to lessen expenses, we would ask those who patronise the various advertisers from time to time just to mention that they belong to the College or are interested in the College and its "Societas."

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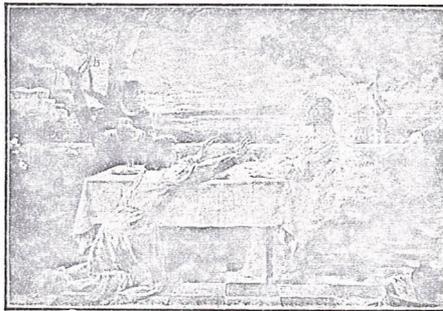
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EMMAUS.

He joined them as they walked along the road
In anxious converse and beset with fear,
And noticed that adown each cheek had flow'd
Full many a tear.

But long before they reached their journey's end,
They recognised in Him a sweetness rare;
They longed to have the Stranger as their friend
Their gloom to cheer.

They could not let Him pass, but bade Him come,
Their humble roof and homely food to share,
Yet dreaming not what joys should bless that home
Whilst He was there.



They stood and gazed in wonderment, the while
He broke the bread and gave to each his share—
Was it the heavenly radiance of His smile
That charmed them there?

Their eyes, till then in grief perceiving not
The features of the Stranger, now see clear—
Small wonder that with love their hearts were hot
When He drew near!

For He who walked beside them o'er the plain,
And lifted from their hearts the load of care,
They knew to be their Lord returned again
To greet them there.

* * * * *

And still He breaks the Bread of Life for us,
And bids us all in faith and love draw near,
And raise our eyes a moment from the dust
To see Him here.

O Christ, Who art the Traveller's only guide,
Help us to tread the path that Thou hast trod,
Grant us to feel Thee always by our side,
Our Lord and God!

H.E.S.D.

THE JANITOR.

(With apologies to Longfellow from his "Golden Legend.")
Doctor (starting): What is that bell for? Are you such asses
As to keep up the fashion of midnight masses?

Harold: It is only a poor unfortunate brother,
Who is gifted with most miraculous powers
Of getting up at all sorts of hours,
And by way of penance and Christian meekness,
Of creeping silently out of his cell
To take a pull at that hideous bell;
So that all the studes that are lying awake
May murmur some kind of prayer for his sake,
And adapted to his peculiar weakness.

Cardinal: From frailty and fall—

All: Good Lord deliver us all!

Harold: And before the bell for matins sounds,
He takes his lantern and goes the rounds,
Flashing it into our sleepy eyes,
Merely to say it is time to arise—
BUT ENOUGH OF THAT.

FASTING COMMUNION.

Dear Mr. Editor,

In the last issue of "Societas" a criticism appeared together with my article on this subject. I will pass over the irregularity of such an incident. The Book of Common Prayer, which is the authorised manual of public worship in the Anglican Church, has a Table of Days of Fasting, or Abstinence. For what reason was this table inserted but that the directions contained therein should be obeyed. It was the custom of the early Church to receive the Holy Communion fasting whatever the hour of reception. This fact can be clearly illustrated by very copious quotations from, at any rate, the beginning of the third century, and also borne witness to as being in practice at the end of the first century by Pliny, Tertullian, Justin Martyr. It may be sufficient to quote two instances:

Canons of Hippolytus, 150-153: "Those who are to be baptised, together with the others who are bound by their fast, must eat nothing before they receive the body of Christ; for otherwise this would not be accounted a fast but a sin. If anyone in opposition to this takes anything before Communion of the body, he opposes and despises God."

Testament of our Lord, ii., 20, 25: "Let the bishop command that they proclaim that no one taste anything until the offering is completed."

This rule of fasting Communion has remained unbroken in the East, and in the Church of Rome. In the absence of any explicit rule expressed by the Church of England in her post-Reformation formularies, it is natural that different positions should be taken up on this subject. Cer-

tainly it would be unbecoming in any to make a point of the Anglican appeal to primitive antiquity and to ignore the teaching of primitive antiquity in a matter of this kind. An English Canon of 960 laid it down, "That no man take the housel after he hath broke his fast, except it be on account of extreme sickness." This still forms part of English Canon Law.

It is of interest to observe that fasting Communion has been practised in the Church of England since the Reformation and before the revival of the Oxford Movement to a much greater extent than has often been thought. Bishops Jeremy Taylor and Sparrow are instances of Bishops of the Restoration period who speak of it as "a Catholic custom" and "the practice of the Universal Church," and therefore to be observed.

J. W. RUSSELL.

FASTING COMMUNION.

The Editor, "Societas."

Dear Sir,—Surely Mr. Russell cannot justly complain that both sides of a question are presented in a College magazine. His quotations merely indicate that "Fasting Communion" was practised by some at least in the early days of the Church, though his earliest quotation is a good deal later than the Apostolic Age.

But it is a very unsafe procedure to assert that because certain customs were practised by some Christians in the third century therefore

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these customs should be laws of the Medes and Persians binding on every Christian of the twentieth century. We should never know where we stood, and what a burden we should have to bear—nothing less than the accumulated customs of all the ages. Mr. Russell's legalism would be a worse bondage than the Mosaic ceremonial law.

Moreover, if we believe that our Lord did actually institute the Holy Communion, then we should be careful about allowing customs to come in which practically defeat the Lord's command and purpose. To communicate is the Lord's command, to do so fasting is a human addition to that command.

Also to exalt fasting communion as Mr. Russell does, is implicitly to criticise the action of our Lord Himself when He instituted the Sacrament immediately "after supper." Mr. Russell would and does shrink from such an idea. Let him be consistent and not try to cause a human custom to usurp the authority of a divine command. If some people prefer to come to Communion fasting they are at liberty to do so, but they have no right to make their own custom a law for other people.—Yours,
"CATHOLICUS."

LOOKING BACK.

I've finished my race and I've done with the strife—
I'm resting awhile 'ere I go.
I struggled up hill and I battled through life,
With hardship, with toil and with foe.

And now at the top of the hill I look back
Down the road I have just passed along.
Well, it wasn't a road—'twas a rough dusty track
That I traversed in youth with a song.

"Was it worth it?" you ask me who follow behind
In the dust of the track with the rest.
"Ah, yes, and the things that were hardest to find
Are the dearest and best."

R. B. DRANSFIELD.

COLLEGE PICNIC.

(With College Picnic Group).

December 8 dawned clear and bright as twenty-six souls, freed from such mundane and material things as examinations, lectures and College routine, wended their way to that delightful rendezvous the Woronora River. Hearts and minds were filled with the joie-de-vivre as we set forth. The Th.L. being finished with for at least another year, the end of the term being in sight, and the coming vacation were enough to fill to the full our thankful hearts. The reason for our joy and happiness was the umpteenth Annual College Picnic, which from time immemorable has been the great social function of the student life at Moore.

The first victims to hoist the distress signal were the crews of the boats piloted by "Little Dil" and "Wee Georgie." These helmsmen instead of keeping their optics on the compass gave a delighted audience

a display of "mixing oars." When questioned, they replied that "Theologs" are not supposed to know anything about seamanship, and after viewing their efforts we state, here and now, that a knowledge of the "use of sculls" be included as a subject for the Friday afternoon exams. Still after a great amount of energy had been spent we were able to proceed on our way or rather on the water. William of Hornsby—a guest, although he paid for himself—following his usual practice at College picnics, fell foul of the steering gear of his boat, and consequently when the boat occupied by the writer drew up, one noticed Norman of Auburn trying to disentangle himself from the long sinuous embraces of Bill. Their struggles finally landed them in the river, where the last seen of them as we rounded the next headland was a tremendous splash as they pulled the whole of their comrades into the water. The captain was just beginning at this time to develop the real Australian sunburn, and to hear his anguished calls for the oil was enough to make the heavens weep. Apart from these minor incidents we arrived at our halting place when the College Swimming Championships took place. It was really impossible to pick the winners, especially in the diving division, owing to the dense spray sent up, as a body, instead of entering the water in a graceful, sylph-like swoop, would land abdomen first, creating in the minds of the onlookers the fear of a tidal wave. A little word of advice to those who intend in the future to compete for the championship: Practise every morning in the bath—so long as it's before the usual rush—especially pay attention to the initial dive, the double-back-kick and the correct method of breathing under the arm, and I am sure there will be a noticeable improvement when we have our next picnic.



Photo. by F. Shaw.

The other outstanding events of the day were the "Great Water Pitched" battle and the boat races. The former was a treat to watch, especially from the "safe" boat [Where the author was.—Editor.] Three manly crews in action, it would have made Nelson blind in both eyes if he could have seen it. The casualties were: Two rowing boats upside down, a pair of trousers, the lid of a billy, a shoe and a coat

lying on the river bed. It took a considerable time rescuing these (our thanks are due to the heroic action of Divers Saunders and Rook, who at peril of their lives dived deep into the depths and salvaged the aforementioned articles), and after afternoon tea we proceeded on our homeward voyage.

Altogether it was a splendid day. The humid atmosphere and the warmth of the water combined to render swimming a veritable joy. The provender was plentiful, and of such a kind to tempt the most fastidious appetite. The spirits of the party, as shown by the accompanying photo, waxed higher and higher as the day progressed.

Scintillating wit, euphonious harmony with the newly inaugurated College primitive orchestra, brilliant repartee, herculean rowing, sunburn blisters, wet clothes, Trafalgar in mimic—all combined to make this day a day memorable in the life of each individual participant.

A few personal remarks will suffice for a conclusion. The above-mentioned William still persists in wandering round the hills mutilating the bush by picking wild flowers for his room. Why Brother Reg. will wear his glasses whilst he is trying to swim is a puzzle I have never been able to solve. The captain has still the bright red colour of his sunburns, or are the fresh tints of his native country showing in his face? I don't know! Saunderino and his cobbler, Rookery Nook, are still looking for a brawl, and Freddy now takes off his collar for awhile each day.

We are all agreed on one point—the Principal is a great chaperon, and we are specially grateful to him for looking after the feeding arrangements for us. His cigarettes are well worth smoking, as was seen by the number of times various members said, "Yes, I will, thanks."

At the end of the picnic we were able to go into Chapel, and really from grateful hearts thank God for a happy and inspiring frolic on the Woronora River.

"VERITAS."

WATER IN THE DESERT.

It was a dirty little street in the slums up which the tired Catechist walked. It was nearly evening and the sun was sinking fast. Men were going home from work, women were getting dinner ready, but there was just one more call to be made. One more was neither here nor there in the long list that was to be done. Forty-six, forty-eight, fifty! The Catechist went in through the garden gate and crossed the narrow strip of weeds that were supposed to represent a garden. His fingers reached up for the knocker; he could hear the rattling of plates, and smell the odors of cooking from somewhere in the house. Dinner was being prepared.

What reception he would receive the tired one dared not think. Would the door be opened an inch or two and a shrill voice screech, "Nothing to-day"? Would there be that stolid indifference? Would there be a hostile look to the smile that he must put on his face? So many were like that. Well, what was one more anyway? The knocker rattled on the dingy door like earth falling on the lid of a coffin (at least so the knocker thought); then footsteps were heard in the hall and the door was opened by a young man little more than a lad, whose

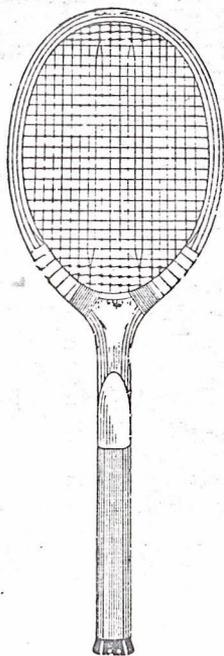
clothes were clean but shabby, and whose hair straggled all over his head.

"Does Miss Jones live here, please?" (with a smile).

"Yes, but at present she is engaged in getting tea ready," came the reply in a silvery tenor voice, at which the Catechist jumped inwardly. "But come in and she will be here in a minute," continued the voice, for the sound had eclipsed the being that uttered it. "I see by your badge that you are from the Church around the corner. I suppose that you are trying to get my sister to come back to Sunday School or to the Confirmation Class. Don't go out much myself. My work keeps me tied up in the house. Take this chair here—it's—it's the safest."

The tired one slid into a chair and the youth balanced himself upon the piano stool. It was a funny little room. One could almost touch the walls on each side if one's arms were extended. There was a tiny fireplace and a mantelpiece littered with marble figures. The walls were hung with pictures of Greek Goddesses. (The Catechist had never seen a Greek Goddess, but these were what they ought to be like.) Over the piano there was Pan with his pipes sitting on a stump in a forest of trees. He seemed to gaze intently at the book-shelf with its litter of books and the little marble clock that ticked Pan and his pipes further back into mythology. It was the room of a dreamer, an artist who loved beautiful things.

"Do you play?" asked the Catechist.



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"Play something while I'm waiting, please. I get music starved."

"Certainly," said the boy, swinging round on the stool. "What shall it be?" "Anything but jazz," replied the Catechist.

There was a rustling in the music on top of the piano. Liszt's twelfth Rhapsodie stood above the keyboard. The lad rubbed his fingers to warm them. Then he began to play. Music lilted from the piano and filled the room with glorious sound. His touch was superb, and the music ebbed and flowed like a tide—it rose and fell and the Catechist listened, yet without listening. He was there in body, but in spirit he was away in days when there was no sin and when there was always sun on the earth. It was all too short, and the music stopped. Another piece took its place and the music went on as before. The old piano seemed to rock—it struggled to speak and it sang like a bird.

Then the music changed. A thousand angels seemed to be weeping over the souls in hell and the organ of eternity rumbled in the foundations of the universe. Beethoven came back from the dead and took the place of the boy at the piano. The piano became a cathedral organ, and the bier of a king passed to rest while the strains of the great Funeral March sobbed on, not in despair, but as if bewailing the loss of a leader who would return when the battle was won. Suddenly with an exclamation of disgust the player stopped and flung the book on the floor.

"My fingers are too cold, I will warm them."

And the warming process began. It seemed like "Home, Sweet Home." There were runs and variations galore. The home became more than sweet to the Catechist. It became one of the Great Halls in Heaven. There was a choir of angels singing an anthem, yet through the great cords came the faint notes as, if from the Palace, someone was playing "Home, Sweet Home." The sun shone, the evening ceased to be cold, the Cupid on the mantelshelf smiled, Pan danced among the trees, the Greek Goddesses became human and went home, and the clock on the bookshelf stopped ticking to listen. Time stood still there in that home. It was holy.

The eyes of the Catechist were on the floor. He dared not look up. Here was a vision, hidden in the slums to practise and to wait. The boy with the touch of the master struggled on and dreamed. "One day——"

But the preacher had slipped out the door, taking with him a song in his heart and the vision of beauty in his mind. Water in the desert. A genius amongst ignorance and sin, unspoiled, unspotted—a boy whose fingers wove dreams, and who took the weariness from the soul. It was worth being weary to find this. These people in the slums as lamps in the night—to brighten life's way.

R. B. DRANSFIELD.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A Fall Upwards?

They were on their way home from the Kirk one Sabbath morning, and as they went they were discussing the Pastor's Sermon, which had been on the subject of the "Fall of Man."

"Ye ken, Donal'," said one worthy Scot to the other, "A canna help thinkin' that if A had o' been Adam things would have been verra deeffrent!"

"An' what makes ye say that?" rejoined his friend.

"Well, ye see, A dinna like apples!"

He Wasn't Able To!

An old Scotch Minister, so the story goes, was walking down the village street one winter morning when he noticed one of his flock slip on a patch of ice and sit down suddenly.

"Ah! Tammass," he said reprovingly, "doesna' the guid book say 'the wicked walk in slippery places?'"

"Maybe," replied Tammass looking hard at him. "But somehow A dinna seem to be able!"

He is Yer Feither!

It is said that even the youngest of the Scotch children show a keen interest in Theological questions, and if the following conversation may be taken as a criterion such must be the case.

Alice (aged 8): "Do ye believe in the devil, Jock?"

Jock (aged 10): "Och, no! He's the same as Santa Claus—he's yer feither!"

Ane Toot!

'Twas in the Kirk. Deacon McIntosh noticed a stranger seated about half way up the church holding an ear trumpet in his hand. The good Deacon had not seen an ear trumpet before, but he had seen a shepherd's horn and fully realised its possibilities.

He approached the object of his suspicion on tip-toe, and in a "stage whisper" which could be heard all over the church he warned him: "Ane toot, an' yer oot!"

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DON'T BE SHY, backward or nervous. Lessons in the "Development of Self-Confidence" given continuously. Fees extortionate. Apply at meal times to "PER SE," Room 10.

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THE SONG OF THE MEETING!—Alice, Where Art Thou?"
Most effective at midday. Apply for words to suit the occasion to
"CARDINAL."

NOON IN THE CITY.

The city has many moods and phases in its day, and possibly the period which most of us enjoy best is that quiet time when the day's work is finished and an eerie hush seems to have taken hold of everything—when the only noise which breaks upon the ear is the occasional rattle of a tram, or the "honk! honk" of a passing motor; when a thousand lights twinkle and dance and when everything seems at peace.

But the city at noon is far different from the city which we see in the gathering twilight. It is no longer calm and peaceful, but is a veritable hurly-burly; no longer is it beautiful and enchanting as in the evening, or perhaps its beauty is of a different order. The streets are crowded with a hurrying, bustling throng of busy, fevered people, and over the ceaseless clatter of hurrying feet rises the insistent clash and clang of passing tram cars, and the roar of lorries and motor cars as they tear hither and thither with their loads of human freight. Presently, above the noise of the hurrying multitude below, a bell chimes forth, and then another and another, and the passer-by recognises in the peal that unspoken prayer which the "Westminster Chimes" have made famous throughout the world. How sweetly they echo forth from the tall clock-tower; and as one looks up the hands of the clock are to be seen raised as if in supplication:

"All through this hour,
Lord, be my guide,
And by Thy power
No foot shall slide."

Scarcely have the echoes faded ere another bell—deep and full-throated, yet silver-sweet—takes up the peal. It is the "Angelus"—the voice of Holy Mother Church calling to her children as they go about their work. It is the voice of the bride raised in constant memorial of her Lord who gave His life for her.

As the deep, sonorous notes peal forth, and then fade away until they are lost amongst the sounds of the busy, hurrying world around, there comes to him who has heard with the Spirit and the understanding a deep sense of that peace which passes all human understanding—the peace that comes from a close communion with one's Maker, and which reminds one that He may be found even in the midst of the day's work. And so it is that one is able to finish the day with an unwritten song in one's heart, and an unspeakable joy at the knowledge that come light or shade, come weal or woe, come life or death, there is "One Who sticketh closer than a brother" ever close at hand to cheer, to comfort and to guide; One Who will never fail those who put their trust in Him, and Who may be found anywhere and at any time—even at noon-tide in the midst of a great city.

H. E. S. DOYLE.

EASTER TERM.

A.S.C.M. REPORT, 1927.

Our branch extends a warm welcome to all new members, for the benefit of whom we emphasise the fact that the Movement is a Fellowship of Students, who seek through prayer, study and service more fully to know Jesus and His principles of life, and who are willing, as they come to realise His claims and power, to follow Him in the Service of God and their fellowmen. We hope, therefore, that Study and Prayer Circles will be kept up throughout the year.

The President, Secretary and Committee expect from each student every possible support.

Our Annual Meeting was held on Tuesday, April 7, when C. W. Aston was re-elected as President, K. Brodie was elected Secretary and Treasurer, and Messrs. R. F. Dillon, R. A. Ezzy and J. G. Olds were appointed to the Committee.

It was pleasing to note that we began the year with a credit balance of £4/18/2, so we hope in the near future to supply our section of the College Library with a few more books of a devotional character.

So far this term we have had the pleasure of listening to two speakers, both of whom are representatives of the Church Missionary Society. On Thursday, March 24, the Right Reverend the Bishop of Mombasa (East Africa) visited us and gave us a good idea of the work going on among the heathen in his faraway Diocese. The Rev. E. C. Gore, who is a former student of our College, paid us a visit on Thursday, March 31, and spoke to us about the missionary labours being carried on in his own particular territory in the Soudan. We heartily appreciated these two addresses, and as a result have become more keenly interested in missionary work, not only in Africa but throughout the world. We assured the Bishop and Mr. Gore of our heartfelt sympathy and prayerful support in their difficult labours; for we too, individually and as a body of students, look forward to the day when "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

We have begun the year very well, and sincerely hope that it may be one of helpfulness to all. As our Principal says we can only get out of a thing what we put into it. Very well, let us take the hint and A.S.C.M. activities will go along in leaps and bounds.

"The Intercollegian" has been received each month. It can always be found in the Library or Room No. 10.

KEITH BRODIE, Hon. Secretary.

C.E.M.S.

COMRADES ENGAGED IN THE MASTER'S SERVICE might be a fitting interpretation of the above, for that is the condition of membership in the Church of England Men's Society. We feel that our comradeship is staunch and virile because it is the outcome of an individual loyalty to the Master expressing itself in service.

We were sad, yet glad, to lose so many from our Branch last term: sad because our Branch became the poorer, glad because we know that the Church would be the richer.

This term we have great pleasure in welcoming Messrs. C. B. Alexander, J. E. Baker, A. N. S. Barwick, R. F. Dillon, A. E. Elliott, R. A. Ezzy and C. J. R. Moran to our membership.

The weekly Devotional service in Chapel still maintains its realistic note. This is in large part due to our visitors, and we wish to record our appreciation of the following clergy who have this term contributed to our spiritual upbuilding, namely: The Principal, the Vice-Principal, the Revs. W. J. Siddens, H. J. Rose, C. A. L. Lucas, J. F. Chapple, E. R. Elder, A. Killworth, S. Taylor and J. Edwards.

On May 10 we were glad to have the Rev. G. A. Chambers with us at Corporate Communion, prior to his departure for Africa and England. We wish him good luck in the name of the Lord.

Our open-air activities have been a great blessing to us and also to many who have attended our meetings. At present our field of labour is the parish of St. John, Glebe. Every Friday night—the elements permitting—a body of about twelve students declares, in both word and song, the "Old, old story": we find a world still hungering for "Jesus and His love." We thank the young ladies of St. John's for the excellent suppers they provide.

We would conclude by wishing all our "Old Boys" God's richest blessing.

REGINALD J. TUCK, Hon. Secretary.

SPORTING NOTES.

TENNIS.

We are pleased to see our younger players taking an interest in the game, but they must be reminded that, to ensure success at tennis, they must take the game seriously. Several of the senior men will be leaving us at the end of the year, and some of the younger players will be expected to take their places and keep up the honour and record of the tennis activities of the College.

The attention of all students is again drawn to the Tennis Ladder, which is now in order. Those who play tennis are asked to take an active interest in its progress. It is also suggested that any member of the College who will be in residence next year should aim at getting into next year's team by this year's practice.

The Principal has again kindly donated half a guinea to the man holding top rung on the ladder.

Tennis colours have been awarded to those who have represented the College in at least two inter-Collegiate matches.

The Newman Cup Competition has commenced again. This year two rounds and a final are to be played.

RESULT OF MATCHES PLAYED.

Moore College v. Leigh College—Won by Leigh College, 6-3.

Moore College v. Camden College—Won by Moore College, 6-3.

The first match against St. Andrew's and second against Leigh had to be postponed on account of wet weather. These will be played next term.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to the members of St. Andrew's in their loss of Mr. L. A. Massie, who, prior to his death, was a member of their tennis and debating teams. In these activities of his College he proved a keen enthusiast, and we shall miss him greatly this year.

In conclusion, we must wish the tennis team every success in the coming season, and express the hope that we shall see the Newman Cup at Moore College very soon.

DEBATES.

We extend our congratulations to our debating team on the victory gained on Tuesday, May 3. Messrs. G. R. Mathers (leader), K. Brodie and G. Williamson comprised the team. They opposed the idea "That boys and girls should be educated together." They gained eighty per cent., while St. Andrew's came up very close with seventy-seven point five per cent.

Our next debate will take place on Tuesday, June 21, when we will affirm, in opposition to Leigh College, "That hereditary influences are greater than environment." We extend an invitation to all interested to attend these College functions.

We are indebted to the Y.M.C.A. for their kind offer of one of their rooms for the purpose of inter-Collegiate debates, and also for supplying the adjudicators.

C. W. DILLON, Sports Secretary.

COLLEGE CRICKET.

The Clergy v. Students match was played on Monday, December 6, 1926, in very dull weather, and resulted in a win for the former. The match was played on St. Paul's oval on a wicket much damaged by rain. The Students badly missed the valuable services of Mr. Elder, who was unable to be present. The Clergy, winning the toss, decided to bat, and made good use of the then undamaged wicket. The Rev. A. E. Rook and the late Rev. D. T. Wilson (36 and 28 respectively) gave the Clergy a good start. Their innings closed at 139.

With a comparatively big score to overtake, F. E. Elliott and H. Bagot opened for the Students, but the bowling of the Rev. L. Pearce soon broke the partnership. F. A. S. Shaw (16 not out) made a belated stand, but the innings closed at 49.

The fielding of both teams was not up to the standard required for first-class cricket, but special mention must be made of the fielding of C. W. Dillon at point.

Besides a good day's cricket this match has a distinct social asset. It is the means of drawing the clergy and students together, to the mutual benefit of each.

Another match was against the Deaf and Dumb Institution, played on Monday, March 21, which resulted in a victory for the Students. This is about the third time for twenty odd years that Moore College has been able to defeat the Institution. A. Elliott (60) and Major Danby (23) made the stand for the Students, and thus enabling them to win the match.

F. E. ELLIOTT, Captain.

"OUR UTOPIAS."

In the early part of the Sixteenth Century Sir Thomas More wrote his famous treatise "Utopia," a fancied state when everyone would live in peaceful harmony with his fellows, and all of life would be beautiful. Long before that, St. Augustine wrote "The City of God," in which this great ecclesiastic contrasted his conception of what a righteous government should be with governments that are or were in his day. Augustine's Utopianism centred around life as lived with God, life free from baser passions and lusts and lived in the practice of brotherly love. Long before Augustine's day Plato wrote his "Republic." Of course Plato's "Republic" was not based on any Christian theory of life: there was no Christianity then. Yet his idea of community, harmony and general goodwill formed a wonderful contribution to the Utopian literature of the world. And long before these men lived the Hebrew Prophets, whose visions of a people whose God should be the Lord, and whose lives should be lived in blissful harmony, each under his own vine and figtree, have been strongly woven into the thinking of those

who long for some relief from the almost world-wide struggle for existence, and have given birth to expectations of a reign and rule of Christ. Recent history tells of various attempts to form little "Utopias." Usually these were "communities" in which the good of all was the main concern. Personal ambition and gain was repudiated and all worked for all. One by one these little "Utopias" disintegrated and died. They have never worked.

From whence come all these dreams and visions, and why do they fail?

They come from the hope eternal that dwells inherently in man. Man is God's making and he was made in the image of God. The noble parentage of man ever beckons him upward and causes him to look with shame upon his failure to achieve a government, or life that brings harmony and goodwill to all.

And why do they fail? They fail because of the selfishness of man, because present personal advantage is a more powerful incentive to action than any principle of behaviour that may have been taught. Everyone talks of Social Justice, but how many are ready to practise it? Who, except those who have studied the Word of God and learnt at the feet of the World's Redeemer, knows what Social Justice is? Without Divine illumination and aid we are checked at the barrier of individual selfishness.

In so far as man gets into touch with God and shares His Spirit will unselfishness be implanted in his heart; and this access becomes gloriously possible when men realise and acknowledge that Jesus Christ, the "Lord of Life and Glory," is "The Way, the Truth and the Life," and that no man can interpret the mind of God and become unselfish except through Him.

FRED. H. MEYER.

CRITICISM.

The following articles have been submitted to the Editor, but were put to one side owing to lack of space in this issue. The Editor wishes to add a word of criticism for future guidance.

"Hints on Janitoring" (by Tiger).—You write as though you have been janitoring for the past six years. You are too idealistic. A janitor never whispers, and besides the first five years of a janitor's life are the worst.

"Great Men I have Met" (by Whiz-Bang).—This article must have taken you some time and consideration. What a monotonous boyhood you must have had! I suggest that you get in touch with the "World's News" at once.

"Facts Worth Knowing" (by F. Deacon).—The thoughts conveyed are amazingly deep and far-reaching, but please remember that "Societas" is not a Philosophical Gazette.

"The Aching Void" (by R. E. Tucker).—A very practical illustration of the experience of every Theological student. Before writing an article on such a subject I advise you to study a textbook on anatomy. Apply to the Resident Medical Practitioners.

"Gastronomic Studies" (by "Doc.").—A noble effort. Why not compare notes with R. E. Tucker? I feel sure that really an interesting article would be the result.

"What I Know" (by "George I Knowyou").—Not bad, but don't try to put all your knowledge into "Societas" at once—keep a little for next issue.

"The Fresher" (by "C.W.D.").—It would be unwise to thrust your article suddenly upon an unsuspecting public. It prompts the question, "Can a Fresher be saved?"

"A Well-Ordered Life" (by "Modernist").—Thank you. I advise you to address the students personally—say one Thursday next term.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- "One Who Does."—We sincerely appreciate the effort, but are in doubt as to whether you really do hold your mouth right or not.
- "Fred."—Yes. Arnott's are on a good footing now, so you can ease off a little.
- "Harry."—Having to inform you that gentleman mannequins are not employed in this country gives us untold sorrow, for the graceful ease and charm of your movements is positively delightful.
- "Frank."—Yes, herrings are a little more palatable than pie and corn beef, but make sure they are fresh.
- "Roy."—If you patent those hair tongs you ought to do well.
- "Reg."—Wear hob-nailed boots in future; you will be able to find them with a magnet.
- "Enquirer."—Don't you believe it. Deacons are lovely fellows, really!
- "Mut."—No. It is bad form according to the teaching of Reincarnation to appear in one existence with name and covering the same as, or in any way connected with, that possessed in a previous existence.
- "Doc."—You are right. The diagnosis of gastric influenza takes some doing.
- "Marie."—It is not that which goeth into the kitchen that defileth a man, but that which cometh out.
- "Hoi Polloi."—It is "Coo," not "Coo-ow," nor "Cow-oo."
- "Van."—No. A knowledge of architecture is not necessary for the construction of incubators.
- "Erb."—You are mistaken. Gooligum IS good for the eyesight. It is also excellent for the hair.
- "Blue."—Very distressing. Why she should wire an appointment on the 1st of April is more than we can guess.
- "Lauder."—Possibly it is a printer's error, but we feel certain that William II. and Rufus are one and the same.

EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following: The King's School Magazine (December and March).

It is our aim in the near future to exchange Magazines with all the Church Schools in Sydney. Some boys may have a desire to enter Moore College after they leave school, and we feel that our "Societas" may help to encourage them.

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